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# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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## *THE WAR OFFICE AND ITS SHAM ARMY*

### I

RATHER more than a quarter of a century ago, the public opinion of the day—so far as it could be interpreted by newspaper articles and speeches—asked, as it is again asking now, that something definite and effectual should be done to improve the Army; and the Government then in power, perceiving that this demand might be brought into harmony, not only with their party policy, but with their national duty also, at once made themselves responsible for a more or less revolutionary change in the military system of the country. Less, rather than more; for although the reforms of 1870–71 which affected the officers of the Army were undertaken with infinite zeal and heartiness, and with a sincere belief that in the destruction of certain class privileges greater efficiency also would incidentally be secured, still, that portion of the task which dealt with the rank and file, and which would and should have dealt with the civilian element at the War Office, seemed to bring the reformers into conflict with certain elements they were loth to offend, and it was consequently only dealt with in a half-hearted incomplete fashion. It is generally believed that Mr. Cardwell himself was ready to rise, superior to such considerations as these, and that left to himself he would have completed the structure of which, as it was, he was only able to lay a part of the foundations. There is very little doubt, for instance, that he was quite ready to have established some moderate, form of universal service—at all events for the Militia; and if, in short,



the Liberal party of that day had only been unencumbered with the Purchase scheme, and had moreover been a little more closely confronted with the possibility of war, they would have seized the opportunity, and would have dealt effectually with the whole problem of Army Reform—including even the War Office. It is much to be regretted that such a course was not taken; for while it has become manifest, of late years, that Radical legislation can be most safely and expeditiously carried out by ministers who mainly rely upon Conservative support, it is also most certainly the case that constructive changes which appear—however erroneously—to have a reactionary flavour or tendency, may sometimes very judiciously be intrusted to statesmen kept in power by the party of Progress and Reform. Can we not all imagine the late Mr. Stanhope proposing the abolition of some cherished military abuse; or Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman—with characteristic flippancy—defending it?

Our present Coalition Ministry has not always been fortunate in deciding what particular question has offered the greatest promise of popular approval and support; and it must be confessed that our rulers have on the whole been more successful when they have obeyed that branch of their instinctive faculties that warns them to resist, than when they have yielded to the other branch that impels them to interfere. Here, however, they find themselves confronted with a real question of natural and unforced growth, as to which a definite and if possible a bold policy has become inevitable, but with regard to which we see them in apparently much the same dilemma as Mr. Cardwell and his friends—that is, afraid to act thoroughly, and afraid above all of causing any inconvenience to the War Office official. Judging from the principal utterance that has so far been delivered as to what is likely to be done, it would seem that the Government accepts the responsibility of materially increasing the Army, and begins also to recognise that the State has a duty towards the soldier when he leaves the colours. A large number of much-needed bricks are thus promised, with the hint that a little more straw may also be provided. It is to be hoped that the improvements thus foreshadowed will prove successful in practice as well as in theory; and the course Lord Lansdowne has taken in adhering to the main lines of the present system, as regards the Line battalions and the Reserve, may not improbably be justified by events still in the future.

But there is still this one awkward and conspicuous hiatus in the position just now taken up by the Government: the absence, that is, of any announcement on the subject of War Office organisation. The Secretary of State would certainly find his course infinitely more easy and clear if he would only muster courage to disencumber himself of the heavy log which is at present fastened to him in order to prevent his roaming away from the old worn-out pasture in Pall Mall. The present condition of the Army, and how to transform it into some-

thing a great deal better and even cheaper, is a question that would not very long puzzle him if he could but shake himself free from some of the traditional surroundings of his office. Even in this democratic age, with all the drawbacks that impede any assertion of personal will, a War Minister who had only to obtain, first hand, the honest opinion of his military advisers, and then, with his own modifications or otherwise, present those opinions to the Cabinet and to the country, would soon find Army Reform, on the lines of national expediency, not only advocated in both Houses of Parliament, on all Unionist platforms, and in every newspaper professing to support the Government, but warmly commended in some very unexpected quarters also. The real views of the military advisers would then harmonise—would even in the main be identical—with those that were officially attributed to them; and ‘the War Office,’ instead of being associated in the public mind with the idea of a cobwebby old tenement where Red Tape daily strangles Common Sense, would mean the place where the nation prepares for war.

But the pen is once more mightier than the sword; the stumpy quill of the War Office clerk thrusts aside the Field Marshal’s baton; and when every one is asking what the great Army Reforms are to be, we are at the outset confronted with intimations that the ‘middle-man,’ who stands between the frank common sense of the cleverest and most experienced soldiers, and the astute political wisdom of the cleverest and most experienced statesmen, has such strong vested interests that he really cannot be deposed—at all events not for the present.

But what has the poor War Office clerk done that we should be so angry with him? ‘What have they done?’ Lord Beaconsfield once demanded, when he was attacking his opponents, at a great public meeting. ‘Nothing!’ answered a voice from the crowd. ‘I wish they had done nothing!’ cried Lord Beaconsfield. In one of the stories which *Punch* occasionally inserts, a gentleman who has been successful with his garden tells another who has not been successful with his, that the difference between them was merely this, that one kept a gardener for his garden, while the other kept a garden for his gardener. For many long years the War Office garden has been kept up, actually, and to a certain extent even ostensibly, for the benefit of a most superabundant number of War Office gardeners. The friends of this system will ask, with sorrowful indignation, whether these clerks do not work hard? No doubt they do; that is they probably work quite as hard as the officials in any other branch of the Civil Service. But which particular part of their labours may it be that a military man under the orders of a staff officer could not perform as well or better? And who will assert that military clerks would not do the same work more cheaply—assuming, that is, for the moment that the same work would have to

be performed at all if the present nightmare could once be ended? Would not the world go on, and is it not conceivable that the work of the Army would go on also, if the present civil staff of the War Office—especially in the Finance Division and the Contract Division—were all transferred to some other field of enterprise? ‘The War Office,’ including the civilians who occupy so many comfortable—and, according to military ideas, lucrative—berths in that establishment, is zealous in its advice to other departments that more employment should be given to old soldiers. The calmness with which this advice is given by this very worst of the offenders (always excepting the Post Office) is really worth studying as an instance of the most audacious kind of cynicism. It is only surprising that the ‘War Office’ does not add a new and original argument why other departments should employ more old soldiers. They should be urged to do so on the ground that the ‘War’ Office employs so many civilians.

But what is the work that these gentlemen are given to perform? The ingenious authors of *The Army Book for the British Empire*—a well-written work which gives the official account of all our military institutions—thus authoritatively describes the work of what is called the ‘Central Office’ in Pall Mall: ‘It administers those duties within the War Office which are necessary for the harmonious working of the whole, providing, so to speak’ (this passage is written with evident emotion), ‘oil for the wheels of the official machine.’ The authors add that ‘the Central Office comprises four subdivisions under civilian heads directly responsible to the Permanent Under-Secretary of State;’ and they proceed to enumerate the duties of each sub-division. ‘C. 2,’ for example, ‘deals with many miscellaneous subjects which it would be difficult to apportion to specific subdivisions in the Military Department, such as Nonconformist clergy, orders of knighthood, &c. &c. . . . In case of war this subdivision conducts the correspondence (except on military details) with the general commanding.’ Might not war itself be fairly regarded as a ‘miscellaneous subject’ by a department whose principal duty is to supply oil of all kinds to the ‘official machine’? We afterwards read that among the varied functions of ‘C. 4’ ‘it collects and digests information to enable the Parliamentary officers to reply to the numerous questions which are put to them.’ And here we may freely admit that as long as ‘Parliamentary officers’ choose to answer all military questions—some of them of a purely mischievous nature—that are put to them in the House of Commons, so long must a staff of some kind be retained to edit the necessary replies; and it may be well that so delicate a duty should be intrusted to men who have been trained, until the other day, by a gentleman who has recently proved, ‘in reply to numerous questions,’ that there is really nothing at all the matter with the Army or with our military system. Still, this qualified admission as to the utility of ‘C. 4’ certainly does not apply to

the other divisions and subdivisions, in which we find, in one and all of them, that the genius of Evasion has taken to itself other devils such as Delay, Circumlocution, and Meanness, and that these malignant spirits are evoked at every turn so as to constantly obstruct the business of the Army, hamper general officers, and vex, irritate, and not unfrequently defraud, officers, non-commissioned officers, and men. Why, may not we ask, when Army Reform has become the question of the hour, have the apologists of the existing order of things nothing to say upon this most important phase of the subject?

There are only two reasonable explanations for their silence: either they are so steeped in reverence for the comparative antiquity of the present War Office system, for its excessive clumsiness, costliness, and general 'quaintness,' that they look on any proposals for reform as too impious for even preliminary contemplation (still less for discussion); or else they know the system to be indefensible, but at the same time shrink from the trouble and responsibility that real reconstruction would entail.<sup>1</sup>

Meanwhile a bold face has to be assumed, though naturally this cannot always be done with success, or indeed without occasional failure of the most egregious kind. In assuming everything to be satisfactory it would surely have been well, for instance, if attention had not been invited to the subject of 'Centralisation;' and yet the work from which I have already quoted, the officially inspired *Army Book* for the British Empire, devotes four paragraphs of hardy assertion to the task of proving that the War Office system is not one of extreme centralisation. 'Such a system,' the authors gravely observe, 'would certainly break down under the first strain of actual war.' It certainly would; though merely to say that a certain system is bad, can hardly be accepted as a reason for believing that it does not exist. We are favoured in other passages with a few further 'proofs' as to whether centralisation is, or is not, one of the characteristics of the War Office system: 'A general commanding in a military district,' we are told, 'can move his troops, feed his troops, and do very much as he thinks right with them . . . subject to his proceedings being called in question afterwards on a review at the War Office.' In another paragraph we read: 'The War Office necessarily exercises a general supervision, to prevent serious divergence of action taking place in different districts.' And the whole position is boldly summed up thus: 'Troops are fully commanded by their own

<sup>1</sup> Since this article was written, the newspapers have announced that a committee is sitting at the War Office 'to arrange for delegating to officers commanding the various Military Districts a larger amount of responsibility in matters of Military Administration.' The news is satisfactory, as far as it goes, especially the substitution of the words, 'to arrange for,' in place of the old War Office formula, 'to inquire into.' But the extent and sincerity of the proposed 'arrangement' still remain to be seen.

generals, who in their turn, . . . for purposes of order and uniformity, are under the supervision of the War Office.' How far this process of 'review' and 'general supervision' actually extends, and to what morbid lengths the passion for 'order and uniformity' is really carried, are matters which daily try the patience or exercise the mirth of officers and non-commissioned officers of almost every grade from the general who 'fully commands' his troops downwards. Sometimes the centre of centralisation is found even deeper down than the War Office, which then acts as the agent rather than the principal in the business of circumlocution and pedantry; and a general officer who has lately given up his command, speaking not long ago at the Royal United Service Institution, described an interesting case in point. A company-sergeant-major of Engineers at Aldershot was recommended for promotion entailing an increase of sixpence to his daily pay. The recommendation went from the officer who first made it to the colonels-on-the-staff, the general officer commanding, the Quartermaster General, the Adjutant General, the Under Secretary for War, and the Secretary of State. Then it was lost sight of for three or four months, when a Treasury Clerk, happening to meet one of the colonels-on-the-staff at dinner, said to him: 'The question of Sergeant-Major —, of the Engineers, came up the other day. Surely it is not necessary that he should have this extra rank and pay, is it?'

But the War Office can generally be trusted to carry on this sort of official 'hunt the slipper' without any assistance from other departments; and I can guarantee the accuracy of the following story: A recruiting sergeant, having for the moment used up all his railway warrants, bought an ordinary ticket for a recruit whom he had to send to the headquarters of the regiment for which he had enlisted. The fare paid by the sergeant was 6s., which sum he recovered from the recruiting officer, who in turn obtained it from the paymaster of the district. But the 'supervision of the War Office' soon afterwards came into operation; and, a clerk having discovered that the soldier should have travelled at a reduced rate, the well-known game that is played in such cases was at once commenced. The district paymaster was surcharged 1s. 6d.; he surcharged the recruiting officer; and a correspondence was thereupon carried on for fully six months, when the sergeant—who would seem not to have entered into the proper spirit of the amusement thus provided for him—walked down to the office of the local station-master, explained the circumstances, and received 1s. 6d.! More than that sum must in the meantime have been expended in stamps; while the number of 'memos' that must have been passed, and the number of times that various officials must have 'had the honour' to declare themselves each other's 'obedient servants,' was no doubt quite remarkable. The War Office apologist may say this was all

the fault of the sergeant; but admitting that to have been the case as regards the origin of this ridiculous transaction, where did the fault lie in its being impossible to rectify such a paltry mistake, either at once, or almost at once?

To give one more concrete example of the unnecessary waste of time that War Office centralisation entails: A man serving in the Auxiliary Forces joined the Royal Navy, and the approving (Naval) officer omitted to report the circumstance to the man's former commanding officer. The latter had then to apply for a certain form for the captain of the man's ship to fill up. The application had to go, first, from the colonel of the man's old battalion, to the officer commanding the regimental district; secondly, from the officer commanding the regimental district, to the general officer commanding; thirdly, from the general officer commanding, to the War Office; and, fourthly, from the War Office to the Admiralty. But the Admiralty, being more or less what may be called a 'reformed corporation,' wrote direct to the captain of the ship, and he, being unrestrained by the rules of military etiquette, immediately sent the required document to the person who wanted it.

Many large books could easily be compiled from curiosities of a similar kind to the above. But perhaps my purpose—which was merely to furnish a little everyday illustration—has been served, and it may be accepted, not only that a most needless amount of correspondence goes to the War Office, but that the same evil process of centralisation in civilian hands is at present extended into every other channel of Army administration, with results at once unfair to the tax-payer, and incompatible with any sound modern ideas of what an efficient military system ought to be. The money which Parliament will soon be asked to vote will be very readily granted, if only evidence can at the same time be forthcoming that it will be expended so as to add to the real fighting strength of the nation; but that money should not be granted at all, if it is only demanded in order to make a few incomplete experiments, while at the same time we timidly leave undisturbed a very costly, cumbrous, and thoroughly discredited system which is at the root of the whole evil with which we are professing to deal.

A. M. BROOKFIELD.

## II

To put a million in the slot, and take on a dozen battalions, seems roughly the programme of the War Office, and tempered by the impregnable optimism of Sir Arthur Haliburton, and the well-meaning generalities of Lord Lansdowne, this is practically what it all comes to.

The Secretary of State for War seems to think that by counting

one-sixth of the reserve twice over (men in the reserve, but kept with the colours, will be two single gentlemen rolled into one), and shuffling the cards with four instead of two battalion regiments, we shall attain apotheosis, although to the unprejudiced outsider his plan resembles the Irishman's blanket, cut off at the top to lengthen the bottom.

Still, it is as well that the 'free kit and shilling a day' jugglery should be ended, and that some definite attempt at finding work for men after leaving the colours should be promised, instead of the platonic aspirations in that direction, to which we are accustomed from successive representatives of the War Office; and on the whole his speech is an advance on the penultimate departmental pronouncement, the 'stable jacket and chin strap regulations,' the 'slightly modified' short service, the 'more fully carried out' linked battalions, and the circular 'asking employers to take on old soldiers'; but after all, as Carlyle said of another matter, it is only singeing the outside of the rubbish-heap, and going no further.

Sir Arthur Haliburton, who represented the Civil Department of the War Office, is the champion of the existing order, and his letters to the *Times*—a sealed pattern of the official answers put into the mouths of Ministers, to stop inconvenient curiosity in the House of Commons—is a declaration that all is for the best in the best of all possible armies. And yet while he wrote, it was true that under such 'best, best' management up to October last not a man had been recruited for the two new battalions of guards, while of the 3,000 men voted for the garrison artillery last session, the Department had only got hold of 245; that of our recruits, thirty per cent. are specials (*i.e.* under five foot three and a half inches and less than thirty-two round the chest, under age and under size); that in the home battalions one has only 290 effectives and forty per cent. of specials among the recruits—I am, of course, speaking of war strength—and requires 700 men to complete; another wants 600, another 650; and after filling them up where is the reserve of which Sir Arthur Haliburton and Lord Wantage are so proud—that reserve which has been the one ewe lamb of successive representatives of the War Office in Parliament, and which, according to the answer given before the late Commission by Lord Wolseley, is 'somewhat of a sham!' As to the artillery, the public are aware of the *fiasco* in the spring, when twenty batteries were torn to pieces in order to send three out to the Cape, but what they are ignorant of is that the condition of the artillery is worse than that of the line at home. «To start with, the proportion of guns to infantry is lower in the British army than in foreign forces, and they cannot be improvised. The army of the South East under Bourbaki in '71 failed because Gambetta and De Freycinet ignored this salient fact; and in our army we have some 200,000 auxiliaries with only one effective battery amongst them. Besides this a considerable number of

the home batteries have been reduced to four guns, as they paraded at the Jubilee review with forty-two men and forty-eight horses—by the way, what has become of the sixty-eight horse artillery and 282 field battery guns promised by Lord Lansdowne at Salisbury, two years ago?

As for the cavalry, we have 13,000 dragoons at home and only 2,000 horses, while the regiments are cut up and separated in a way fatal to efficiency.

What then should be done? Add more power, as Lord Wolseley says (*i.e.* money), and all will go well? Vote for inefficiency, as a principle deserving of support, when applied to the British army, like Sir Wilfrid Lawson? Accept the extremely clever speeches packed with platitudes and overflowing with optimism delivered yearly by the representative of the War Office, to a House composed of Mr. Speaker, the Serjeant at Arms, half a dozen 'Colonels,' and an empty press gallery? Assimilate the ex-cathedra teaching and facts of old War Office officials? Cultivate faith, hope, and charity, and, voting fresh millions, believe that our military system will shape itself somehow, rough-hew it as we will? Or will the War Office, taking the public into their confidence, make a clean breast of it, and go to the root of the matter, admitting that the days of patching and tinkering are past?

Of course the business is not easy, as Mr. Brodrick said at Guildford; a volunteer army can't be run as cheap as a conscript. We are the only nation in the world relying on voluntary enlistment, said Lord Lansdowne at Edinburgh; still conscription or the absence of it cannot carry all the weight put on its back by apologists of the present system. Do we really get a fair return for the 18,000,000% spent on the home army alone? Is there no circumlocution at the War Office? Are there not an excessive number of commands entailing an expensive staff for a few hundreds of men (Mauritius for instance)? Could not officers retiring from the active army take their pension coupled with service in the militia? And above all, as we obviously cannot improve the War Office out of existence, can we not change and alter root and branch the plan under which the Army is formed and recruited?

We have three systems of recruiting—long, medium, and short service. Medium (seven years and five), on which practically forty-nine men out of fifty serve, has proved a disastrous failure; short service (three years and nine) has been a success; long service, with the Navy and Royal Marines, is unquestionably efficient. Why not abandon the system which has failed, and adopt those which have produced what we want—having long-service battalions for India, the coaling stations and the colonies; short service and reserve for home; officers and men interchangeable, and both available for service in any part of the world; and at the same time feed, clothe, and pay your recruit better, giving him also a chance of employment on



leaving the colours. The problem is difficult, but not impossible; the War Office has lost the confidence of the country, and the condition of the Army is deplorable, as the *Times* remarks; but a little common sense and a not inordinate expenditure would bring about its solution.

FRED. CARNE RASCH.

### III

AT last—at last the country has awoke from its slumber and begins to realise the real condition of the British Army. It has often been said that the attitude of the House of Commons on any great question is merely a reflection of public opinion out of doors. Nothing could more fully illustrate the truth of this saying than the behaviour of Members of Parliament at the discussion of the Army estimates during the last two or three sessions. No sooner has the Under Secretary of State for War risen to ask the House to vote over eighteen millions of the public money for the defence of the country than the House is almost cleared. On the Opposition side the benches are practically empty; there are one or two members, like Sir Charles Dilke and Sir Wilfrid Lawson, who take an interest in Army matters, but from different points of view; a few Irishmen, who make speeches which appear to savour rather of obstruction than interest or criticism—these are often the only occupants. Perhaps towards the close of the debate, after the dinner hour, the late Secretary of State for War or the late Financial Secretary may look in and say a few words comforting or otherwise. On the Government side of the House the aspect is scarcely more enlivening. As a rule, the Under Secretary of State for War in solitary state adorns the front bench, while he is from time to time relieved by the Financial Secretary. On the back benches may be seen a few service members, who in turn air their ideas to empty benches and sleepy reporters; thus millions are voted away, apparently the one object of the Government, no matter what party may be in power, being to get the votes through, to avoid all discussion, and to evade all embarrassing inquiry. It may now be expected, and it is most fervently to be hoped, that in the next session of Parliament Army matters will be treated in a different spirit; public opinion now seems thoroughly roused, and a conviction is daily becoming more and more rooted that all is not as it should be, and that those pertinacious and troublesome spirits who for years have been protesting and preaching are after all not so foolish, not so ignorant, as officialism has declared them to be.

Let us face the matter boldly and see how we stand. According to the general annual return of the British Army for 1896, we find the average effective strength is 220,742 of all ranks, namely: officers 7,765, warrant officers 910, sergeants 14,125, trumpeters,

drummers, and buglers 3,418, rank and file 194,524. Of this force 76,937 of all ranks are quartered in England, Wales, and the Channel Islands, 3,630 in Scotland, and 25,841 in Ireland, being a total of 106,408 at home. While in Egypt and the colonies 38,884 are quartered, and in India 75,450, or a total of 114,334 abroad.

The Army abroad is declared to be in the highest state of efficiency, and, with the exception of some battalions in the Mediterranean, whose linked battalions are in India, to be also of an age such as is best suited for the hardships and trials of a campaign. It is with the Home Army that we have reason to be dissatisfied, not on account of their training, or of the zeal and military qualifications of the officers, but solely because of the youth of the rank and file. Our home battalions have been aptly compared by the present Commander-in-Chief to 'squeezed lemons,' and they are acknowledged to be, one and all, wholly unfitted to engage in a campaign. All but perhaps two or three hundred men in each battalion would have to be left behind, and the battalion would have to be filled up to its war establishment of about 1,000 strong by the addition of seven or eight hundred reserve men. This is a prospect regarded with equanimity by civilian officials, whose sole personal acquaintance with the Army is gathered from watching the sentry over the War Office from their windows in Pall Mall. They maintain that this is all as it should be—foreign armies do the same; these reserve men are, they say, the finest possible soldiers, and could be got into shape long before ships could be provided to convey them to any point of attack. Regimental officers, however, take an entirely different view; they declare that it is one thing to fill up the ranks with a small number of reserves, say about a third of the whole, as is done abroad, but when you have two-thirds or three-fourths of your entire strength composed of men who have retired to civilian life, who during their reserve service practically have had no training, who have lost the habits of obedience and discipline, and who, moreover, are now placed under non-commissioned officers junior to them in age and experience, we cannot look for efficiency or discipline—nay, more, we court disaster if opposed to a trained and disciplined foe.

It is well that the public should know as regards these reservists—although as Lord Lansdowne stated in Edinburgh, they draw their pay every quarter with great regularity—that the majority practically receive no training whatever from the time when they leave the colours until the date of their final discharge from the Army. From a War Office pamphlet recently issued purporting to give 'Instructions for the Drill and Training of the First-class Army Reserve,' it appears that this training is restricted to sections B and C of the first class, who, in case of infantry, are entering on the tenth year of their Army engagement, or in the case of the Guards on the sixth or tenth year of

their service. Those, moreover, who do come up for training cannot complain of being overworked; they have the option of three clear days' training or of attending twelve drills of one and a half hour's duration each. The purpose of the drill appears mainly to be instruction in the magazine rifle, but there is no shooting practice whatever. The penalty for failing to come up for training is simply loss of deferred pay for the year. It is likewise added that such defaulters are 'liable to prosecution,' but there is no record of any such prosecution ever being carried out.

We may explain to the uninitiated that according to the present terms of enlistment men engage for twelve years, seven being with the colours and five with the reserve, and that it is the custom in many instances if a man wishes to go, or has got some post in civil life, to pass him to the reserve at the termination of his fifth year of service, allowing him to spend the remaining seven years in the reserve. It would be as well that the nation should now thoroughly realise that these men, to be hurriedly summoned in a great emergency, the greater proportion for years untrained and unaccustomed to the use of any of the weapons they will have to use, and long since relieved from the restraints of control and discipline, would form our first fighting line, which would exhaust the whole of them. Can anyone regard such a state of things without the gravest apprehension? It has been urged, and no doubt will be urged again, by the apologists of the present system, that our reserve men are better trained than those of foreign Powers, as they serve longer with the colours. Other countries, however, unlike ourselves, see that their reserve men do not forget what they have once learnt. They moreover compress an immense amount of drill and training into a short time, carrying it out with a rigour and strictness which could not be attempted in a voluntary army.

If our reserve is to be our fighting line, it may be asked, What forms our real reserve? This is composed of the immature boys left behind, and our militia reserve with the militia itself in the background. According to Sir Arthur Haliburton's estimate, these boys would number 18,886, and the militia reserve 24,628, while he adds 8,492 of reserve men who he declares would not be used up by filling the ranks of the ordinary battalions. He takes certainly a most optimistic and official view of the situation, which, considering the notorious amount of waste from sickness and other causes, would scarcely be carried out in reality.

Even, however, if we accept these views regarding our military situation in the event of a great war, when we are empowered to call out the reserves, how do we stand as regards small expeditions? There is also another point which has been overlooked by writers on this question, although I called attention to it in the debate on the

Army estimates last session. Circumstances may arise, and have frequently arisen before, when in order to insure peace or even safety it is necessary strongly to reinforce the troops on some one of our many frontiers. We see on the Continent this occurring not unfrequently. A few years since Russia moved large bodies of her troops to her western borders. This was met with a corresponding reinforcement of the German and Austrian garrisons on their eastern frontier, not as a menace, but as a precaution. The same thing occurred on the French and Italian frontiers about the same time. We have recently had a case in point connected with our own possessions. After the Jameson raid the Boers commenced to spend large sums in warlike armaments, and adopted such a hostile and threatening attitude towards Natal as to cause serious disquietude in the colony, which was practically at the mercy of any marauders who might choose to invade it. It was therefore very wisely determined to reinforce the garrison there by some battalions of infantry and three field batteries. The same thing may occur at any moment in Canada, in India, in Egypt, or elsewhere. We may require the services of ten or even twenty thousand seasoned and efficient troops under circumstances which do not admit of our calling out reserves, even those who, according to the new scheme, as recently propounded by Lord Lansdowne, will then be available. These twenty thousand men according to our present system we do not possess, and could not possibly obtain. As has been frequently pointed out, it was only possible to furnish three batteries for service in South Africa by means of reducing to a state of inefficiency almost every battery of our First Army Corps: no fewer than 189 men and 272 horses were required to place them on a war footing.

Perhaps here it may be as well to call attention to the great distinction made by foreign Powers, where the reserve system is in full force, between the reserves of the infantry and those of the artillery and cavalry. While infantry reservists are considered capable of taking their places in the ranks and doing their duty efficiently at short notice, quite another view is taken of the capabilities of cavalry and artillery, so much so that the former are detailed for train and transport duties, officers' servants, and such like, and the latter for similar duties not connected with actual gunnery in the artillery. In point of fact, with continental armies the cavalry is nearly always kept up to a war establishment, and the artillery as regards gunners almost the same, although not as regards drivers, guns, or horses. It is as well that the British public should bear this in mind, and also that of our nominal reserve, numbering nearly 80,000 men, only about 51,000 belong to the infantry.

## THE REMEDY

It may be remarked, as was done by Lord Lansdowne in Edinburgh the other day, that all the various critics of the present system, while pulling to pieces what exists, carefully abstain from stating how they would improve or replace it. To this it may be replied that it is the duty of those in power, of those in office, to frame schemes and draft bills, while it is the business of outsiders to criticise and amend them. It is so far satisfactory to find that the Secretary of State for War, and still more the present Commander-in-Chief, take the country into their confidence, and are asking for more men and greater powers to render those men efficient. As long as the War Office maintained the attitude adopted by Sir Arthur Haliburton, and declared that everything was incapable of improvement, or occupied themselves, in Quixotic fashion, tilting at imaginary windmills, by demolishing the old system and demonstrating that the present one was far better, there was but little hope.

No one like the writer, who has had practical experience of both systems, or who has really studied the question seriously, would maintain that it is possible to revert to the Long Service enlistment, or that the present condition of the Army, defective as it may be, is not superior to what it was in 1870.

The real difficulty is the recruiting question: were this solved all would be plain sailing. Formerly it was impossible to get the 18,000 odd recruits which were required annually; now we get about 40,000, although it must be remembered that the standard of height and chest measurement has been lowered to a minimum, and that, notwithstanding this concession, about 30 per cent. are what is termed 'specials,' i.e. men who do not come up to these most moderate physical requirements, but it is hoped will grow into them eventually. It is likewise universally admitted that a very large number of recruits are under age, boys whose statements regarding the dates of their birth cannot be verified, and whom the authorities are only too glad to accept if they show any signs, in course of time, of becoming full-sized and efficient soldiers. Here again the British public must bear in mind what they have to pay for maintaining a voluntary army. In Germany no man is accepted in the ranks until he is not only twenty years of age, but the full equivalent of twenty in strength and development; should the latter condition not be fulfilled, he is put back for a year or so and brought up again for further inspection.

It is satisfactory to see that, from what Lord Lansdowne said in Edinburgh, the Government are in earnest and will spare no efforts to solve this recruiting problem. They intend, if possible, to make service in the Army with a good character a certain stepping-stone to

employment in after-life. By this means alone can we attract men of the class we desire into the military service. Would it not also be possible to make the terms of enlistment more elastic, to allow a three years' enlistment for home defence, and to allow them to re-engage for longer periods, if they desired, with the liability to foreign service? It also seems a misfortune that now no young man can look forward with certainty to making the Army a career; surely this might also be altered with advantage. The promised abolition of deferred pay, and the gift of a free grocery ration, is a reform, which nearly all those acquainted with the conditions of the service have long desired.

There is also one point made by Lord Lansdowne which is in accordance with the rules of business, namely, that the trained soldier should receive more pay than the recruit, just as an experienced workman gets more pay than an apprentice.

Then as to the proposals regarding the reserve, it is now apparently contemplated to give extra pay to 5,000 men, on the condition that they hold themselves liable to return to the colours during the first year of their reserve service. A Bill was drafted and came before Parliament in the session of 1896 with similar provisions, only without the extra pay or the voluntary clause, but it was unanimously opposed by the service members and was withdrawn. Before expressing any opinion regarding the feasibility of these new proposals it is necessary first to know the exact terms of the Bill, but it is obvious that, if it is desired to obtain civilian employment for reserve soldiers, any such liability as described must have serious objections. It is, however, most seriously to be hoped that the Government will take steps to have the reserve efficiently trained. Surely it can be no great hardship to insist on a reserve man, who gets 9*l.* a year pay, to perform the same drills as an efficient volunteer who gets no pay at all.

In conclusion, it may also be pointed out that, no matter what manipulation may be used on our present Army, the fact remains that it is not large enough for our wants; it must be increased, and for this the unfortunate taxpayer will have to pay. It is also earnestly to be hoped that more attention will be paid to the militia, that it will at once be raised to its full strength, and also, as suggested by Lord Wemyss, that the militia reserve will be supernumerary to and not part of its regular establishment.

During the next session in Parliament we no doubt shall have this great national question exhaustively discussed. It is probable that professional men with equal experience will have widely divergent opinions. This is inevitable—*quot homines, tot sententiæ*. But if by their united memorial to the Prime Minister the service members of the House of Commons have succeeded in averting what

they believe to be a great national danger, they will have deserved well of their country, and effected as much as they could possibly have expected or desired.

FRANK S. RUSSELL,  
*Major-General.*

#### IV

A TRULY complex and difficult task the unravelling of the Army problem must be, and I fear the public mind has not been much enlightened by the deluge of expert criticism and suggestions which has inundated the press. Nay, more; I can conceive that the difficulty of forming anything like a reasonable judgment may have been rather increased than diminished. For myself, I cannot claim to be an expert; I am only an old soldier of twelve years' service, but having served in cavalry and infantry, having been adjutant of my regiment, and having seen service, I have had some opportunity of forming an opinion. May I take a somewhat broad and general view of the situation?

We are an industrial and commercial nation with many and varied interests, and we are engaged in carrying on an extensive trade in every part of the globe. Leaving the 'Little Englanders' out of the question, the people of this country have been slowly but surely awakening to the fact that to protect our interests and to prevent their being overridden we must look to thoroughly efficient land and sea forces. The Navy has at last mercifully been lifted outside the pale of political or party strife, and any one who, in this Jubilee year, was fortunate enough to see the spectacle of five lines, each five miles long, of battle-ships at Portsmouth, a fleet collected together without effort, and without disturbing the squadrons in foreign waters, must have felt that any anxiety as to our sea power might be comfortably removed from his mind.

The same cannot, alas! be said for the Army. Both in strength and in organisation it has been weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The service members of the House of Commons recognised this last session, and exonerated themselves from responsibility by addressing a letter to the Prime Minister, calling the attention of the Government to the very unsatisfactory condition of our military forces at the present time. And on the high authority of the Commander-in-Chief we learn that 'the Army machinery is overstrained and out of gear,' and that it is 'no longer able to meet efficiently the demands now made upon it.'

This then is the evil: now for a diagnosis of the complaint,

On the question of the strength of our land forces it is not my intention now to dwell.

In 1872 the Government of the day were of opinion that 141 battalions of the line (I am not now speaking of other branches) were sufficient for the requirements of the Empire. That is, seventy were for service abroad, seventy-one for the United Kingdom. It is, I think, obvious to the ordinary observer that, in view of the fact that the Empire has expanded to such a stupendous degree in the last twenty-five years, there must be a corresponding increase in the protective and defensive powers.

*That*, Parliament alone can and will decide, and the question of an increase, if it be considered expedient, must be purely a matter of extra recruiting and extra expense.

The Army has not yet, like its fortunate sister service, been removed from political rancour, and that is, I fear, still a factor which has to be considered; indeed, indications of opposition to any increase at all have been already apparent. Moreover the very first question which will be asked is, 'Are we getting our money's worth for the eighteen millions?'

I, for one, having studied carefully the Army estimates, which is the balance sheet submitted to the public, am not prepared to give an unqualified assent to this. It is possible that reductions might be made in departmental offices and in other directions; in any case, in my judgment there should be a complete overhauling of the finances from a business point of view. But having said so much, I would also urge that as long as this country intends to carry on an extensive and successful trade in every part of the world, and as long as the people of this country are agreed that conscription in any shape or form is not agreeable to the habits of the nation, so long must they recognise that a voluntary army cannot and must not be compared with the military forces of other nations who work under a totally different system; and that they must be prepared to pay, and to pay generously, for what, after all, is absolutely essential for the protection of their property.

As for the organisation, that is a different matter. In this respect we have severe critics—Army reformers, may I say, like Mr. Arnold Forster?—who have made a study of the question, and who would have us believe that the system under which the organisation has been carried on is rotten to the core.

And again there are authorities, like Sir A. Haliburton, whose expert knowledge and experience is undeniable, and who has taken up a position of invincible official optimism.

How are we to strike the balance between these conflicting opinions?

The suggestion that we should disintegrate the existing system



and unlink the battalions is to my mind simply childish and ridiculous. It would entail a heavy expenditure of money, and would probably result in a failure to obtain the end we have in view. No one will, I think, deny that the Crimean War conclusively proved that under long service it was impossible to keep the Army up to its required strength, and I am strongly of opinion that short service, with its accompanying reserve, is the only sound, the only practical system under which a mobile fighting and defensive force can be maintained.

It will then be asked why has the linked battalion system been such a disastrous failure? My answer is that it has never had a chance; and this brings me to my indictment against the War Office. My complaint against the distinguished soldiers who rule over this public office is twofold.

In the first place, there is no proof that they have ever appreciated the intention of the territorial, the sentimental side of the system which they have been held to administer. When the numbers were taken away and territorial names given, the sentiment involved was pushed well to the front. Has this excellent intention ever been carried out? Not a bit of it! On the contrary, the policy of levelling all regiments to the same hard orthodox pattern, regardless of any distinguishing mark, any regimental peculiarity to which they may have clung, has been mercilessly pursued.<sup>1</sup>

This short-sighted policy has also, I understand, been applied to the cavalry, recruits being no longer enlisted for particular regiments, and the result, as might have been anticipated, has been fatal.

My second charge against the War Office administrators is, that seeing, as they must have seen, knowing, as they must have known, that a steady dislocation of the Army machinery was resulting from an increase (and no doubt a necessary increase) of battalions abroad, and a consequent depletion of fewer battalions at home, they permitted the public to live in a fool's paradise; that they made not the slightest effort by word or deed to protest against what they now admit to be a growing evil; and that even up to the eleventh hour they would have us believe that the storm is in a teacup, and that there is no necessity for anxiety or for reform.

For myself, I may say, I entertain no very friendly feeling for the War Office at this moment. Their action (and I impute blame entirely to the military board in this matter) with regard to the

<sup>1</sup> This action is incomprehensible in view of the fact that there are in our Army regiments such as the Black Watch, the Gordon Highlanders, and others which are such a tangible proof of the inherent strength which traditional history gives.

Guards during this last session still rankles in my mind, and I am still at a loss to account for their conduct.

I have no desire to labour the point here, and need only repeat what I said in the House of Commons (when strenuously opposing their action), in order to emphasise the argument I am now advancing, an argument in which I am happy to say I had the support of an overwhelming majority of soldiers, and of public opinion generally, as expressed by both sides of the press. My contention was, that while the highest authorities agreed that the deplorable state of line battalions at home was due to the inevitable drain constantly made upon them for the battalions abroad, the Household Brigade alone had maintained a high state of efficiency for the very reason that they were not subjected to this drain. And yet, wilfully blind to this, the same suicidal, fatuous treatment, the melancholy result of which was becoming apparent to all, was complacently applied to the finest body of men we have in the kingdom.

This is the sum of my complaint against the War Office.

Irresponsible people who write to the newspapers say it should be swept away altogether. That to my mind is sheer nonsense. Some of the ablest soldiers we have perform the daily routine of administration within those gloomy portals in Pall Mall, and are guided by a high sense of duty. That they have been working on the wrong lines I am certain, and I am equally confident that they are reaping as they have sown, and that they are now receiving the severest punishment a great public department can suffer in the loss of public confidence. It only remains for them to abandon the position of optimism they have taken up, and by so doing to regain the position they have for the time being lost.

One word now on the question of the much-abused linked battalion system, which appears to me to be the crux, the kernel of the military problem.

Since I commenced writing this article the Secretary of State for War has spoken to the country, and has delineated the outline of what the Government propose to lay before Parliament this session.

This permits us to assume that the discrepancy between the home battalions and foreign battalions will be made good; that in any case this crooked path will be made straight; and that each battalion abroad shall have its corresponding battalion at home to make good the leakage which necessarily takes place. All we have to consider and what Parliament will have to decide once and for all, is whether the principle is a good one or a bad one.

For my own part, although I freely recognise and appreciate the strain to which the home battalions are subjected, I cannot but think that it is the only feasible, the only practical plan by which our foreign requirements can be met. Obviously an ideal system

would be one under which large dépôts should be formed in order to contribute the necessary recruits for both the home and the foreign army.

My experience of dépôts does not lead me to the conclusion that this is in any way expedient; nor do I consider that the expense incurred in keeping up a trained and sufficient dépôt staff would represent sufficient value for money spent.

That if possible more recruits should be raised at the existing dépôts I have no doubt, but I am equally certain that they should be passed through the ranks of the home battalions before going abroad.

Lord Lansdowne hints that groups of four battalions may be formed to remedy the existing evil. In my opinion this would be a fatal policy and utterly inconsistent with the territorial system now in force.

Take as an instance the Northamptonshire Regiment, one battalion of which has lately gained laurels in the frontier fighting in India, and towards which a strong county attachment has lately publicly been shown. Recruit, if possible, sufficient men at the dépôt to enable the second battalion to send the requisite drafts abroad without being themselves reduced to a skeleton, this will to a great extent remedy the evil. Group them with the Bedfordshire Regiment or with any other county, you are at once striking a blow at the territorial system, at the very *esprit de corps*, which all practical soldiers will say is of such inestimable value when the critical moment arrives.

The Gordon Highlanders at the Dargai heights are a notable instance in support of my contention.

I quote the words of a letter written by a distinguished officer who watched the operations from a hill a short distance away: 'No nobler deed was probably ever achieved in the annals of the British army.'

To sum up, may I shortly suggest what I believe to be reforms which are necessary to sustain the equilibrium of the military forces of the Crown?

1. An equivalent number of battalions should be raised to balance exactly the number of battalions required abroad.

If the state of recruiting is such that it is found impossible to raise the extra battalions, the number of battalions abroad would have to be reduced, and the system of making use of marines for certain coaling stations would have to be applied.

No reasonable objections have, as far as I know, ever been produced to condemn this scheme, and the opinion I hold in company with many others, that it is desirable from every point of view, is also strongly supported by many marine officers of distinction.

2. In order to raise these battalions and to promote recruiting :

a. The territorial, the sentimental, the county attractions should be fostered and encouraged, not repressed.

b. Mature soldiers should receive 1s. a day clear.

c. Every Government office should be compelled to give the preference to old soldiers when making appointments.

d. Reserve pay should be entirely done away with. The policy of inducing men to *leave* the army should be reversed. They should be encouraged to continue in it, to make a career of it, and moderate pensions should be given only after the completion of twenty-one years' service.

e. Reservists should be allowed to re-engage in their own regiments within a limited time, if they wish to do so, subject to the commanding officer's consent.

f. Powers should be taken to recall Reservists to the colours for small wars if necessary for the first twelve months of their Reserve service.

3. There should be a careful investigation of all departmental expenses.

4. The Militia force consists of 121 battalions of Infantry—86 English, 12 Scotch, 23 Irish, numbering with the Militia Artillery 90,000. Of this number 30,000 constitute what is known as the Militia Reserve—that is, they are men belonging to each Militia battalion who receive an additional bounty of 1*l.* a man, and for this sum stand bound to be transferred to the ranks of the regular army whenever their services are required abroad.

I am told this service is popular, that there has been no difficulty whatever in keeping the number up.

Why not double this? Why not, if necessary, pay 2*l.* a year bounty?

Sixty thousand men at 2*l.* a year = 120,000*l.* Careful economy in many directions would probably produce this sum without increasing the estimates.

5. There is again a source of supply to which a distinguished officer has already drawn attention—I allude to the Volunteer forces.

Could any objection be found to having a Volunteer Reserve to be used in time of war only? The suggestion has been made that a certain sum, say 5*l.*, might be offered to any Volunteer who would register his name for this purpose, and an additional sum of 2*l.* might be offered per man to the regiment he belongs to for training purposes; and for each man so registering his name an extra Volunteer might be taken: 30,000 men might easily be enrolled in this manner at a cost of 210,000*l.*

With the increased Militia Reserve this would produce 90,000 trained men as an efficient reserve at a cost of 330,000*l.*

These, then, are my criticisms and suggestions in a somewhat crude and imperfect form. I have purposely refrained from details, and have endeavoured to take a broad and general view of the problems which will shortly be before Parliament.

If a final decision can now be arrived at—

. 1st. As to the required *strength* of the Army.

2nd. As to the *principle* on which it should be organised—  
and if the War Office will abandon the optimistic position which has brought them into such disfavour, to use Lord Wolseley's own words, 'The machinery will work like clockwork.'

ALWYNE COMPTON.

## DO WE NEED AN ARMY FOR HOME DEFENCE? •

A WARM discussion having arisen as to the need for increasing and strengthening our Army, a certain school of writers who would have us rely solely on the Navy, and nothing but the Navy, have as usual come forward to throw cold water on any proposal for that object. Especially they contend that an army cannot be required for home defence, and that in point of fact to suggest such a thing is a slur upon the Navy.

The mode of reasoning is this. We must have an all-powerful Navy which shall command the sea, because if our commerce is interrupted by an enemy or our food supplies intercepted we shall starve. But if we command the sea no enemy could come across the water to attack us ; therefore we need make no preparation to defeat any such enterprise by land forces or land works. *Q. E. D.*

Those who have come to another conclusion have no hesitation in accepting the postulate that we must have an all-powerful Navy to command the sea for the reasons stated ; but the inference that we need make no preparations for resistance on land they do not accept. They are quite well aware, too, that if the Navy is utterly and finally smashed up, our only hope of salvation would be that the vultures who would flock to the carcass might fall out over our remains.

The whole question turns on the meaning attached to the words 'command of the sea,' which these writers treat as if it meant absolute superiority at all times and places, and excluded the possibility of any of those local and temporary reverses which are the ordinary chances of war, and as if it could never be necessary to provide the Navy with time to recover from such mishaps. When England had destroyed the French and Spanish fleets at Trafalgar, had taken possession of the Danish fleet and a part at least of the Russian, she had incontestable command of the sea, and a hostile landing was of course impossible so long as that state of things lasted. But this completeness of command of the sea is obviously the result of a period of war during which, and especially at the beginning, the term can only mean *general superiority at sea*—not superiority at all times and

places—and this is in fact all that can be meant at such a moment as the present, when we are content to measure our necessities by the size of possibly hostile fleets and determine to be larger than any two of them. It means only that we shall have the odds in our favour at starting, but clearly it must leave the full and incontestable command of the sea to be fought for, and this may be a long process, during which the risks and the ups and downs of a state of warfare have to be reckoned with. We had been twelve years fighting before Trafalgar settled the business. The art of war consists in having a superior force at the vital point, and this of course may be achieved by a force which is on the whole inferior, or else a contest might be settled before it was begun by merely counting ships and men.

When Lord Randolph Churchill had taken up the rôle of opposing all increase of warlike expenditure, naval as well as military, he told us that we might rely on our 'undying memories.' Put baldly in this way, it seemed rather a shadowy system of defence; but we are very apt to assume with some complacency that our ultimate successes in past warfare represent the natural and normal result which must at once follow any contest we are engaged in. We forget our periods of weakness and danger, and our reverses are lost sight of in the dazzle of victory.

To assume that they must win is a most admirable frame of mind for soldiers and sailors to enter into battle with, but it does not do either for generals, admirals, or statesmen to act on the supposition that it is so surely a law of nature that it is not necessary to take any steps to guard against the consequences of partial defeat, or to recover from it if it should befall.

Yet we find writers indignant at the very idea that it is proper to provide against a possible naval reverse. To do so is said to be to 'place no faith whatever in the Navy;' we are told we have 'no right to assume defeat,' because it is only an 'indefinite possibility,' and it implies 'utter distrust of the right arm of Great Britain,' &c. This is not the language of persons of the highest responsibility, but it is held by some who undertake to instruct the public, and, so far as it succeeds in misleading them, it does a great deal of harm. Yet what a number of obvious contingencies have to be ignored in order to justify that blind faith in the absolute immunity of the Navy from the possibility of even temporary reverse which we are expected to feel under pain of being charged with 'distrust of the Navy,' as if there were no medium between crushing superiority at all times and all places and complete 'naval collapse'!

Assuming that we have at the outset of war a superior fleet—an assumption which is notoriously much more than past history warrants—it is obvious that every combination in war, naval and military, must be subject to certain chances, and may be defeated by events which no human foresight can provide against, as by failure of some

of the human or mechanical elements. To specify a few of these, I don't suppose that anybody will deny, for instance, that complete wisdom cannot always be insured at the Admiralty; sometimes the admiral in command has not risen to the situation; a modern warship is a huge combination of complicated machines, and some small failure in these machines, such as does occur in the best ships, may make them useless just at the critical moment; accidents of weather may mar some essential movement; finally, the enemy may happen to be a very tough customer, and prompt to profit by any advantage he may gain. Some of these events, or a combination of them, might bring about a reverse at an inconvenient place and period, and in that case, if we had refused to provide against such a possibility, such a simple reverse might turn into a catastrophe and the ruin of the Empire. Moreover it is reasonable to remember that the elements of naval warfare have entirely altered since our great historical successes were gained. We are told that in case of a naval war we should consider the enemy's coast line as our frontier and prevent his fleets from crossing it—blockade him, in fact—or, if he succeeded in getting out, follow and destroy him. We acted on this system in the old war, and our fleets in superior strength kept their stations for months off the enemy's harbours; but even then he sometimes got out and deceived our admirals as to the direction in which he had gone, by which he gained plenty of time and chances for out-manceuvring our fleets. We cannot be certain until we have experience that under modern conditions of steam and iron we shall be as successful in this system in a future war as in the past. The broad question whether we should provide against the possibility of local and temporary naval superiority is not one that can only be answered by a soldier or a sailor, or both combined. Any intelligent person who will be at the pains of informing himself of the facts of history, and capable of understanding and estimating the value of professional opinions, past and present, can come to a just conclusion.

If an invasion of England is such a hare-brained adventure as some would represent, it is remarkable that so many projects for it have been entertained by men of the fullest knowledge and experience of war. There are, of course, people who argue that, as such an invasion has not actually come off, it may be assured that it is impossible; or if they admit that there have been invasions, they are satisfied to explain them away, saying that the circumstances of the present day are quite different. Many people must have known the case of some robust man who will not believe that he need put on an overcoat in winter because he has never found the necessity, but who one day finds himself struck down with pneumonia and carried off. His lesson has been learnt, too late to profit by it. This might be our case if we are guided by the people who will not believe in the possibility of invasion until we suffer it. When that happens, if we have made no provision against it, the game is pretty well up.



It will, I believe, serve a useful purpose to set out a few historical facts which show that other nations, who know our strength and resources as well as we do, have over and over again practically demonstrated that in their opinion an invasion is a feasible proposal, and, further, that, though the navy has baffled some of these enterprises, it has not always been a complete protection. Some of these will prove (if proof is wanting) that we cannot always rely upon our Government providing us with a superior fleet; others will show that even a superior fleet is not an absolute protection.

The invasion by William of Orange in 1688 is no doubt a peculiar case, but it certainly was not prevented by James the Second's Navy, or the fear of it. Nor did it prevent James with his French contingent landing in Ireland in 1689, which was followed by several landings of French troops in that year and 1690, the English fleet which tried to prevent them being defeated in Bantry Bay. Though the French navy was thus proved to be superior, it did not prevent William invading Ireland and beating his rival.

French troops were actually landed in Torbay in 1690, and in 1691, though the English fleet was then superior, the French continued to send troops to Ireland. In 1692 Louis the Fourteenth and his advisers had 30,000 men and 500 transports in readiness, awaiting the result of a naval battle, which, his fleet being vastly inferior, went against him.

In 1716 Charles the Twelfth of Sweden considered such an enterprise feasible, and was to have headed an invasion, but his death put a stop to the project. In 1744 an invasion by 15,000 men headed by Marshal Saxe was foiled partly by the Channel fleet, partly by a storm.

In 1759 the French prepared to invade England with 50,000 men, and Scotland with 12,000, and in 1779 the French and Spaniards together formed a similar plan, having Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight as the objective. Their fleets were vastly superior to ours in the Channel, and they actually lay in Cawsand Bay, near Plymouth. Owing to their own mismanagement the attempt never came off; but obviously it was not the Navy that prevented it.

In 1796 we had been about four years at war with the French. We had had four stand-up fights with them, two with their allies the Dutch, and numerous minor engagements; but this did not prevent Hoche's expedition, consisting of fifteen ships of the line, eighteen corvettes and frigates, besides transports carrying 25,000 men, sailing for Ireland, and (except those who were separated in a storm) reaching there, lying several days in Bantry Bay, and sailing back again to Brest without even seeing the British fleet. In 1798 the French, evading our fleet, sent 36,000 men to Egypt, capturing Malta on the way, and had possession of it till 1800. From the 19th of May, when they left Toulon, till the 1st of August, when the battle of the

Nile was fought, they were not molested by our fleet—a period of two and a half months. In the same year, 1798, the French landed troops in Ireland.

I need not do more than mention Napoleon's project for invasion in 1805, which some people try to explain away, but which our forefathers thought real enough, and, notwithstanding their full appreciation of the Navy, they prepared to resist on land as well as at sea. Alison remarks how nearly this vast design succeeded, and how little the British were aware of the quarter whence danger threatened them.

Coming to more recent years, we find the Duke of Wellington, who certainly could not be classed as a mere narrow-minded soldier, lamenting that there was nothing but the Navy to prevent invasion, and rousing the Government to increase the Army and build fortifications, in order that the French, with their very large army and good naval organisation, might not take advantage of some local and temporary inferiority in our naval force to destroy our naval bases.

We find statesmen like Lord John Russell, Lord Derby, and Lord Palmerston, who, considering the times in which they lived, must have fully appreciated our naval power, and who had the best naval opinions of the day to advise them, taking up strenuously, and bringing to practical issue, the strengthening of our system of land defence, both by men and fortifications, and this not as an alternative to a superior Navy, but as an aid to it, in order that a temporary naval inferiority or reverse might not lead to the destruction of the bases of our naval power. Captain Mahan, the great champion of sea power, refers strongly to 'the duty of strengthening by fortifications and otherwise the vital points to which the communications led, so that these points should not depend in any way upon the fleet for protection.'

The doctrine that a 'fleet in being,' though beaten and inferior, would suffice to stop an invasion has been propounded by some writers; but the facts of our own history are against it, not to mention numerous other cases. We landed in Egypt in 1801 in face of opposition before the French fleet had been wiped out at Trafalgar, and we landed an army in the Crimea without fear of the fleet 'in being' at Sebastopol.

It is most unfortunate that when a few years back some able writers set themselves to bring about a great increase to the Navy—efforts for which the country should be most grateful—they thought it would serve their purpose to contrast the expenditure on the Navy with that on the Army, which suggested the idea that the necessary funds for increasing the Navy were not available because they were appropriated to the Army. Funds of course could be found, and have been found, for making the necessary provision for one without starving the other, but still the same sort of feeling is exhibited in some quarters—that increased expenditure on the land forces will be

depriving the Navy of its proper nourishment—and this creates opposition to the adoption of measures which are absolutely necessary for securing our position in the world.

It is not to be supposed that such an enterprise as an attack on us at home would be carried through without great risks, even if circumstances were as favourable as an enemy could expect; but war is a game in which risks must be run, and will be, when the prize is much heavier than the stakes. Napoleon did not propose to himself to subjugate and annex England, but to destroy her arsenals and ruin her dockyards so as to prevent her recovering her naval superiority; he calculated on only a temporary naval superiority of three weeks in order to effect this.

The Royal Commission of 1859, which has in recent years come in for so much abuse for not doing what it was not set to do, and for asserting principles which it never asserted—by its recommendations made it quite impossible for an enemy to carry out such a project during any short term of local naval weakness on our side. The effect of the fortification of the dockyards is that it would not be sufficient to transport a field army across the Channel and to win a battle, but it would be necessary to bring over and land all the material for a siege, and to hold possession of the country and maintain superiority in the Channel for the period necessary to carry such a siege to a successful conclusion.

What these works have done, therefore, is to make the task of the Navy considerably easier to fulfil by making the transport across the Channel a much larger and longer business than it would be without them. The principle which governed their erection is the same as that which leads a bank to build vaults and safes to contain its valuables—not as a substitute for the police, but to ensure their having time to act. The little foundation there is for the assertion very commonly made that the Government and distinguished men who promoted these works ignored the true defence of England by its navy, is shown by the circumstance, which is entirely left out of sight, that their erection was preceded and accompanied by very large and costly extensions of the dockyards they are built to protect.

The writers I have referred to indeed admit that, as ships are not effective beyond a very small fringe round an enemy's coast, an army is necessary if operations are to be undertaken beyond that fringe, either to assail an enemy on his own territory or to protect our own. They admit, too, that land forces and fortifications are necessary at our foreign and colonial naval stations and coaling ports. It has been almost officially announced, in fact, that the Navy cannot guarantee the convoy of large bodies of troops to these stations in the event of war with a Great Power, so that they should provide for themselves independently; and this makes it difficult to understand the theory that the heart of the Empire should not have the same protection.

'What should be the strength of our Army' is a problem that will have to be worked out by the joint committee of war and defence. How to raise that strength and maintain it in peace and war is a problem for statesmen of similar character to that which has to be solved by the Chancellor of the Exchequer in framing his financial system: the one has to tap the pecuniary resources of the country, the other to find the means by which the manhood of the population is to be attracted to the colours. It is a problem which we should not expect to be solved by any stray politician who happens to find himself at the head of the War Department, for it has required the genius of men of the type of Frederick the Great and Napoleon to solve it in other countries. Moreover in all European nations but ours the knot has been cut by the adoption of compulsory service, and immense armies have been set on foot, in consequence much increasing our difficulties. We alone have imposed on us the much more difficult task of finding means of raising by voluntary enlistment an army sufficient for our needs, which, unlike other armies, has in large part to be stationed in other lands, some of them having unfavourable climates, and to discover the attraction which will make larger numbers than at present adopt a military life under these conditions.

As the unreasonable claims of the school of writers I have referred to have made it necessary to dwell upon instances of the failure of the Navy, it may be well, in order to guard against misunderstanding, to point out that the acknowledgment of such incidents in the history of the Navy is quite consistent with the fullest appreciation of the glorious position it has won by its successes and the superiority which it has ultimately always secured for this country, as well as with a conviction of the absolute and primary necessity for securing to us the command of the sea.

Nor would I be supposed to desire in the smallest degree to advocate directly or indirectly any slackening of our efforts to provide a naval force unquestionably superior to any we are likely to have to contend with. On the contrary, it seems to me that any person who carefully studies the magnitude of our commerce and our dependence on it for our daily life, and examines a chart which shows the routes which it takes across the sea, will wish that our Navy, largely as it has been lately increased, bore a still larger proportion to those of our possible enemies than it does at present. But this sense of the magnitude of its task makes it even more necessary that every effort should be made to lighten its task and increase the difficulties of an enemy, and every possible aid given to it by the other defensive or offensive forces of the country.

E. F. DU CANE.

## A RECRUITING SERGEANT'S SUGGESTIONS

THE question which is creating so much discussion inside and outside the Army is that of the recruiting difficulty. It had been prognosticated by men when the short service first came into vogue that the arrangement would be a failure. For years the foretelling of such an event has been verified by those who predicted it. After reducing the standards of the men of the Guards, Infantry, and other branches of the service, as well as decreasing the ages for fitness, minimising the chest measurement, and offering bounties to induce men to stay on, the authorities still find that our Army is many thousands under strength. Naturally the subject is one of importance; but how few there are who thoroughly know the difficulties in obtaining from our millions of population the few men necessary to feed our army! Education has made such rapid strides that men are now fit to obtain more lucrative employment than that of soldiering, and even when at a last resource for employment men will hesitate before accepting the 'Queen's shilling.' Not only this, but ex-soldiers take home with them their 'tales of woe,' telling their friends the amount of stoppages they are placed under, how they have to purchase their own white clothing when abroad, and, in fact, keep themselves in regulation, unless under the penalty of punishment; and although stoppages of this kind *have* in late years been greatly ameliorated, they still exist, and the verdict is found that the Government do not keep to the conditions they offer as inducements to the recruit, and that the Army is partly a fraud.

Speaking from experience as an ex-recruiting sergeant, and from the experience of recruiting sergeants who were acting in this capacity many years before I joined the Army (some fifteen years ago), I venture to suggest to the authorities a few items that may assist them in their difficulty, not only coming from me, but from many of the members of the recruiting staff in London.

The general opinion is that eligible recruits could be obtained if the terms of service for all branches of the Army were twelve years with the colours and six years in the Reserve, making in all eighteen years' service. The present period is too short; men get the 'hump' over little matters, finding the Army not as was origi-

nally represented to them, and will not extend their services when they know that the deferred pay of 21*l.* (a gold-mine to many) is to be at once forthcoming. Then these men, loosened from the strings of discipline, squander in most cases this amount in drink or gaiety, and find themselves worse off, and regret having left the service at all. It is this deferred pay in nine cases out of ten that induces the man to leave his regiment at the expiration of the first period with the colours, and not the dislike for the service; and therefore it is suggested that the deferred pay be abolished, and that the soldier at the expiration of his twelve years with the colours be transferred to the Reserve on the same pay as at present, and at the expiration of the seven years in the Reserve that he should receive a pension according to present scale for the rest of his life. By this inducement a man would at once understand at the end of his career as a soldier, he would have something to assist him in keeping body and soul together, and that he would not have given the best days of his life for his Queen without some recompense. In the police force we find men of excellent characters drawing from 24*s.* a week and upwards, which, although good pay, is not sufficient inducement to make these men conduct themselves and keep up the reputation of the force; but the excellent pensions they receive when their period of service is completed is what induces them to remain; and why should not a similar inducement be made to the Army? The pay of a soldier is not as it is represented, and, as an inducement to recruits, it is recommended that one shilling per day be paid clear of all stoppages, *i.e.* that a free grocery ration be allowed, and that hair-cutting, library, &c. be abolished. If one were to take the general price of labour, how many young fellows are there who can say that, after deducting the cost of living and clothing, they can see the amount of seven shillings a week clear money? But at present the 'Queen's shilling' is still regarded as a military fraud. It is our friend the nimble ninepence (when it is not eightpence-halfpenny only) disguised as a shilling.

The territorial system greatly forbids many a recruit being attested for the Army. It was expected that men when joining the Army, would choose their territorial regiment. Far from it. Recruits prefer being away from their homes and relations, who in many cases think their son or sons have 'gone to the dogs,' and many enlist for reasons better known to themselves, and it is recommended that recruits should be allowed to be taken from any district by sergeants of any regiment without special authority from the Horse Guards, but that the territorial regiment should route-march through the more thickly populated parts of their territorial districts, and where the

The police force is mostly composed of ex-guardsmen who simply join the brigade of Guards to obtain the three years' good character which is required by police regulation.

distance will not permit of it, that the regiment should go by train the greater part of the way. It is within my recollection that when a certain regiment was on duty on the Crofter Commission the chance of obtaining several smart men was open, and, the matter being referred to the authorities, the application to enlist these men was refused on the ground of their being out of their territorial district, and so these men were lost to the Army; certainly a matter of 'red tape.' Highland regiments have suffered greatly, and it is hard work to obtain Scotsmen only for the various regiments. The character of the dress of a Highlander is such that it should be worn by men of that nationality only, and it is suggested that if Highland regiments were to work as in a union, *i.e.* open all the year round for recruits, and to transfer men from one regiment to another as vacancies occurred, it would be a great assistance in obtaining the necessary food to fill the gaps of the finest fighting regiments in the world, and bring back that *esprit de corps*, that prestige, that has made Highland regiments so distinctive in battle. This suggestion also applies to the cavalry. The regiments of Dragoon Guards, Dragoons, Hussars, and Lancers should also act as in a union, and always open for recruits.

\* To obtain recruits it is also recommended that men should be advised to join that branch of the service where their trade would be mostly found beneficial: for instance, bakers should select the Army Service Corps, and farriers, grooms, and saddlers will find their most profitable sphere of action in the Cavalry or Royal Horse Artillery; bricklayers, engine-drivers, wheelwrights, carpenters, painters, compositors, plumbers, lithographers, bookbinders, surveyors, and mechanics generally are recommended to try the Royal Engineers, and in any line regiment there are special chances for valets, tailors, shoemakers, hairdressers, and clerks, while apothecaries may light on a comfortable berth in the Medical Staff Corps; and good tailors, and shoemakers in particular, can always be certain of getting extra work and pay. There is no doubt that much of the desertion which annually takes place is caused by young fellows joining, or being cajoled to join, a branch for which they are totally unsuited, both on account of their former occupation and their inability from want of experience to perform the duties required of them. This is equally the case in the Cavalry, Royal Artillery, and Army Service Corps, where a man who has been brought up as a clerk or carpenter, &c., suddenly finds himself acting the part of a groom, for which he is no more suited than the man in the moon.

† That soldiers should be allowed to enter any place of amusement when in uniform at half-price is also deemed an inducement, and if officers were always seen in the thoroughfares, &c., in their uniform (undress) it would also stimulate recruiting. I am sure that, if anyone recalls how smart the officers of the continental army

look, he will agree that if such were the order in England it would tend greatly to a better feeling in the ordinary soldier, who is compelled to wear his uniform at all times.

The terms of service and the pay of a soldier are at first the important items of recruiting for consideration, but the still more important item is how to keep the men in the Service when once they are obtained. To open up as an inducement it is suggested that the term of eighteen years be broken up in the following ways, and be applicable to all branches of the service: viz. six months, six years, and twelve years. At the end of each of these periods let a soldier be permitted to exchange from one regiment to another, and in the cases of non-commissioned officers, let them be allowed to exchange thus—infantry to infantry, Cavalry to Cavalry, and so on. By this means a man who perhaps could not 'soldier' in one regiment could do so in another, and be happy; and with the non-commissioned officers it would give them a good opportunity, as many leave the Service through a 'superior' being down on them, making soldiering a burden. The Government in this case would be retaining men who knew their duty, and there would be not so much dissatisfaction, and perhaps it would minimise desertion; for if a soldier finds that he cannot get on in one regiment, he invariably deserts or purchases his discharge and endeavours to rejoin another. It is also suggested that a soldier should be served out every three years with his small kit free of charge. It seems hard that a man should be obliged to keep up his underclothing for the whole period of service and at his own expense, whether it is for long or for short service; and no matter how careful a man has been, two shirts, three pair of socks, two towels, one tin of blacking, and the few brushes cannot be expected to last more than three years (and the cost of these articles is a heavy item to have to pay out of a soldier's own pocket).

The long term of foreign service is a drawback to recruiting, many regiments being away some fifteen years, and it has been suggested that the period of such service be seven years at the most for any one regiment to be away from home.

Another inducement to be mentioned is, that all men should receive their hospital comforts, &c., free of charge, i.e. where a medical officer can recommend a case as being one where it was not the soldier's fault. It is certainly a drawback to recruiting that men should have to pay for medical attendance where there is no neglect on the man's part; but, although it might be the cause of many concealing their disease, a notification that severe punishment would follow detection might perhaps prevent the evil.

As we are a civilised nation, could not small cubicles be erected at every large recruiting station where men could dress and undress in privacy? This is a matter which disgusts many a well-brought-up man when he joins the Army, for he has to sit in a nude state



with many others in a row to await his turn for medical inspection, and it gives him an immediate bad opinion of the Service.

I am sure that every one has the welfare of a soldier at heart, and I sincerely hope that something will be done so that the soldier will no longer leave the Army with regret, but cling fondly to his military life, and speak affectionately of all the glories he has left behind him.

‘Until now there have only been two points in his career that interested him—the possibility of seeing active service, and the prospect of getting his deferred pay. With everything else he is dissatisfied, and carries dissatisfaction into civil life with him.

ARTHUR V. PALMER  
(late 79th Highlanders).

## 1 WALK THROUGH DESERTED LONDON

WHEN some grumbler met 'that polished sin-worn fragment of the Court,' the Duke of Queensberry, 'old Q.,' one September afternoon, and asked whether he was not bored with the emptiness of London—'Yes,' he said; 'but, at all events, there are more people here than there are in the country.' This may be so, yet with its millions of living souls moments will come when the true Londoner discovers that a crowd is not company. His season is over, his Clubs are shut, his streets under repair, his friends fled, and their houses dismantled.

The baffled hopes have gone to Cowes, the broken hearts to Baden.

It is not pleasant, for we know that whoever delights in solitude is either a wild beast or a god. I am neither; but, as Rogers said, 'to any one who has reached a very advanced age a walk through the streets of London is like a walk in a cemetery. How many houses do I pass, now inhabited by strangers, in which I used to spend such happy hours with those who have been long dead and gone!'

To be alone was my sad fate for some days of the autumn that is past. I had been engaged in the City, and about four o'clock I found myself walking westwards along a noble embankment, which had not been commenced in my youth, and of which I had watched the construction and the planting; for in my early official days the Thames washed in under the arches of Somerset House, the finest building in England—a building in which, later on, I was destined to pass the best years of my life. My memory, from old habit of the mind, went dreamily back to those times when a graceful suspension bridge of immense span, now connecting Gloucestershire and Somersetshire, existed in the place of the hideous railway line which runs from Charing Cross to Waterloo. I well remember my father prophesying the fulfilment of Sir Frederick Trench's plans, of which he was an enthusiastic admirer. Hungerford Market then flourished. No underground railway, no gigantic hotels, no political clubs had been built, and the proud lion of the Northumberlands, turning his tail contemptuously towards the City I had just left, had not been banished to Sion. No Whitehall Court or Landseer's lions existed, and no miserable fountains, which, it was said at the time of their creation, were to rival the *Grandes Eaux* of Versailles.

Being in the humour to note changes that had taken place in my lifetime, I was relieved to find on crossing Whitehall that the dear old Admiralty still remained intact. Coming out of the gates, there is the great First Lord, Sir James Graham, to whom I owed my place in the office, and whom, not only for that reason, I look on with profound respect and admiration. His magnificent figure and height made even the tall sentry of pre-Crimean days at the door a small man. Mr. Gladstone has frequently told me he considered Sir James the greatest administrator of his time and the only statesman whose merits never received due recognition from the press.

When I was a clerk in the office we used constantly to observe an old gentleman who daily came into the courtyard and took off his hat to the fouled anchor which is carved over the door, through which so many brave men and palpitating hearts have passed. I feel as if I could play the part of that old gentleman now, who has doubtless long ago preceded me. Now the Salamanca mortar and the Egyptian guns have been pushed away from the parade and put in the corner, like naughty children, and the garden is desecrated with a horrible half-French, half-English nondescript building which is grotesquely commonplace. The Horse Guards still, happily, remain; and here are the Life Guards without the grim bearskins—the awe and admiration of my childhood. Here, too, are the Foot Guards, but how changed from those of my early recollections! No white duck trousers, no swallow-tail coats faced with white; no worsted epaulettes, no cross-belts, no long muskets and pointed bayonets. In my mind's eye, I see the Guard turning out to salute the hero of a hundred fights, who lifts his two fingers to his hat in acknowledgment as he rides by. There is the house of the First Lord of the Treasury, so full of historical associations; and the little garden gate through which the Duke of Wellington escaped from a mob who had forgotten that his services as a soldier should have outweighed the shortcomings of a statesman. Only one cow-stand still remains to remind me of the happy moments in my childhood of curds and whey and soft biscuits. Walking up the Duke of York's steps, and forgetting that the column was said to be built so high to get him out of reach of his creditors, I wonder why so great a monument had been erected in honour of so small a man. It occurs to me how few people could tell whether at the top of the steps there are, or are not, gates. I remember putting the question at a dinner party in Carlton Gardens, which for the main consisted of guests who either lived there or whose avocations took them down those steps every day of their lives, and only one person answered correctly. Could you do so, oh, my reader? From the top of the steps I espy Maurice Drummond striding towards the Green Park with an occasional puff at the pipe concealed in his hand, for smoking in public was then a crime.

Tennyson said to the Editor of this Review, when revisiting

Cambridge with him, that he saw the ghost of a man in every corner. Carlton House Terrace is to me indeed a very land of ghosts. I looked wistfully up at the shuttered windows of the room where, nearly thirty years ago, I had the honour and happiness of making my first acquaintance with Mr. Gladstone, and the darkened doors where I had enjoyed the friendship of George Glyn and his lovely wife; where I had known Lord and Lady Granville, with whom I had spent so many happy hours, and the house in which I had held such long official talks and friendly conversations with Freddy Cavendish, whose tragic fate had closed the brilliant political career which those who knew him best had prophesied. There, too, in my imagination, I saw Lord Grey riding his black cob, and Mr. Russell Sturgis, who gave us such sumptuous and constant hospitality, mounting his coach. As Thackeray says, savoury odours emanate from the kitchen borne across I don't know what streams and deserts, struggles, passions, poverties, hopes, hopeless loves, and useless loves of thirty years. Towards the west I passed Count Bernstorff's house, and pictured myself entering the wide-open doors of Lady de Grey and Lady Palmerston, before she had migrated to Piccadilly, or struggling in a crowd to enter where Lady Waldegrave, with profuse hospitality, collected all the political and social society of her day.

I walk through a perfect *campo santo* of departed heroes who have lived and died since I was a boy and pass the empty Athenæum, recently decorated by the artistic hands of Alma Tadema and Sir Edward Poynter—a comparatively modern club built on the ground of Carlton House, under the auspices of John Wilson Croker. The more luxurious of its members wished for an ice-house, but Croker insisted on decoration, and put up the frieze copied from the Parthenon. A wit of the day wrote :

I am John Wilson Croker,  
I will do as I please;  
They ask for an ice-house, •  
I'll give them a frieze.

Here in the porch I see Charles Bowen, George Dasent, and Rogers, the beloved rector of Bishopsgate, and I long to join them in the flesh and hear all the good things they are saying. It was not from Rogers that the name of Bishopsgate was given to the Club, but from the fact that it stands opposite the Senior United Service, which is irreverently called Cripplegate. In its hall the reconciliation of Thackeray and Dickens took place, and there poor Dicky Doyle, too early for us who loved him, breathed his last.

Turning into Pall Mall, I glance in imagination at the rooms where Sir Edward Walpole, son of the great minister, was about to entertain a party of musical men-friends at dinner when the lovely Mary Clements, with whom he had formed a great friendship, rushed

in, saying her angered father had cast her out of his house on account of their intimacy, upon which Sir Edward, with an old-world courtesy, took her hand and led her to the bottom of the table, saying: 'This, henceforth, is your proper place.'

Three fair children first she bore him,  
Then before her time she died.

From one of these daughters—Lady Waldegrave, afterwards the Duchess of Gloucester—descended the three Ladies Waldegrave (Lady Hugh Seymour, Lady Euston, and Lady Waldegrave), whose faces and figures, bending over their embroidery frames, are familiar to us in the lovely picture by Sir Joshua Reynolds which, till Lady Waldegrave's death, adorned the walls of Strawberry Hill.

The Reform Club, built on the model of the Farnese Palace by Sir Charles Barry, reminds me of Mr. Bright telling me that at the time of the Corn-Law agitation he took Mr. Rauston, the Secretary of the League, there, who put his hand on his arm and said, John, John, how can we remain honest if we live in such palaces as this?'

Here, too, I see Lord Clarendon, and with him Charles Greville arm-in-arm, 'hearing some secrets and inventing more,' and a knot of eager politicians at the Carlton discussing whether the Peelites will join the Tories or the Whigs, and a few steps further on a brougham, which was then a novelty, with a very tall well-drilled powdered footman at the door, from which emerges a lady beloved by many generations of society, and familiarly called 'Lady A.' She possessed a low deep voice which was never used to say an unkind word of or to anybody, large curls on each side of a fine-featured face, and an appearance of everlasting youth.

Lord Sydney, with his hat well tilted over his eyes, rides from his house in Cleveland Square, now altered past recognition, while I am loitering at the corner of St. James's Street, to look into the window of Sams, the librarian, and study the last of Dighton's sketches; and while there, Lord Redeadale, Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords, in his swallow-tailed coat, his brass buttons, his buff waistcoat, white tie, and his low shoes with white stockings, no gloves and no stick, passes me with a jerk of recognition; while on the other side of the road I see Mr. Stephenson, the last wearer of Hessian boots, on his way to Brooks's.

Sailing along, I see Beauchamp Seymour, not then ennobled, but with an established reputation as the bravest of brave sailors, and the most popular of popular men—'The swell of the Ocean,' as we called him then—always wearing an extensive shirt-front and white gloves, never buttoned, on his unaccustomed hands. After the bombardment of Alexandria I asked him if he would mind telling me as an old friend whether he felt any fear. 'None whatever,' he said, 'except a terrible fear that I might be afraid.'

Walking by Marlborough House gate I see Andrew Cockerell,

who took away with him in his early death a fund of kindly wit and humour. It was then the Vernon Gallery. For some time after the bequest of the pictures no place had been found for them, and a deputation of artists waited upon Lord Palmerston to remonstrate, saying they were stored away in what was little better than a cellar. 'Ah!' said Lord Palmerston, 'following the old precept, "*Ars est celare artem*." ' Passing the shop of Mr. Harvey's with its priceless engravings, I think of it when it was a tailor's shop, where George Augustus Sala tells us he began life as an apprentice. At Welch's, the printseller's, who occupied the house just opposite Brooks's, now in possession of Cutler, the tailor, are the famous caricatures of H.B., the father of Dicky Doyle. Walking out of St. James Place is the Banker poet Rogers, whom Frederick Locker describes as an ugly little man, a wrinkled little Mæcenas in a brown coat; but he was more than that. The older he got, the greater his position became. He had been a friend of Fox, of Sheridan, of Moore and Campbell, and Byron and Shelley, with whom he travelled in Italy. He was offered the Poet-Laureateship, which then was an office of honour. When a great robbery of his bank took place, he regretted the necessity of having to drive in a brougham—a carriage then almost unknown—but later on he was reconciled by finding it adopted by persons of fashion. Lafayette said that memory is the wit of fools. If it is, I am not ashamed of sharing in its pleasures with Rogers.

A sidelong view of Pratt's reminds me of many hours stolen from the night, and many matutinal chops consumed by me when, in my salad days, I had the honour of being a member of that institution. It had originally been a public billiard-room in Cork Street, patronised by old Lord Tenterden, Lord Dudley, and Lord Eglinton, and other famous players, under whose auspices it was removed to Park Place in 1841. But in 1847 an Act of Parliament was passed which would have had the effect of closing it at 12 o'clock. This did not at all suit its *habitues*, who changed it into a club, which exists to the present day, where mutton chops, kidneys, and 'bottom crusts' are served to any hour of the morning to members after the theatres, or even after balls. Old Pratt, a real character, as much at home serving his guests at supper or sitting at table with them at dinner, died in 1861.

Here, too, I picture to myself the well-known form of 'Bob' Grimston, the famous cricketer, on his way to Harrow or his beloved Lord's, with Frederick Ponsonby, to coach the boys for the public school matches; or as I have seen him in the hunting field, in his broad-brimmed hat with rosettes tied over his ears to keep them warm. These bosom friends, differing in their style of cricket, differed more absolutely in their political convictions—Frederick Ponsonby, a staunch Whig; and Grimston, a furious Tory. Hunting one day with Baron Rothschild's hounds, when he was chairman of Mr. W. H. Smith's committee in the Westminster election, he said, if he was

beaten he would blow his brains out ; and who knows whether the dogged old Tory would not have been as good as his word ?

At the window of the Conservative Club I see John Heneage Jesse, the historian, talking over the riotous days of old, passed in the company of Lord Waterford and the brothers Frank and Charles Sheridan with 'Tommy Grant' of royal descent.

'And now—still being in a good dream,' as Peter Ibbetson says, I come to a Club the members of which were cruelly said to exemplify the three degrees of comparison—fools, d——d fools, and old Boodleites. I pass the famous gambling hell, still, I think, called the Cocoa Tree; and Brooks's, peopled with the ghosts of Charles Fox and Lord Stanley, the Rupert of Debate, standing on the table and declaring that he would have the bill, the whole bill, and nothing but the bill ; or in later days, Macaulay indulging in rare and sudden flashes of silence ; the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Bedford, Lord Foley, Sir David Dundas, and Poodle Byng, and all the Whig world discussing the politics of the hour. On the steps of White's are the ghosts of a past generation : Sir George Wombwell, Lord Adolphus Fitzclarence, the two inseparables ; Admiral Rous, Lord Cantelupe, Lord Chesterfield, the devoted admirer and companion of D'Orsay, and Lord Gardner mounting the smartest of smart hacks.

Nobody now rides in London as Lord Palmerston, the Duke of Wellington, Sir Charles Wood, Sir John Pakington, and many more, used to do to pay visits or to attend the Houses of Parliament.

There are no rulers and gods of St. James's, no man whose fiat about dress is as powerful as the ukase of a Russian Emperor. Each man is a law to himself ; a freedom within certain limitations is given to all ; the tailor, the railway, the omnibus, the cab, and the photographer have democratised the English Society of my youth.

I paused awhile, on what Disraeli called that celebrated eminence at the top of St. James's Street by the refuge, opposite the famous bay window of White's, meditating on the uncertainty of human ambitions and human life ; for on the pillar I spelt out the name of its founder, Mr. Pierrepont,<sup>1</sup> who was in the habit of frequenting White's and the Turf Club, which formerly was in Arlington Street. With advancing years and increasing traffic he became alive to the danger of the crossing, and begged the Vestry to erect a place of refuge in the middle of the street ; this they declined, but expressed their readiness to meet his views provided he paid the cost, which he consented to do. One day, when the refuge was complete and his name embossed on it, he was proudly showing it off to a friend, and had stepped on one side to admire it the better, when he was knocked down by a passing coach and killed.

'We call these coincidences. I wonder what God calls them !'

Leaving the faded glories of Crockford's and the stand of hackney coaches, I pass into Arlington Street, where Sheridan, sickened with

Now almost obliterated by the lamp-post recently erected.

his losses at play, kicked a man over who protested that he was only tying his shoe. 'D—n you!' said Sheridan, 'you are always tying your shoe.' Horace Walpole calls it the ministerial street, where Pulteney and Lady Mary Montague lived, and on both sides of which Sir Robert Walpole had a house, where in my youth the Duke of Hamilton, with a beauty like a god's, was often to be seen.

• Turning into Piccadilly there is the chariot of Lady Peel, who never missed her daily drive with her daughter in the park, and the yellow chariot of the Duchess of Cleveland, with her two tall footmen in breeches and silk stockings and their long canes. She was a lady with a philosophic turn of mind, for when her husband died she asked a relation down to the funeral, and told him to bring his gun, adding, 'We are old, we must die, but the pheasants must be shot.'

Her sister, Lady Anne Beckett, called Flavia by her friends from the colour of her hair, is in her green chariot as a contrast; Lady Harrington, whose servants with brown livery coats down to their ankles stand proudly behind, while Lady Foley's carriage with bewigged coachman in white kid gloves, driving the finest brown pair of steppers in London, gives them the go by. Here, too, is the Russian Ambassadress, Baroness Brunow, with her well-known *accroche-cœurs*, not yet banished from her beloved London by the diplomatic exigencies of the Crimean War; and the famous horsewoman, Mrs. Jack Villiers, who so fearlessly followed Jem Mason over the strongly fenced pastures of the Ailesbury Vale.

The *vis-à-vis* of Frances Anne, Lady Londonderry, passes in the street, Lady Jersey and Lady Cardigan being the only other ladies who owned carriages now so long out of date.

Bath House is there, where in my mind's eye I see Thackeray, Carlyle, Abraham Hayward, and Brookfield chatting after their visit to the agreeable but formidable Lady Ashburton.

The old wall still protects the reservoir in the Green Park from Piccadilly, and runs down to Hyde Park Corner.

I continue my ramble past the Coventry Club, where Comtesse de Flahault, the wife of Napoleon's aide-de-camp, Ambassador from France, used to hold her *salon*; and Cambridge House, from which I saw the funeral *cortège* of the Duke of Cambridge emerge on an early summer morning in 1850, before it became the residence of Lady Palmerston. Here is Strelečki, with his iron grey hair *à la brosse*, his thumb erect as if he were condemning a hundred gladiators to death in the arena, while he was dividing his time between good works and society; Lady Palmerston's adherent, H. Fleming, called the Flea, stands below, while the old minister who mounts his white hack for his evening ride in Rotten Row (which now is vulgarly called 'The Row,' and loses its meaning of *route du Roi*), although the best known of English politicians, rides the whole length of the Park, recognising no one, so fearful was he of bores. Wrapped



in affectionate conversation are two sisters, Lady Canning and Lady Waterford, already famous for their surpassing beauty, their personal charm, and their love of art. Their extraordinary artistic gifts would have, had they gone through a little of the drudgery of technical education, raised them to high positions as painters. As they drive along, talking probably of the passing topics of the day, the thought never enters their imagination of how soon they will be parted, for ever, as far as this world is concerned, nor how soon the eldest sister would be called on to fill a splendid position. Far less does their imagination show them the dangers and responsibilities she would have to meet, and how among timid counsels, the abuse of Anglo-Indian society, and the cries for vengeance, she would through them all nobly exhibit the highest type of English womanhood in the undaunted heart and splendid courage which lasted her to the end, until she lay at peace in the garden at Barrackpore which she had so loved and beautified.

Hyde Park Corner is altered past recognition; the Duke's statue, which I remember being erected, is now taken down and the arch has changed its place. Lady Newburgh, whose eyes failed her in her old age, said when the changes in London were described to her:

'I can understand most of them from description, but the changes at Hyde Park Corner pass my comprehension. The abolition of the Morpeth slope, which led from Constitution Hill to the level of Grosvenor Place, opposite Halkin Street, where Lord Carlisle's house was, is gone, and all seems to me a world of confusion.'

Here is a knot of fashionable young men, Bury, Seymour Damer, Augustus Lumley, and William Blackburn, discussing the fashionable arrangements of the week. While Napier Sturt, nearly the last man to wear a tie twice round his neck, and Henry Calcraft were speculating on the chances of the ring or the turf. At the corner was the well-turned-out yellow coach of Sir Henry Peyton, with his four greys, and the businesslike team of Mr. George Lane-Fox of Bramham; and I see my youthful ideal of an old aristocrat in Lord Anglesey, driving his curricule, a form of carriage which Lord Tollemache kept alive till his death, a few years ago; Leicester Stanhope is seated in his four-wheeled carriage, which is now called a T-cart, which he invented and called after his name. Lord Cardigan, not alone, and Lord Wilton pass in their cabriolets, and Lady Pollington driving her pair of ponies, while the crowd which had assembled to see the Queen and Prince Albert drive up from Constitution Hill is diverted for a moment to see the Dowager Lady Foley, attired in white, sitting in her Venus shell lined with pale blue silk.

Turning by Apsley House, I instinctively put my hand up to feel whether my collar is stiff enough for the Park, and see in my

imagination Rotten Row crowded with all the horsemen and horsewomen of London : Algernon Peyton, the greatest dandy of his age, and therefore called the sloven, on the principle of *Lucus a non lucendo* ; Mackenzie Grieve, with his straight-brimmed hat and widespreading neckcloth, the fearless rider yet representative in Rotten Row of the *haute école* ; Delane, the bold horseman of early days and now the social and genial editor of the *Times* ; and towering over them Thackeray on his 'little 'oss,' and towering again over him Jacob Omnium of literary fame ; the ladies in their ringlets, tall hats, and habits reaching to the ground, and the stately row of carriages along the north side of the Serpentine, occupied not only by ladies of fashion, but by frail ladies smarter and better known. Bending my steps through Stanhope Gate, I see it before its entrance was beautified by Dorchester House, or defaced by the florid vulgarity of a Barnato. Crossing from his house is Lord Fitzroy Somerset before he had embarked in his last campaign.

At the end of the street still stands Chesterfield House, which Lord Burton has done his best to preserve ; but it is not the Chesterfield House of my youth, peopled by the Duke and Duchess of Abercorn and their beautiful daughters ; the House, as Lord Chesterfield called it, of Canonical pillars, which were brought from Canons, the seat of the Duke of Buckingham, near Edgware, but now, in the miserable greed for money, shorn of its lovely garden and its ancestral rookery. I look in vain for a tablet to show the house where the great Disraeli, Lord Beaconsfield, breathed his last, and pass where Becky Sharp was found on that unlucky night by poor Rawdon Crawley in the arms of Lord Steyne. Here, too, is what I have always rightly or wrongly imagined to be Thackeray's Lady Whittlesea's Chapel, where Charles Honeyman preached in the morning, and coughed in the afternoon, 'for the women like a consumptive parson.' At any rate, it has its historical reminiscences ; for, if it is not the building, it is the spot on which the chapel stood when the Duke of Hamilton married the beautiful Miss Gunning at midnight. The historical Misses Berry's house, No. 8, is still as it was in the days when their salon was famous, and their drawing-rooms crowded with the most brilliant society of London. Chesterfield Street, where Beau Brummell lived, the famous dandy of the Regent's time ; and later on another dandy, with none of the faults of his predecessor, Alfred Montgomery, who, unlike Brummell, accumulated friends as he advanced in years, and whose death was bitterly regretted by them all. I look up at the windows from which the lovely Mrs. Norton leant, her hair, as Motley said, raven black, eyes very large, with dark lashes as black as death, the nose straight, the mouth flexible and changing, with teeth that would in themselves make the fortune of an ordinary face. When you add to her extraordinary poetic genius descent from that famous Sheridan who has made talents hereditary in her family, a low sweet voice, which

would have been the delight of King Lear, you can understand how she twisted men's heads off and hearts out. And there is the house of Lady Becher, who, as Miss O'Neal, had stolen tears from all who saw her 'gushing passion' as Juliet and Jane Shore, who to the end of her life was ready to declaim Hohenlinden and the Burial Service, to the delight of her guests.

That inveterate gambler George Payne is on his way to White's. When Master of the Pytchley George Glyn had a bad fall, was picked up unconscious, and taken into a neighbouring house. Mr. Payne kindly watched over him, and when Glyn was recovering consciousness he found him laying the odds on each leach put on his forehead as to whether it would take or not. He it was that discovered the card-marking of one of his gambling set. Lord Alvanley, feeling sorry for the culprit, called on him, for which he was reproached by his friends; he confessed that he had committed this enormity, but he said in extenuation, 'I marked my card to show him it was an honour.'

There at the corner is Watts's old studio, one of the great walls of which is covered with a life-size fresco taken from a story of Boccaccio's ('The Spectre Huntsman'), where a nude young woman, as a punishment for having jilted her lover, is pursued by furies and wild dogs, he to whom she had behaved so badly in her life bringing a party of friends to see the fate of this poor hunted girl. The room is now the abode of the Cosmopolitan Club, and it was a standing joke of Stirling-Maxwell's to say to any inquirer into the subject of the picture: 'You have no doubt heard of Watts's hymns; that is one of his *hers*.'

It is a remarkable club, which originally in 1851 met in Robert Morier's rooms in Bond Street. The original list of members contained the names of Robert Lowe, Layard, Harcourt, Watts, Ruskin, Venables, Brookfield, Spedding, Palgrave, H. Phillips, and Arthur Russell; it meets only on Wednesdays and Sunday nights, when painters and politicians, officials, soldiers, and literary men, meet for a talk and a friendly pipe.

Visions of departed evenings rise in my recollection; when I have seen Alfred Wigan delight us all with his impersonation of the strong man or the bounding brick of Babylon, and Julian Fane give us wonderful impersonations of Rachel in her famous rôle of Adrienne Lecouvreur. There I saw Motley, Millais, Monckton Milnes, whom Carlyle called 'The Perpetual President of the Heaven and Hell Amalgamation Society; 'd'om Taylor telling us how in his drive into London from Clapham he had been told by the omnibus driver—

'It seems to me, sir, that society's pretty well nigh at a end in Paris.'

'How so?' said Taylor.

'Well,' he continued, 'I was a reading in the paper last night

that they was making barricades of omnibus's, and I thinks to myself, when they do that society's pretty well nigh at a end.'

• It was on his return from this Club that Mr. Bonteen was murdered in Lansdowne Passage in Trollope's novel of 'Phineas Redux.'

Here I have seen Tom Hughes of Rugby renown smoking his old pipe and George Barrington his cigarette; Lawrence Oliphant, just back from the Lake of Tiberias; Browning, Tennyson, between whom no spark of jealousy existed; Millais and Thackeray, who never took in the spirit of the place when he said, 'Here everybody is, or is supposed to be, a celebrity. Nobody ever says anything worth hearing, and everybody goes there at midnight with a white choker, to appear as if he had been dining with the aristocracy.'

These are to the present generation only ghosts—simulacra. 'On what shore tarry they now?

Then into Berkeley Square, which Sir Robert Walpole was astonished to find built during his administration. There I see Lord and Lady Brougham, in their yellow barouche, coming from Grafton Street from their house, which was afterwards the Turf Club till it was moved into Piccadilly. How full it is of delicious memories, of which I am happy to say Arthur Dasent is soon to tell us. There is a bonfire of early fallen autumn leaves, and my fancies float through the smoke to the time when William Pitt received deputations at the house of his brother, the second Earl of Chatham, which is now rebuilt, where my mother was taken as a child to see the famous Horace Walpole, whose house, descending to his successors, was lost in payment of a gambling debt by Lord Orford to Colonel Henry Baring, who was introduced to the great Buonaparte as the 'Napoleon de jeu.' Here my mother looked on the young plane-trees planted by Mr. Edward Bouverie about 130 years ago. Next to it is where Admiral Rous lived and died, and where a greater and even more popular man than he once lived—Admiral Keppel, whose features we have so frequently seen on the signboard of old hostels. On the opposite side of the Square is the house which the Prime Minister, Lord Grey, dwelt in, and where Sydney Smith was a constant guest. Here lived and died Lord Clive, whose descendant is perhaps the only unprofessional gentleman who still keeps his name on a polished brass plate on his door; and I see coming out from the gates of Lansdowne House a venerable old man, who had been Chancellor of the Exchequer in the Cabinet of all the Talents in 1806, at the age of twenty-five; in whose house, after the death of Fox, all the disorganised Whig Party met; who had declined Premierships and Dukedoms, and while loving society and patronising art, possessed an influence unique among politicians since the death of the Duke of Wellington.

He fought with Pitt and served with Fox.

He shared the struggles of a fiercer time than ours.

Here, too, is the house, now occupied by a younger Prime

Minister, of the famous Lady Jersey (who was married in it) and her beautiful daughter, Lady Clementina Villiers. It was from this house that the well-known elopement of Lord Westmorland and Miss Child took place; and when Lady Jersey's daughter, Lady Adela Ibbetson, followed her example, Lady Londonderry wrote a letter of condolence to her mother deploring the event, but adding that it was the natural consequence of her bad bringing-up. A few years later Lady Londonderry's daughter eloped, and Lady Jersey, who had kept her friend's letter, copied and sent it to Lady Londonderry—a correspondence worthy of a place among Punch's best feline amenities.

At the north-east corner, near Thomas's Hotel, there is a new house built where once George Paget lived, that gallant Colonel of the 4th Light Dragoons who had at Balaclava ridden through both the lines of the Russian Artillery, and never used his sword, holding that it was the duty of an officer in command not to fight, but to look after his men.

Here, too, lived and died his lovely cousin and wife, and I am glad to think that, though not a stone of their house remains, their memory is fresh in the hearts of the few of their friends who still live. As Heine says:

All the world smells of dead violets.

I turn homewards into Mount Street, so long called Oliver Mount from the London fortifications built there by Parliament in 1643. There is that apostle of homœopathy, Quin, the incorrigible punster, with his asthmatic voice and wheezy laugh. His house, approached through a long passage, is as much a thing of the past as the parliamentary walls of 1643.

My dream is rudely broken by the syren of a motor-cab; and I fear that in my reveries I have been casting too sad looks behind me, and perhaps unduly regretting other times, other manners, and other men. 'The days that are no more.' This is natural in dreams of the old, but, thank God, in my waking moments, I still can contemplate with intense pleasure the glorious joys and blessedness of youth, the noble ambitions and splendid aspirations of many in this hive of working men; how day by day some ideal becomes a reality; how day by day some scandal is lived down, some grievance is redressed, and 'not all good things are in the past.'

ALGERNON WEST.

## PARISH LIFE IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE GREAT PILLAGE

WHEN the results of the Great Inquest, commonly known as the *Domesday Book*, were handed in to William the Conqueror in 1086, this island had in the thousand years preceding that great event suffered three conquests. That is, the land and the people inhabiting it had been passed over to the sway and dominion of three successive masters.

The first conquest was that by the Romans, who held the whole island from the Frith of Forth to the Channel. Their rule lasted, roughly speaking, for four centuries, and they abandoned the province of Britain at the beginning of the fifth century of our era, leaving the luckless people to take care of themselves.

The second conquest was that effected by the Saxons and Angles—the English folk, if you prefer it—whose rule, at its widest, extended over pretty much the same stretch of territory as the Romans had brought under their obedience, with the exception of the Principality of Wales and the North-Western district known as Strathclyde. The Saxons took another six centuries to consolidate the kingdoms they had won, and during the last two of those centuries they had hard work to hold their own against the Danes, who were trying to supersede them.

Finally, the Normans under their great Duke William got their firm footing here; they were the last successful invaders of our fatherland. They won it literally by the sword, held it by the sword, and in less than twenty years the Conqueror proved how thoroughly he had made England into a kingdom under a single master by the carrying out of that magnificent survey to which allusion has been made.

It was not till more than 700 years had gone by since its compilation, that the *Domesday Book* was printed, and it has only been during the reign of Her Majesty Queen Victoria that this unique document has been subjected to the minute and scholarly scrutiny which it so well deserves, and which is being bestowed upon it.

In the *Domesday Book* there is so much that affords a basis of

certainly from which inquiries may be pushed forward into many unsolved problems of history, that it is not to be wondered at if the students of *origins* and enthusiastic inquirers into the beginnings of our institutions should be found embracing very different views on the questions that have arisen and still remain to be answered finally. Any man less than a specialist, and a specialist fully equipped for the work, would be guilty of immense presumption in pronouncing an opinion, and still more so if he expressed himself as a dogmatist, upon the points now under discussion among some of the ablest and keenest intellects in Europe. But he can hardly be wrong in saying that the main questions which are now occupying the attention of experts resolve themselves into these: first, What did the several conquerors—Roman, Saxon, and Norman—find here when they settled among us? and, secondly, What did they do for the nation they subdued?

The difficulty of dealing with these two questions in the case of the Roman occupation is rendered almost insuperable, because it seems certain that before the coming of the Romans there never had been anything approaching to a united England. We have to take into account differences of race and differences in civilisation, which render it impossible for us to make any generalisations that can be relied on. Thus much, however, may be safely affirmed: that our Roman conquerors did find organised communities, settled in defined areas, and probably differing in their *constitution* very widely according as they were met with in the east or the west, the north or the south. It is probable that, with the wisdom which characterised their foreign policy, the Romans did just what our English rulers in India did, and are still doing—*i.e.* they left the old areas, whether of the 'village community' or any other organised social or political unit, as little disturbed as possible; they left the people such self-government as they had attained to. There is no evidence of such a clean sweep of old laws, and old sentiments, and old judicial procedure (if one may use the term) as was made in Ireland by the English conquerors when they suppressed the Brehon laws in that unhappy island. The result was that when the next conquerors took possession of the land they must have found a number of *survivals* in the social, political, and economical condition of different parts of the country. But it is difficult to believe that the centralising instincts of Rome did not impose upon the subject population some form of coercive administration which, while leaving to the mixed people, passing under the name of Britons, a certain measure of self-government, superadded thereto some machinery for dealing out even justice as between man and man, such as might afford security for the lives and property of all subjects of the Roman Empire. How that machinery worked in detail we shall never know, but that it must have been carried on in certain definite geographical areas one

can hardly help assuming. It will go some way towards helping us to a coherent theory if we take it for granted that what Professor Maitland calls the *geographical unit* of the Conqueror's survey, namely the *vil*, was of Roman origin; that it was in the main identical with what the Saxon folk called the *tun*, the town, or the township; and that the dwellers in that area were by those same Saxons organised into a community presided over by the *reeve*, an official with fiscal as well as judicial duties to discharge.

When the Normans came in they found the *vils* or *townships* still enjoying a certain measure of self-government. It was the policy of the new conquerors to substitute for this the government by a *lord* over the inhabitants of the old area, the lord to be responsible to the sovereign for the taxes levied from the community, and the inhabitants of the area being bound to render allegiance, service and tribute to the lord, who was their master and *quasi*-chieftain. When this came to pass the *vil* of the Romans had passed out of the stage of being the *township* of the Saxons, and had become the *manor* of the Norman rulers. The change was gradual, and it must not be supposed that it was effected by some *coup de main*, so that every *vil* became at once a manor, or that every manor constituted a *vil*. All that can be said seems to be that in the course of a century or so the *manorial system*, as it is called, became dominant, and that, as a rule, over that geographical area which constituted the Roman *vil* and the Saxon township the lords of the manors were petty kings, exercising authority, exacting homage, and imposing burdens on their '*tenants*,' *i.e.* on the inhabitants of the old townships.

But long before, this great revolution had come about a much greater revolution had taken effect up and down the length and breadth of the land. When Rome loosed her hold of Britain, Christianity was the established religion of the empire, and Britain was in some sense or other a Christian land. It was that or nothing. Two centuries later the Saxons had almost as effectually blotted out any organised Christian church, in the eastern half at least, of Britain, as the Moslems a century later, had blotted it out in North Africa, Asia Minor, and Palestine. Then came the new era, the prodigious awakening, and before the seventh century closed, Britain was a Christian land once more.

Then came a momentous change. How it was brought about at all, again it may be said, we shall never know; but that during the Saxon occupation the geographical areas of the townships up and down the land became little territories subject to the rule and influence of another functionary—this time not a political, but a religious, personage—to wit, the *priest*, and that the priest exercised a very real and substantial authority over the community inhabiting the area of the township or the *vil* admits of no question. That it was Archbishop Theodore who, in the seventh century, 'divided England



into parishes' is a mere fable; but the fact remains that, however slowly or however gradually, it came about at last that every geographical area, whether occupied by a community of co-operative Socialists—for it really amounted to that—or occupied by a community with a *constitution*, which may be said to be that of a limited monarchy on a small scale, became *also* a community which in religious matters was brought under the rule of an ecclesiastical rector (as he was in fact; and as he got to be called). And when this had come about the *vil* or the township, without ceasing to be either the one or the other, became at the same time the priest's domain; and whatever designation the area might receive viewed as a political unit, it was henceforth called the *parish*, and the people living in that area, of whatever status, condition, or degree, became his *parishioners*. As such they were members of a community over which no lord of the manor nor any other political magnate, had any sort of authority; in matters religious and ecclesiastical these personages had not a word to say.

I have already in the pages of this Review endeavoured to describe the everyday life of our villagers during the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; but in those earlier papers I have sketched the outlines of that life almost exclusively from the political and economic points of view. Increased study of mediæval history has, however, convinced me that it is impossible to get into touch or sympathy with—that is, to understand—the sentiments, convictions, and the religious habits and manner of life of our forefathers till we get something like a clear notion of what *parochial life* was to them, and what they understood by the words *parish* and *parishioners*.

The word *Parish* indicated originally the geographical area over which the jurisdiction of a bishop extended. It was not till a later time, and when that area had been subdivided into smaller areas, each of which was committed to the oversight of a priest, responsible for such functions as only a priest could discharge, that the smaller area got to be called the *parish*, while the larger area, comprehending an aggregate of parishes, was called the bishop's *diocese*. As time went on, by a confusion in language of which abundant examples might be given, the name, which was strictly a designation of the geographical area, got to be applied to the community inhabiting that area; and thus the word *parish* is, even in our own days, used sometimes to indicate the area inhabited by the community, and sometimes the community itself.

In the latter sense the parish was a purely religious organisation, distinct in its origin, its working, and its aims from the manor, the township, or the tithing, *though composed of the same personnel, man for man*. 'The parish was the community of the township organised for Church purposes and subject to Church discipline, with a constitution which recognised the rights of the whole body as an aggregate,

and the right of every adult member, *whether man or woman*, to a voice in self-government, but at the same time kept the self-governing community under a system of inspection and restraint by a central authority outside the parish boundaries.<sup>1</sup>

The community had its own assembly—the parish meeting—which was a deliberative assembly. It had its own officers, who might be either men or women, duly elected, sometimes for a year, sometimes for life, but in all cases subject to being dismissed for flagrant offences. The larger number of these officials had well-defined duties to discharge, and were paid for their services out of funds provided by the parishioners. The finance of the parish presents some difficulty; but a strict account was kept of all moneys received and paid, and the balance-sheet laid before the annual meeting of the community assembled in the nave of the church, where a kind of audit was held and discussion ensued upon such measures as were of serious importance and concern to the whole body of the parishioners.

The president or chairman of the church council or parish meeting was the rector of the parish or his deputy; but he was by no means a 'lord over God's heritage.' There is no evidence—but quite the contrary—to show that he initiated to any great extent the subjects of debate; and the income raised for parish purposes, which not unfrequently was considerable, was not under his control, nor did it pass through his hands.

The trustees for the parish property and the responsible representatives of the parish were the churchwardens, who were very rarely less than two in number; and in the case of the larger parishes they had assessors, who shared with them the burdens and the responsibilities of duties which were not seldom irksome. The wardens were elected annually. The office was an honorary one, and often entailed some risk and expense.

The permanent officials of the parish, beginning at the parish clerk, the grave-digger, watchman, keeper of the processional cross, and others who for the present, at any rate, need not be specified, *were the paid servants of the parish*. They were in no sense the nominees or subordinates of the rector; they were supported by the parishioners, and removable, when removable at all, by the parishioners, who presented the offender to the rural dean, from whom an appeal lay to the archdeacon; and occasionally such an appeal might be carried to the bishop, whose decision was final.

The property belonging to the parishes during the centuries before the great spoliation was enormous, and was always growing. It consisted of houses and lands; of flocks and herds; of precious jewels and costly vessels of silver and gold; of ornaments and church furniture; of bells and candlesticks, crosses and organs, and tapestry and banners; of vestments which were miracles of splendour in their

<sup>1</sup> Bishop Hobhouse in *Somerset Record Society*, vol. iv. Preface, p. ix.

colours and materials and incomparable artistic finish of needlework ; not to speak of the fine linen and the veils, the carpets and the hangings ; and last, not least, the service-books, which were continually needing to be mended, bound, or replaced by new copies, and that at a cost which we moderns even now find it difficult to accept as credible.

All this immense accumulation of treasure and wealth was strictly the property of the parish, and was held, as I have said, in trust for the community by the churchwardens, elected in the assembly of the church-council or parish meeting. In the Record Office there is one most precious manuscript, which contains a minute account of the contents of every church in the Archdeaconry of Norwich in the year 1368. It is, in fact, a return of parish property to be found in the churches of the Archdeaconry during that year. For years I have been continually worried and consumed by the desire to have that manuscript transcribed and printed—a manuscript which would be hailed by wise men as one of the most valuable contributions to parochial history which has ever been made public. But, alas ! this is a wicked world, and I have never been able to find the money to pay for transcribing and publishing, for the benefit of a favoured few, this deeply interesting record ; and this generation has gone mad on bicycles and other vanities, and has no money to spare for more desirable and less dangerous amusements. And so poor men, whose crime is that they love to peer into the past—a crime that is quite unpardonable, because it is so ridiculously useless—such poor men are kept a great deal too short of the ways and means to allow of their indulging in a hobby whereby their fellow-creatures would be greatly benefited, if only they could be taught to see that the past—even the queer old crumpled-up past—has something to teach the present, for all the self-complacency which contributes to make the aforesaid present so cheerful and so proud.

Now it must be understood that all this enormous amount of property (which if it were in existence now and were brought to the hammer would represent a gross value of several millions of pounds sterling) belonged to the *parishes*. It no more belonged to the clergy, the parsons, the parish priests, than it belonged to the lords of the manors. Hundreds of the vestments and ornaments are expressly set down in these inventories as having been presented by the officiating clergy themselves : presented, *i.e.*, to the parishioners, and passing over to the parishioners as parish property—the parishioners, who had the exclusive right of custody of that property and the exclusive power of dealing with it as parish property.

And this property was always growing and increasing in value. It was rare—very rare—for any man or woman of substance enough to make a will to forget to leave some sort of legacy to the parish, *i.e.* to the community assembling in the church. Those legacies varied greatly, according to the wealth or poverty of the testators.

Very common were the bequests of a poor widow's wedding-ring. Never a year passed without the parish accounts showing that articles of dress, brass pots, lamps, candlesticks, honey, wax, were left by the poorest, sheep and cattle and lands, great goblets, and occasionally considerable sums of money, being bequeathed by the well-to-do. The churchwardens, when at the end of the year they went out of office, were required to hand in a strict account for every pennyworth they had received. They set down what this or that article had been sold for—the rings, the kettles, the brooches, the cups—the rents received for the houses, lands, or for the use of the flocks and herds; and *per contra* they told what expenses they had been put to, and they finished up the account by showing the balance, whether in money or goods, which they handed over to those who succeeded them in their office. And this brings me to the question what those expenses were.

First and foremost, and of course by far the largest portion of the expenditure, was that which the maintenance of the fabric of the church and the conduct of the worship in the church entailed.

As to the fabric, again, it must be borne in mind that it was the property of the parish. There are two most mischievous and widespread mistakes, which people have been making and repeating for the last two or three centuries, with regard to the building of the parish churches in England, which I am never tired of protesting against. The first is the stupid and ignorant assertion that the monks built our parish churches.

It is impossible to enter into the matter here. But it would be not a whit more absurd and nonsensical to say that the wonderful amount of money spent upon the rebuilding and restoration of our parish churches during the last fifty years had been contributed in the main by Nonconformists, than to say that the monastic bodies built the parish churches in the thirteenth and the fourteenth centuries. Why, it is hardly too much to say that from some points of view the monastic bodies were themselves nonconformists. The monster grievance against which the beneficed clergy had to complain, and which thousands of parishes in England to this day have to complain of, was and is that the monasteries robbed the parishes of their endowments; and as for building churches for anyone except themselves, they were about as likely to build them as to build cavalry barracks!

The second delusion—a delusion almost more widespread than the other—is that the *squires* built the churches. In the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries there *were no squires*—that is the naked truth. In the great majority of country places there were no wealthy men to be found. The country gentleman, as we understand the term now, was a creature hardly known; he had hardly come into existence. Take note of that, you young men and maidens with a taste for historical research, and spend the next year or two in proving that I

am wrong, or in satisfying yourselves that I am right. Correct me or confirm me.

Who did build the churches, then? The parishes built the churches, and the parishes in all cases kept them in repair. In the fourteenth century it was far, far more rare for a church to be built by some rich man than it is now, just because the number of rich men in the country was incomparably fewer than their number is to-day. But as to keeping the churches in repair, the parish had no choice in the matter. The bishops and the archdeacons were always looking after the parishioners. The episcopal registers are full of instances of churches that are ordered to be enlarged, re-roofed, reglazed, rebuilt, after a fire or after being struck by lightning. The work is ordered to be done by a certain date, and in a manner to satisfy the requirements of the said archdeacons, who stood to the parishioners almost exactly in the same relation as H.M. Inspectors do to the wretched inhabitants of a district which is required to build a school, add on a class-room, satisfy the requirements of the last Code, and provide a new playground, a new floor, new apparatus, new everything—and who do it, too, to the amazement of themselves and their neighbours, and who most wonderfully find the money (though where it comes from in a thousand instances it would take all the ingenuity of man or the beasts of the field to explain), till the thing is actually done, and then everybody is pleased, and they begin to boast of the excellence of the school which they have provided for themselves!

When a man first comes to look into the injunctions laid upon all sorts of poor little places to build, to alter, to make additions to the churches, which are to be found in the bishops' registers, his hair almost stands on end. He is tempted to exclaim, 'The people couldn't do it! Why, a seven-shilling rate in the pound for three years would not pay for it! They couldn't do it!' By-and-by he is compelled to exclaim again, 'They couldn't do it—but they did it for all that!' And when they had done it—built their church, added a tower, then a spire, then an aisle, then a side-chapel or two—then they became so proud of their own achievements and were so delighted with their churches that they made up their minds to get all they could out of their churches.

And thus it came to pass that all that was joyous and gay in their lives, all that was beautiful and ennobling, all that was happy in their recollections, all that was best in what they imagined, all that was elevating in their dreams and their hopes and their aspirations—all came to them from the influences which their churches exercised upon them. The dreary round of toil, from which they could not escape; the staggering behind the bullocks that dragged the plough through the furrows; the hovels in which they huddled—such hovels as you may see to-day in the clachans of the Highlands—where the smoke from the smouldering fire escaped through a hole in the roof;

the coarse food, that at best brought them satiety without satisfaction ; the enforced labour ; the aimless, purposeless monotony :

The long mechanic paces to and fro,  
The set gray life and apathetic end ;

—what charm, what hope, what incentive to honourable ambition could all this afford ?

If it had not been for the other side of the picture—for the blessed relief and the utter change in their surroundings which the churches afforded to the villages of the fourteenth century—the people must infallibly have become more brutal, stupid, sodden and cruel with every successive generation, as some theorists have maintained that the Anglo-Saxon invaders were in process of becoming during the five centuries of their occupation—five centuries, after all that can be said on the other side, which were centuries of fearfully slow progress, till the Norman Conquest came upon them with a thousand new refinements and a thousand new interests, and the revelation of a new horizon widening out in all directions ; and not till then did what Carlyle calls ‘ Pot-bellied Saxondom ’ pass away and the real development of the English people begin.

All the tendency of the feudal system, working through the machinery of the manorial courts, was to *keep the people down*. All the tendency of the parochial system, working through the parish council, holding its assemblies in the churches, where the people met on equal terms as children and servants of the living God and members of one body in Christ Jesus, was to *lift the people up*.

In these assemblies there was no distinction between lord and vassal, high and low, rich and poor ; in them the people learnt the worth of being free. Here were the schools in which, in the slow course of centuries, they were disciplined to self-help, self-reliance, and self-respect—virtues which, it may be, are slowly learnt, but whereby alone a nation acquires a true conception of what liberty means, and at last gets to see that the ground of all our claims to enjoy the rights of manhood or of citizenship rests upon the grand fact of our being all members of a Divine community, and so entitled to the liberty wherewith Christ hath made us free.

In proportion as the people realised that their churches were, somehow or other—and of course they realised it only very, very slowly and very gradually—the very bulwarks of their liberty, and that, however much they might be in bondage to the lords of the manors, as *parishioners*, at any rate, they were free men and free women, in that proportion did they love their churches : there, at any rate, their rights were inviolable.

But, granted that the people in the villages found the money or the materials for the fabrics, who carried out the work, made the plans, and executed them ? Who were the actual builders ?

The answer to this question used to be given in a tone of unhesitating certainty, such as is eminently comforting to people who are easily satisfied. That answer used to be: 'Oh! the builders of our churches were the Freemasons. The Freemasons went scampering about in great gangs, and they settled themselves down in a district, and they ran up a church in no time. . . .' And when any too rudely inquisitive gentleman made so bold as to ask, 'Well, but who were the Freemasons?' the crushing reply was always ready, 'Pray, sir, are you a Freemason?' And if with shame and confusion of face you said, 'No,' then you were told: 'Then, sir, you need not expect that the secrets of the sacred craft will be revealed to you!' Of course you felt small, and you naturally dropped the subject.

But though I am no Freemason, and am therefore a despicable creature, I may be silenced and yet not convinced. And I am bold to affirm that I no more believe that the Freemasons, whoever the Freemasons may have been, built our churches than that they built Noah's ark.

The evidence is abundant and positive, and is increasing upon us year by year, that the work done upon the fabrics of our churches, and the other work done in the beautifying of the interior of our churches, such as the wood carving of our screens, the painting of the lovely figures in the panels of those screens, the embroidery of the banners and vestments, the frescoes on the walls, the engraving of the monumental brasses, the stained glass in the windows, and all that vast aggregate of artistic achievements which existed in immense profusion in our village churches till the frightful spoliation of those churches in the sixteenth century stripped them bare—all this was executed by local craftsmen. The evidence for this is accumulating upon us every year, as one antiquary after another succeeds in unearthing fragments of pre-Reformation churchwardens' accounts.

We have actual contracts for church building and church repairing undertaken by village contractors. We have the cost of a rood-screen paid to a village carpenter, of painting executed by local artists. We find the names of artificers, described as *aurifaber*, or *worker in gold and silver*, living in a parish which could never have had 500 inhabitants; we find the people in another place casting a new bell and making the mould for it themselves; we find the blacksmith of another place forging the ironwork for the church door, or we get a payment entered for the carving of the bench-ends in a little church, 500 years ago, which bench-ends are to be seen in that church at the present moment. And we get fairly bewildered by the astonishing wealth of skill and artistic taste and æsthetic feeling which there must have been in this England of ours in times which till lately we had assumed to be barbaric times. Bewildered I say, because we cannot understand how it all came to a dead-stop in a single generation, not knowing that the frightful

spoliation of our churches and other parish buildings, and the outrageous plunder of the parish gilds in the reign of Edward the Sixth, by the horrible band of robbers that carried on their detestable work, effected such a hideous obliteration, such a clean sweep of the precious treasures that were dispersed in rich profusion over the whole land, that a dull despair of ever replacing what had been ruthlessly pillaged crushed the spirit of the whole nation, and art died out in rural England, and King Whitewash and Queen Ugliness ruled supreme for centuries.

But the keeping up of the mere fabric of the church was only the beginning of the burdens so cheerfully borne by the people of the mediæval parish. Only a little less onerous was the duty of keeping up the religious services in the church.

The people were never weary of taking part in the elaborate ritual, which had been growing in pomp and magnificence for hundreds of years, when the sixteenth century opened. How was it that high and low did so dearly love going to church? How was it that the more saints' days and church festivals there were enjoined, the better the people liked it?

There were many reasons which may be mentioned; but there is one reason which has been, I think, overlooked, and which affords an illustration of what was said before, viz. that our churches were the great strongholds of the sentiment of liberty and the great reminders to the people of their rights as freemen.

The tenants of a manor, from the very beginning of the manorial system, were bound to render certain personal services to the lord of the manor, and actually to perform tasks of manual labour at the lord's bidding, to an extent which it is very difficult for us nowadays to understand.

These *services* implied that for so many days in the year the lord might claim from the tenant his best toil without receiving fair wages for that toil. The tenant, in fact, had to keep the lord's demesne land (which we may call the home farm) in cultivation before he began upon his own little strip or allotment.

There was no getting off these services, which were all set down in what are called the Manorial Extents. And as long as the services were rigorously exacted the case of the tenants of a manor was very little better than downright slavery. But here the Church stepped in, and put forth its counterclaim upon the time of the lord's tenants. Roger and Hans and Hodge might be bound to give so many days' work for the tillage of the demesne land. But on this day, or that day, or the other day, there was a feast of the Church to be kept, and on each of those days Hans and Hodge were bound to pay suit and service and do homage to the Lord our God. There was a conflict between the Divine and the human Lord.

To begin with, the seventh day is a *holy* day. On that day, at



any rate, the serf or the villen, the cottager or the ploughman, shall do no manner of work ! Or, again, Roger, the holder of such-and-such a strip of land, was bound by what we should now call his lease to do his prescribed task work on every Thursday in the summer months. But on Holy Thursday there is another great feast of the Lord—the Feast of the Ascension. On that Thursday he is due in the house of God. Therefore on that day he is a free man. Or it might be that by the constitution of the manor a court ought to be held on the second Tuesday in June, on which day all the homage—*i.e.* all the tenants of the manor—would be required to put in an appearance. But suppose in the year 1340 the Feast of St. Barnabas chanced to fall upon that second Tuesday. ‘Then we, the parishioners, are due at the church, to keep the feast there; for was not our church dedicated to St. Barnabas? And is it to be heard of that we should be absent when the Feast of the Dedication is going to be celebrated? Clearly the manor court must be held some other day, for our festivals are high days and holy days, and we must not appear before the Lord empty.’

It was inevitable that these holy days should tend to increase in number, and equally inevitable that the festivals, beginning by being *holy* days, would rapidly become *holidays*, feasting days, days of revelry, days of merriment; days when the young men shot for a prize at the *butts*; days when the maidens held the bridge over the stream, and allowed none of the young men to pass without paying toll, the sum levied being duly paid into the hands of the churchwardens and accounted for in the annual balance-sheet; days when I suspect, too, that the village alehouses were closed, and yet when the people met together for a *church ale*, as the gathering was called—days, above all, when there were miracle plays acted, or historic plays, when Robin Hood was the prominent figure, or the great fight between St. George and the dragon was represented with a gruesome realism, and the unhappy dragon was cruelly battered by the mighty Saint who showed off his terrible prowess. Then there were the Rogation days, when the people—mind! the *parishioners*—went in procession to walk the bounds, *not* of the manor—that be far from us—but of the parish, with the priest at their head and the cross-bearer leading the way, and the minstrels following after; and there was much romping and tumbling and practical joking, and often, I doubt not, a good deal of very plain speaking against the lord and the lord’s steward, and the bailiff and the bailiff’s wife, and all the unpopular functionaries.

But besides all this there were small associations, called gilds, the members of which were bound to devote a certain portion of their time and their money and their energies to keep up the special commemoration and the special worship of some saint’s chapel or shrine, which was sometimes kept up in a corner of the church, and provided with an altar of its own, and served by a chaplain who was actually paid by the subscriptions or freewill offerings of the

members of the gild whose servant he was. Frequently there were half a dozen of these brotherhoods, who met on different days in the year; and frequently—indeed, one may say usually—there was a church house, a kind of parish club, in which the gilds held their meetings and transacted their business. Sometimes this church house was called the gild hall; for you must not make the mistake of thinking that the church houses were places of residence for the clergy. Nothing of that kind. The church house or gild hall grew up as an institution which had become necessary when the social life of the parish had outgrown the accommodation which the church could afford, and when, indeed, there was just a trifle too much boisterous merriment and too little religious seriousness and sobriety to allow of the assemblies being held in the church at all. The church house in many places became one of the most important buildings in a parish, and in the little town of Dereham, in Norfolk, the church house or gild hall is still, I think, the largest house in the town, and is inhabited by a gentleman who still points to the vestiges of its former importance. When the great fire took place at Dereham, in 1581, which destroyed almost the whole town, the gild hall or church house, from being well built of stone, was almost the only building in the place which escaped the terrible conflagration. These church houses, when the parishes and the gilds were plundered of their movables and money, appear to have been left unnoticed by the robbers, and after being kept in repair for a generation or two, and let at a low rent to tenants who were not likely to spend anything upon them, they were allowed to fall into ruins for the most part, or were sold for the benefit of the parishes, and the proceeds applied to such objects as the churchwardens of a later time were inclined to favour. This, however, is a branch of my subject which requires much more attention than it has yet received.

During the last twenty years much time and research have been bestowed by students of our social history upon a class of documents which exist in immense numbers, and which are known as the Rolls of the Manor Courts. These documents tell us a great deal about the sins and offences, the quarrels and the misdemeanors, sometimes too about the troubles and the wrongs and the sufferings, of the people during the centuries loosely designated as the 'Middle Ages.' But these documents tell almost nothing about the other side—the bright side of village life. Indeed, it may be said that the Court Rolls give us pretty much the same notion of the habits of the people in those days as we should get from the reports of the police-courts regarding the habits of the people in our own days. When, in the fourteenth or the fifteenth century, naughty people cribbed their neighbour's apples; when they trespassed upon their neighbour's land, and appropriated here a faggot or there a bough of a tree that the wind

had blown down ; when they would not pay their debts, or pinched one another's noses, or cheated or slandered one another ; when they milked their neighbour's cow, or ploughed up a furrow from somebody else's land, or shouldered a sheaf of oats from the other side of the boundary, and pitched it on to their own stack ; when a young man and a young woman fell so violently in love with each other that nothing would stop them from going and getting married without waiting to get leave and licence from the lord of the manor—then each and all of these *peccadillos* came under the notice of the court leet or the manor court, as the case might be, and the offender's name and his offence were duly entered upon the Rolls, and there they are by the thousands and tens of thousands.

But though we are all miserable sinners, yet, be it spoken in all seriousness and earnestness, our lives are not passed in doing ' what we hadn't ought to do,' as we say in Norfolk ; life has its laughter as well as its tears. And a nation grows up to greatness by its innocent amusements, by its gradual rising in the scale of civilisation and intelligence, by culture and refinement, by the potent influences which a higher scale of comfort in the home and a higher standard of beauty in art exercise upon the generations as they pass. And if you want to watch this progress, or if you want to compare the morals and manners of one age with those of another, you must not confine yourself to the study of the police-reports. There you will not find the bright side of life, whether in the nineteenth century or in the fourteenth. You must go elsewhere.

The main source of information on this side is to be found in the accounts of the churchwardens, which year by year have been made up for every parish in England for many centuries, and which at one time must have been only less voluminous than the Rolls of the Manor Courts. Unhappily, one of the inevitable consequences of what I have called the *pillage* of the parishes was the neglect of this class of records, insomuch that examples of churchwardens' accounts earlier than the sixteenth century are rarely to be met with ; they are few and far to seek. Nevertheless, there is reason for believing that many more of them are still preserved in out-of-the-way nooks and corners than is generally supposed, and that by careful search many more may yet be recovered. The curious facts which they reveal to us, the light they throw upon the old life, the suggestions which they make to us when we endeavour to utilise their evidence, what they tell and what they hint, and what they leave unsaid with the eloquence of silence—all this it would be impossible to do any justice to in the space which can be allowed for a single article. I hope that I may be permitted to return to the subject at no distant interval.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

## THE CHILDHOOD AND SCHOOL DAYS OF BYRON

If any one wishes to learn the character of the period in which Byron's mind, habits, standards, and opinions were formed, or to understand the secret of the spell which his poetry cast upon his contemporaries, he cannot prepare himself better than by reading Dr. Conan Doyle's masterpiece, *Rodney Stone*. In that work the spirit of the age is caught, and condensed into dramatic shape, by the hand of genius. There we see displayed the passion for distinction, whether in good or evil, the almost superabundant energy of life, the contrasts of courage and affectation, effort and effeminacy, the display both of refinement and of brutality, the ostentatious luxury and equally ostentatious coarseness, the self-indulgence and the self-sacrifice, which marked the generation of men who carried to a triumphant issue the struggle of the Napoleonic wars.

Another striking feature in Byron's position is suggested and illustrated by the two volumes of Professor Kölbing's work on Byron's poetry which have already appeared in Germany. In his own country Byron has been unduly depreciated; in the United States, in France, in Germany he is widely read and deeply studied. The fact is significant. Byron wrote for a people whose nerves were strung to the utmost tension by a war in which the national existence was at stake. In terse, strong language he deals with tremendous passions and turbulent energies, never pausing to embroider the tissue of his verse with prettinesses of expression, or weave upon it, in delicate pattern, subtle harmonies of colour, light, and shade. Generally monotonous in his gloom, often careless and abrupt, sometimes exaggerated in his emphasis or rhetorical in his passion, he is in force and volume and prodigality of power still unsurpassed. Since 1815, for eighty years, Great Britain has prospered in the arts of peace, and her people have passed into a new world of thought, action, and criticism. Engaged in no grapple where life or death was the issue, his own countrymen have to some extent fallen out of sympathy with Byron. It has not been so with other nations. The United States, France, and Germany have passed through the

terrible ordeal that Great Britain has escaped, and there Byron is yet a living force. With the revival of the feeling that Great Britain may once again have to fight for her national existence there follows a revival of that fierce spirit to which he appealed, and with that change comes a renewal of Byron's popularity.

So far as Byron's poetry is the product of his environment it belongs to one of the most striking periods of British history. It was also, to a degree unknown in any other poets, an autobiography, a self-revelation not so much of his own life as of the capacities which he fancied that he had detected in his own character. It is impossible to gloss over his faults or to deny that he was his own worst enemy. But his sorrows are not fictitious griefs conjured up for the sake of poetical effect. Exaggerated as they often seem, they have for himself the ring of sincerity, and it is impossible not to feel pity for the distempered spirit, tortured with a remorse that was often morbid, preying upon itself in its own fancied alienation from mankind, sunk in the gloom of despondency that was deepened by the cruel creed in which he only too devoutly believed and which filled him with despair. He never felt the illusions which inspired the youth of Wordsworth, or cherished the ideals of humanity that were life to Shelley. He had none of the patience of Tennyson, the faith of Browning, or the tenderness of Matthew Arnold's doubt. In his heart he rebelled against the belief which enthralled his intellect. His poetry has no repose; all is revolt. He is inspired by no faith, human or divine. There is passion, but little love, affection, or tenderness. No large views of human life or destiny soften the hard lines of his horizon; no enthusiasms, except it be for liberty or for inanimate nature, pierce its darkness. There is only the scorching light of the volcano, whose eruptive fire intensifies the blackness of the surrounding darkness, which in part is itself its own product, and casts a lurid glare on a narrow circle of the wilderness it has itself bared and blasted.

Byron's work is, in fact, wanting in many of the qualities which give to poetry its most permanent hold on the hearts of men. Yet his place as one of the greatest of British poets is assured, and in some special fields he has never known a rival. It is not now my purpose to discuss his undisputed genius. For such a task the opportunity is scarcely afforded by his early verse, the main interest of which is rather personal than literary, and lies in the light which it throws on his youthful character—his warm heart, his sensitiveness and pride, his tendency to melancholy, his passionate loves and resentments. My object is a humbler one. From 1804 onwards, Byron, either in prose or verse, will tell his own tale with sufficient fulness in Mr. Murray's forthcoming edition of his works. But so much prejudice surrounds his name that, even now, few readers approach his writings impartially. Without intruding on ground that Byron

himself will occupy, I hope to pave the way for his portraiture of himself, and, from material hitherto for the most part unpublished, to clear up some disputed points, to correct a few errors, and to throw some new rays of light on the early years of the poet's career.

Little can be said in defence of Byron's life; much may be urged in its excuse. From his father and the Byrons, together with a love of the sea and of adventure, he inherited his hot passions, extravagance, and defiant self-will. But he was even more the child of his mother. To her he owed, besides his constitutional tendency to fatness, his irritability, jealousy, and caprice, his family pride and personal vanity, his melancholy, his superstition, and in part the religious creed against which his heart revolted. A character thus compounded, embittered by physical infirmity and exaggerated in some of its bad features by his social position, needed careful training to develop the noble qualities with which it was largely blended. That training Byron never received, and herein lies the secret of his after life. But those who have attempted to defend him have cast the blame for his subsequent career too lavishly on the folly of his mother, the neglect of his guardian, or, at a later period, the coldness of his wife. It has been, for example, the practice to make the worst of Mrs. Byron's character, and to represent his nurse, May Gray, as the only person who befriended the lonely child. On this woman's evidence has been painted an imaginary picture of his early years, which is very far from the truth. In one sense Byron was even more friendless than is supposed, for the nurse was dismissed for her misconduct and cruel treatment of the child; but the testimony of a discharged servant cannot be unconditionally accepted either in her own favour or against her mistress.

Catharine Gordon of Gight (1765–1811), afterwards Mrs. Byron and mother of the poet, was descended on the paternal side from Sir William Gordon of Gight, the third son, by Annabella Stewart, daughter of James I. of Scotland, of George, second Earl of Huntley, Chancellor of Scotland (1498–1502) and Lord Lieutenant of the North from 1491 to his death in 1507. The owners of Gight, now a ruin, once a feudal stronghold, were a hot-headed, hasty-handed race, sufficiently notable to be commemorated by Thomas the Rhymer and to leave their mark in the traditions of Aberdeenshire. In the seventh generation from Sir William Gordon the property passed to an heiress, Mary Gordon. By her marriage with Alexander Davidson of Newton, who assumed the name of Gordon, she had a son, Alexander, Mrs. Byron's grandfather, who married Margaret Duff of Graigston, a cousin of the first Earl of Fife. Their eldest son, George, the fifth of the Gordons of Gight who bore that name, married Catharine Innes of Rosieburn, and by her became the father of Catharine Gordon, born in 1765, afterwards Mrs. Byron. Both her parents dying early—her father, it may be mentioned, committed

suicide at Bath—Catharine Gordon was brought up at Banff by her grandmother, commonly called Lady Gight, a penurious, illiterate woman, who, however, was careful that her granddaughter was better educated than herself. Thus for the second time Gight, which with other property was worth between 23,000*l.* and 24,000*l.*, passed to an heiress.

Miss Catharine Gordon was a young lady who had her full share of feminine vanity. At the age of thirty-five she was a stout, dumpy, coarse-looking woman, awkward in her movements, provincial in her accent and manner. But as her son was vain of his personal appearance, and especially of his hands, neck, and ears, so she, when other charms had vanished, clung to her pride in her arms and hands. She exhausted the patience of Stewartson, the artist who in 1806, after forty sittings, painted her portrait, by her anxiety to have a particular turn in her elbow exhibited in the most pleasing light. Of her ancestry she was, to use her son's expression, as 'proud as Lucifer,' looked down upon the Byron family, and regarded the Duke of Gordon as an inferior member of her clan. Born and bred in the strictest Calvinism of the day, a superstitious believer in ghosts, prophecies, and fortune-telling, she was subject to fits of melancholy, which her misfortunes intensified. In later life, at any rate, her temper was ungovernable, her language, when excited, unrestrained, her love of gossip insatiable. Capricious in her moods, she flew from one extreme to the other, passing, for the slightest cause, from passionate affection to equally passionate resentment. The following letter, written from Newstead, in September 1809, to a fox-hunting neighbour, may illustrate her furious style in writing, and suggest the nature of her spoken tirades:—

Sir,—I must *insist* on your confining yourself to your own premises, or at least not coming on Lord Byron's Manor to hunt and commit *trespasses*, which you have been so *long* in the habit of doing that you now, I suppose, fancy you have a right to do; but I am fully *determined* to convince you to the contrary. Pray, Sir, do you suppose that I will remain here and *tamely submit* to every *insult* from you? If you think so you will find yourself extremely mistaken.

I cannot send out my Keeper but he must be abused by you on Lord Byron's own Manor. You presume on his absence to *insult* a *Woman* and assault an old *Man*; that is, you insult his Mother, and injure the Property, attack the Persons and threaten the Lives of his Servants. In short, your language is unbecoming, and your behaviour totally unworthy, a Gentleman. To a Man of courage these are *harsh truths*; but they are *truths nevertheless*.

I will now take the trouble to inform you that Lord Byron's Tenants shall be no longer annoyed by you with *impunity*, but that a prosecution will be *immediately* instituted against you for *divers trespasses* and *one assault*. You are surely not so ignorant as not to know that breaking down fences and riding through fields of standing corn with your Hounds are most *unjustifiable, arbitrary, and oppressive acts*, and will not be submitted to in a *free country*, even if you was the *first Man* in it. I will not suffer my Keeper to be abused or interrupted in the execution of his duty, and he has my *positive* orders to use every possible means to destroy the Foxes. Lord Grey de Ruthyn's poaching and these abundant, noxious Animals

have nearly deprived this *once* excellent Manor of game, and the Woods on this estate shall not continue to be a *Depôt* for your vermine, and *I'm determined to extirpate* the breed here, and to suffer so great a nuisance no longer. If the breed of Fox-hunters could be as easily got rid of, the benefit to society in general would be great. No earths shall be stopt on Newstead, as I shall encourage neither Foxes nor their Hunters on these Premises.

I understand the earths have been stopt, and whoever can be found at that work shall have sufficient cause to regret it, and care shall be taken to watch for them.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.,  
C. G. BYRON.

How far these defects were produced, as they certainly were aggravated, by her husband's ill-treatment and her hard struggle with poverty it is impossible to say. She had many good qualities. She bore her ruin, as her letters show, with good sense, dignity, and composure. She lived on a miserable pittance without running into debt; she pinched herself in order to give her son a liberal supply of money; she was warm-hearted and generous to those in distress. She adored her scamp of a husband, and, in her own way, was a devoted mother. In politics she affected democratic opinions, and took in a daily paper, the *Morning Chronicle*, which, as is shown by a bill sent in after her death, cost her at the rate of 4*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* for six months, no small sum to be deducted out of a narrow income. She was fond of reading, subscribed to book clubs, collected all the criticisms on her son's poetry, made shrewd remarks upon them herself, and corresponded with her friends on literary subjects. It has been said that she died in a fit of rage at an upholsterer's bill. The truth is that she had been in ill-health for months, and her illness was aggravated, if not caused, by Byron's recklessness. She had raised for her son's benefit 1,000*l.*, for which she made herself personally liable. In 1809 she had moved to Newstead with all her household gods, in order to protect his interests in his absence abroad, and for two years, as her letters prove, kept his creditors at bay and defended his character with pathetic fidelity. When Brothers, the upholsterer, put in an execution for debts contracted by her son in furnishing Newstead, she saw herself beggared, since all her worldly possessions were liable to seizure, and the shock seems to have proved fatal.

The following letter, addressed to her by Lady Abercromby in 1811, and opened after her death by her son, could scarcely have been written to a woman who was nothing but the 'foolish, ill-bred, ill-conditioned dullard' she has sometimes been represented to be:—

Crown Inn, Harrogate :  
Friday, 26th July.

My dear Madam,—I congratulate you upon Lord Byron's safe return to England—so the newspaper tells me. I hope his Lordship is perfectly well, and has been recompensed for all his labours and difficulties by the Various parts of the World he has explored, and the additional knowledge he has acquired, and, I should suppose, He must feel very happy to be again at Newstead Abbey. He returns at



an eventful period. Our good King may linger a while, but surely never can resume the reins of Government.

We find very good Society—nothing particularly agreeable, nor do I like the company or place half as well as Malvern Wells. Several of our country folks are here—Mr. and Mrs. Hepburn of Clerkington, a handsome, elegant couple (she was a Gordon of Rockville), Lady Pringle senior, &c. &c. Upper Harrogate has neither been full nor *Dashing* this season.

The water agrees with me, and I shall probably continue it three weeks. I beg the pleasure of hearing from you very soon, with full particulars of Lord Byron, and of your health. I trust it is fully re-established, to which Lord Byron's return, I am sure, would aid.

Walter Scott has published another Poem, *The Vision of Don Roderigue*. It certainly will not add to his fame as a Poet. He generously gave the price of the copyright to the Subscription to the Portuguese.

You inquire if I read the *Winter at Edinburgh*. I did not, as I hate all such productions. I never heard who wrote it; Honoria Scott is a fictitious name.

I forget if I mentioned to you a Novel, written and published last winter at Edinburgh, *Self-Control*. It has merit, and was universally read; has run through two Editions; the Authoress is still unknown. I have been much amused with Anna Seward's letters, and am now reading Hannah More's *Practical Piety*, which is admirably well written, and I trust will do good.

My brother offers you his best wishes, and joins with me in respects to Lord Byron. Adieu, dear Madam; with much regard I am

Very truly yours,  
MARGARET R. ABERCROMBY.

In 1785 Miss Catharine Gordon was at Bath, buying trinkets at Deard's, dancing at Lindsay's or Hayes's, and listening to the compliments of the fortune-hunters who fluttered round the young heiress. There she met, and there, on the 13th of May, 1785, in the Church of St. Michael, as the register shows, she married Captain John Byron. She was fascinated by his handsome face, charmed by his dancing, piqued by his reputation. There is no reason to suppose that he was attracted to her by anything but her fortune, and his character, debts, and previous career promised her little happiness in her marriage.

Captain John Byron (1755–91), born at Plymouth, was the eldest son of Admiral the Hon. John Byron (1723–86), known in the Royal Navy as 'Hardy Byron,' or 'Foul-weather Jack,' by his marriage (1748) with Sophia Trevannion of Caerhayes, in Cornwall. The Admiral, next brother to William, fifth Lord Byron, was a distinguished naval officer, whose *Narrative* of his shipwreck in the *Wager* was published in 1768, and whose *Voyage Round the World in the 'Dolphin'* was described by 'an Officer in the said ship' in 1767. His eldest son, John Byron, educated at Westminster and a French military academy, entered the Guards and served in America. A gambler, a spendthrift, a profligate scamp, disowned by his father, he in 1778 ran away with, and in 1779 married, Lady Carmarthen, wife of Francis, afterwards fifth Duke of Leeds, *née* Lady Amelia d'Arcy, only child and heiress of the last Earl of Holderness and Baroness Conyers in her own right. Captain Byron and his wife lived in Paris,

where were born to them a daughter, who died in infancy, and Augusta, born 1783, the poet's half-sister, who subsequently married her cousin Colonel Leigh. In 1784 Lady Conyers died, and Captain Byron returned to England, a widower, over head and ears in debt, and in search of an heiress.

It was a rhyme in Aberdeenshire:—

When the heron leaves the tree  
The laird of Gight shall landless be.

Tradition has it that, at the marriage of Catharine Gordon with 'mad Jack Byron,' the heronry at Gight passed over to Kelly or Haddo, the property of the Earl of Aberdeen. 'The land itself will not be long in following,' said his Lordship, and so it proved. For a few months Mrs. Byron Gordon—for her husband assumed the name and by this title her Scottish friends always addressed her—lived at Gight. But the ready money, the outlying lands, the rights of fishery, the timber failed to liquidate Captain Byron's debts, and in 1786 Gight itself was sold to Lord Aberdeen for 17,850*l*. Mrs. Byron Gordon found herself at the end of eighteen months stripped of her property and reduced to the income derived from 4,200*l*., subject to an annuity payable to her grandmother. She bore the reverse with a composure which shows her to have been a woman of no ordinary courage. Her letters on the subject are sensible and not ill expressed, and, considering the circumstances in which they were written, give a favourable impression of her character. The following may be quoted as an illustration:—

South Warnborough, Hampshire :

Nov. 13, 1786.

My dear Miss Urquhart,—I received your letter to-day, and shall not lose any time in answering it. It is by Admiral Duff and Mr. Russell of Montcoffer's advice that we sell the estate. You know they are commissioners, and if they act as my friends they should see that there is a proper settlement made upon me. The best that I could wish or expect would be 10,000*l*., and I would have that settled in such a manner that it would be out of Mr. Byron's power to spend, and out of my own power to give up to him, though I should wish to have the power of spending it myself, or to leave it to anybody I pleased, though I am not sure if that could be done, though if it could I should wish it. I suppose if that could not be done, it could be settled in such a manner that he could not spend it, and that I could not give it up to him, but that I might leave it to him if I was to die.

I should not wish to appear in it myself, or Mr. Byron should know that I wrote or spoke to anybody upon the subject, because if he did he would never forgive me, but I should wish it to be done without my appearing in it. Admiral Duff is certainly the best person, but I should wish that he would not mention me in it, but as if it came from himself, and a thing that, as my uncle, he thought it his duty to demand and see properly settled upon me.\* For God's sake mention it to nobody but who is necessary; and I beg that your answer to this letter you will send under cover to my maid, Mrs. Burn, at South Warnborough, near Hanford Bridge, Hampshire. I trust to your friendship, and am, with regard and affection,

C. BYRON.

The wreck of their fortunes compelled Mrs. Byron Gordon and

her husband to retire to France. At the beginning of 1788 she had returned to London, and on the 22nd of January, 1788, at 16 Holles Street, since numbered 24, and now destroyed, in the back drawing-room of the first floor, gave birth to her only child, George Gordon, afterwards sixth Lord Byron. It gives some idea of her comparative friendlessness in London that the midwife and the nurse were engaged on the recommendation of a total stranger. From his birth the child suffered from what would now be described as partial infantile paralysis of the right foot and leg, especially of the inner muscles. He was born, it may be added, with a caul, then, and now, treasured by sailors as a preservative against drowning. In this instance, however, the charm failed. The caul was sold by the nurse to Captain James Hanson, R.N., who, on the 25th of January, 1800, was wrecked in H.M.S. *Brazen* off Newhaven, and with the whole of his crew, one man excepted, was drowned.

At the time when the child was born two lives only, besides that of his father, stood between him and the peerage. His great-uncle William, fifth Lord Byron (1722-98), commonly known as the 'wicked Lord,' was still living, separated from his wife and shunned by his neighbours, a moody, half-crazy misanthrope. Like his younger brother the Admiral he had served in the Royal Navy. In 1747 he married Miss Elizabeth Shaw, of Besthorpe Hall, a Norfolk heiress, and by her had two daughters and two sons. The eldest son, born in 1748, died in infancy; the second son, William (1749-76), married his cousin Juliana Elizabeth, the daughter of Admiral Byron. Their only son, William John (1772-94), was the heir to the peerage, and his death (July 31, 1794), from a wound received at the siege of Calvi, in Corsica, made George Gordon Byron heir-presumptive to his great-uncle, then a man of seventy-two.

The 'wicked' Lord Byron, in the middle of the eighteenth century, lived in great state in town and at Newstead, and in 1763 was Master of the Stag-hounds. An eager collector of curiosities, whenever any article of special rarity was offered for sale in London he ordered out his horses, drove to the metropolis, and returned with his purchase, bought without regard to expense. Passionate, vindictive, and headstrong, he attended as little to the cost of his revenge as to that of his pleasures. A miller, whose house and mill stood on a small stream flowing out of Newstead, had offended him, and to punish his neighbour Lord Byron determined to dam up the water within the limits of the park. Night and day hosts of labourers were employed to raise the embankment and stem the course of the perennial stream. Remonstrances, legal advice, threats were useless; Lord Byron persisted in his purpose. The sight of the huge dam, and of the vast lake that it formed, attracted crowds of sightseers. At last the embankment gave way; the pent up waters poured out in a torrent, which swept away the miller's house and mill, and, for a

considerable distance down the valley, wrecked or injured every building that lay in its course.

Lord Byron's London life closed with his fatal duel with Mr. Chaworth, on Saturday, the 26th of January, 1765. On that evening a club of Nottinghamshire gentlemen were holding their monthly meeting at the Star and Garter tavern in Pall Mall. They usually dined at four; at seven o'clock the bill and a bottle were brought, and the company separated. On this particular evening a dispute had arisen between Lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth whether the former, who did not preserve, or the latter, who was a strict preserver, had most game on his manor. The discussion grew warm, and Mr. Chaworth said, 'Your Lordship knows where to find me in Berkeley Row,' or words to that effect. Nothing further passed at the time; the subject was dropped, and no serious consequences seemed to have been feared. The company, who had dined on the second floor, had paid the reckoning and were dispersing. On descending to the first floor Lord Byron came up to Mr. Chaworth, and referred to the conversation which had passed between them at dinner. Both seem then to have called a waiter to bring a candle and show them an empty room. He opened a door on the first floor, showed the two gentlemen into a room, set down a tallow candle which he was holding in his hand, and left them. In a few seconds the affair was ended. According to Mr. Chaworth's account of what passed he saw Lord Byron's sword 'half drawn, and, *knowing the man*, immediately, or as quick as he could, whipped out his sword, and had the first thrust,' running Lord Byron through some part of his waistcoat. Then Lord Byron, shortening his sword, ran his antagonist through the body. The bell was rung; the landlord entered the room to find Lord Byron supporting Mr. Chaworth. Mr. Hawkins the surgeon was immediately summoned; but the wound proved mortal, and Lord Byron was tried for murder on the 16th of April, 1765, in Westminster Hall. The Peers almost unanimously dismissed the charge of murder, and found him guilty of manslaughter only.

The fatal termination of the duel, and its circumstances—the absence of seconds, the dark room dimly lighted by one miserable tallow candle—attracted so much attention to the case that tickets for the trial were, it is said, sold at six guineas apiece. There seems, however, nothing which, judged by the code of the day, could reflect any special blame on Lord Byron, or discredit him in the county. Thenceforward he absented himself from London. In other respects he lived at Newstead as before, without any attempt to measure his expenses by his income. The coming of age of his son and heir was celebrated with the most lavish magnificence. But for himself he had come to an end of his resources; his debts had accumulated beyond possibility of payment, and nothing could stave off ruin unless his son brought money into the family by the capture of an heiress. A

match had been arranged for the young man with Miss Danvers, a lady possessed of an immense fortune; but on the eve of the wedding William Byron eloped to Gretna Green with his penniless cousin. From that time forward the 'wicked Lord' shut himself up, ill-treated his wife, from whom he separated and who died in 1788, and became the gloomy recluse whose only friends were the crickets which he had tamed, an ambiguous female, called by the villagers 'Lady Betty,' and a faithful retainer, Joe Murray. His creditors swooped down upon him; the furniture was seized, the timber felled, the Rochdale property illegally sold, and the old man lived on, in a corner of the huge decaying house, on the pittance allowed him for the barest necessities of life. The following anecdote, told by his manservant, Joe Murray, would have about it a touch of pathos if related of a more deserving character. Every evening at the end of the solitary dinner Murray was ordered to put the claret on the table. For years the same bottle was always brought out, placed before Lord Byron, and removed untasted, to be reproduced the following night with the same formalities.

Lord Byron was undoubtedly as unpopular in the county as Mr. Chaworth, a squire of the sporting type, was liked by his neighbours. To some extent reports to the 'wicked' Lord's discredit come from tainted sources. On the other side to his character the Corn-Law poet, Ebenezer Elliot, seizes in his ballad 'Devil Byron,' published in the *People's Journal* for the 23rd of January, 1847. Professing to write from information given him by Luke Adams, a blind forgerman who had worked in 'a small Charcoal Bloomery near Newstead Abbey,' he says—

'Devil Byron' appears, on the whole, to have been rather a kind man. His rich neighbours sneered at him because he was poor, and hated him because he was loved by the poor. Never was it said of 'Devil Byron' that he prosecuted any one for killing God's hares; but Chaworth was a strict game-preserver, detested by all who did not happen to be landlords' toadies. Luke Adams was of opinion that the duel in which he died was a consequence of his insolence; he was in the habit of calling Byron 'a poor little lord,' his Lordship being not only poor, but of low stature.

No published facts corroborate the story on which Elliot founds the ballad which opens with the three following stanzas:—

A strange man own'd yon Abbey once,  
Men call'd him 'Devil Byron;'  
Yet he a sister had, who lov'd  
Well that Man of iron.

And well he lov'd that sister—Love  
Is strong in rugged bosoms;  
Ev'n as the barren-seeming bough  
Oft hoards richest blossoms.

Yet from his heart, when she espous'd  
A peasant, he dismiss'd her;  
And thenceforth 'Devil Byron' spoke  
Never to his sister!

After the birth of her son Mrs. Byron Gordon settled at Aberdeen. There for a time she was joined by her husband, though they soon found it necessary to live at opposite ends of Queen Street. Captain Byron's daughter, Augusta, had been placed under the care of her grandmother, Lady Holderness; his wife could give him no more money; she had run into debt to supply him with 300*l.*, and on her remaining income she could barely maintain herself and her son. He was free from incumbrances, and had drained the milch-cow dry. Returning in 1790 to France, he died in the summer of the following year at Valenciennes. In his will, dictated by him from his sick bed to two notaries of that city, on the 21st of June, 1791, he is described as 'John Byron, a native of London, and ordinarily resident there.' He makes no mention, it will be observed, either of his wife or of his daughter. The operative part, as translated from the French into the English of Doctors' Commons, the 17th of August, 1791, runs as follows:—

I give and bequeath to Mrs. Leigh, my sister, the sum of 400*l.* sterling, to be paid out of the effects of my deceased father and mother. I appoint my son, Mr. George Byron, heir of my real and personal estate, and charge him to pay my debts, legacies, and funeral expenses.

I appoint the said Mrs. Leigh, my sister, executrix of this my will.

The death of Captain Byron was passionately lamented by his wife, who, in spite of his vices, adored her handsome scamp of a husband. Already an orphan and almost beggared, she was now a widow of six-and-twenty, with an income of 122*l.* a year, out of which to lodge, clothe, and feed her son and herself, and to provide for his education. On this pittance she had to live in the midst of neighbours who had known her in the days of her prosperity. For a woman as 'proud as Lucifer,' and still worse for one who had many small vanities, the trial was severe, and the circumstances of her short married life and of her prolonged struggle with poverty should never be forgotten in any fair estimate of her much-abused character.

It is unnecessary to note the different lodgings in which, during her eight years' sojourn at Aberdeen, Mrs. Byron made her home, or to dwell at any length on Byron's school days in that ancient city. All that we can now hope to learn of the vicissitudes of his desultory education under 'Bodsey' Bowers, Ross, Paterson, the French academy of M. de Loyauté, and finally at the grammar school, is chronicled by the poet himself or collected by his biographers. In Moore's *Life*, for example, are to be found traditions of his boyhood, gathered when men's memories were fresh, and showing him to have been, except for his lameness and the excess in which his qualities were developed, very much as other boys are—courageous, quarrelsome, resentful, sensitive, abounding in animal spirits, eager to excel in sports, averse to study, full of mischief. There also may be read his childish passion for his cousin, Mary Duff, and the indelible impres-

sions made on his susceptible mind by the wild beauties of Scottish scenery—

Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams,  
The Dee, the Don, Balgounie's brig's black wall.

There remain, however, a few points or reminiscences on which the early biographers have not dwelt, and to these I shall briefly call attention. It may be, for instance, worthy of notice that, in the quarterly registers of the grammar school, the boy is first entered as 'George Bayron [*sic*] Gordon,' in another as 'George Byron Gordon,' in others as 'George B. Gordon,' and over the last of these entries is written the words 'Dominus de Byron.' The few personal reminiscences that have been gleaned in later years scarcely deserve the same credence as those that belong to an earlier date. Some, however, are sufficiently characteristic to be chronicled. Here, for example, is a story which illustrates the love of practical joking that marked the 'young English nickom,' the 'little deevil Geordie Byron.' His mother had taken him to visit Lady Abercromby of Birkenbog: the two ladies were talking in the parlour window; the boy escaped to the room above. Suddenly a piercing scream was heard, and an object, clad in the boy's coat and hat, shot headlong past the window where the ladies sat. Byron had dressed a pillow in his clothes and, with a shriek, launched it from the room above, in the hope of persuading his mother that he had accidentally fallen. It is, perhaps, as a sequel to this story that the following is told: Lady Abercromby advised his mother to punish him for some offence. He received his chastisement; but, that ended, walked up to Lady Abercromby and struck her in the face, saying, 'That's for meddling. But for you I should not have been beaten.' Another reminiscence is that of Mr. Stephen, mealmaker at Inchmarnock, near Ballaterich, who remembered him as 'an ill-deedie laddie; he was aye pittin' bits o' sticks and orra things in my mill-wheel, and brook it in twa-three places.'

Other recollections, gathered by the Rev. J. Michie, of the Manse, Dinnet, relate to Ballaterich, on Deeside, where the boy was first sent to recover from illness, and where he afterwards spent portions of his summer holidays.

My informant [writes Mr. Michie] was Mrs. Calder, the widow of the farmer of Greystone, in the immediate vicinity of Ballaterich, and the daughter of the carpenter referred to. She was born in 1791, died years ago at the advanced age of 86, and remembered Byron and his ways very distinctly. Even at that early age (eleven or twelve) the wilful, intractable disposition which in riper years too much distinguished the character of the noble bard had begun to display itself. I give the following in the words of my informant: 'He was a very takin' laddie, but no easily managed. He was fond of coming up to see my father's shop, and particularly fond o' the turning-lathe; but he wadna haud his hands frae ony o' the tools, and he spoiled them completely before he would let them go. My father couldna lay hands on him, and he wad tak nae telling; so at last he set some o' us

to watch when we would see him coming up the brae frae Ballaterich, and when he got word that he was coming he would lock the door of the shop, and gang awa' out about. There was nae ither way o' deean wi' him.'

In 1798 came an important change in the boy's future. On the 19th of May William Lord Byron died, and the news of his death was communicated to Mrs. Byron by Mr. Hanson, a solicitor whom she had instructed to watch her son's interests when, four years before, he became heir to the property. In August the little Lord Byron, with his mother and his nurse, May Gray, arrived at Newstead, where Mr. and Mrs. Hanson received them. In Mrs. Byron's account book occur the following entries: 'Expenses of bringing Lord Byron from Scotland, 35*l.*; paid May Gray a year's wages, 9*l.*' It was decided that while Mrs. Byron remained at the Abbey the boy should be sent to his aunt, Mrs. Parkyns, at Nottingham, where his foot could be treated by a man of the name of Lavender, who had gained some local reputation. There also he shared with his girl cousins, as one of his earliest letters shows, the instruction of Dummer Rogers, 'Teacher of French, English, Latin and Mathematicks.'

It has often been suggested that Byron's lameness was neglected by his mother. On the other hand it should be remembered that surgical science was still in its infancy, that Mrs. Byron was extremely poor, and that, as soon as she was in a position to do so, she spent her money freely for his cure. Before she left London she had consulted the famous John Hunter, who, through Dr. Livingstone, superintended Byron's treatment at Aberdeen. On the boy's arrival at Nottingham it is plain that Mrs. Byron was told of the wonderful cures effected by Lavender, who was at least a man of some mechanical skill, for he held the post of 'truss-maker to the General Hospital.' When Lavender failed, the boy was sent to London, partly with the special purpose of consulting Dr. Baillie, and for many months (July 1799 to the end of 1802) he was attended by Dr. Baillie and by Dr. Laurie of Bartholomew's Close. Mrs. Byron paid Laurie at the rate of 150*l.* a year for his services, and probably the real cause of failure, as it has been in hundreds of other cases, was the boy's own neglect. Special appliances were made for him, under the direction of Baillie and Laurie, by a scientific bootmaker named Sheldrake, in the Strand. Byron refused to wear them. The following letter from Laurie to Mrs. Byron (the 7th of December, 1801) probably explain the boy's permanent lameness:—

Agreeable to your desire I waited on Lord Byron at Harrow, and I think it proper to inform you that I found his foot in a much worse state than when I last saw it—the shoe entirely wet through and the brace round his ankle quite loose, I much fear his extreme inattention will counteract every exertion on my part to make him better. I have only to add that with proper care and bandaging his foot may still be greatly recovered; but any delay further than the present vacation would render it folly to undertake it.



The treatment was continued by Laurie. In a later letter, dated the 2nd of October, 1802, he again complains of Byron's carelessness. After saying that the boy had been in London for several days without sending for him, he adds, 'I cannot help lamenting he has so little sense of the benefit he has already received as to be so apparently neglectful.'

Byron's stay at Nottingham was short. At the end of June 1799, as has been already stated, the boy was sent up to London to consult Dr. Baillie for his foot, and to be placed at Dr. Glennie's Academy at Dulwich. Other important steps had been taken. Lord Carlisle, at the urgent request of Mr. Hanson, became Byron's guardian, though in accepting the office he did so to facilitate legal arrangements and expressly disclaimed all responsibility. At the same time the boy was made a ward in Chancery, partly in order that steps might be taken to recover the Rochdale property, which had been illegally sold by the late Lord. The Newstead estate was so impoverished that it barely realised an annual rental of 850*l.*, out of which it was essential to provide for Byron's education, to prevent the Abbey from becoming a ruin, to repair farm buildings, and, if possible, to save money during the minority. Out of her income of 122*l.* Mrs. Byron could do nothing for her son. By Hanson's advice an application was made by her in July 1799 to the Duke of Portland, whose family was connected with the Byrons by marriage, and who was also lord-lieutenant of the county of Nottingham, to lay her case before the King and ask for a pension. The application was supported by Lord Carlisle and it succeeded, though the only grounds alleged by Mrs. Byron are her pecuniary circumstances and her relationship to the families of Byron and of Gordon.

I have at length [writes the Duke of Portland from Bulstrode, on the 24th of August, 1799] the honour of acquainting you that the King has been graciously pleased to take into consideration the circumstances of your situation, which it was your desire should be laid before His Majesty, and to give orders to Mr. Pitt, in consequence of it, that a pension of 300*l.* per annum should be made to you out of the Civil List, and that it should commence forthwith.

I shall esteem myself very happy if the part I have been entrusted with in this business has been fulfilled in such a manner as to contribute to your satisfaction, and if you have the goodness to consider it as a testimony of the respect I have professed for the great houses to which you belong.

Meanwhile Byron, with his nurse, May Gray, was staying in London with Hanson at Earl's Court House, Old Brompton, a house which had once belonged to the famous John Hunter. A meeting had been arranged with Dr. Baillie at Lord Carlisle's residence, where the boy's foot was carefully examined. It was perhaps unfortunate that so sensitive a child as Byron should have been at the same time introduced to his guardian and examined by his doctor. In spite of Lord Carlisle's kindness the child was, as Hanson records, ill at ease and eager to get away from the house. The feeling was never

overcome: it laid the foundation of an estrangement which was not of the guardian's own making.

• Much has been made of Lord Carlisle's neglect of Byron. But his conduct is easily explained. In 1799, when he became Byron's guardian, he was a man of fifty, in poor health, the father of a family of four sons and three daughters, still distinguished for his polished manners and cultivated tastes, immersed in his own pursuits, and keenly interested in politics on the anti-Revolutionary side. His mother, the only link with the Byron family, was dead, and, years before her death, she had married again. His ward's mother and great-uncle were still alive, besides other relatives at least as near as himself. He had only accepted the office of guardian under protest, and to facilitate certain legal proceedings. A very short acquaintance with Mrs. Byron, who, besides her noisy manners and unrefined appearance, affected the opinions of a violent democrat, had probably convinced him that he could be of little service to her son unless he were prepared to assume entire charge of the boy. He can scarcely be blamed for rejecting such an alternative.

The result was that during the years 1799-1804 Byron spent a considerable part of his holidays with the Hansons. To Mr. Hanson is addressed the only extant letter written by the boy from Glennie's Academy, and, at this early period of his career, no one knew Byron better than the family lawyer. Some of the reminiscences left by the young Hansons, two of whom were about Byron's own age, are of sufficient interest to be recorded. Newton Hanson says that 'there could not be a nicer-looking boy than he was at the age of ten and a half.' He speaks with admiration, apart from the boy's lameness, of his good figure, broad chest, and amazing length of arm. Nor was Byron's physical infirmity a bar to his activity. All the morning, indeed, he lay on the sofa, absorbed in a book; but, once at play, he was as nimble as any of the party, always the first to reach the top of the pyramid which John Hunter had erected in the garden. In the presence of strangers he was shy, but with Mr. Hanson he was always at his ease and tractable. He was subject to fits of nervous agitation, when, if any one approached him, he would scream out, 'Don't come near me! I have a devil.' His irritability of temper, which showed itself in his habit of gnawing his nails, sometimes exploded in violent rages. On one occasion, having quarrelled with the cook, he rushed into the hall, snatched a gun, which was hanging over the fireplace, pointed it at her, and pulled the trigger. The gun was loaded and the woman's cap was riddled with the shot. For this act he was very properly horsewhipped by Mr. Hanson. It is probably to this incident that Byron referred when he said, '*My ostensible temper has certainly improved in later years; but I shudder, and must, to my latest hour, regret the consequence of it and my passions combined.* One event—but no matter; there are others

not much better to think of also, and to them I give the preference.'

Another instance is of a less serious character. In 1799 the Earl of Portsmouth was staying with the Hansons before his marriage with Miss Norton, daughter of Lord Grantley. After breakfast the party were lounging in a large conservatory attached to the house, when Lord Portsmouth, in rough play, pulled Byron's ears. The boy picked up a shell which was near him and hurled it at Lord Portsmouth's head, missing him by a hair's breadth and shattering the glass behind him. Mrs. Hanson endeavoured to make peace, saying that the boy did not mean the missile for Lord Portsmouth; but her efforts were at first useless, for Byron kept reiterating, 'But I *did* throw it on purpose. I will teach a fool of an earl to pull another noble's ear.' In the end, however, peace was made; they shook hands and became good friends.

On the 22nd of August, 1799, Mr. Hanson took the boy to school at Dulwich, where Dr. Glennie undertook the charge of him for the yearly sum of 86*l.* 10*s.* Hanson's letter addressed to Mrs. Byron at Newstead on the 1st of September, 1799, is sufficiently interesting to be quoted in full.

Dear Madam,—Your letter announcing the Duke of Portland's communication of His Majesty's considerate goodness towards you (a hint of which had before been given me) afforded me the greatest satisfaction. If my endeavours have contributed to the success of the occasion I feel real satisfaction that they have not been fruitless. As it certainly would be proper that you should write to the Duke of Portland as well as to Lord Carlisle I have sketched out a few lines to each, which, if you approve, the sooner they are sent the better.

I left my entertaining companion with Mr. Glennie last Thursday week, and I have since heard from him that he is very comfortable and likes the situation. His schoolfellows are fine youths, and their deportment does great credit to their preceptor. I succeeded in getting Lord Byron a separate room, and I am persuaded the greatest attention will be paid to him. Mr. Glennie is a Scotchman, has travelled a great deal, and seems every way qualified for his present situation.

I assure you, Madam, I should not have taken the liberty to have interfered in your domestic arrangements had I not thought it absolutely necessary to apprise you of the proceedings of your servant, Mrs. Gray; her conduct towards your son while at Nottingham was shocking, and I was persuaded you needed but a hint of it to dismiss her. Mrs. Parkyns, when I saw her, said something to me about her; but when I found from dispassionate persons at Nottingham it was the general topic of conversation it would have ill become me to have remained silent.

My honourable little companion, though disposed to retain his feelings, could not refrain, from the harsh usage he had received at her hands, from complaining to me, and such is his dread of the woman that I really believe he would forego the satisfaction of seeing you if he thought he was to meet her again. He told me that she was perpetually beating him, and that his bones sometimes ached from it; that she brought all sorts of company of the very lowest description into his apartments; that she was out late at nights, and he was frequently left to put himself to bed; that she would take the chaise boys into the chaise with him, and stopped at every little ale house to drink with them. But, Madam, this is not all; she has even—traded yourself.

I entertain a very great affection for Lord Byron, and I trust I shall not be considered solely in my professional character, but as his friend. I introduced him to my friends Lord Grantley and his brother, General Norton, who were vastly taken with him, as indeed are every one. And I should be mortified in the highest degree to see the honourable feelings of my little fellow exposed to insult by the inordinate indiscretions of any servant. He has ability and a quickness of conception, and a correct discrimination that is seldom seen in a youth, and he is a fit associate of men, and choice indeed must be the company that is selected for him.

Byron spent his Christmas holidays in 1799–1800 with the Hansons; but towards the middle of January 1800 his mother came up to Earl's Court from Newstead to see her son before his return to school. The impression left on Newton Hanson, then a boy, is that she was 'very fickle in her manner' towards Byron, boxing his ears and bursting out into 'violent ejaculations of disgust' when she caught him biting his nails; but that, on the whole, they were very fond of each other. The boy, at the close of his holidays, went back to school, and his mother took lodgings in Sloane Street. So far, while Mrs. Byron was in the country, all had gone well between Dr. Glennie and his pupil. Now difficulties arose. Mrs. Byron quarrelled with the schoolmaster, threatened to remove the boy, and Hanson obtained from Lord Carlisle a letter authorising Dr. Glennie to refuse to give Byron up to his mother. This vigorous action seems to have brought Mrs. Byron to her senses, and she returned to the country, leaving her son to spend the greater part of his successive holidays with Hanson and his family.

In January 1801 Hanson proposed to Lord Carlisle that Byron should be sent to Harrow, and, with his consent, made the necessary arrangements both with Dr. Glennie and Dr. Drury. Four months later, Byron entered the school as Henry Drury's pupil and boarder. At Harrow he remained till July 1805. His schoolboy friendships, feuds, and enjoyments have been sung by himself in numerous poems and chronicled by his biographers. Fresh light will also be thrown upon them by a series of hitherto unpublished letters written by him during this period. Here my object is only to fill up the familiar outline with details drawn from new sources, to illustrate the mismanagement of his character, and to show the high opinion which was formed, in spite of his faults, of his nature and of his abilities.

Newstead was now let, first to a Mr. Clay, then to the Misses Launder, then to Lord Grey de Ruthyn; and Mrs. Byron led a wandering life—now at Brighton (1801); now in London, in Sloane Street or Half Moon Street, or at 16 Piccadilly; now at the Great House, Cheltenham (1802); now at 16 Henrietta Street, Bath (1802–3); now at Park Row, Nottingham. Finally, in July 1803, she settled in a house called Burgage Manor, at Southwell, which she rented from a Mr. Falkner. It was from Bath, where her son was

spending his Christmas holidays, that, on the 19th of January, 1803, Mrs. Byron wrote the following letter to Hanson :—

Byron *positively* refuses to return to Harrow to be Henry Drury's *pupil*, as *he* says he has used him ill for some time past.

He will not return unless he is to be Dr. Drury's pupil or Mr. Bromley's. The reason he gives is, that Henry Drury will prejudice all the other masters against him, but that these two will judge for themselves and not mind *his* report. I wrote to Dr. Drury to see if he could take him, but he writes me for answer that he has already more engagements than he can fulfil. I wish you would be so good as to settle this business for me when your son returns to Harrow, and inquire of Mr. Bromley if he could take him to board and as his pupil—if he cannot take him as a boarder, if he could take him as a pupil.

You may perhaps be surprised that I don't force him to return, but he is rather too old and has too much sense for that. I might force him to return, to be sure ; but I know he would not remain, and I do not choose he should wander about the country as other boys have done that have been sent to school against their inclinations. If Mr. Bromley cannot take him he must go to Eton, or have a private tutor, for I *never* will agree to his going to Westminster.

To Hanson's letter explaining the situation Dr. Drury replied on the 4th of February, 1803—

Mr. Bromley's engagements are too numerous to allow him to add Lord Byron to the number of his pupils ; but I have this day spoken to Mr. Evans, another of the masters of the school, and he will undertake the charge with pleasure.

The reason why Lord Byron wishes for this change arises from the repeated complaints of Mr. Henry Drury respecting his inattention to business, and his propensity to make others laugh and disregard their employments as much as himself. On this subject I have had many very serious conversations with him, and though Mr. H. D. had repeatedly requested me to withdraw him from his tuition, yet, relying on my own remonstrances and arguments to rectify his error, and on his own reflection to confirm him in what is right, I was unwilling to accede to my son's wishes. Lord Byron has now made the request himself ; I am glad it has been made, as he thereby imposes on himself an additional responsibility, and encourages me to hope that by this change he intends to lay aside all that negligence and those childish practices which were the cause of former complaints.

I regret most sincerely that my engagements will not allow me to embrace Mrs. Byron's offer, as I am perfectly sensible of the many excellent qualities of Lord Byron's mind, though I have had some trouble with his failings.

In the middle of February 1803 Byron returned to Harrow, having carried his point. But it was not long before a fresh trouble arose. Henry Drury seems to have caught him talking in church to one of his pupils, threatened to punish the boy if he found him again in conversation with Byron, called the latter a blackguard, and hinted that he would have him expelled. At this suggestion, which probably lost nothing in being conveyed from one boy to another, Byron wrote a furious letter to his mother, declaring that, unless Drury apologised, he would leave the school. Again Mrs. Byron appealed to Hanson. In her letter she says, 'If he will leave Harrow he must go to some other school. I will not have his education interrupted, and I have at present no home or house to receive him in.

It is extremely *vexatious*, and very odd that the Doctor cannot make his son behave with *propriety* to the boys.' Hanson obeyed Mrs. Byron's appeal, and, forwarding Byron's letter, wrote to the Head Master. Dr. Drury's answer, dated the 15th of May, 1803, is of interest.

The perusal of the enclosed has allowed me to inquire into the whole matter, and to relieve your young friend's mind from any uneasy impression it might have sustained from a hasty word. I fairly confess I am sorry it was ever uttered, but certainly it was never intended to make so deep a wound as his letter intimates.

I may truly say, without any parade of words, that I am deeply interested in Lord Byron's welfare. He possesses, as his letter proves, a mind that feels and that can discriminate reasonably on points in which it conceives itself injured. When I look forward to the possibility of the exercise of his talents hereafter, and his supplying the deficiencies of fortune by the exertion of his abilities and by application, I feel particularly hurt to see him idle and negligent and apparently indifferent to the great object to be pursued. This event, and the conversations which have passed between us relative to it, will probably awaken in his mind a greater degree of emulation and make him studious of acquiring distinction among his school-fellows as well as of securing to himself the affectionate regard of his instructors.

For the next few months Byron's life at Harrow passed uneventfully. But in September 1803 the boy did not return, and no explanation had been sent to Dr. Drury of his non-appearance. Weeks passed in silence. At last the following letter, which illustrates the strength of Byron's passion for Mary Chaworth, reached Hanson from Mrs. Byron at Burgage Manor:—

You may well be surprised, and so may Dr. Drury, that Byron is not returned to Harrow. But the truth is, I cannot get him to return to school, though I have done all in my power for six weeks past. He has no indisposition that I know of, but love, desperate love, the *worst* of all *maladies* in my opinion. In short, the boy is distractedly in love with Miss Chaworth, and he has not been with me three weeks all the time he has been in this country, but spent all his time at Annesley.

If my son was of a proper age, and the lady *disengaged*, it is the last of all connections that I would wish to take place; it has given me much uneasiness. To prevent all trouble in future I am determined he shall not come here again till Easter; therefore I beg you will find some proper situation for him at the next holidays. I don't care what I pay. I wish Dr. Drury would keep him.

I shall go over to Newstead to-morrow and make a *last effort* to get him to town.

The effort, if made, proved a failure. Byron remained at Newstead, and his mother writes on the 7th of November to say, 'Byron is really so unhappy that I have agreed, much against my inclination, to let him remain in this country till after the next holidays.' It was not till January 1804 that he went back to Harrow. Six months later his half-sister, Augusta, writes of him to Hanson (the 7th of June, 1804)—

Pray write me a line and mention all you hear of my dear brother; he was a most delightful correspondent while he remained in Nottinghamshire, but I can't obtain a single line from him from Harrow. I was much struck with his *general improvement*. It was beyond the expectations raised by what you had told me,

and his letter to me gave me the most excellent opinion of both his *head* and *heart*.

Mrs. Byron, writing about the same date (the 13th of August, 1804) to the family lawyer, speaks in similar terms. 'Never was a boy more improved in every respect; he is now truly amiable, and I shall not know how to part with him.'

For the last year, however, Byron's home life had been rendered miserable by the increasing violence of his mother's furious temper. He confided his miseries to his sister, who endeavoured to enlist Hanson's aid in removing him from Mrs. Byron's society. In a letter written from Castle Howard on the 18th of November, 1804, she apologises for troubling Hanson.

The reason [she says] that induces me now to do so is his having lately written me several letters containing the most extraordinary accounts of his mother's conduct towards him, and complaining of the uncomfortable situation he is in during the holidays with her. All this, you will easily imagine, has more  *vexed* than *surprised* me. I am quite unhappy about him, and wish I could in any way remedy the grievances he confides in me. I wished, as the most likely means of doing this, to mention the subject to Lord Carlisle, who has always expressed the greatest interest about Byron, and also shown me the greatest kindness. Finding that he did not *object* to it, I yesterday had some conversation with Lord C., and it is partly of his advice and wishes that I trouble you with this letter. He authorised me to tell you that if you would allow my brother to spend the next vacation with you (which *he* seems *strongly* to wish) it would put it into his power to see more of him and show him more attention than he has hitherto been able, being withheld from doing so by the dread of having any concern whatever with Mrs. Byron.

I need hardly add that it is almost *my* first wish that this should be accomplished. . . . My opinion is that, *as* they cannot agree, they had better be separated, for such eternal scenes of wrangling are enough to spoil the very best temper and disposition in the universe.

Arrangements were accordingly made that Byron should pass the Christmas holidays of 1804-5 with the Hansons. When he arrived he gave his host to understand that he should not return to Harrow, as, at his own wish, he had arranged with Dr. Drury to leave. Hanson, however, thinking that a boy of sixteen was too young for the University, wrote to the Head Master on the subject. Dr. Drury's answer gave a different colour to the matter.

Your letter [he writes, the 29th of December, 1804] supposes that Lord Byron was desirous to leave school, and that I acquiesced in his wish; but I must do him the justice to observe that *the wish originated with me*. During his last residence at Harrow his conduct gave me much trouble and uneasiness, and, as two of his associates were to leave me at Christmas, I certainly suggested to him *my wish* that he might be placed under the care of some private tutor previously to his admission at either of the Universities. This I did no less with a view to the forming of his mind and manners than to my own comfort; and I am fully convinced that if such a situation can be procured for his Lordship it will be much more advantageous for him than a longer residence at school, where his animal spirits and want of judgment may induce him to do wrong, whilst his age and person must prevent his instructors from treating him in some respects as a school-

boy. If we part now we may entertain affectionate dispositions towards each other, and his Lordship will have left the school with credit, as my dissatisfactions were expressed to him only privately, and in such a manner as not to affect his public situation in the school.

Finally, however, Dr. Drury yielded to the appeal of Lord Carlisle and Hanson, allowed the boy to return to Harrow, and Byron remained at the school till July 1805, the last three months being passed under the rule of Dr. Butler. In the letter in which Dr. Drury made known his wish for Byron's withdrawal from the school he expresses his 'most sincere and affectionate attachment' to his pupil. The same feeling was shared by Hanson, who writes about him to Mrs. Byron at the close of the holidays, 'I assure you,' he says, the 29th of January, 1805, 'whilst he has been with me he has conducted himself with great propriety and good sense, and, much as I covet his society, I could have wished that he had devoted some part of his vacation to his mother.' On Lord Carlisle at the same period he made the same favourable impression. 'I hear,' writes Augusta Byron, the 31st of January, 1805, 'from Lady Gertrude Howard that Lord Carlisle was very much pleased with my brother, and I am sure, from what he said to me at Castle Howard, he is disposed to show him all the kindness and attention in his power.' His mother was often foolish; yet she judged her son correctly when she said, 'He is a turbulent, unruly boy, that wants to be emancipated from all restraints; his sentiments are, however, noble.'

The verdict was a true one. At this period of his life, and indeed throughout his whole career, there is evidence that Byron had in him the makings of a fine character. His better qualities were never entirely destroyed; again and again, on the contrary, they reasserted their sway. To the moralist the interest of his life lies in this perpetual struggle, which endured to the end. It adds to the pathos of his early death that he died at a moment when his enthusiasm for liberty had drawn him out of mean surroundings, and embarked him in a sacred cause which, whether hopeless or not, might have permanently strengthened and ennobled his character. His last year at Harrow under Dr. Drury's influence was another of those periods which promised to be turning points for good. But his violent dislike for Dr. Butler, who became Head Master in April 1805, the unrestricted liberty of Cambridge, the greater command of money, an idle life, and the temptations that beset a lad of seventeen threw him back. The years 1805-6 were spent, as his sister wrote in an unpublished letter (7th of February, 1807) to Hanson, 'in idleness and ill-humour with all the world.' His character deteriorated; he went from bad to worse, until ambition of literary fame or political distinction spurred him again to effort.

R. E. PROTHERO.



· AT A TECHNICAL INSTITUTE <sup>1</sup>

I HAVE been thinking that your Committee, when they did me the honour to ask me to say a few words on this interesting occasion, were not fully aware of what manner of man it was whom they had thus invited. I am a professor, an academic person ; and academic persons, as you know, live in a little world of their own, having but a slight hold on the things belonging to busy practical every-day life, and are fond of trying to judge every question which comes before them by the light of what they are pleased to call 'general principles.' Moreover, I am a professor of physiology ; my days are filled with questions as to how beings live and move ; the whole world is to me a crowd of physiological problems, and I am apt to look at everything which comes before me through physiological spectacles. In the few words which I have to say to-day I shall not attempt to go out of my real character ; I shall cling to general principles, and to a physiological point of view ; and my theme being Technical Education I will not shrink from beginning with a general question, even though it may seem to have something of a Pontius Pilate ring—the general question, What is Education ?

I came the other day upon a sentence, in which an old Latin grammarian attempts to define the word 'educate.' He says : 'The midwife brings you in the world, the nurse rears you, the school-master puts you in the right way, the professor tells you what it all means.' Only the word which I have rendered as 'rear' is the word 'educates'—*educat nutrix*. And, indeed, education is rearing, is leading out. A child is born into the world possessed of certain powers, some obvious and actual, but others—and these the greater part—hidden and unfinished, mere germs of power, simple potentialities. It is the duty of the nurse so to bring certain conditions, which academic persons call the environment (to wit, adequate aliment, suitable exercise, and the like), to bear on the growing organism as to *lead out* these potentialities from their hiding place and set them forth as effective powers. And the leading of the true nurse is such that the powers so brought out are those which work for

<sup>1</sup> Being the substance of an address delivered at the opening of the Technical Institute, Bradford-on-Avon, February 24, 1897.

the good no less of the world than of the child itself. This leading out of potentialities into powers, this development of the possible into the actual, is not wholly in the hands of the nurse, and does not begin with that which we call birth. Its origin goes back beyond that, and indeed lies behind the individual; it also stretches forward past childhood, youth, and even manhood, reaching right on to the grave.

• In the lapse of time since the old Romans first used the word 'educate' we have fallen into the habit of narrowing the meaning of the word to the rearing of what we call the mind. Now to a physiologist at least the distinction between body and mind is shadowy and invalid; equally invalid seems to an academic philosopher the attempt to sever mental and moral training. And here perhaps it may be permitted to the physiologist and academic professor to say in passing that to attempt to train certain powers while others are neglected is to run counter to the precepts of philosophy, and that true education is that which brings forward together all the powers of the whole being—body, mind, and soul.

We may, however, for the present, without risk, turn our attention to education as more especially a rearing of the mind. And I will now put forward the question, 'What is the goal of education?' Here physiology helps to supply the answer. We are all members of one body. In a body each member has a double function. On the one hand it has a special work to do—the eye to see, the hand to move, the lungs to breathe, and the like—a work which is in itself for the good of the whole body. On the other hand it has certain duties towards the rest of the body in consonance with which it performs its special task; the muscle, while working to move some part of the body, not only does that for the body's good, but also at the same time contributes in other ways to the body's welfare. And when we set about training the body regard must be had to the general and to the special task alike. So is it also with the education of the child. He or she needs to be reared on the one hand so as to fit him or her for the common duties of citizenship: this we call general education. He or she needs on the other hand to be reared so as to be fitted for the particular task which, as to a particular member, falls to his or her lot: this is, in the broad sense, technical education. The two kinds of education are not or need not be antagonistic—indeed are at times convertible.

All education, whether general or technical, should be marked by certain common features, be guided by certain common principles. Of these the one which should be dominant is that to which we were just now led in attempting to define education, the recognition of the idea that education is the leading out of hidden powers. This may not be in accord with some systems of teaching, which seem to regard education as a 'pressing in,' as if the school were a mould into

which young minds, however diverse, were to be squeezed, to the end that, like so many pats of butter, they might be turned out stamped with the same pattern, or, as the phrase goes, as having passed the same standard. Nevertheless, whether or no in accord with such systems, the idea of leading out is in accord with true conceptions, and one of great moment for the teacher to grasp. The world is not so wealthy in individual powers, not so rich in intellectual might, that we can afford to neglect the opportunities of developing to full growth the rudiments of individual character and of bringing to full fruition the seeds of greatness which lie dormant and unsuspected among the young. While man, like all other living beings, is subject to influences which favour the rise of special character, he is no less subject to other influences, increasing it would seem with advancing civilisation, which tend to drive him to a mediocre and monotonous sameness. The school should ally itself with the former, not with the latter, and be not a machine for stamping the stuff of humanity with the same stamp, but a sieve for sifting sorts and an instrument for turning out kinds.

Part of all education lies in the mastering of methods, in gaining the use of tools; and the fundamental methods, the primordial tools, are the venerable three R's: reading, the knowledge of signs; writing, the making of signs; and arithmetic, the foundation of measurements.

What shall be added next?

Mankind is but a very small fraction of the universe, yet we boldly divide the universe into two parts, man and nature, and dwell as much at least on the one as on the other, as if they were equal. We may roughly divide our knowledge into that which deals primarily with man and that which deals primarily with nature; the latter makes up that which we call science, the former that which we call letters. Such a division is of course provisional, and indeed at bottom invalid; but it goes some way, and will serve as a clue to much.

In the beginning man turned his thoughts chiefly to man, and letters grew apace, while science as yet was hardly born. So literature, the story of man and his doings, his achievements and his hopes, early entered the schools, and held the first place there. But as the knowledge both of man and nature has in the course of time widened and deepened, man's conception of nature has spread larger and larger 'until, compared with it, his conception of himself has seemed not to grow at all or even to shrink. Literature, moreover, has run an uneven course, its sails now filled with a favouring wind, now flapping idly in a calm; but science has gone on in an unbroken progress, ever laying its hand on some new, hitherto untouched thing, never letting go that which it has once grasped, steadily swelling and fixing its realm.

Science has thus always grown, but never so rapidly as in these latter

days. Let man turn now where he may, he meets with science at every step and on every hand ; not only in gaining his daily bread, but in the defence of what he owns, in the pleasures, comforts, and luxuries which soften his life, in the thoughts which ennoble it, in the working out of the rules which should guide it, science has things to say, so important, so far reaching, so insistent that it seems a merest truism to insist that, so soon as the growing mind is able to take them in, the ways of science should be made known to it.

Hence science now claims, and justly claims, that so soon as the fundamental methods of all learning are acquired, they should be turned in part at least to her, and not, as in the early days when she was in her swaddling clothes, to letters alone. In plain language science should form in all our schools, from the elementary upwards, a part, and that no small part, of the teaching, even of that general teaching whose aim is limited to fitting the scholar for the simple duties of citizenship.

When I say the teaching of science, I mean the right teaching of science. Science cannot be taught out of books ; science is wholly at war with that modern idol, the written examination system, under whose heavy chariot wheels the budding potentialities of countless minds have been crushed. Science has to do with the things which are going on always before our very eyes, and the only right way to teach science is to bring the mind to the things themselves. Not by primers and text-books, not by didactic expositions, easy or hard, but by direct seeing, hearing, and handling, with the aid of instruments, simple if possible, but if not complex, can the mind be led in the right way. Science replaces the desk by the laboratory, in which the scholar labours and wrestles at first hand with the secrets of nature ; and the labour need be none the less fruitful because the laboratory happen to be a simple one, not a gorgeous palace imitating an exhibition, but a mere tray or a table bearing the most common tools.

Science so taught may claim the further good that the teaching rears not one faculty, but the whole being. In struggling with the actual problems of nature, that invalid distinction between body and mind, on which I touched a little while back, vanishes quite away. A quick eye, a sharp ear, a fine touch are as needful for the appreciation of things as nimbleness in logic or a retentive memory ; and a right learning of scientific truths involves a due training of what we call the body no less than of what we call the mind. It involves, too, a moral training. The royal road to scientific instruction is to step faithfully in the path of the inquirers who have wrested truths out of darkness ; and if the story of their labours be read, it will always be found that their success was due to such qualities as accuracy, dread of swerving one jot or tittle from the exact truth, patient endurance through long continued trials, and a humility

which keeps boldness on this side of rashness, no less than by piercing insight or sweeping grasp. By such qualities are the truths of science won, and only with them can science be truly taught. And are not these qualities the very ones whose possession marks the true citizen?

But here the very features of science, its far reaching and all pervading characters, while they bring the need of its being taught, bring also difficulties, great difficulties, in the way of teaching it. The story of man himself and his little works, the tale of his doings; his wrongs and rights, his woes and joys, his hopes and fears, his wars and his customs, is after all a compact story easily told. Moreover men have been busy telling it lifetime after lifetime; they have learnt how to tell it, how to unfold the story step by step before the growing mind, putting the simple things before the complex ones. The story has been made into a discipline.

The story of science on the other hand is not only a manifold and intricate, but also a growing and changing one. While the methods of teaching letters are very much alike, one tongue being taught in much the same way as another, and the story of one people like that of other peoples, each branch of science must be taught in its own way. And while the subject matter of the letters which our children learn to-day is much the same as that which we learnt in our time, and our fathers before us, with the continued march of science the way in which we ourselves look at even familiar things is shifting so frequently that some change, at times small, at times great, is repeatedly needed in the way in which we bring the young to look at them.

Moreover, save for one branch of it, that of mathematics, which, however important, is only a branch, science is on the whole a new tool in the schools, one to which the hand of the schoolmaster is as yet for the most part unaccustomed. The teacher of science is still in great measure a learner in the art of teaching. So long as this is so, it is the part of wisdom not to press too hurriedly the entrance of science into the school. It is better to teach letters well than science badly.

My theme to-day, however, is not the general education which rears the citizen, but that special preparation for a particular career which we call technical education. It seems to be repeating a mere truism to state that when a man's life is about to be given up to carrying out the industrial application of any science, that science should be made in some way a part of the rearing of his youth.

Let me here venture to make a distinction between that which may be called mere training and that which may be called real education. In the progress of civilisation the work done by man is increasingly replaced by work done by a machine. The lowest state of man is that of the mere labourer. Such a one is of use, like the horse, for the brute force of his muscles; he is a mere machine of flesh

and blood, and his place is soon taken by a machine of wood or iron. In his next stage he becomes a skilled workman. He has to perform a special task in the performance of which mere force is wholly subordinate to skill. Such skill has to be acquired by practice. What is needed may be some particular twist of the wrist, some special fineness of touch, some sharp appreciation of differences of colour, or the like; this has to be gained by repeated exercise. The man is still a machine; he has to do the same thing or the same things, and doing it or them again and again is taught to do it or them well. But such a teaching is training, not education. In most cases of this kind the quickest and most effective training is that which is begun and finished by help of the actual things which have to be done, by real tasks in the factory and workshop. It may perhaps in some cases save time and material if the early stages of the training are carried out on dummies and not on actual things; and such a collection of dummies has sometimes been called a technical school. But the mere preparation of qualities and powers, which, however finely developed, never constitute more than a machine, is training, not education; and it is the spoiling of a good word to use the name 'school' in such a way.

The next step in the nature of man's work is a great one. A machine is constructed to do a particular thing; and the more complex and delicate a machine the more limited is the use to which it can be put. A simple chopper may be used to cut at one time straw, at another wood; but if you put logs into a chaff-cutter you do not cut your wood, you only damage your machine. It is relatively easy to construct a machine which shall perform even a very complicated task, provided that be always the same; it is very difficult to construct a machine which, according to the circumstances it meets with, has to do now one thing, now another; and if the uncertainty of circumstances be great, the construction of a machine fitted to meet all the changes which may be met with becomes downright impossible.

Now in many occupations the task of the workman is not the mere repetition of the same act under all circumstances, but involves a change of action to meet a change of circumstance. If the changes which may occur are few, and such as it is possible to foresee, the workman may be prepared to meet them. As the engine-driver has his signals according to which he goes slow, or stops, or goes on ahead, so in each trade and art a code of signals may be prepared by obeying which the workman may successfully meet the changes in his task. But this can be done only for the changes which can be foreseen; and the leading of the workman to a right use of the signals is mere training, not education. So long as he does not know what the signal means, and what is its hidden connection with the change of tasks, he continues to work as a mere

machine; and indeed, so long as the code of signals remains a limited one, the machine of flesh and blood is in danger at every moment of being replaced by a machine of wood and iron.

But in all lines of life there comes in the possibility—nay, the likelihood—of the unexpected happening. In every occupation, even in the simple ones, the workman may meet with some unforeseen change in his task; he may be brought face to face with something not in his code of signals. If he be merely trained, not really educated, he does not know what to do; he does something by chance, and so doing may do the right thing, but is more likely to do the wrong thing, and, so blundering, to ruin his task, or he does nothing at all, which may mean equal ruin.

There is only one way to fit the workman to meet the unforeseen, and that is lifting him above the stage of a mere machine, to provide him with the power of judging what he ought to do and what he ought not to do. From a practical point of view the latter is perhaps the more important; much more harm is done in this world by men hastily rushing to the wrong course than by their shrinking from the right one. In all times the distinguishing mark of the instructed and wise has been a cautiousness contrasting with the rashness of the ignorant and foolish; and indeed the first use, perhaps the greater use, of true knowledge is the recognition, and so the avoidance, of the specious but often popular falsehoods which continually hover round man's path.

Now there is only one way in which through external influences a man can be fitted for forming a judgment amid unforeseen circumstances so that he may take the right course, or at least avoid hurrying into careless mistakes, and that is the education through which he is made to grasp the principles according to which in each occupation the action is suited to the circumstances. But in any occupation which is an application of science, the principles which underlie all the acts constituting the daily occupation, which are appealed to in every new departure, and which supply the guide in every doubt, form what we call the science itself. So that we come back to this, that the only true technical education of the workman whose work lies in the application of science—that is, education as distinguished from the mere training of a machine—is a rearing in the science which has provided him with his daily task. But if this be so the distinction between general and technical education seems in large measure to vanish.

Not wholly, however, for we may see a difference between the demands for the general furnishing of the citizen and those for the special equipment of the workman in a particular trade; and we may use the same science to meet the different demands in different ways.

For instance, the great science of chemistry, while it enters largely

into all philosophic conceptions of the nature of things, is at the same time the foundation of many crafts, and those the most diverse. On the one hand, it is not too much to say that he who is wholly ignorant of chemical science can have but an imperfect conception of the problems of the universe; on the other hand, the truths of chemistry lie at the bottom, not only of the special chemical industries, but also of many other occupations so diverse as those of the brewer, the sugar refiner, the dyer, the doctor, the artist, and yet others. Yet chemistry is one and undivided; the same fundamental principles guide at once the philosophic inquirer and each one of the several crafts. There are not several chemistries to be distributed in teaching according to the several needs; the same elementary truths must be taught to all. This does not, however, mean that these are to be taught to each in the same way. The brewer, the painter, and the doctor ought each of them to know chemistry; but to teach each in the same fashion and on the same lines is neither necessary nor desirable. The house of chemistry has many doors, and into it one may enter in many ways. In every craft which is based on chemistry, and in which the daily acts are applications of the science, each application is in its very nature an illustration; and the real teacher can out of the daily familiar task pluck the lesson which tells of pure science; he can make the trade itself the school. This is in the narrower sense technical as contrasted with general scientific education. It is not that technical science is different from general science, it is not that technical science is a bit cut out of general science, a bit which can be used by itself; for the general principles of a science—and with these alone not with signals and ‘tips,’ as we have seen, has real education to do—run as continuous threads through the whole science, and to cut them would be to undo it. Technical differs from general scientific education not in what is taught, but in the way of teaching. We may perhaps go a little further. The teaching of science consists largely in so bringing particular facts before the learner as to lead him through them up to general truths. The general teacher has a large choice of facts with which to begin; the technical teacher begins with the facts which lay immediately before him, as offered by the trade in which his pupils are engaged. Beyond that the truths which they work out are the same, and the methods which they employ are at bottom the same; the two kinds of teaching differ in their starting points, but are otherwise alike.

Here let me remind you of what I said a little while back of the difficulties of teaching science. If that be true of general science it is still more true of technical science. If it be a hard task to teach science rightly when the teacher has the whole realm of his science from which to choose his lesson, how much harder must be the task of him who is narrowed, at first at least, to a few ordinary things and has to lead up from them to broad general truths! If technical



education is to be of real avail, the technical teacher must be one who grasps the difficulties of his calling; but if this first necessary qualification be assured, the next step, that of gaining power to overcome them, will be a relatively easy one. Need I say that the reward of the teacher should be consonant with his task?

This may be a high view of technical education and a new view to some. But I would ask such to remember that, if there be any truth in what I have tried to lay before you, then technical education the real technical education on which I have dwelt, is after all only a kind of general education; and, if so, those who carry it out rightly, as from what I can see I believe you propose to do here, will have the satisfaction of knowing that in striving to fit the lad or the girl for the daily tasks of trade, they are at the same time fitting him or her for the general duties of life.

M. FOSTER.

## THE PRISONERS OF THE GODS

NONE among people visiting Ireland, and few among the people living in Ireland, except peasants, understand that the peasants believe in their ancient gods, and that, to them, as to their forbears, everything is inhabited and mysterious. The gods gather in the raths or forts, and about the twisted thorn trees, and appear in many shapes, now little and grotesque, now tall, fair-haired and noble, and seem busy and real in the world, like the people in the markets or at the crossroads. The peasants remember their old name, the *sheagh sidhe*, though they fear mostly to call them by any name lest they be angry, unless it be by some vague words, 'the gentry,' or 'the royal gentry,' or 'the army,' or 'the spirits,' or 'the others,' as the Greek peasant calls his Nereids; and they believe, after twelve Christian centuries, that the most and the best of their dead are among them.

A man close by the bog of Kiltartan said to the present writer: 'I don't think the old go among them when they die, but, believe me, it's not many of the young they spare, but bring them away till such time as God sends for them;' and a woman at Spiddal, in north-western Galway, where the most talk nothing but Gaelic, said: 'There are but few in these days that die right. The priests know all about them, more than we do, but they don't like to be talking of them, because they might be too big in our minds.' Halloran<sup>1</sup> of Inchy, who has told me and told a friend of mine many stories, says: 'All that die are brought away among them, except an odd old person.' And a man at Spiddal says: 'Is it only the young go there? Ah, how do we know what use they may have for the old as well as for the young?' A fisher woman among the Burren hills says: 'It's the good and the handsome they take, and those that are of use, or whose name is up for some good action. Idlers they don't like; but who would like idlers?' An old man near Gort has no fear of being taken, but says: 'What would they want with the like of me? It's'

<sup>1</sup> These names are not, of course, the real names. It seems better to use a name of some kind for every one who has told more than one story, that the reader may recognise the great number of strange things many a countryman and woman sees and hears. I keep the real names carefully, but I cannot print them.

the good and the pious they come for.' And an old woman living on a bog near Tuam says: 'I would hardly believe they'd take the old, but we can't know what they might want of them. And it's well to have a friend among them, and it's always said you have a right not to fret if you lose your children, for it's well to have them there before you. They don't want cross people, and they won't bring you away if you say so much as one cross word. It's only the good and the pious they want; now, isn't that very good of them?' •

There are countless stories told of people who meet 'the others' and meet friends and neighbours among them. This old woman tells of 'a man living over at Caramina, Rick Moran was his name, and one night he was walking over the little green hill that's near his house, and when he got to the top of it he found it like a fair green, just like the fair of Abbey with all the people that were in it, and a great many of them were neighbours he used to know when they were alive, and they were all buying and selling just like ourselves. And they did him no harm, but they put a basket of cakes into his hand and kept him selling them all through the night. And when he got home he told the story, and the neighbours, when they heard it, gave him the name of the cakes, and to the day of his death he was called nothing but Richard Crackers.'

A Spiddal man says: 'There was a man told me he was passing the road one night, near Cruach-na-Sheogue, where they are often seen dancing in the moonlight, and the walls on each side of the road were all crowded with people sitting on them, and he walked between, and they said nothing to him. And he knew many among them that were dead before that time.' And a weatherbound boatman from Roundstone had a friend who was 'out visiting one night, and coming home across the fields he came into a great crowd of them. They did him no harm, and among them he saw a great many that he knew that were dead, five or six out of our own village. And he was in his bed for two months after that. He said he couldn't understand their talk, it was like the hissing of geese, and there was one very big man that seemed the master of them, and his talk was like a barrel when it is being rolled.' Halloran of Inchy knew a man that was walking along the road near the corner where Mr. Burke and the soldier who was with him were shot in the time of the land troubles, and he saw 'in the big field that's near the corner a big fire and a lot of people round about it, and among them a girl he used to know that had died.'

The old inhabitants of the forts dug caves under the forts, in which they kept their precious things, one supposes, and these caves, though shallow enough, are often believed to go miles. They are thought paths-ways into the country of the dead, and I doubt not that many who have gone down into them shaking with fear, have fallen into a sudden trance, and have had visions, and have thought they had walked a

great way. The fisher woman among the Burren Hills tells this story, that has doubtless come of such a trance, and would be like the visions of St. Patrick's Purgatory if it were at all Christian :

'There's a forth away in the county Clare, and they say it's so long that it has no end. And there was a pensioner, one Rippingham, came back from the army, and a soldier has more courage than a gother, and he said he'd go try what was in it, and he got another man to go with him, and they went a long, long way and saw nothing, and then they came to where there was the sound of a woman beetling. And then they began to meet people they knew before, that had died out of the village, and they all told them to go back, but still they went on. And then they met the parish priest of Ballyvaughan, Father Ruane, that was dead, and he told them to go back, and so they turned and went. They were just beginning to come to the grandeur when they were turned away.'

The dead do not merely live among their captors as we might among a strange people, but have the customs and power which they have, and change their shapes and become birds and beasts when they will: A Mrs. Sheridan said to me, 'Never shoot a hare, for you wouldn't know what might be in it. There were two women I knew, mother and daughter, and they died, and one day I was out by the wood and I saw two hares sitting by the wall, and the minute I saw them I knew well who they were. And the mother made as though she'd kill me, but the daughter stopped her. Bad they must have been to be put into that shape, and indeed I knew that they were not too good. I saw the mother another time come up near the door as if to see me, and when she got near she turned herself into a big red hare.' The witches are believed to take the shape of hares, and so the hare's is a bad shape. Another time she saw 'the old Captain standing near the road, she knew well it was him, and while she was looking at him he was changed into the shape of an ass.'

Young children are believed to be in greater danger than anybody else, and the number of those whose cries are heard in the wind shows how much 'the others' have to do with the wind. A man called Martin, who lives by Kiltartan bog, says : 'Flann told me he was by the hedge up there by Mr. Gerald's farm one evening, and a blast came, and as it passed he heard something crying, crying, and he knew by the sound it was a child that they were carrying away.'

All the young are in danger, however, because of the long lives they have before them, and the desire of 'the others' to have their lives devoted to them and to their purposes. When I was staying with a friend in Galway a little time ago, an old woman came from the Burren Hills to ask for help to put a thatch on her cottage, and told us, crying and bemoaning herself, of the snatching away of her five children. One of us asked her about

a certain place upon the road where a boy had fallen from his cart and been killed, and she said :

‘It’s a bad piece of the road. There’s a forth near it, and it’s in that forth my five children are that were swept from me. I went and I told Father Lally I knew they were there, and he said, “Say your prayers, my poor woman, that’s all you can do” When they were young they were small and thin enough, and they grew up like a bunch of rushes, but then they got strong and stout and good-looking. Too good-looking they were, so that everybody would remark them and would say, “Oh ! look at Ellen Joyce, look at Catherine, look at Martin ! So good to work and so handsome and so loyal to their mother !” And they were all taken from me ; all gone now but one. Consumption they were said to get, but it never was in my family or in the father’s, and how would they get it without some privication ? Four of them died with that, and Martin was drowned. One of the little girls was in America and the other at home, and they both got sick at the one time, and at the end of nine months the both of them died.

‘Only twice they got a warning. Michael, that was the first to go, was out one morning very early to bring a letter to Mr. Blake. And he met on the road a small little woman, and she came across him again and again, and then again, as if to humbug him. And he got afraid, and he told me about her when he got home. And not long after that he died.

‘And Ellen used to be going to milk the cow for the nuns morning and evening, and there was a place she had to pass, a sort of an enchanted place, I forget the name of it.. And when she came home one evening she said she would go there no more, for when she was passing that place she saw a small little woman with a little cloak about her, and her face not the size of a doll’s face. And with the one look of her she got, she got a fright and ran as fast as she could and sat down to milk the cow. And when she was milking she looked up and there was the small little woman coming along by the wall. And she said she’d never go there again. So to move the thought out of her mind I said, “Sure that’s the little woman is stopping up at Shemus Mor’s house.” “Oh, it’s not, mother,” says she. “I know well by her look she was no right person.” “Then, my poor girl, you’re lost,” says I, for I knew it was the same woman that Michael saw. And sure enough, it was but a few weeks after that she died.

‘And Martin, the last that went, was stout and strong and nothing ailed him, but he was drowned. He’d go down sometimes to bathe in the sea, and one day he said he was going, and I said, “Do not, for you have no swim.” But a boy of the neighbour’s came after that and called to him, and I was making the little dinner for him, and I didn’t see him pass the door. And I never knew he was gone till

when I went out of the house the girl from next door looked at me some way strange, and then she told me two boys were drowned, and then she told me one of them was my own. Held down, they said he was, by something underneath. They had him followed there.

'It wasn't long after he died I woke one night, and I felt some one near, and I struck the light, and there I saw his shadow. He was wearing his little cap, but under it I knew his face and the colour of his hair. And he never spoke, and he was going out the door and I called to him and said, "O Martin, come back to me, and I'll always be watching for you!" And every night after that I'd hear things thrown about the house outside, and noises. So I got afraid to stop in it, and I went to live in another house, and I told the priest I knew Martin was not dead, but that he was still living.

'And about eight weeks after Catherine dying I had what I thought was a dream. I thought I dreamt that I saw her sweeping out the floor of the room. And I said, "Catherine, why are you sweeping? Sure you know I sweep the floor clean and the hearth every night." And I said, "Tell me where are you now?" and she said, "I'm in the forth beyond." And she said, "I have a great deal of things to tell you, but I must look out and see are they watching me." Now, wasn't that very sharp for a dream? And she went to look out the door, but she never came back again.

'And in the morning, when I told it to a few respectable people they said, "Take care but it might have been no dream but herself that came back and talked to you." And I think it was, and that she came back to see me and to keep the place well swept.

'Sure we know there were some in the forth in the old times, for my aunt's husband was brought away into it, and why wouldn't they be there now? He was sent back out of it again, a girl led him back and told him he was brought away because he answered to the first call, and that he had a right only to answer to the third. But he didn't want to come home. He said he saw more people in it than he ever saw at a hurling, and that he'd ask no better place than it in high heaven.'

Mystics believe that sicknesses and the elements do the will of spiritual powers, but Mrs. Joyce had not heard this, and so could only deny that her children had died of consumption or were drowned by the unaided waters. Her aunt's husband was doubtless called by a voice into the fort, and he went at the first call, instead of waiting, as the country people say all should, for the third call, which it seems cannot be called except by the living; and doubtless wandered about there in a dream and a sleep until it seemed in his dream that a girl of 'the others' led him out of the fort and he awoke.

Next to young children women after childbirth are held to be in most danger. I hear often of a year in which many were taken out of South Galway. A man about Tillyra said to me: 'It's about four-

teen years since so many young women were brought away after their child being born. Peter Regan's wife of Peterswell, and James Jordan's wife of Derreen, and Loughlin's wife of Lissatunna—hundreds were carried off in that year. They didn't bring so many since then; I suppose they brought enough then to last them a good while.' And a man near Gort says: 'And it's not many years ago that such a lot of fine women were taken from Gort very sudden after childbirth—fine women. I knew them all myself.'

These women are taken, it is believed, to suckle children who have been made captive or have been born from the loves of spirits for mortals. Another man from near Gort says: 'Linsky the slater's mother was taken away, it's always said. The way it's known is, it was not long after her baby was born, but she was doing well. And one morning very early a man and his wife were going in a cart to Loughrea one Thursday for the market, and they met some of those people, and they asked the woman that had her child with her, would she give a drink to their child that was with them. And while she was doing it they said, "We won't be in want of a nurse to-night; we'll have Mrs. Linsky of Gort." And when they got back in the evening, Mrs. Linsky was dead before them.'

A fisherman from Aasleagh showed a correspondent, who was sailing along by the Killeries, a spot on the side of Muel Rae where there was a castle 'haunted by evil spirits' who were often heard 'making a noise like screeching and crying and howling and singing,' and 'Peter's brother's wife' was there; 'she was taken in her labour. It was an evil spirit that was in her, she couldn't bring it to the birth alive. In the morning when her crying was done they went to see her. There wasn't a bit of her there.' Evil spirits had 'fetched her away, and they took the sack of potatoes to put her in, and the potatoes were running all over the road even down to the water. She's there shut up to nurse the queen's child. A fine creature she was.' The tales of fishermen are full of the evil powers of the world.

The old woman who lives on the bog near Tuam says: 'There are many young women taken by them in childbirth. I lost a sister of my own in that way. There's a place in the river at Newtown where there's stones in the middle you can get over by, and one day she was crossing, and there in the middle of the river, and she standing on a stone, she felt a blow on the face. And she looked round to see who gave it, and there was no one there, so then she knew what had happened, and she came to my mother's house, and she carrying at the time. I was but a little slip at that time, with my books in my hand coming from the school, and I ran in and said, "Here's Biddy coming," and my mother said, "What would bring her at this time of the day?" But she came in and sat down on a chair, and she opened the whole story. And my mother, seeing she got a fright, said to quiet her, "It was

only a pain you got in the ear, and you thought it was a blow." "Ah," she said, "I never got a blow that hurted me like that did."

'And the next day and every day after that, the ear would swell a little in the afternoon, and then she began to eat nothing, and at the last her baby wasn't born five minutes when she died. And my mother used to watch for her for three or four years after, thinking she'd come back, but she never did.'

Many women are taken, it is believed, on their marriage day, and many before their babies are born, that they may be born among 'the others.' A woman from the shore about Duras says: 'At Aughanish there were two couples came to the shore to be married, and one of the new-married women was in the boat with the priest, and they going back to the island. And a sudden blast of wind came, and the priest said some blessed words that were able to save himself, but the girl was swept.'

This woman was drowned, doubtless. Every woman who dies about her marriage day is believed to die, I think, because a man of 'the others' wants her for himself. Next after a young child and a woman in childbirth, a young, handsome and strong man is thought in most danger. When he dies about his marriage day he is believed to die, I think, because a woman of 'the others' wants him for herself. A man living near Coole says: 'My father? Yes, indeed, he saw many things, and I'll tell you a thing he told me, and there's no doubt in the earthly world about it. It was when they lived in Inchy they came over here one time to settle a marriage for Peter Quin's aunt. And when they had the marriage settled they were going home at dead of night. And a wedding had taken place that day, of one Merrick from beyond Turloughmore, and the drag was after passing the road with him and his party going home. And in a minute the road was filled with men on horses riding along, so that my father had to take shelter in Carthy's big haggard. And the horsemen were calling on Merrick's name. And twenty-one days after he lay dead. There's no doubt at all about the truth of that, and they were no riders belonging to this world that were on those horses.'

The hurling was the game of the gods in old times, and 'the others' are held everywhere to-day to delight in good hurlers and to carry them away. A man by the sea-shore near the Connemara hills in western Galway says: 'There was a man lived about a mile beyond Spiddal, and he was one day at a play, and he was the best at the hurling and the throwing and at every game.' And a woman in the crowd called out to him, "You're the strongest man that's in it." And twice after that a man that was beside him and that heard that said, saw him pass by, with his coat on, before sunrise. And on the fifth day after he was dead. He left four or



five sons, and some of them went to America, and the eldest of them married and was living in the place with his wife. And he was going to Galway for a fair, and his wife was on a visit to her father and her mother on the road to Galway, and she bid him to come early, that she'd have commands for him. So it was before sunrise when he set out, and he was going up a little side road through the fields to make a short cut, and he came on the biggest fair he ever saw, and the most people in it, and they made a way for him to pass through. And a man with a big coat and a tall hat came out from them and said, "Do you know me?" And he said, "Are you my father?" And he said, "I am, and but for me you'd be sorry for coming here, but I saved you; but don't be coming out so early in the morning again." And he said, "It was a year ago that Jimmy went to America." And that was true enough. And then he said, "And it was you that drove your sister away, and gave her no peace or ease, because you wanted the place for yourself." And he said, "That is true." And he asked the father, "Were you all these years here?" And he said, "I was. But in the next week I'll be moved to the west part of Kerry, and four years after that my time will come to die." It was the son himself told me all this.'

This man was taken according to the traditional philosophy because someone praised him and did not say 'God bless him,' for the admiration of a sinner may, it says, become the admiration of 'the others,' who do many works through our emotions, and become as a rope to drag us out of the world.

They take the good dancers too, for they love the dance. Old Langan, a witch doctor on the borders of Clare, says: 'There was a boy was a splendid dancer. Well, one night he was going to a house where there was a dance. And when he was about half way to it, he came to another house where there was music and dancing going on. So he turned in, and there was a room all done up with curtains and with screens, and a room inside where the people were sitting, and it was only those that were dancing sets that came to the outside room. So he danced two or three sets and then he saw that it was a house they had built up where there was no house before for him to come into. So he went out, but there was a big flagstone at the door, and he stumbled on it and fell down. And in a fortnight after he was dead.'

I know a doctor who met one day among the Burren Hills the funeral of a young man he had been attending some time before. He stopped and asked the sister why he had not been sent for of late, and she said, 'Sure you could do nothing for him, doctor.' It's well known what happened, him such a grand dancer, never home from a wedding or a wake till three o'clock in the morning, and living as he did beside a forth. It's *they* that have him swept.'

All the able-bodied, however, should fear the love of the gods.

A man who lives by Derrykeel, on the Clare border, says of a friend and neighbour of fifty years ago: 'We were working together, myself and him, making that trench you see beyond to drain the wood. And it was contract work, and he was doing the work of two men, and was near ready to take another piece. And some of the boys began to say to him, "It's a shame for you to be working like that, and taking the bread out of the mouth of another," and I standing there. And he said he didn't care what they said, and he took the spade and sent the scraws out flying to the right and to the left. And he never put a spade into the ground again, for that night he was taken ill and died shortly after. Watched he was and taken by *them*.'

Even the old and feeble should not feel altogether safe. I have been told at Coole that 'there was a man on this estate, and he sixty years, and he took to his bed and the wife went to Biddy Early, a famous wise woman of whom I have many stories, and said, "It can't be by *them* he's taken. What use would he be to them, being so old?" And Biddy Early is the one that should know, and she said, "Wouldn't he be of use to them to drive their cattle?"'

But all are not sad to go. I have heard 'there were two men went with poteen to the island of Aran. And when they were on the shore they saw a ship coming as if to land, and they said, "We'll have the bottle ready for those that are coming." But when the ship came close to land it vanished. And presently they got their boat ready and put out to sea. And a sudden blast came and swept one of them off. And the other saw him come up again, and put out the oar across his breast for him to take hold of it. But he would not take it, but said, "I'm all right now," and sank down again, and was seen no more.'

There is indeed no great cause why any should fear anything except in the parting, for they expect to find there things like the things they have about them in the world, only better and more plentiful. A man at Derrykeel says: 'There was a woman walking in the road that had a young child at home, and she met a very old man having a baby in his arms. And he asked would she give it a drop of breast milk. So she did, and gave it a drink. And the old man said, "It's well for you you did that, for you saved your cow by it; but to-morrow look over the wall into the field of the rich man that lives beyond the boundary, and you'll see that one of his was taken in the place of yours." And so it happened.'

Mrs. Colahan of Kiltartan says: 'There was a woman living on the road that goes to Scahanagh, and one day a carriage stopped at her door and a grand lady came out of it, and asked would she come and give the breast to her child. And she said she wouldn't leave her own children, but the lady said no harm would happen them, and brought her away to a big house, but when she got there she

wouldn't stop, but went home again. And in the morning the woman's cow was dead.'

And because it is thought 'the others' and the dead may need the milk for the children that are among them, it is thought wrong to 'begrudge' the cows. An old farmer at Coole says: 'The way the bad luck came to Tommy Glyn was when his cow fell sick and lay for dead. He had a right to leave it or to kill it himself. But his father-in-law was covetous, and he cut a bit of the lug off it, and it rose again, and he sold it for seven pound at the fair of Tubber. But he never had luck since then, and lost four or five bullocks, near all he owned.' To 'cut a bit of the lug off it' is, it seems, a recognised way of breaking the enchantment.

A man at Gortaveha says: 'There was a drunkard in Scariff, and one night he had drink taken he couldn't get home, and fell asleep by the roadside near the bridge. And in the night he woke and heard them at work, with cars and horses, and one said to another, "This work is too heavy; we'll take the white horse belonging to Whelan" (that was the name of a rich man in the town). So, as soon as it was light, he went to this rich man, and told him what he heard them say. But he would only laugh at him and said, "I'll pay no attention to what a drunkard dreams." But when he went out after to the stable, the white horse was dead.' A woman near Spiddal says: 'We had a mare, the grandest from this to Galway, had a foal there on that floor, and before long both mare and foal died. And I often hear them galloping round the house, both mare and foal, and I not the only one, but many in the village can hear them too.'

Roots and plants are taken too. I have heard of their pulling the nuts in the woods about Coole, and a woman who lives on the side of the road between Gort and Ardahan says: 'There was a girl used to come with me every year to pick water grass, and one year I couldn't go and she went by herself. And when she looked up from picking it she saw a strange woman standing by her with a red petticoat about her head and a very clean white apron. And she took some of the water in her hand and threw it in the girl's face and gave her a blow and told her never to come there again. Vexed they were the water grass to be taken away; they wanted it left to themselves.'

A Galway lady tells of great noises that she and her household heard coming out of the apple room, and I asked a friend's gardener if he ever heard noises of the kind, and he said, 'For all the twelve nights I slept in the apple house I never saw anything, and I never went to bed or stripped off my clothes all the time, but I kept up a good turf fire all the night. But every night I could hear the sound of eating and of knives and forks, I don't know, was it the apples they were eating or some dinner they brought with them. And one night one of them jumped down from the granary over the bed, I

could hear him scraping with his hands, and I went out and never came in again that night, and ever since that time I am a bit deaf.' Once he was in the grape house and there came a great wind and shook the house, and when it had gone by one of the bunches had been 'swept.' He has often heard that the pookas, a kind of mischievous spirits that come mostly in the shape of animals and are associated with November, take away the blackberries in the month of November, and he says: 'Anyway, we know that when the potatoes are taken it's by "the gentry," and surely this year they have put their fancy on them.'

Kirwan, the faery man of a place opposite Aran, under the Connemara hills, who learns many things from his sister who is away among them, says: 'Last year I was digging potatoes, and a boy came by, one of *them*, and one that I knew well before. And he said, "They're yours this year, and the next two years they will be ours." And you know the potatoes were good last year, and you see how bad they are this year, and how they have been made away with. And the sister told me that half the food in Ireland goes to them, but that if they like they can make out of cow dung all they want, and they can come into a house and use what they like, and it will never be missed in the morning.'

The woman on the bog near Tuam says: 'There's a very loughy woman living up that breen beyond, is married to a man of the Gillanes, and last year she told me that a strange woman came into her house and sat down, and asked her had she good potatoes, and she said she had. And the woman said, "You have them this year, but we'll have them next year." And she said, "When you go out of the house it's your enemy you'll see standing outside." And when she went away the woman went to the door to see what way did she go, but she could see her nowhere. And sure enough there was a man standing outside that was a near neighbour and was her most enemy.' A correspondent found a man on the Killeries cutting oats with a scissors, and was told that they had seen his scythe the year before, and to keep him from taking the oats they 'came in the middle of the night and trampled it all down, so he was cutting it quietly this year.'

It is, I think, a plausible inference that, just as people who are taken grow old among them, so unripe grain and fruits and plants that are taken grow ripe among them. Everything, according to this complex faith, seems to have a certain power of life it must wear out, a certain length of life it must live out, in either world, and the worlds war on one another for its possession.

A sound of fighting is often heard about dying persons, and this is thought to come of fighting between their dead friends who would prevent their being taken, and those who would take them. An old man died lately near Coole, and some of the neighbours heard

fighting about his house, though one neighbour of his own age will not believe it was for him, because he was 'too cross and too old' to be taken; and last year I met a man on the big island of Aran who heard fighting when two of his children died. I did not write his story down at the time, and so cannot give his very words. One night he heard a sound of fighting in the room. He lit the light, but everything became silent at once and he could see nothing. He put out the light and the room was full of the sound of fighting as before. In the morning he saw blood in a box he had to keep fish in, and his child was very ill. I do not remember if his child died that day, but it died soon. He heard fighting another night, and he tried to throw the quilt on the people who were fighting, but he could not find anybody. In the morning he found blood scattered about and his second child dead. A man he knew was in love with a girl who lived near and used to sleep with her at night, and he was going home that morning and saw a troop of them, and the child in the middle of them. Once, while he was telling this story, he thought I was not believing him, and he got greatly excited and stood up and said he was an old man and might die before he got to his house and he would not tell me a lie, before God he would not tell me a lie.

A man near Cahir-glissane says: 'As to fighting for those that are dying, I'd believe in that. There was a girl died not far from here, and the night of her death there was heard in the air the sound of an army marching and the drums beating, and it stopped over her house where she was lying sick. And they could see no one, but could hear the drums and the marching plain enough, and there was like little flames of lightning playing about it.'

A woman at Kiltartan says: 'There does often be fighting heard when a person is dying. John King's wife that lived in this house before I came to it, the night she died there was a noise heard, that all the village thought that every wall of every garden round about was falling down. But in the morning there was no sign of any of them being fallen.'

A woman at Spiddal says: 'There are more of them in America than what there are here, and more of other sort of spirits. There was a man came from there told me that one night in America he had brought his wife's niece that was sick back from the hospital, and had put her in an upper room. And in the evening they heard a scream from her, and she called out, "The room is full of them, and my father is with them and my aunt." And he drove them away, and used the devil's name and cursed them. And she was left quiet that night, but the next day she said, "I'll be destroyed altogether to-night with them." And he said he'd keep them out, and he locked the door of the house. And towards midnight he heard them coming to the door and trying to get in, but he kept it locked and

he called to them by way of the keyhole to keep away out of that. And there was talking among them, and the girl that was upstairs said she could hear the laugh of her father and of her aunt. And they heard the greatest fighting among them that ever was, and after that they went away, and the girl got well. That's what often happens, crying and fighting for one that's sick or going to die.'

. A woman at Coole says: 'There was an old woman the other day was telling me of a little girl was put to bake a cake, for her mother was sick in the room. And when she turned away her head for a minute the cake was gone. And that happened the second day and the third, and the mother was vexed when she heard it, thinking some of the neighbours had come in and taken it away. But the next day an old man appeared, and they knew he was the grandfather, and he said, "It's by me the cake was taken, for I was watching the house these three nights, where I knew there was one sick in it. And you never knew such a fight as there was for her last night, and they would have brought her away but for me that had my shoulder to the door." And the woman began to recover from that time.'

The woman on the bog near Tuam says: 'It's said to be a very good place, with coaches and all such things, but a person would sooner be in this world, for all that. And when a man or a woman is dying, the friends and the others among them will often gather about the house and will give a great challenge for him.'

And Langan, the faery man on the borders of Clare and Galway, says: 'Everyone has friends among them, and the friends would try to save when others would be trying to bring you away.'

Sometimes those they are trying to take seem to have a part in the fight, for they tell about Kiltartan of a woman who seemed dying, and suddenly she sat up and said, 'I have had a hard fight for it,' and got well after; and they understood her words to mean that she was fighting with the host of 'the others.'

Sometimes, too, the friends and neighbours and relations who are among them are thought to help, instead of hindering, the taking away. The fisherwoman from Burren says: 'There was my own uncle that lived on the road between Kinvara and Burren, where the shoemaker's shop is now, and two of his children were brought away from him. And the third he was determined he would keep, and he put it to sleep between himself and the wife in the bed. And one night a hand came in at the window and tried to take the child, and he knew who the hand belonged to, and he saw it was a woman of the village that was dead. So he drove her away and held the child, and he was never troubled again after that.'

And Kirwin the faery man says: 'One night I was in the bed with the wife beside me, and the child near me, next the fire. And I turned and saw a woman sitting by the fire, and she made a snap at

the child, and I was too quick for her and got hold of it, and she was at the door and out of it before I could get hold of her.' The woman was his sister, who is among them and has taught him his unearthly knowledge.

In November 'the others' are said to fight for the harvest, and I may find, when I know more, that this fight is between the friends of the living among the dead, and those among the dead who would carry it away. The shadow of battle was over all Celtic mythology, for the gods established themselves and the fruitfulness of the world, in battle against the Fomor, or powers of darkness and barrenness; and the children of Mill, or the living, and perhaps the friends of the living, established themselves in battle against the gods and made them hide in the green hills and in the barrows of the dead, and they still wage an endless battle against the gods and against the dead.

W. B. YEATS.

## ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH: A SKETCH

AN article by Mr. Reginald Statham in the *National Review* for last April reminded me that, in spite of the bewildering rush of quickly succeeding celebrities, the name and the genius of Clough were far from being forgotten, and that a kind of duty rested upon the few still living who knew him well, to make known any relevant facts and recollections, not hitherto made public property, which they retained in memory, concerning a personality so remarkable. He and I were close friends for several years; and although circumstances kept us apart for a long time before his death, the deep affection and respect which he inspired would not have allowed me to refrain, after he was gone, from bearing testimony to his admirable gifts, were it not that the publication of my brother's *Thyrsis* seemed to render the weaker words that I could utter unnecessary and inopportune. But many years have passed since *Thyrsis* appeared; and now, that the slight contribution which I can render to the just estimate of that singularly beautiful soul may not be lost, I desire—

Dum memor ipse mei, dum spiritus hos regit artus—

to revive the recollections of fifty years ago, and speak of Clough as he was in the brimming fulness of his powers, ere too much thinking, and those quick revulsions to which his mind was subject, had dulled the edge of his marvellous intelligence.

Apart from the gifts of imagination and mental analysis, Clough was of a noble, pure, and self-controlling nature. His friends felt certain that the temptations to excess which assail young men, at Universities and elsewhere, had by him been resolutely and victoriously resisted. His clear black eyes, under a broad, full, and lofty forehead, were often partly closed, as if through the pressure of thought; but when the problem occupying him was solved, a glorious flash would break from the eyes, expressive of an inner joy and sudden illumination, which fascinated any who were present. For though his sense of humour was keen, the spirit of satire was absent; benevolence in his kindly heart never finding a difficulty in quelling ill-nature. It will be said that there are many satirical strokes in



*Dipsychus*, and this is true; but they are aimed at classes—their follies and hypocrisies—never at any individual, except himself. His mouth was beautifully formed, but both it and the chin were characterised by some lack of determination and firmness. This deficiency, however, so far as it existed, was harmful only to himself; those who sought his counsel or help found in him the wisest of advisers, the steadiest and kindest of friends.

I first knew him as a boy at Rugby School. He was in the School-house, my brother and I at that time living at home, and preparing for Winchester with a private tutor. He was, I think, not seldom in the private part of the house; for my mother, who marked his somewhat delicate health, conceived a great liking for him; and his gentleness, and that unwonted *humanity* of nature which made him unlike the ordinary schoolboy, caused him to be a welcome guest in her drawing-room. What Mr. Statham says of his excellence as a goal-keeper in the football matches is quite true. He wore neither jersey nor cap; in a white shirt, and with bare head, he would face the rush of the other side as they pressed the ball within the line of the goal-posts; and not seldom, by desperate struggling, he was the first to 'touch it down,' thus baulking the enemy of his expected 'try at goal.'

My brother left Winchester and entered at Rugby in the summer of 1837; I followed him three months later. Clough, who had been elected a Scholar of Balliol in November 1836, and then returned to Rugby with a view to an exhibition from the School (which of course he obtained), went into residence at Oxford in October 1837, three or four days after I came from Winchester. The general impression in the School about him then was, that he was of an ability quite extraordinary, and would certainly do great things.

From that time till I went up to Oxford myself in October 1842 I saw but little of him. But we heard that he did not carry all before him, as we thought he ought to have done; and without in the least altering our opinion of his intellectual strength, we speculated on what could be the cause of failure. I remember—it must have been, I think, after his comparative failure in the schools in 1841—his coming up to my father in the front court of the School-house, standing in front of him with face partly flushed and partly pale, and saying simply, 'I have failed.' My father looked gravely and kindly at him, but what he said in reply I do not remember, or whether he said anything. In the spring of 1842 he was elected to a Fellowship at Oriel.<sup>1</sup> After I came up to University in October, Clough, Theodore Walrond, my brother and I formed a little interior company, and saw a great deal of one another. We used often to go skiffing up the Cherwell, or else in the network of river channels that

<sup>1</sup> *Poems and Prose Remains*, i. 22.

meander through the broad meadows facing Iffley and Sandford. After a time it was arranged that we four should always breakfast in Clough's rooms on Sunday morning. These were times of great enjoyment. Sir Robert Peel was in power; he was breaking loose more and more from the trammels of mere party connexion, and the shrewd Rentoul, who then edited the *Spectator*, welcomed in the Conservative chief the only true statesman that England had seen since the days of Canning. The *Spectator* of the day before used to arrive at breakfast-time, and the leading articles were eagerly read and discussed. Ireland especially—Rentoul seemed to hold—conciliated by the Maynooth Bill, the Colleges Act, and other healing measures, bade fair to pose no longer as England's difficulty. With this estimate of Peel Clough seemed on the whole to be in cordial agreement.

Between 1843 and 1845 there was a small society in existence at Oxford called the Decade. Among its members were Jowett, Arthur Stanley, Coleridge, my brother, Chichester Fortescue, John Campbell Shairp, the present writer, and several others. Shairp has described<sup>2</sup> two speeches made by Clough at meetings of the Decade. The impressions of the future Professor of Poetry seem to have been in unison with my own, that no member of the society spoke in so rich, penetrating, original, and convincing a strain as Clough. He was not rapid, yet neither was he slow or hesitating; he seemed just to take time enough to find the right word or phrase wherein to clothe his thought. My recollections have grown sadly dim; but I remember one debate when he spoke to a resolution that I had proposed in favour of Lord Ashley's Ten Hours Bill. In supporting the resolution he combated the doctrines of *laissez faire* and the omnipotence and sufficiency of the action of Supply and Demand, then hardly disputed in England, with an insight marvellous in one who had so little experience of the industrial life, and at the same time with a strict and conscientious moderation. This must have been in 1844 or 1845.

He had scrupled much about signing the Articles, then a necessary preliminary before taking the M.A. degree; however, he did sign them, though reluctantly, and became a Master of Arts in the course of 1844.

In August 1845 a party of Oxford men, who had planned a walking tour in the Highlands, met at Calder Park, near Glasgow, the home of Theodore Walrond, one of the party. The others were Clough, Shairp, my brother Edward, afterwards an Inspector of Schools in the West of England, and myself. An account of this expedition is given in a long letter from Clough to Burbidge.<sup>3</sup> During the few days that we spent at Calder Park before setting out, Clough

<sup>2</sup> *Poems*, &c. i. 25.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* i. 97.

talked very brilliantly, being much drawn out and stimulated by the lively sallies of Miss Walrond. Agnes Walrond was then, though not exactly beautiful, a very charming, handsome, and graceful woman; and she seemed quick to comprehend the intellectual force and many-sidedness of Clough. She afterwards married Mr. Henley, son of the well-known member for Oxfordshire, and still, I hope, remembers the pleasant days which her parents' hospitality secured for us Southrons at that far-distant date.

When we returned, 'dirty, dusty, and bankrupt,' as Clough says, to Calder Park, we found Scott's grandchildren, Walter and Charlotte Lockhart, staying there. The grandson, then a lively young officer in the 16th Lancers, was much like military men everywhere. I could not trace in him the likeness to Sir Walter which people talked of. But in the sister it was evident enough. The set and expression of the eyes, the height of the somewhat narrow forehead, reminded one strongly of the pictures of her grandfather. She sang old Scotch songs with an exquisite and simple grace. Both Clough<sup>4</sup> and Shairp<sup>5</sup> speak of the visit to Milton Lockhart, where we saw the famous editor of the *Quarterly* walking on the terrace. Shairp brought up Clough and introduced him, and Lockhart, though evidently out of health, conversed with him frankly and cordially. Besides speaking of the infidelity common among the Lanarkshire farmers at that time, Clough told us that Lockhart assured him that a number of Burns's songs in MS., much more loose and licentious than any of those published, were circulating among the peasantry. Lockhart was a tall, thin, dark-eyed man; his face, though it wore a severe, not to say harsh, expression, was singularly handsome.

In 1847 he wrote some beautiful quatrains—'Qui laborat, orat'—which were first published in 1849. The circumstances under which he wrote them, while staying for a night with me at my London lodgings, are described in Mr. S. Waddington's monograph, *Arthur Hugh Clough*, at p. 138.

In the long vacation of 1847, Clough took a reading-party to the Highlands. For several weeks he was established at a large farmhouse—since turned into an inn—called Drumnadrochit, on the north shore of Loch Ness and not far from the Fall of Foyers. The party numbered, so far as I recollect, six or seven men; among them were Warde Hunt, afterwards a well-known figure in the House of Commons, and Charles Lloyd, son of a former bishop of Oxford. It was this reading-party that gave occasion to the 'Long Vacation Pastoral,' which he published under the name of 'The Bothie of 'Tober na Vuolich.' The origin of the name was this. Several Oxford friends, Shairp, the present Archdeacon Scott of Dublin, with a younger brother,—Theodore Walrond, and myself, arranged to beat up the quarters of the Drumnadrochit party while making a walking

<sup>4</sup> *Poems*, &c. i. 99.

<sup>5</sup> *Ibid.* i. 27.

tour, which we were minded to extend to Skye. On the way north, at Loch Rannoch, Shairp and I parted from the rest, in order to explore the western shore of the long and lonely sheet of water known as Loch Ericht. We were to rejoin the rest at Dalwhinnie the next day. The path along the lake was winding and rough, and at nightfall we had only walked as far as the forester's hut, about one-third of the distance. All this side of Loch Ericht was said at that time to be Lord Abercorn's deer-forest; and there was no other human dwelling on that shore but this hut of the forester, which was named on the maps 'Toper-na-fuosich.' The forester and his wife were hospitable enough; such fare and lodging as they had were kindly tendered; and Shairp and I passed the night tolerably well. When we reached Drumna-drochit, Shairp in his cheery genial way made the most of the incident of the 'Bothie' at which we had slept, and Clough chose to give the name of the hut to the home of Elspie his heroine (though that was far enough from Loch Ericht), and to find in the same name a title for his poem. Accordingly the first edition (published by Macpherson, an Oxford bookseller, in 1848) bore the title 'Bothie of Toper-na-fuosich.' Later on it was discovered that the maps were wrong, and that the true name of the hut was Tober-na-Vuolich, to which accordingly it has been altered in all later editions.

The 'Bothie' found me in New Zealand before the end of 1848. The force and variety of this extraordinary poem, the melody of great portions of it, its penetrating dialectic, its portrayal of passionate tenderness, the nearness to Nature in its descriptions and in its whole texture, filled me with wonder and delight. There was one man then in New Zealand, and perhaps only one, who was capable of valuing the treasure, and with him I hastened to share it. This was Alfred Domett, the poet, journalist, and politician, who was then Colonial Secretary for the Wellington province. A Cambridge man, he welcomed with generous fervour this strange product of the Oxford mind.

In this poem a sunny optimism reigns, which is dependent on the development of the principal character, Philip Hewson. A Radical, a passionate lover of human equality, and at the same time an idealist, Philip preaches the dignity of labour, and sees beauty in its humblest manifestations, incurring thereby the scorn and sarcasm of Lindsay, his Conservative fellow-pupil. The poem is too well known to require analysis here; it is enough to say that the tone of optimism holds on to the end; Philip marries his Elspie, and they sail for New Zealand.

When the 'Bothie' appeared, its reception was of a mixed character. Kingsley devoted to it the whole of a warmly eulogistic article in *Fraser's Magazine*; but the *Spectator* was 'contemptuous;' and in Oxford, Clough wrote to Emerson, the verdict was that it was 'indecent and profane, immoral and communistic.' The author of this

sweeping criticism must, I think, have been a dear and excellent man, but narrow—a clerical tutor of my own college, who, when an epic poem called ‘Nature a Parable’ appeared, was said to have praised it highly, declaring it to be equal to the *Paradise Lost* as poetry, and *much more orthodox*!

The tempest of the Paris Revolution in February 1848 was heard of in New Zealand soon after I landed in the colony. What a time of boundless excitement for the young and unsteady was that year 1848! Battles in the streets of great cities—constitutions torn to rags—insurrection everywhere—resignations of crowns—Chartist meetings—wars changing the frontiers of States—Italy rising against Austria—Hungary striking for independence—Russia sending her legions across the Carpathians—Rome turned into a republic:—this was the sort of ‘foreign intelligence’ that my friends at home expected to find, and usually did find, in their morning papers. Even I at the distance of half the globe, having steeped myself in French revolutionary literature before leaving England, watched for the tidings of those mighty events, and seemed to feel the reverberation of those shocks. My brother, to whom literature then and always meant more than politics, wrote two admirable sonnets on the Revolution in France. Yet, with banter irrepressible, in the thick of the wild hubbub, he addressed to Clough a letter with the superscription ‘Citizen Clough, Oriel Lyceum, Oxford.’ Clough, having resigned his tutorship at Oriel in April, went to Paris in May, and stayed there some weeks. His letters thence to Arthur Stanley,<sup>6</sup> though of course they can only be regarded as those of an intelligent outsider, are extremely interesting.<sup>7</sup> Meantime the internal revolt against all spiritual fetters did not cease to work. ‘When shall I see you again?’ he wrote to me. ‘Will you hire yourself out as a common labourer? I hope not, but one may do worse undoubtedly; ’tis at any rate honester than being a teacher of XXXIX Articles.’ Of course neither as Tutor nor as Fellow was he, strictly speaking, bound to any such duty; but the fact of having been obliged to sign the said Articles as a condition of teaching in the University at all made him chafe against his academical position. In October 1848 he resigned his fellowship, and wrote to me soon afterwards that he was ‘loose on the world,’ but did not intend to seek any definite employment immediately. As he did not throw off his Master’s gown, ‘his proceedings made no difference to him at Oxford, and he was extremely jolly meantime, rejoicing in his emancipation.’ In January 1849 he accepted the headship of University Hall, which had just been established in connexion with University College, Gower Street; but his work there could not commence till the following

<sup>6</sup> *Poems*, &c. i. 121.

<sup>7</sup> Still better, perhaps was the summary of the general impression left by his visit, which he sent to me in a letter written in July 1848 (*ibid.* 131).

October. Following out his desire of making further researches in the real human world before settling down to work, Clough went to Rome in April 1849, and remained there during the siege of the city by the French—saw their entry in July, and then went to Naples.

During this enforced residence at Rome his mind must have been in a wild, semi-chaotic state. He wrote many letters, chiefly to F. T. Palgrave, but also to myself and others; they tell nothing, however, of the thoughts that were surging within him. 'Instinct turns instinct out,'<sup>8</sup> and impression impression.\* Rome disappoints him; at first he calls it 'rubbishy,' yet after a while he partly yields to its spell. He wrote here the *Amours de Voyage*,<sup>9</sup> a long hexameter poem in five cantos, with lovely passages of elegiac verse scattered through it. The plot is very simple: Claude, the hero, meets at Rome, at the time of the siege, an English family, the Trevellyns, and becomes intimate with them. With Mary Trevellyn he falls in love, or at any rate becomes attached to her; she, sweet girl that she is, while guarding ever her maiden dignity and reserve, lets it appear that he would not woo her in vain. The siege ends; the Trevellyns leave Rome, intending to travel homewards by slow stages. Claude follows, thinking to overtake them at Milan or Como. But a number of small mishaps cause him to miss them; they proceed across the Alps to Lucerne; he, thinking that the Fates are against his love, and too dejected to struggle, returns to Florence and Rome, and renounces hope.

This melancholy conclusion was not relished by some of his best friends. A curious letter<sup>9</sup> in answer to a friend whose name is not given (but who I think must have been Shairp) defends the inculcated *conception* of the poem in the strongest terms, while doubting as to the sufficiency of the execution. Emerson, too,<sup>10</sup> 'reprimanded' him strongly for the termination of the *Amours de Voyage*. Clough admits that he may be right, but maintains that he intended the poem to end in this way from the first. After all, if the *Amours* be read carefully, and the circumstances considered under which it was written, the fiasco of poor Claude's love is intelligible enough. Amidst falling thrones and the shock of warring nations, this gifted Englishman, if for the moment<sup>11</sup> we may allow ourselves to identify Clough with Claude—the Hamlet of the nineteenth century—whose inner being, once strongly rooted in the old-world faith and hope, had also gone all a-wrack, and could find no answer to the invading, paralysing doubt, is unable to trust either himself or the woman whom he loves to be proof against change in a changing world. One of the strangest of his moods lands him in the conception that, but for the foreseen certainty that the marriage-tie could not bind

<sup>8</sup> *Dipsychus*, ii. 124.

\* *Poems*, &c. i. 167.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* p. 235.

<sup>11</sup> Only for the moment, of course; for Clough could not possibly have acted as Claude acted.

for ever, that death must sooner or later set the prisoner free, no reasonable men would marry :

But for the funeral train which the bridegroom sees in the distance,  
Would he so joyfully, think you, fall in with the marriage procession ?  
But for the final discharge, would he dare to enlist in that service ?  
But for the certain release, ever sign to that perilous contract ?

But how about the other party to the contract ? All he has to say is that 'the women, God bless them ; they don't think at all about it.' Yet he loves Mary Trevellyn well enough to make great efforts to join her, so that they may come to an understanding ; but when these efforts are baffled, doubt comes victoriously back, and his enterprise, only half willed, 'loses the name of action.' Courage in him, he seems to see, is 'factitious,' love 'factitious,' all strength of resolve 'factitious'—aspiration to the Absolute, the most factitious of all. Nay, as to her, 'Is she not changing herself—the old image would only delude me.' He feels himself a 'pitiful fool ;' he has allowed the tide to ebb that was bearing him on to marriage and a happy life ; yet help himself he cannot.

This poem, written in 1849, was not published till 1858, when the beautiful closing lines must have been added. Like Chaucer at the end of *Troilus and Creseyde*, the poet launches his 'litel book' upon the world, and bids it,

—if curious friends ask of thy rearing and age,  
Say, 'I am flitting about many years, from brain unto brain of  
Feeble and restless youths, born to inglorious days ;  
But,' so finish the word, 'I was writ in a Roman chamber,  
When from Janiculan heights thundered the cannon of France.'

At Naples, whither, as was said above, he went after leaving Rome, he wrote that terrible elegy, *Easter Day*. Strauss, the Hegelian critic, clad in an armour, seemingly of proof, of Pantheistic philosophy and cool all-questioning logic, had destroyed for him the faith in Christ overcoming death. An unutterable sadness is stamped on the lines which bid the believing women go to their homes and mind their daily tasks, the disciples return to their nets, because 'He is not risen.' Clough could not scoff like Voltaire, nor speak of such things lightly, like other Balliol men, his contemporaries. Nor does he let the matter stand there. None can say what was his precise meaning, but in the second 'Easter Day' he seems to half recant the cold and cruel theory of the first :

Though dead, not dead ;  
Not gone, though fled ;  
Not lost, though vanished ;  
In the great gospel and true creed  
He is yet risen indeed ;  
Christ is yet risen.

In October of this same year, 1849, he was back in London

and beginning work at University Hall. Two years passed; then, towards the end of 1851, the principalship of a college at Sydney fell vacant; he stood for it unsuccessfully; but 'this became the occasion of his quitting University Hall.' No direct explanation is given; but we are told that 'he found himself expected to express agreement with the opinions of the new set among whom he had fallen;' which of course he could not do. He had spoken of 'intolerance,' as we have seen; he had also written to his sister (p. 119), 'As for the Unitarians, they're better than the other Dissenters, and that's all; but to go to their chapels—No!' Moreover the *Amours de Voyage*, though not published, had been freely shown about; if the authorities at the Hall had become acquainted with it, they would have felt uneasy, and might have been glad of a decent excuse to get rid of him.

In the autumn of 1850, before the work began again at University Hall, Clough went to Venice, and there wrote or commenced his extraordinary Faust-poem, the *Dipsychus*. Superficially it much resembles the work of Goethe; nevertheless, substantially, it is an entirely independent creation. *Dipsychus* is the hero of the blank-verse dramatic poem which bears the same name. His mental conditions are much the same as those of Claude in the *Amours*, but he has braced himself up to the resolution to *act*, to give up waiting and wavering, and be a man amongst men. The 'Spirit' is his worldly self—his own common sense; ironical, sarcastic, and prudent. In *Dipsychus* himself there are two natures: the earlier idealistic, descending from boyhood and youth; the later pessimistic, inspired by the destructive logic of the time, and somewhat embittered by the blows of adverse fortune.

In May 1851, he sent me out a poem which is printed in his works as 'A London Idyll.' 'Let it remind you,' he wrote, 'of the ancient Kensington Gardens. Fresh from the oven it is, I assure you, *tibi primo confisum*.' It opened—

On grass, on gravel, in the sun,  
Or now beneath the shade,  
They went in pleasant Kensington,  
A footman and a maid.

Perhaps this seemed to him rather too realistic, and the fourth line was altered before publication to

A prentice and a maid—

at the cost of introducing something of tameness and vagueness. Or, perhaps, the serious philosophy of the third and following stanzas appeared to him to clash a little with the half-ludicrous ideas which the original opening might suggest. Few things more profound in



conception, or more perfect in workmanship, have been given to the nineteenth century than the following lines :—

Th' high-titled cares of adult strife,  
Which we our duties call,  
Trades, arts, and politics of life,  
Say, have they after all

One other object, end, or use,  
Than that, for girl and boy,  
The punctual earth may still produce  
This golden flower of joy ?

Ah ! years may come, and years may bring  
The truth that is not bliss,  
But will they bring another thing  
That can compare with this ?

In 1852, the hope of obtaining a post in the Education Department being temporarily frustrated by the resignation of the Liberal government, Clough went to America, and stayed at first with Emerson, who welcomed him with the greatest kindness to his house at Concord. Another kind and most faithful friend was Professor Charles Norton. But the climate did not agree with him ; the terrible east winds, prevailing far on into the summer, made him ever the victim of ' a kind of rheumatic cold ; ' and when the offer of a post in the English Education Office was renewed in 1853, he accepted it, and the end of July in that year found him in London. He married Miss Blanche Smith, a relation of Miss Nightingale, in 1854.

I returned from parts Australian in the autumn of 1856, with a wife and three children. If I rightly remember, Clough was in Westmoreland in the early summer of 1857, and there we met again. I thought him a good deal changed ; his cheek was paler than formerly, and his beautiful dark eyes less bright. But his kind smile was the same as ever, and had our paths lain near together in the years that followed, I think that—in spite of mental differences that had risen up between us—the old intimacy might have in a great measure revived. Then, however, and for several years afterwards, I was settled in Ireland, and had no other opportunities of meeting him than those afforded by rare visits to England. During one of these, he took me as a guest to the house of his father-in-law at Combe Hurst, and introduced me to his wife and child. Of another meeting—some time in 1858, I think—I shall speak presently.

The tales which compose *Mari Magno* were written abroad, while he was travelling on sick-leave in 1861. Much in these poems reminds one of what he was in his period of power and conflict, but much is different. The thought is lucid ; the expression generally admirable ; the versification easy and musical ; he is a ' raconteur ' in the style of Crabbe at his best ; yet all is pitched on a lower key.

He who, 'in his morn of youth defied the elements,' now, subdued by nervous exhaustion, is the sage calm moralist, moving on a plane above which Crabbe never rose, but to which the author of 'Qui laborat, orat' had to make a descent indeed. The two journeys for health were both made in 1861; from the second he never returned. All that is necessary for his friends to know about his last days is well and clearly told by his widow. At Florence in October he was compelled by fever to take to his bed; a stroke of paralysis came on; and he died on the 13th of November, in his forty-third year. In this last illness he was engaged in composing the beautiful stanzas beginning 'Say not the struggle nought availeth,' a lyric than which perhaps nothing more precious ever came from his pen.

A few words may be given to the religious difficulties of my dear friend. He became acquainted after coming into residence at Oxford with the writings of the Tübingen school, and seems to have held that the mythical theory of Strauss, and the New Testament chronology of Baur, were alike unanswerable. But on the spiritual side his Christianity was not so easily shaken. Writing to his sister in 1847, he asks, 'What is the meaning of "Atonement by a crucified Saviour?" . . . That there may be a meaning in it, which shall not only be consistent with God's justice, that is, with the voice of our conscience, but shall be the very perfection of that justice, the one true expression of our relations to God, I don't deny; but I do deny that Mr. McNeile, or Mr. Close, or Dr. Hook, or Pusey, or Newman himself, quite know what to make of it.'

There seems even to have been a time when he was drawn towards Catholicism; like Leibnitz he 'frappa à toutes les portes.' Writing in 1852 he says, 'It is odd that I was myself in a most Romanising frame of mind yesterday, which I very rarely am. I was attracted by the spirituality of it.'

Amidst all the perplexities of speculation, he kept, like Marceau, 'the whiteness of his soul.' On the moral side, and with reference to the distinction between good and evil, pure and sensual, he was firm as a rock. The following is an illustration. Being in London in vacation time in 1858, I dined with him and my brother at a restaurant. My brother was in great force, and talked incessantly; Clough seemed to be out of spirits, and said but little. The name of Voltaire coming to be discussed, my brother said, with a wave of his hand, 'As to the coarseness or sensuality of some of his writings, that is a matter to which I attach little importance.' Clough bluntly replied, 'Well, you don't think any better of yourself for that, I suppose.' There is no harm in repeating this, because it is well known that my brother in his later years thought very differently, and regarded the French 'lubricity,' as he called it—borrowing their own word—as a moral stain which wrought unspeakable mischief on many of their finer minds.

But for Clough's early death, it is probable that he would, with Ewald, Tischendorf, Harnack, and others, have experienced a reaction against the extreme subjectivity and arbitrariness of Baur's views on the New Testament chronology. Such a reaction might, perhaps, have removed his sense of the intellectual impossibility of the popular creed, and reclaimed for religion a soul than which none more naturally devout ever existed.

T. ARNOLD.

## *THE HIGHER EDUCATION OF WOMEN IN RUSSIA*

THE Russian educated woman is known to some extent in this country for the part which she took in the struggles for political freedom. Very little is known, however, in Western Europe about the hard, and often really heroic, struggles which Russian women have sustained simply to obtain the right to a better education ; still less about the wonderful organising powers which they have displayed in the creation and maintenance of their educational institutions.

If women have to struggle hard for their rights in this country, against the prejudices of Society and the selfishness of men, one can easily imagine the resistance they had to overcome in a country like Russia, where, in addition to the same obstacles, an autocratic Government puts its veto on every progressive movement.

Notwithstanding all these difficulties, Russian women win ground every year. They so well show, in their everyday life, what an educated woman is worth, whether she carries on some profession or simply remains a mother and a wife in her household, that even the autocratic Government has to give way. And they succeed so well in their endeavours, that the English readers who know how backward Russia is in matters of popular education will probably be astonished to learn how much has already been done in Russia for the intermediate and the higher education of women ; how considerable are the numbers of women who have already received University education ; and to what useful account most of them have turned their knowledge.

To bring Russian society, and especially the Government, to acknowledge the accomplished facts, women had of course to go through many hard struggles, and these struggles I will attempt to relate as briefly as possible.

### I

Every one knows what a stupendous intellectual revival took place in Russia after the Crimean war and the death of Nicholas the First. In less than eight years—1857 to 1864—the whole system of Russian

life was entirely changed. The serfs were liberated, and peasant self-government was introduced. The rotten tribunals of old were abolished, and the institutions of the jury and of justices of peace (selected by all the householders of all classes) were introduced. Provincial assemblies, quite similar to the County and District Councils of this country, were opened since 1864. The terrible corporal punishments which made the horror of Nicholas the First's time, and a military service of twenty-five years' duration, became things of the past. A new spirit was infused in every branch of life. It was a wonderful time, when hundreds of quite new men, who formerly, with characteristic Russian timidity, only dreamed in the quiet about necessary changes, and only occasionally launched their ideas on paper for circulation amongst a few friends, came forward. In a few years many radical reforms were accomplished. The educational question certainly was not forgotten in the turmoil, and girls' education benefited in it largely.

The schools for girls were very few at that time; even in the well-to-do classes, one girl only out of a hundred had the chance to receive some education at school. The few schools which did exist were sharply divided between the different classes of society. There were the *instituts de demoiselles* for the daughters of noblemen, schools for the daughters of the merchant class, for the daughters of the clergy, for the daughters of the artisans, and almost none whatever for the toiling, 'tax-paying' classes.

Most of them were boarding schools, as strict in their inner organisation as convents. In the *instituts de demoiselles*, whereto only the selected few were admitted, the girls had to stay from six to nine years, entirely separated from their homes and from the whole world. Never, under any circumstances, was a girl allowed to spend a few days in her home. Even in such cases as the death of a girl's father or mother, or of some other very near relative, the girl was only brought to the funeral by a governess, and taken back to the *institut* as soon as the ceremony was over. Once a year, at Easter, they were allowed to take a drive in the streets, in a long procession of carriages, which no relative dared to approach.

The programme of education was, of course, in accordance with these principles. The girls lived, like hot-house plants, in a quite secluded atmosphere, far apart from real life, in a world created by their own imagination, and as different from reality as it could be. They were taught all sorts of accomplishments, but very seldom the voice of an earnest teacher appealed to their higher intellectual faculties. The schools for the other classes of society differed but little from the *institute de demoiselles*. The pupils only stayed there for a shorter time and were taught less accomplishments.

The insufficiency of that sort of education was broadly felt, and already in 1847 and 1855 an attempt had been made to reform the

*instituts*. Now that everything was reformed in Russia, the vague aspirations of previous years were brought out in a definite form by a gifted young professor, N. Vyshnegradsky, in a memorandum addressed to the Tzar; and although the ideas expressed therein were diametrically opposed to the system which had hitherto prevailed, they were fully approved and accepted by the Government. The first gymnasium for girls was opened in 1857—that is, only four years after the Queen's College had received the sanction of Parliament and the necessity of a thorough education for women was proclaimed in this country; fifteen years before the Public Day Schools began to be opened in England; and very nearly thirty years before the *lycées de demoiselles* were opened in France.

The leading feature of the new system was, that the girls received an education nearly equal to the education given to the boys in the gymnasia; that they stayed at home, and only came to school for the school hours; and that all classes of society had equal access to the gymnasia. In all points it was thus directly the opposite of the previous system. From the beginning, the girls' gymnasia were put on the same footing as the best institutions of that same class in Western Europe. Each gymnasium had seven forms, and an eighth form was added later on, for pedagogical training. The teachers were chiefly men—the possession of a University degree being a necessary condition. The fees were 50 roubles (5*l.*) a year.

A demand for such schools came from all parts of the country, and the Government encouraged both the demand and private donations for that purpose. Gradually high schools for girls were opened in each province—even in the remotest parts of Caucasia and Siberia. The result was, that at the present time there are no less than 343 gymnasia for girls in the Empire (a few of them being pro-gymnasia, with four forms only), with no less than 80,000 pupils.

The Government—at least, in those years of reforms—did not prevent the opening of private high schools, and a few excellent ones were founded. Even the old *instituts de demoiselles* were not forgotten; the system of education was improved, and the girls were allowed to spend their holidays at home.

It seems almost incomprehensible nowadays that so deep a change should have been accomplished so suddenly—two years only after Nicholas the First's death; but it was fully prepared long before. Women's education and the position of woman in society had been eagerly discussed in Russian literature since the 'forties' and early 'fifties.' In 1853 the whole subject was summed up in the leading review of the time, the *Contemporary*, in terms which would now be accepted by the leaders of the same movement.<sup>1</sup> In their

<sup>1</sup> Mme. E. Likhachoff mentions this fact in her excellent work, in three volumes *Materials for the History of Women's Education in Russia*. This history is brought down to the year 1856, and several chapters relating to the later period were published subsequently in a monthly review.

earliest productions, Tourguineff, Gonerharoff, Herzen, Madame Hahn, and several others, already gave a beautiful type of woman, well educated and taking to heart all the great questions which impassioned mankind. In its leading men Russian society was thus won long ago for the women's cause.

The caste-system in the girls' schools was only maintained by the firm will of Nicholas the First, who persistently imposed it upon his collaborators, while his wife, the Empress Alexandra, saw the *beau idéal* of education in good manners only in *cette noble tenue, apanage exclusif des personnes bien élevées*, as she wrote in a letter; and as she was the head of all the girls' schools she imposed her views. Happily she soon ceased to take interest in these matters, and the *instituts* fell under the patronage of the Prince of Oldenburg, who had received a good education from his mother, Hélène Pavlovna, and especially at the University of Stuttgart, where he was in contact with several leading spirits of 'Young Germany.' Consequently, a scheme for a thorough reform of girls' schools—very much on the lines of the gymnasia—had been worked out, with his sanction, as early as 1847. It fell through on account of Nicholas the First's opposition; but then an attempt was made at least to introduce into the *instituts*, such as they were, a better element. Some of the best men were invited as teachers. The great Gogol lectured for years in succession in a St. Petersburg *institut* upon 'the Earth and Man.' The historians Stassulevich and V. Shulgin taught history, and in most *instituts* the chair of Russian literature was given to some gifted man who did his best to inspire his pupils with higher conceptions of life. These attempts only proved, however, that no partial improvements would do so long as the secluded monastic atmosphere was maintained.

The result was that when the new plan for the education of girls was brought forward, it found support in Literature, in the Administration, and at the Court, in the persons of the young Empress Marie and her aunt, the Grand Duchess Hélène Pavlovna—two remarkable ladies, who strongly supported Alexander the Second in the liberal reforms of the first years of his reign. And then there were all over the country plenty of mothers who knew what the 'sweet Arcadian education' of the *instituts* is worth, and, without being properly educated themselves, ardently wished something better for their daughters.

## II

The girls' gymnasia opened a new era for the Russian woman. The subjects were taught there in a serious and attractive way by University men; the girl's brain was really working. The contact between the different classes made a democratic spirit prevail in the schools; even the modest uniform—a brown woollen frock and a little black alpaca apron—had its significance. A quite new sort of girl,

who longed for a higher education, and often for an independent life, made its appearance. To obtain access to the University now became the watchword of this young generation.

The public at large was bewildered by the new movement. The reactionary press met the claims of the young women with great hostility; but the best men of the time, both in literature and in science, greeted in them a new era for Russia. Much paper and ink was wasted to prove, from the reactionary side, that a woman need not know more than to be a good housewife and a good mother; or that a woman's brain differs from a man's brain, and that, therefore, women must not be allowed to study what men study. The girl 'in a black dress, with short hair, dirty nails, and a volume of Buckle under her arm,' became the favourite theme of sarcasm in that part of the press. Parodies were written, representing a girl who studies medicine, and sleeps with an anatomical preparation instead of a pillow; or a young mother who tries to find out by means of chemical analysis what is the matter with her baby, which cries day and night, instead of calling in a doctor.

On the other side, our best writers—much under the influence of the promoters of equality of human beings—John Stuart Mill, Buckle, Herbert Spencer, and many French and German writers, had an easy task to prove that the child, the husband, the home, and the community at large, can only gain from women being well educated. Their writings inspired the young generation and gave them new forces for the struggle.

No great movement is due to one single cause, and so it was in this case. Three different sets of women, moved by different impulses, came to the conclusion that they must get access to higher education before any further steps could be taken. There were, first, those who wanted knowledge for knowledge's sake. The dull life of the genteel, ignorant woman, her mean ideals, her incapacity of educating her own children and of being her husband's friend and comrade, are so often the cause of unhappy homes, and this cause was so often indicated in Russian novels and our critical literature, that high-spirited girls made up their minds not to repeat, so far as it depended upon themselves, the unhappy lives of their mothers and grandmothers. There was not one young girl who had not read Pissareff's *Muslin Young Lady* and who was not ready to struggle not to be such a one herself. The *Muslin Young Lady* was not represented by Pissareff as a mean character; she was simply a gentle young person, brought up as thousands of her sex were, ignorant and helpless, irresponsible for her actions—and therefrom came all the misfortunes of her life. The new girls determined to do better; and if they could not persuade their parents to let them have the benefits of a better education, they left their homes—often after a long and heartbreaking struggle—and they went to the



University towns. Very often the parents were too poor to support their daughters away from home, while others would be angry with their girls, and, to punish them, would leave them without any support. Then the girls saw themselves penniless in a big city, unable to earn their living—but that did not frighten them. They were prepared to endure any amount of misery so long as they could study.

A great deal of credit must be given to men students, who usually met such young pioneers of intellectual life as friends and comrades, sharing with them money, work, and knowledge. One would often hear in the University hall some student asking another student, ‘Ivanoff, or Vasilieff, could you give lessons to a young lady who has just come from Penza and wants to be prepared for the Zürich Polytechnic?’ And Vasilieff or Ivanoff, no matter how busy he was himself, would walk two miles every evening, after his own day’s work, to share his knowledge with a girl about whom he knew only that she needed coaching. He or another comrade would even give up to her some easy lesson, for which he was paid, and of which he really was in great need himself. Such comradeship relations were the normal state of things.

Another category of women were those who had been brought up for the idle life of a country squire’s daughter or wife, but now had to earn their living themselves. A large proportion of them were daughters of small serf-owners who formerly lived a more or less comfortable life on their small estates, no matter how limited the number of their serfs was. With the liberation of the serfs in 1861, that idle and easy life was no longer possible, and the change was especially felt by the young unmarried women. Many of them had to leave their country houses and to look for some work in a big city. There they soon realised how terribly hard it is for an uneducated woman to struggle for life, and most of them joined the ranks of those who struggled for a higher education.

To the same category belonged those who had left their homes in order to escape from the despotism and immorality which stifled them. Formerly, a young woman who saw no issue whatever in such case, would have simply bent down before a despotic, and often corrupted, husband; she would have slowly died from consumption, looking with a broken heart upon her children being brought up in that poisonous atmosphere. This was the situation which our great poet Nekrasoff described in one of his finest poems dedicated to the memory of his mother. But now the conscious and the more energetic woman protested; she took her children and left her home, and she found support. I even knew elderly ladies who, after a long succession of years of such a sad life, found in themselves enough of energy to abandon their rich homes and to go without any means of existence to a University town, for the sake of bringing up their

children in better surroundings. A dear friend of mine was forty years old when she left her husband, taking with her her two youngest daughters. She was married to a rich and even brilliant, but most corrupted, lawyer, and for more than twenty years she had led a miserable life. One of her elder daughters was married by force by her father to a habitual drunkard; another daughter shot herself to escape the same fate. . . . Now that a new spirit was in the air, this sufferer, a wife and mother, had the courage to flee from that house with the other two children; and while one could see her husband driving in a fine carriage and pair in the streets, she lived in an underground room, making artificial flowers for her living, and at the same time attending lectures in a hospital so as to pass a midwife's examination, with the hope that her earnings would permit her later on to send her daughters to a University. She did not live long enough to see them both at their happiest time, when one of them was married to an excellent man, and the other became a doctor; but she lived long enough to see that she had brought them into the right path. I could mention scores of similar instances. It was also frequent that girls left their parents to escape a forced marriage. Hundreds of young Jewish girls fled from their ignorant and fanatic little towns for that cause, and streamed into the big cities in search of work and knowledge.

The most energetic fighters for higher education were, however, those women who came to the conclusion that the greatest happiness in life is to procure happiness and relief from sorrow for others. One of these, N. V. Stasoff, who will stand high in our modern history for the struggle which she carried on unremittingly for thirty-seven years for other people's rights, wrote truly in her memoirs: 'My own sorrow became the source of my happiness. I looked round and put all my soul and love into mankind—and there happiness was.' The space of this article would appear much too small if I tried to give even short biographies of some of these women; but I must mention at least a few of them: namely, Miss N. V. Stasoff, who died in 1895 at the age of seventy, literally at the work of her life; Madame M. V. Troubnikoff, who died the same year at the age of sixty, after a life given to the women's cause, and to whom J. S. Mill addressed in 1868 that letter 'to Russian women' which was read all over the civilised world; Madame V. P. Tarnovsky, Madame A. P. Philosophoff, and Madame E. I. Conrady, who stood foremost in all the struggles. Their struggles were not for education only, but for all that could alleviate the hard life of women. They grouped a mass of sympathisers and organised a society which assisted poor, working women, supplied them with healthy lodgings, and procured better earnings, and took care of the children while the mothers were at work. They took the liveliest part in the Sunday Schools so long as they were tolerated by the Government. They founded a

society for translating and publishing good books, with the view of securing work to a number of women;<sup>2</sup> and so on. In reality there was not one single humanitarian enterprise in which these women, with many others, too numerous to be named here, would not have taken part, and when the time came for action in the domain of education, they put their hearts into it, and stood at the head of it for many years in succession.

### III

The first and most natural step in that direction was to take advantage of every opportunity for getting admission to the male Universities. A few of the most energetic and promising young women were allowed, indeed, by some of the professors of the St. Petersburg University to attend their lectures as free-comers. One professor of chemistry (at the Forest Institute) allowed one lady to study in his laboratory; and the old venerated anatomist, Dr. Gruber, admitted a few ladies to work in his anatomical laboratory at the Military Medical Academy. He was held in too high esteem in the scientific world, and he was too independent in his manners, for any one to dare to interfere with him. These were the modest beginnings. Later on, one of the lady pupils of Dr. Gruber, Miss Sousloff, went to Zürich University, studied there, and passed so brilliantly the examinations as a Doctor of Medicine that when she returned to Russia, and applied to the Medical Department to be admitted to the Russian M.D. examinations, she was allowed to do so—but as an exception only, and as ‘no precedent in ulterior applications;’ she was the first lady doctor in Russia. Another young lady, Miss Kashevaroff, was even received at the Medical Academy as a regular student because she was the holder of a scholarship from the Bashkir Cossacks, who, like all Mussulmans, would never allow a man doctor to examine a woman patient.

About that time (in 1861) several professors of the St. Petersburg University, disagreeing with the measures taken by the Government against the students, opened a sort of Free University in the Municipal Hall of St. Petersburg, and their lectures were crowded by women. Great hopes were cherished at that time that an organised system of higher education for women would finally be obtained. But very soon all such hopes had to be abandoned. In 1862 the reactionary spirit gained the upper hand in the councils of the Emperor. It seemed that, as if by enchantment, all that was favoured and encouraged a few months before was now doomed to hatred.

The St. Petersburg University was closed for a year; the free

<sup>2</sup> Andersen's *Fairy Tales*, G. W. Bates's *Naturalist on the Amazon*, and Augustin Thierry's *Tales from the Merovingian Period*, were the first three books which they published.

lectures were forbidden ; even the Sunday schools were closed all over Russia. Tchernyshevsky—a brilliant philosopher and political economist, whose martyrdom is not quite unknown in this country—was transported to the mines in Siberia ; as also Mikhailoff, his collaborator in the *Contemporary* review—a gifted writer and another champion of women's rights. The secret police had free entrance to the Universities, and the entire atmosphere in the University became such that several of the best professors—Kostomaroff and Stasulevitch being among them—left the University never to return to it. Even the programme of education in the girls' gymnasia was found too extensive and was curtailed—in the Natural Sciences. Educated women became *la bête noire* of the Government. In the Press all discussions about women's rights and women's education were pitilessly stopped by the censorship.

Our women, however, did not silently bend before these prosecutions ; they simply, and without much noise, went abroad to study in the German and Swiss Universities, which about that time opened their doors to ladies. A woman, as a rule, can live upon very little, and a Russian lady student knows in perfection the art of reducing her needs to a very low minimum. And yet, it will be a puzzle for many, how could Russian girls manage to go through a five or six years' course at a Swiss University, working hard, and having no more than twenty roubles—that is, very little over 2*l.*—a month ? Hundreds of girls were, however, so poor that they would have had to earn their living while studying, and as that was impossible abroad, they continued to go to St. Petersburg or to Moscow, in the hope of still getting there some education. And they met a hearty support from the University professors and from that same phalanx of ladies whom I have already mentioned, who continued to persevere in their aims, notwithstanding the rapidly growing reaction in the ruling spheres.

A great impetus was given to the whole question by a quite personal step, taken by one of these ladies—Madame Conrady. She seized the opportunity of the first Congress of Russian Naturalists and Doctors at St. Petersburg, in 1867, to address to that gathering a memorandum upon the necessity of higher education for women. The memorandum was read at a public meeting of the Congress by Professor Famintsyn, and excited great enthusiasm both among men of science and the public. The Congress, which itself was held in suspicion by the Government, could certainly take no practical steps ; it only undertook to transmit the memorandum, with its full approval, to the Ministry of Public Instruction. No reply came for a full year. Then a new memorandum, covered this time by 400 signatures, was addressed to the Dean of St. Petersburg University, Professor Kessler. The women asked the old Dean to take their cause in his hand. All they wanted was the permission to open regular

University courses for ladies in the halls and laboratories of the University, in the evenings or at any such hours when they would not interfere with the work of the students. They undertook to cover all expenses themselves.

The Dean's reply was very sympathetic: he would, however, summon a committee of the professors, and see with them what could be done. A final reply would then be given.

The whole city [Miss Stasoff wrote]<sup>3</sup> anxiously awaited that reply. . . . More and more people grouped round us; the provinces were joining the movement. We were all on the move, seeing lots of new people and making acquaintances with the professors. At last the reply came. The Dean and the professors were very willing to help us, but they could decide nothing without an authorization from the Minister of Public Instruction, and with him we had to lodge a petition.

This reply made the ladies very timid. It is not easy in Russia to enter into direct communication with a Minister; still less with the then Minister of Public Instruction, Count Th. Th. Tolstoi. After much discussion and running about, after interviews with the Director of the Medical Academy and many other persons, it was decided to convoke a meeting of the principal professors of both the University and the Medical Academy. But I had better give Miss Stasoff's account of this meeting as she related it in her memoirs.

It was a wonderful gathering [she wrote]. To think only that we, a circle of women, should have called together the Councils of the University and of two Academies—the Academy of Science and the Medical Academy. All Russian scientists of renown and about fifty women were present. After the election of a chairman, Professor Syechenoff plainly asked: 'What do you wish to organise?' Madame Troubnikoff explained their wishes in the same plain way. They wanted to bring the education of women to the same level as that of men. Then Mendeléeff spoke. 'I place the whole question on its practical ground,' he said, 'and I raise, to begin with, the question of money. From what you have just said it appears that you want to have a full women's University. This is a splendid idea, which long since ought to have been promoted, and you all who took that initiative deserve the greatest respect. I think that we all, whom you have honoured with your invitation to be your collaborators, must thank you, and I, for my account, deeply thank you for that.' He stood up and bowed to us. All followed his example. 'But, then, what money have you for that?' he continued . . . and he enumerated the chief expenses. . . . We answered that 'we have *nothing*, except the 5*l.* which each of the 400 signatories of the memorandum are willing to pay.' Mendeléeff and all others smiled. 'You begin an enterprise which will cost millions, and you have only 6,000 roubles a year,' he said. But the other professors remarked that a small beginning could also be made. . . . When the ladies asked how much the professor's fees may come to, Syechenoff proposed to settle the question by secret ballot. And what was the result? All had written: *For the first year, no payment at all.* We were awfully confused. . . .

Finally it was decided that all income must be spent in renting a house, arranging laboratories, and so on. If there remains any-

<sup>3</sup> In many parts of this article I follow the admirable *Reminiscences about my Sister*, which were published last year by V. Stasoff in the monthly issues of the *Nedelya*. In these 'Reminiscences,' V. Stasoff utilised his sister's memoirs, as well as reminiscences about her, written by several of her friends and collaborators.

thing, it will be paid to the professors, who will divide it in equal parts among themselves. In reality, when the higher courses were opened later on, and the professors could be paid, most of them returned their fees to the courses, often adding subscriptions of their own.<sup>4</sup>

Notwithstanding the warm sympathy which the scheme found with the St. Petersburg professors, it took almost two years to obtain from the Ministry of Public Instruction the permission to make a start. In the meantime, the ladies organised a number of drawing-room lectures, in various parts of the town, for those girls who were not quite ready to begin University studies. Besides, in 1868, they opened 'Pedagogical Courses,' with the idea of preparing teachers for girls' schools and of giving pedagogical instruction to future mothers, and these courses were soon attended by from 200 to 300 women, anxious to obtain a sort of intermediate education between the gymnasium and the expected University. The whole was organised and supported entirely by the women themselves.

At last, in December 1869, the reply came. The permission was given to open—not at all a women's University, but, 'Lectures for Persons of Both Sexes,' in history, Russian literature, physics, inorganic and organic chemistry, botany, zoology and geology, anatomy of man and physiology. The programme of these courses had to be the same as in the University, but the full course in each subject had to be completed in two years. That meant even less than a half University. Nor could the lectures be delivered in the University, where the students might have had access to the laboratories. A censorship, which must be considered shameful even for Russia, was applied to those courses—the professors being placed under the obligation of sending detailed syllabuses of their lectures to the Third Section (State Secret Police); very often they had to wait months before the approval would come. And finally, the students received no degrees and no rights whatever.

This reply brought with it much consternation and disappointment; but, after a hot discussion at a general meeting, the ladies decided to accept the mutilated gift, such as it was. New difficulties, however, arose. The women being too poor to have their own house yet, the Minister of War—Milutin—offered the halls and the

<sup>4</sup> It must not be imagined that a Russian professor is a well-remunerated person. This is how Miss Stasoff described the life of one of these—the most enthusiastic promoter of the women's University. 'True his wife was always a great aid to him. I remember them since 1864, when they lived in a tiny apartment on the Vassili Ostrov. They had already three children. He was out when I came, and I found his wife on the sofa nursing her baby; two other girls, Katya and Sonya, three and two years old, were playing at her side. She corrected the proofs of her husband's new work; and on the sofa, by her side, stood a full basket of stockings and linen which she had to mend. They kept only one servant—a plain peasant woman.'—*V. Stasoff's Remembrances of my Sister.*

laboratories of the Military Medical Academy. But University professors who are under the Ministry of Public Instruction could not lecture in a building which belonged to another Ministry without a special permission. This difficulty, however, was soon settled. The Minister of Public Instruction, Count Th. Tolstoi, did not want to appear before the ladies less liberal than Milutin; and went so far as to lend part of a building which was at his personal disposal. •

At last, on the 20th of January, 1870, the first of the 'Lectures for Persons of both Sexes' took place. The lectures had to be delivered in the evenings; and in order to do some laboratory work the students had to seek refuge in various laboratories, which could be had only on Sundays when they were not wanted for their own students (the chemical laboratory of the Artillery Department was of that number). And yet women flocked to these lectures; in the first year their number already was 740. Count Tolstoi himself attended the physiology lectures of Professor Ovsiannikoff, from the very beginning, saying to one of the lady organisers: 'I feel a gap in my education; I don't know physiology and anatomy'—which did not prevent him from persecuting Natural Sciences in the boys' and the girls' gymnasia.

Knowing how poor most of the girls were, the yearly fee was reduced to 10s., and yet many had to be freed from the payment of even that modest sum. The Government contributed only 100l. a year. A society was consequently organised by the lady initiators to support the courses, but it was not allowed to raise public subscriptions through the Press. All the business part of the courses was conducted by a committee of ladies, and a better organisation of these matters could not be desired, although the number of students steadily increased, so as to reach 1,027 in 1889. These courses became a purely women's institution when they were removed, in 1874, to the lecture rooms of a girls' gymnasium whereto men had no access. Those who wanted to get a complete University education or a professional training surely could not be satisfied with these 'lectures,' and many women went to Germany, and especially to Zürich, where they could study and work at the University and at the admirable polytechnic school without any restrictions. Over a hundred Russian women (108) were at Zürich in 1872; and how they studied may be seen from the most eulogistic memoir issued by the Zürich professors in defence of the admission of women to the Universities. The Russian Government received many a warning from different sides about that emigration of Russian women abroad. The memoir addressed to Alexander the Second by the old Prince of Oldenburg urged the necessity of opening at once full Universities for women in every University town. 'If Russian girls go to Heidelberg and to Zürich,' he wrote, 'they are moved by the desire of studying this or that branch of science under the guidance of

experienced professors, either to use that knowledge later on as a profession, or merely for the sake of thorough scientific education itself.' His conclusion was that half-measures would not stop the emigration.

In 1872 the Government grew, however, alarmed by the reports which it received from Zürich. The ladies there, it was said, came in contact with P. Lavroff, M. Bakunin, and other emigrants; they became Socialists and Revolutionists, and joined the International Labour movement. Whereupon the Government issued its famous circular ordering all lady students to return home within a year, and adding that those who should continue to stay at Zurich would not be allowed to pass any examination in Russia. But while uttering these menaces, the Government was bound to make at the same time some concessions, and it promised to organise University instruction for women in Russia itself.

It did not entirely deceive the women by that promise. In St. Petersburg, at least, the previously founded lectures underwent a transformation, and were reopened in 1878 under the name of 'High Courses for Women!' They were divided into three faculties—philological, physico-mathematical and mathematical—and placed under the directorship of the well-known historian, Professor, Bestuzheff-Rumin. It would be needless to enumerate here all the petty difficulties which were put in the way of this new institution. Suffice it to say, that no statutes were ever made for it, and we thus had in Russia the unheard-of fact of a public institution which lived for eight years without any legal basis. What was given could thus be taken back at any moment, and so it happened, indeed, a few years later.

The institution prospered, and at one time it had more than a thousand students. The professors were highly satisfied with the students' work, and on several occasions such men of science as Mendeléeff, the physiologist Syechenoff, the botanist Békétoff, and many others, expressed their satisfaction in letters and public speeches. Public sympathy supported the courses, and the Society for their maintenance grew every year, so that it was enabled, in 1885, to purchase a house of its own at the cost of 200,000 roubles (20,000*l.*). Quite a set of remarkable women came out of these High Courses—remarkable for the scientific work they have accomplished as well as for the high aspiration of working for the good of the country which inspired them.

#### IV

This was at St. Petersburg; but the same difficulties had to be overcome, and the same successes were realised, in other University towns.

In the year 1863, before the reaction set in, the Ministry had



asked the Universities to give their opinion upon the following two points: 'Can women be admitted to the University lectures? Can they receive degrees like the male students?' The St. Petersburg and the Kazan Universities answered both questions decidedly in the affirmative, adding that women must also be admitted to medical practice and degrees, and obtain the right of being teachers in girls' gymnasia. Kharkoff and Kieff recognised that the rights of men and women must be absolutely equalised; but Moscow and Dorpat replied by a peremptory *No!* However, nothing came out of this correspondence, and we saw that at St. Petersburg women had to act by themselves.

The same was done at Moscow. Public courses for women were opened there, in 1869, by a few gymnasia teachers. The aim of these courses (which were known as the 'Lubyansky Courses') was to bring the women's education to the level required by the boys' classical gymnasia programme. Three years later Professor Guérié was permitted to open, on his own responsibility, high courses for women. All subjects which were taught at the historical and philological faculty of the University were permitted to be taught, on the condition that this should be an entirely private institution. In fact, the managing council of the courses was composed of women under Professor Guérié's presidency, and all expenses were covered by the students' fees and by private subscriptions. The Moscow Municipality subscribed 50% a year. In 1882 the 'Lubyansky Courses' were transformed into a physical and mathematical faculty, with a four years' curriculum. Moscow thus had its ladies' University.

At Kazan things went very much the same way. Special high courses for women were opened in 1876, under Professor Sorokin's management; the lectures were delivered in the evenings in the University building, and 575 women attended them. The professors were only paid what was left after all other expenses, and mostly returned their fees in the shape of subscriptions.

At Kieff, University lectures for women were opened in 1878. They were divided into two faculties, mathematical and historico-philological, and the curriculum was of four years' duration. By 1886 no less than 1,098 women had passed through these courses.

At Odessa, Kharkoff, and Warsaw, the Government did not allow any feminine courses to be opened; while the Finland University at Helsingfors, on the contrary, simply opened its doors to women.

The medical education of women took a somewhat different course. The Medical Academy at St. Petersburg is under the Ministry of War, and during the reign of Alexander the Second the Minister of War was D. Milutin, a very well-educated and liberal.

mind<sup>ed</sup> man, whose wife and daughter took the liveliest part in all the movement for women's education. Besides, as I have already mentioned, the veteran Professor Gruber—a passionate anatomist—asking nobody's permission, and acting upon his own responsibility, admitted women students into his anatomical laboratory. It must also be said that the necessity of having lady doctors for the women population of the Empire, both Russian and Mussulman, was so self-evident that the usefulness of medical training for women was widely understood.

Consequently, a special Medical School was opened for women in 1872 at the Military Medical Academy. A gift of 5,000*l.*, which was made by the daughter of a Siberian gold miner, L. Rodstvennaya, facilitated this step. The Minister of War obtained permission for the ladies to practise at the military hospital of the St. Petersburg garrison, while the Prince of Oldenburg offered his own hospital for children's diseases. It was thus under the patronage of the Ministry of War that the first Medical University for women was created. But the Government would not allow that it should go under its proper name, and christened it a 'School for Scientific Midwives.' The incongruity of the name of this new sort of military institution did not escape witty criticism.

I need hardly say that all sorts of limitations were imposed upon these courses by the Ministry of Public Instruction. From the very beginning the ladies had obtained that all subjects should be taught exactly to the same extent as they were taught to male students, and that the yearly examinations should be exactly the same; but only in 1876, at the approach of the Turkish War, were the ladies allowed to stay full five years at the Academy, like the male students. Only judicial medicine was excluded from the programme, but in return the women's and children's diseases were studied more extensively than they are studied by men students. With all that, women could get only the degree of a 'Learned Midwife.' After having passed examinations which would have entitled a man to the M.D. degree, they did not even obtain the right of signing a prescription, and thus had, in their practice, to send their prescriptions to be signed by some graduate doctor friend (the chemists' shops in Russia are under a severe control of the State). Nor were they allowed to occupy any responsible position in the civil or hospital service. Were it not for the support which they found, almost as a rule, from their male colleagues, their position would have been reduced to that of a trained nurse.

But now that women had conquered the right to higher medical training, they accepted all unfavourable conditions enforced upon them. The school soon had as many as 1,000 students. Time has proved that women were quite right in so doing. They won the respect of both the professors and the men students for the earnest-

ness of their work ; and as soon as some of them had completed their studies, the *Zemstvos* (County and District Councils) invited most of them to occupy the position of *Zemstvo's* doctors, under the modest name, for the official world, of a *Zemstvo's* midwife. There, in the poor surroundings of peasant life, bearing almost incredible fatigue in struggles against the diphtheria, cholera, and typhus which ravage Russian villages ; spending their life in journeys, in peasants' carts, from village to village in a district which often is fifty or sixty miles across, most of them gained the deepest sympathies of the population.

The first lot of 'learned midwives' passed their examinations on the eve of the Turkish War of 1877, and great numbers of them, following the general enthusiasm of that year, went to the army hospitals. The Government, this time, gladly accepted them as doctors in the field hospitals, although it continued to refuse them that same title when they fought against epidemics in the country. What these women were worth on the battlefields and in the typhus-stricken hospitals is sufficiently known through the English war correspondents, and can be best seen from the report of the Chief Medical Department which was made immediately after the war. In this report the Medical Department spoke in the highest possible terms of the activity of women during the war, and concluded by expressing its regret that the military cross of St. George can only be awarded to men ; otherwise it would have asked to decorate for gallantry several of the lady doctors who were with the army in Bulgaria.

The services rendered by women during the war carried away the last obstacles, and in 1880 they were allowed to obtain the degree of 'Woman Doctor.' They could really say that they had conquered it in the field of battle.

## VI

In the year 1886 there were thus in Russia four University courses for women in connection with the four chief Universities, and a Medical Academy. Without imposing any burden whatever upon the State's Budget, Russia was thus endowed with five higher educational institutions for women ; and had they been left freely to develop we should have had by now seven or eight women's Universities. This was evidently too good ; and consequently, in 1886, all high courses for women, and the Medical Academy as well, were closed with one stroke of the pen by a simple Ministerial order. A few students had been implicated in political agitation ; they were very few indeed, but that gave the long looked-for pretext. The Empress Marie was no more, and the Empress Marie Dagmar, who has her own opinion on women's education, did not interfere with that measure—if she were not, as rumour puts it, its instigator.

The lady students who had already gained admittance were allowed to finish their studies, but no more new ones were admitted. Thousands of women were thus again deprived of all means to get higher or professional training in their mother country. And again the Russian women did not bend before that stroke. They began anew the same agitation which they had carried on for more than twenty years—and very soon the Government had to recognise that what Russian women *will* have they will have.

In the meantime, once more, all those who could scrape together thirty or forty shillings a month went abroad. (I knew many lady students in Paris who had either 60 francs a month or 100 francs for two living together; the misery and the powers of endurance were especially great among the Jewish lady students.) The Universities of Bern, Zürich, Geneva, Paris, and Liège soon became crowded with Russian women; they went even to Finland, where the teaching is in Swedish, and to Italian Universities. But this time the number of them was incomparably greater than it was in 1872. Seeing that new emigration, the Government hastened to make new promises, and to publish, in 1889, the normal statutes of the future women's Universities. This was applied, however, at St. Petersburg only. It must be said that it is a statute with a vengeance. The Society for the Support of the High Courses has to find all the means for the expenses, but it has no voice in the management. The number of admissions was limited to 400, and a special paragraph was directed against the Jews, only 3 per cent. of 'non-Christian students' being received. The poor provincial students were, *de facto*, excluded, those lady students who had no parents or relatives to stay with in the capital being bound to live in a college where they had to pay 300 roubles a year, in addition to the students' fees, which were raised to 100 roubles, while they are only 60 roubles in the male Universities.

With all that the number of students desirous to gain admittance was so great that the limitation to 400 had soon to be extended to 500, and then to 600. This year (1897) there are 695 students, and yet 212 women, who were ready to comply with all the regulations and pass all the examinations, were refused. All the expenses, with the exception of 300*l.* contributed by the State (exactly the wages of the Honorary Director appointed by the Government), are covered by the Society, and they now obtain 10,800*l.* a year. •

As to the Medical Academy, the further admittance of students was stopped in 1887, under the pretext that the further existence of the Academy—which had lived full fifteen years on the fees and the private subscriptions—was not guaranteed. But that was too much, even for Russia. There were by that time already 698 ladies who had obtained the degree of 'woman doctor;' 178 of them held official positions in hospitals and schools; and they could not all be

wiped off from Russian life. Subscriptions for reopening the courses came in from municipalities and private persons, and again a deep agitation began on the same lines as fifteen years before.<sup>5</sup> The result is that the 'Society for the Support of the Medical Courses' is said to have now 700,000 roubles (70,000*l.*) in hand, and a guaranteed yearly income of 4,000*l.* The Academy is thus going to be reopened next autumn. But there are rocks ahead. The Government's decision is that, when the 'Society for the Support of the Medical Courses' shall have collected the money which is necessary for the independent existence of the Academy, the lady organisers of that Society will be brushed aside, and the old enemy of all education in Russia—the Ministry of Public Instruction—will take the women's medical school in its hands. Besides, the doors of the Academy are closed for all 'non-Christian students.'

This is how matters stand now, after such a tremendous amount of energy spent and heavy sacrifices made, for thirty years in succession, in order to obtain access to higher knowledge and science. These sacrifices were too great for reaction to stop the Russian woman in her strivings towards a higher intellectual life. Our women have proved that they are strong enough to struggle against the prejudices of society, against family despotism, against misery, and against a despotic Government.

SOPHIE KROPOTKIN, B.Sc.

<sup>5</sup> When the subscription was opened, the Government asked the opinion of the chief at St. Petersburg as to the advisability of reopening the Academy. The latter referred the question to the Municipality, which unanimously passed a resolution to the effect that a yearly subsidy of 15,000 roubles for the Academy be granted. Moreover, the Municipality conceded the use of one of its buildings, and expressed its readiness to open the Municipal hospitals for the use of the students. This vote was based on the following considerations:

'In the year 1882 the Municipality invited five lady doctors to visit the primary schools, and to give medical help to the children. The results were excellent. The five ladies divided among themselves all the schools of the Municipality, and regularly visited them in turns. The epidemics of diphtheria and scarlet fever which broke out in 1882-3 induced the Municipality to invite six more lady doctors. At the same time, a typhus epidemic having broken out, seven more lady doctors were invited, for visiting the fever dens and slums. This measure proved most successful. The seven ladies still remain in the service of the Municipality, as it appeared that women, as a rule, prefer to apply to lady doctors.'

## *IS THE LIBERAL PARTY IN COLLAPSE?*

WE hear on every side that the country is under the influence of political apathy so intense that nothing suffices to disturb it. It is in vain to appeal in reply to facts which seem to prove directly the contrary. For any such suggestion is treated simply as a sign of an infatuation so inveterate that it is beyond the power of evidence to convince. The reasons assigned for the prevalent indifference are various. But the fact is treated as beyond all question. I venture, despite a good deal that is contradictory in the superficial aspects of the time, to doubt the correctness of the diagnosis. Were it true it would be an evil sign indeed for the political life of the country. The security for freedom and progress is to be found in the intelligent and active political thought of the people. It would be an evil omen indeed if there were any diminution of that healthy criticism which officialism may greatly dislike, but which is assuredly one secret of administrative purity and efficiency. And while that criticism is alive and active there must certainly be constant struggle between the friends of progress on the one side, and those who are content with things as they are upon the other.

It is not to be denied, however, that there has been a considerable change both in the composition of parties and in their relation to one another. If we are to believe the accounts that are continually given, the Liberal party is at present in a state of collapse. Its condition is indeed so melancholy that its opponents, from Cabinet Ministers downwards, add to the duties necessarily devolving on them in the inspiration and guidance of their own party a tender and anxious concern for the afflicted Liberals. They are reminded of their weakness of course only with the benevolent desire of showing them how to regain strength. The claims of different statesmen to the leadership are carefully discussed by those who will resolutely oppose the man on whom the election may ultimately fall. It is all extremely interesting, not to say affecting, but it is not so convincing as might at first appear. Apart from the fact that criticism of opponents is probably one of the best ways of diverting attention from their own failures, it is hardly to Unionists or Con-

servatives that we should look for an accurate estimate of Liberal strength.

One thing at least is certain—that if the Liberal party is weakened by internal division, no one is imposed upon by the show of unity among the supporters of the Ministry. The Liberal party may be in a condition of feebleness. But its old Conservative rival, if it has not ceased to be, at all events does not venture to make its existence known. The Parliamentary majority is not Conservative but Unionist, and the description is true, not so much because it was originally banded together for a policy of Imperial Union—the necessity for which, if it ever had any justification, has it no longer—as because it is an amalgamation of two separate forces with very dissimilar motives and aims. In truth, the condition of parties has had no parallel in our memory. The Unionists rule in Parliament, but they have a secret consciousness that their great majority is not supported by a corresponding preponderance of opinion in the country. The Opposition, on the other hand, feel how much justice there is in the taunt that they are without leader, without policy, and without party cohesion. And yet, whenever a bye-election occurs, there is abundant evidence of the vitality of Liberal opinion in the country. The state of things is somewhat anomalous, and yet perhaps it is not incapable of explanation.

The continuance of such political disorganisation is certainly to be deprecated. In a remarkable passage in a recent number the *Spectator* says: 'Italian affairs have for the most part little attraction for Englishmen. They want the two things which ordinarily make foreign politics interesting—principles and men. We look in vain for any indication that Italian parties care for anything beyond an immediate tactical success.' How far do these remarks apply to our English politics at the present time? To us, accustomed as we are to regard ours as the mother of all Parliaments, and to pride ourselves upon both the spirit and methods of our political warfare, and in fact to regard our system of party Government as approaching as nearly to perfection as a system worked by imperfect men is likely to do, such a suggestion must come as an unwelcome surprise. To compare us with Italians, who are but learning the Parliamentary art, must provoke our resentment. Of course, it may be admitted that it is not true to the full extent, and the circumstances of the two cases are so different that any attempt to set up an exact parallel would be misleading. But there is at least this resemblance. Like the Italians, we are suffering for the want of 'men and principles.' In other words, there are only too manifest signs of a decay in the character and tone of our Parliamentary struggles. The House is still divided into two great sections, and on both sides there are men of fixed convictions and of resolute purpose who would be among the very first to mourn over the degeneracy, as it appears to them, of

political life, and to criticise severely the action of many of their own associates. To speak frankly, it would not be very easy to draw the line which separates the one side from the other.

Many causes have contributed to this. The most potent, of course, has been the great schism in the Liberal party, complicated by the claim of the seceders to be the true representatives of Liberal principles. The question which has thus arisen has come to be one as to the fundamental principle of Liberalism itself. Nor is this a mere question of words. For if those who formerly ranged themselves in the foremost ranks of the party of progress have passed over to the Conservative ranks, and are able to persuade their new associates that the only difference between the old combatants is one of time and opportunity, they have gone very far towards effacing the old distinctions, and probably also towards breaking up the old political confederacies. As a matter of fact this is what has occurred; and until there is some new line of distinction more clearly marked out than exists at present, our two parties are in danger of becoming mere unions of groups, each with its own distinct object, but without any strong uniting principle, and without any constraining sense of obligation to the general federation. Unionist critics would tell us that this is the case with the Liberal party already. The divisions of the Liberal party afford them subject for continual merriment, and it must be admitted they are not without justification for their satire. But when the worst has been said, it still remains true that, with the exception of one of the sections, the only point of difference is a question as to the order in which the separate reforms shall be undertaken. The friends of religious equality are also temperance reformers, and they, in their turn, are deeply interested in those questions of social reform which have attained such prominence of late years. With the Irish wing of the party it is different, as has been more than once shown in the course of the Education debates. But the Nationalists regard themselves as allies and allies only, and must be dealt with separately. The other contingents of the party, though having their separate aims and even organisations, are in essential agreement. They desire progress, and shape their action with that view. They believe in a policy of righteousness as opposed to one of selfishness, or of expediency, or of servile submission to the traditions of the past. They are not deterred from assailing what they hold to be abuses because of their hoary antiquity or their hold upon the prejudices of the nation. They are opposed to all class legislation, and believe that the people should govern in the interests of the people. There is thus a sufficiently wide area of agreement; and, when appeal is made to the constituencies, it is surprising how easily, in the majority of cases, a basis of united action is found.

It is only in a limited sense, therefore, that the party can be said to have a composite character. It is in the great Unionist



party that the fissures are so wide that any attempt to conceal them is useless. Peers, parsons, and publicans are the classes which have mainly contributed to build up the present enormous majority; but what sympathy have they with each other? They may all follow Lord Salisbury, and do their utmost to secure his ascendancy; but they regard each other with but little sympathy, and at heart each regards the others as necessary evils, which must be endured, but which serve to weaken the common cause. There is a clerical brigade, headed by the Prime Minister's sons, which makes itself active in the House. Is it possible to believe that its proceedings are regarded with favour by the more mundane members of the party, numbers of whom have been touched by the spirit of 'sweet reasonableness,' and would, so far as is compatible with their convictions as conscientious believers in a State Church, show Nonconformists equitable consideration and Christian courtesy? Or is it credible that the defence of 'the trade' is a congenial task for numbers of Christian gentlemen who, on the platform of the Church Temperance Society, express their deep sense of the curse which drunkenness is inflicting on the country, and their desire to find some counteractive? But even these differences pale before the more serious distinction between the two great sections of the party. The assurances of the unity which prevails among them are very charming, but the curious fact is that, despite them all, they insist on maintaining their separate organisations. They meet on the same platforms, where they interchange expressions of mutual admiration and trust, but they deliberate in separate council chambers, and their forces are arrayed in separate camps, so that, should, occasion demand it, they may be prepared for independent action. It is idle for a party existing under such conditions to taunt its opponents with their internal divisions.

Both parties are so much alike in this respect that it would be a waste of time to compare any differences there may be between them. It is a misfortune for the country that it should be so, for the inevitable tendency under such conditions is to government by groups. This is the real evil indicated in the suggestive remarks on Italian politics we have quoted. It has been the fruitful source of weakness in the French Republic, and it would be a melancholy outcome of our long centuries of political struggle if it were to establish itself among us. It may be that the appearances of the moment are misleading, and that at the utmost they are only signs of a state of things which is in its nature ephemeral, and which, indeed, is already passing away. But before accepting this sanguine view it is well to remember that the conditions of our party warfare are greatly changed. Had I written prior to the meeting of the general committee of the National Liberal Federation at Derby, I should have said that the time for constitutional reform, as far as

the House of Commons is concerned, was past, and that the lines of our democratic government are fairly settled. And despite the extraordinary demonstration there in favour of adult suffrage—both for men and women alike—I hold to the same view still. Of course there are improvements needed so as to make the vote a reality; but as to extension of the suffrage, it is hardly a cry which will serve the purposes of either party. Experience has shown the folly of the most confident calculation on the balance of parties of the lowering of the franchise. Women's suffrage stands on a basis distinctly its own, and I pass by it here. But he must indeed have a peculiar taste, or a very limited knowledge of the present constituencies, who believes that there would be any advantage in the addition to them of any large number of what Mr. Bright called the residuum. It may safely be said, too, that there will be a long and searching discussion of the principles on which the proposal is made before it is incorporated into the Liberal programme. Improvements in machinery there must be, and more particularly the autocracy of the House of Lords must be destroyed. With that exception, no great question of constitutional reform seems likely to be introduced into the political programme, and that itself materially affects the relation of parties. One great subject of contention at all events is ended. But that is not all. The democratic developments have helped to terminate other controversies. Reforms which fifty, or even thirty, years ago would have seemed dreams of Utopia have been accomplished. Some extreme Unionists, indeed, intoxicated by the greatness of their majority, have shown an infatuated desire to reopen old controversies. But Mr. Chaplin and Mr. James Lowther and *Blackwood's Magazine* are no more representative of the one party than the clique which is described as the Political Committee of the National Liberal Club is of the other. There is no real prospect of any revival of the old struggles, and, that being so, the area of future conflict is materially narrowed.

This is one of the conditions favourable to the formation of Parliamentary groups. There are those who regard the tendency with approval, but surely they can hardly have looked at it carefully all round. For where there is such an amorphous state of party, there are the most numerous openings for the play of personal ambition. From this our system has been remarkably free. Of the Queen's Prime Ministers there is one only on whom such an imputation can rest, and that only in a qualified degree. It is no calumny on Mr. Disraeli to say that he was inspired by an insatiate ambition; but it would be only fair, on the other hand, to add that, while pursuing his own ends, he believed that the policy which he advocated would be for the good of the country. How far even that was dictated by personal predilections it would be bootless to inquire. But this, at least, is evident—that, when he had identified his name with that

of the country, it was his interest as well as his duty to do everything possible for the increase of her greatness. It is not necessary, however, to pursue such investigations into motive, for he cannot be charged with the abandonment of one faith and the adoption of another. The root of Radicalism or Liberalism never had a place in him. With the steady pursuit of broad and Liberal policy by well-ordered methods he never had, it would be fair to say—it was not in his nature to have—the faintest sympathy. He was an Oriental in every fibre of his nature, and the chief marvel of his career is that, with such tendencies dominant within him, he was able to place himself at the head of the proudest aristocracy of the West. The negotiations of the last two years at Constantinople have done much to show how disastrous was his influence in Eastern politics, but the full tale has not yet been told. Possibly the present generation will never know all the mischief which has resulted from the introduction of this strange personality into the ruling forces of the nation.

This much has been said of Lord Beaconsfield because his success was due to circumstances which have a curious parallel in our own case. His opportunity was found in the dissolution of a great party, owing to a reversal of the policy of his life by the leader. But for the surrender of Sir Robert Peel to the force of reason and the stress of circumstances Mr. Disraeli had little prospect of becoming head of the great Tory party and Prime Minister of England. Party has its many disadvantages, but at least it does something to restrain the excesses of overvaulting personal ambition. A system of groups, on the contrary, is peculiarly favourable to its development. Among them intrigue can have its perfect work. Adroitness in pandering to the ambitions of the different sections, and skill in playing one off against the other, become the highest qualities of statesmanship. Consistency becomes a thing to be laughed at, as the weakness of men so intent on doing the right that they lose the power which falls to the lot of men whose resolute purpose is not 'sicklied o'er' by respect to antiquated scruples. The play of this opportunism is often extremely entertaining, but it cannot secure the admiration of those who have faith in principle and adhere to it under every variety of circumstance.

To any one who, like myself, believes that party organisation is essential to real legislative progress there is much that is disappointing in the present position of the Liberal party. The party is shattered—Tories would fain persuade us, beyond hope of recovery, and there are timid Liberals half disposed to believe them. Pessimism of this kind is ludicrously overdone. It is easy to conceive of a number of events any one of which would put a very speedy end to the present condition of disintegration, and rally all the forces of Liberalism to some determined efforts for the recovery of political power. Under these circumstances it is well to exercise patience,

and yet in that patience to be vigilant, to be on the outlook for opportunities, to be unfaltering in loyalty to great principles, and earnest in their advocacy. One point which the self-confident adherents of the present Government would be wise to remember is that the apparent weakness of the party does not imply a corresponding decay of Liberal opinion. There has been a recrudescence of an Imperial sentiment which may be Jingo in its tendencies, but which has in it some better elements. Undoubtedly it is favourable to Conservatism, and of it the Ministry have taken the utmost possible advantage. Then, the unhappy action of the Independent Labour party has not only sometimes caused division in the constituencies, but has either detached from the Liberal ranks some of its most solid supporters or seriously chilled their enthusiasm. But it is well to distinguish between Liberalism and the party, and to recognise the fact that to-day there are multitudes of Liberals who at present are not of the party, but are ready to rally to its flag whenever it shall be uplifted by a competent leader.

The extraordinary contrast between the electoral power of Liberalism in the country and the weakness of the Opposition in Parliament is the crucial fact of the situation. It is not often that we have such distinct evidence of a strong reaction in the country as the recent elections have supplied, but there is nothing in them to suggest that when Parliament meets there will be more resolution and spirit shown by the Front Opposition Bench than there was in the last session. It certainly cannot be said that the leaders have contributed much to the revival of which we have had such significant indications. The most notable deliverance from Sir William Harcourt has been one of congratulation for a victory already won, and few of his followers would dissent from the opinion that it had better never have been given. Indeed, the difficulty is to understand how a politician occupying so responsible a position could have been betrayed into an utterance so undignified. It is true that it was a reply to an attack if possible even more unworthy of a man of light and leading, and was followed by a retort equally lacking in judgment and courtesy. But the wisest men in the Liberal party would prefer to leave Mr. Chamberlain and his friends in undisturbed enjoyment of a monopoly in such polemics. They do not advance any cause, and they are never less necessary than in the hour of unexpected triumph. But the ill-advised sally was one of the few reminders which Sir William Harcourt has recently vouchsafed to the party he is supposed to lead. Despite, therefore, of these abundant evidences of vitality and vigour which Liberals have given, there was some justification for the sneer on which Lord Salisbury ventured at the recent Unionist demonstration at the temporary paralysis which had overtaken his opponents. As regards the leaders, whom alone he condescends to notice, he is correct. A wise man might have

adopted a different tone; but, after all, a jibe may be the best way of covering a defeat which it is impossible to deny. If his Lordship does not recognise the significance of these electoral defeats, he is probably the only sane man in his party who does not; and it may be that he may yet be rudely enlightened by some of his own colleagues.

Mr. Chamberlain certainly has not failed to appreciate them, and he has rightly interpreted, to some extent at least, their true inwardness. The speech which expressed his own bitter mortification, and which seems to have angered Sir William Harcourt, was sufficiently rude and insulting, but it contained a good deal of truth. The election of 1895 certainly did not express the conversion of all who voted for Unionism to the Unionist faith. With multitudes who had been lifelong Liberals it was an expression of temporary spleen and nothing more. They were angry with the Government and the party. In their haste they pronounced them deceivers, and they gave effect to their feeling by voting against them. But it was not long before the process of disillusion began, and it has gone on so rapidly that it might be regarded as almost complete were it not that new developments of Ministerial folly are day by day adding to the number of those who keenly regret that they ever helped to instal the Unionist party in power. They fondly hoped that they were going to correct the excesses into which a rampant Radicalism had been betrayed, but they did not mean to replace it by a reactionary Toryism mad enough to dream of undoing the work of the last half-century. What they hoped for was the formation of a really National party, which would combine the forces working for national progress on both sides of the House; which would recognise the changed conditions of the country and adapt itself to them; which would eschew 'faddists' of all varieties and colours, and would, in fact, establish a *régime* of wise and judicious patriotism. With numbers the disenchantment has had its perfect work, and with others it is proceeding as rapidly as could be desired.

The blunders of the Government have supplied the most effectual weapons to the Opposition. That they have not told for more is due to the failure of the Liberal leaders to profit by their own opportunities. The secret cry of numbers during the last session must have been, 'Oh for one hour of Gladstone!' Lord Salisbury, indeed, seemed half disposed to throw upon his opponents the responsibility for the blunders of his own colleagues. In a single sentence he sets forth the real fact of the situation. 'When we had to face Mr. Gladstone, no one talked about muzzled dogs.' He was severe upon the Opposition leaders, but he was still more severe upon his own colleagues. It has been their good fortune that their critics failed so egregiously in the Parliamentary struggle. But surely that is not to be given as a reason why they have committed such a series of

amazing blunders. Even now they seem more disposed to admire their own marvellous wisdom than to confess their repeated mistakes. 'Compulsory self-approval' is the purgatory to which, according to one of their leading journals, they are unhappily doomed, and while they indulge in this blind self-complacency each successive blunder is causing some of their supporters to fall away from their side.

'That which the palmerworm hath left hath the locust eaten, and that which the locust hath left hath the cankerworm eaten, and that which the cankerworm hath left hath the caterpillar eaten.' Many who were not disturbed by the Education policy were offended by the Agricultural Rating Act; those who were satisfied with that have proved restive under the Workmen's Compensation Act. A large body of the Liberal-Unionist wing in particular who have done their utmost to reconcile themselves to the prancing of Mr. Chamberlain as the dictator of our Colonial Empire have been staggered and provoked by his trifling with the principle of Free Trade; and those who have survived all these shocks, perhaps hardly been affected by any of them—the most stolid and unimpressible of the whole Ministerial host, the genuine London Tories—have been moved to an extent which as yet can hardly be measured by the Prime Minister's too manifest desire to get rid of the London County Council. The hatred of a great municipality which this maladroit sally expresses is very unworthy of a great statesman, but its folly is even more evident than its reactionary narrowness. For the Council includes a considerable number of his Lordship's own followers, who have learned to like the position and to be interested in the work. If a 'Progressive' majority had been in possession and been working out their policy at full swing, the impression produced by the fierce attack of the Tory chief might have been very different. But this is not the case. These 'Moderates' have their full share of position and influence, and they cannot be expected to regard a proposal to sweep all away except with an aversion they do not even care to disguise. What is more, they are hoping (on what grounds I know not) that after next March they will be masters of the situation. That at this crisis their own leader should place them in so compromising a position is too much for the patience of ordinary mortals. No doubt they and their supporters have been ready enough with their diatribes against the Council and all its works. But they never intended them to be taken seriously. They were only the bitter cry of the 'outs' who desired to become the 'ins.' Even if they entered on their work prejudiced against the Council, those hostile feelings have gradually disappeared. They like its excitement, perhaps even its gossip: the municipal parliament is a convenient training-school in which they prepare themselves for the Imperial Legislature to which many of them aspire. They are annoyed and angry at this ill-tempered and blundering utterance, which must necessarily tell

against themselves and their hopes of supremacy in their local chamber. It required some ingenuity to commit such a blunder, and it would be rash to say that the great Marquis has exhausted his capacity and come to the end of his achievements in that direction. Some mistake of the kind may easily produce a situation within the Ministry whose strain will become absolutely intolerable. We are assured, indeed, that never was a Cabinet more united; but successive strokes of ill-fortune, naturally provoking discussion as to where the responsibility for them rests, may disturb the perfect harmony even of the best of well-regulated Cabinets.

But into such speculations about the probabilities of an unknown future I do not care to enter. So far as it is possible to judge, few events are less to be desired by the Liberal party than an early election, followed by their own return to office. There may arise some emergency in foreign affairs which might make it necessary in the interests of the country that the helm of State should be transferred to other and stronger hands. Under such conditions party interests would become a matter of very subordinate importance; but, apart from any event of the kind, an early change of the Ministry is greatly to be deprecated. During the last year it has certainly been doing Liberalism more service than has been rendered by its professed representatives. The country had really known nothing of Toryism for half a century. There have been Conservative Ministries, but their most popular leaders have not been Conservatives in the true sense of the term. No one, indeed, would apply that description either to Sir Robert Peel or Lord Beaconsfield. The one was a Progressive, ever learning, though he may not ever have attained to the full knowledge of the truth; the other, a brilliant freelance who used the prejudices which he did not share, and the ambitions of a party to which he rendered no true allegiance, to work out the dreams of his own genius or to promote the ends of his own ambition. Lord Derby was the one Tory Premier of the period, and, though he held office for brief intervals, he was never really in power. In truth, during the short terms in which the Tory Ministry has held the reins the party has been practically muzzled by orders as stringent as those of Mr. Walter Long. During the last two years the country has had an entirely novel experience. It has seen Toryism in its true character, and it has learned to its cost that, like the Bourbons, it has forgotten nothing and it has learned nothing. This is said with a clear recognition of all that is implied in the so-called revolt of Lord Londonderry and his sympathisers. That they are dissatisfied with what they are pleased to regard as the Liberalising tendencies of the Ministry only shows how insatiable are the demands of the old Toryism, and how hopeless must be the attempt to govern the country on the lines of its policy. Concessions, indeed, are made to the democracy in the hope of catching votes. There is scarcely an attempt to conceal

the object of the movement. The democracy have votes, and votes are necessary to the retention of office. Hence the necessity for a legislation which shall at least seem to favour the workers. It has not been very large or generous, but it has gone too far to please Lord Londonderry. He is deserving of respect for his sturdy honesty. The stoutest enemy of his principles may respect him for the consistency with which he maintains them. We, looking on from the outside, may be a little surprised that he does not give more weight to the plea of necessity, but, for the honour of English politics, we can rejoice that there are men who are voted impracticable because they will not sacrifice conviction at the shrine of party interest.

Lord Londonderry is an ideal Tory. The difference between him and Lord Salisbury is not one of principle, but of policy only. The Prime Minister has better learned the lesson *do ut des*, and he accepts Mr. Chamberlain as 'our spokesman' on points where he might have been expected to interpose an invincible protest, in order that he may work his own will in matters which appear to him of greater importance. In these he has given the country a taste of what genuine Toryism is, and, having tasted its quality, the country likes it less and less. The party, indeed, has been suffering, and still is suffering, from what our German neighbours call 'swelled head.' It is only another term for that 'megalomania' about which Lord Salisbury was so eloquent in his denunciations, but from which his party is suffering so severely at the present time. The early manifestations of it were visible after 1886, and it has since developed to an extraordinary extent.

Apparently it is supposed that there is as strong a predominance of Toryism in the opinion of the country as in the votes of the House of Commons. It was necessary to try and square the working men, since by them the voting power is held; but, this being accomplished, there was nothing else to restrain the high-handed policy which seems to be characteristic of our modern Unionism. Liberalism is supposed to be down, and it is not only to be kept down, but as far as possible its past achievements are to be swept away and its resurrection is at all costs to be prevented. It is an audacious attempt, but its first result has been to provoke the Liberal reaction of which recent elections are among the first symptoms.

The Liberal party has itself largely to blame for the disaster which has rendered this possible. It finds itself to-day in the presence of active and jubilant foes without a leader who awakens its confidence or a policy which inspires its enthusiasm. Its defeat at the polls was sufficiently disastrous. But even that was very largely due to the lack of united and vigorous lead. The late Prime Minister was forbidden by law to speak; and of his two lieutenants, one led in one direction and the other in a different one, while both of them lost their seats. But evil as this was, nothing



has subsequently been done in Parliament towards retrieving the situation.

More than a year has passed since Lord Rosebery was forced out of the leadership altogether. The position had been made untenable, and he gracefully retired. His successor cannot complain that his withdrawal has been only in name, for there has been nothing done or said by him which could possibly embarrass the action of his party. But the unfairness of his assailants does not seem to have been modified even in view of the dignified reserve which he has maintained. An anonymous writer (a Liberal malcontent) in one of the monthly reviews, after telling us that he was 'woefully disappointed' with the result of his Premiership, adds, 'I do not in the least think the collapse was all his fault; but that does not matter now. When a man fails like that he does not return, and I am certain that Rosebery does not even want to return.' One is curious to know on what this 'confident' assertion is based, but that need not detain us at present. Just now I am concerned only with the shameless injustice of the treatment accorded to a man who accepted a position of extreme difficulty in an emergency, and who discharged its duties with an ability on which posterity will pronounce a very different verdict from his hasty condemnation. Judging from the rest of the article, it would be safe to say that the Prime Minister who did not 'woefully disappoint' this critic would certainly alienate a very considerable proportion, and that not its least influential section, of the Liberal party. But, waiving this point, forgetting how much a Ministry which could hardly count on a majority from night to night was able to accomplish, and, admitting that it was a failure, it is confessed that it was not all the fault of the Premier. As a matter of fact, it was chiefly due to the conditions under which the leader of a majority so small and yet so composite has to work, intensified as the difficulty was by the disloyalty which he found just where he ought to have had the most hearty support. Yet, because he did not succeed in a task to which even his illustrious predecessor might have found himself unequal, it is dogmatically pronounced that he is never to return. The personal aspect of this may easily be dismissed. A great English party will not be long influenced by the kind of criticism which has been kept buzzing round a leader who deserves its gratitude because in a day of darkness he did not despair of its fortunes and was content to accept the burden of a trust which every selfish consideration would have led him to decline.

It was only another sign of the inveterate optimism which misled such members of the Liberal party that it should ever have been supposed that a man of Lord Rosebery's position and years coveted the succession to Mr. Gladstone. We have all heard the silly club gossip, industriously propagated by certain busybodies, as to some occult intrigue by which his Lordship was to be pitchforked into the

vacant chieftaincy. I frankly confess that if it were true that he ever indulged such an ambition, it would have been a strong evidence of his unfitness to occupy the position. If indeed, as the fatuous folly which has been the cause of such grave disaster to the party supposed, the country had been possessed with a strong passion for progress, which was ready and even eager to sweep away all obstacles that stood in the way of thoroughgoing reforms, the position of leader in this new crusade might have been one to be envied and desired. The man who believed in the existence of an overpowering majority, possessed with a passion which itself was an earnest of victory, and who himself shared both the faith and its enthusiasm, could hardly have hoped to play a nobler rôle. But, unfortunately, there was no indication of such a temper. The country was in a singularly quiescent mood, disposed to be impatient with those who sought to rouse it from its congenial pursuit of money and pleasure. A period of great reforms had been succeeded by a time of reaction, whose influence was not confined to our own country but was felt more or less over Europe. True, there were a number of earnest men intent on reforms which must be accomplished if the work of liberty is to be complete, but their estimate of their own power was too sanguine, and even they could not agree among themselves as to which stronghold should first be assailed. The task of welding them into a compact host was all but hopeless, and the man who was to accomplish it needed unusual endowment of tact, resolution, and courage.

Some historian in the next generation will appreciate much better than we can the difficulties which encircled the path of the Liberal chief who was to succeed the most remarkable leader whom the party had ever followed. Mr. Gladstone was unique as a statesman. It would be sheer folly to compare him with any of his predecessors. It was not only that he was endowed with more brilliant gifts than Lord Palmerston or Lord John Russell—he belonged to another order of men. Between these former chiefs there was no wide gap which separated. They had their own characteristic distinctions and differences which sometimes made themselves felt in very unpleasant ways, but they were essentially of the same type, so that the change from one to the other was natural and easy. With Mr. Gladstone it was very different. He held his position in virtue of those great personal qualities which attracted to him men of the most diverse principles and aims. The analysis of the great party which followed him would have furnished some strange results. There is a brief expression by Lord Tennyson which is eminently suggestive: ‘I love Mr. Gladstone. I hate his politics.’ There were not a few, however, who retained their place in the party because of their admiration for the man, though their feeling about the politics might not be very different from that of Lord Tennyson. No doubt many of the class had withdrawn from its ranks as the strong Liberal trend of his policy had

become apparent, and the Home Rule Bill had hastened this process. But up to the end of his public career there were numbers who remained Liberals solely because of their devotion to him, and it is certain that the one bond which held together the various sections of a composite party was the magic of the leader's name.

His retirement into private life meant not only the loss of an inspiring force, but implied also the withdrawal of a certain element of at least numerical strength from the party itself. That a young man with his political life before him should desire to take the lead under such conditions is incredible, except on the supposition that an excess of ambition and self-confidence had blinded him to the facts of the situation. But such an overweening ambition would assuredly have defeated its own purpose. It is simply incredible that a Cabinet consisting of men of tried ability and experience would have yielded to such pretensions. So the story so industriously circulated in some quarters that Lord Rosebery coveted the succession collapses of its own improbability. The occasion was one in which ultimate success was pretty sure to fall to him who could afford to wait, and was able to exercise the grace of patience. A veteran might be eager to seize an opportunity, even though somewhat unpromising, since in all probability it could never return. But one in the full vigour of his manhood would, if he listened to the counsels of prudence, shrink from the responsibility of a disaster which was sure to come.

The plain fact is that the new leader had no hope of playing the part of a Scipio who should lead the host on to a crowning triumph. Before him was the lot of another Curtius, and the man who consented thus to leap into the chasm deserves the gratitude of the party he was willing to serve with such disinterested loyalty. As a matter of fact, the Rosebery Ministry accomplished more than could reasonably have been anticipated. It is sad to be constrained to add that they might have achieved much more but for the internal dissensions of the Cabinet and the unreasonable restlessness of certain sections of their followers. Enthusiasts of various kinds were possessed with the idea that they held the country in the hollow of their hands, and that it was only the hesitation of their leaders, due either to imperfect sympathy with their aims or cowardice in facing difficulties, that stood in the way of triumph. It would not be necessary to dwell on this point were it not that the illusion has not yet been completely dispelled, and that there are still those who retain a lingering belief that there will come a swing of the pendulum, and when it has done its work it will only be necessary for Liberals to nail their colours to the mast, to shout for the Newcastle Programme (if, indeed, now the Derby programme does not take its place), the whole programme, and nothing but the programme, and march on to certain victory. Advocates of the Veto seem already to have forgotten the crushing defeat at Derby and the results which

followed during the next fortnight, and to please themselves with the notion that the one desire of the people is to obtain control over the liquor trade. Extreme men who care chiefly for the interests of Labour, utterly regardless of the signs of the hour, and in fact rather congratulating themselves on the withdrawal of capitalists from the Liberal ranks, dream of a large development of Socialist or semi-Socialist legislation. They, too, forget the enormous strength of the forces against which they have to contend, and in the fever of an intemperate zeal are prepared to ostracise those who will not pronounce all their shibboleths. Such a line of action would be too generously described if spoken of as hysterical policy. It is no policy at all. If it were only a question of propagandism, the case would be different. The Liberation Society for example, in whose success I am most deeply interested, will enforce the great principles of religious equality, and do its utmost to secure their easy triumph. That is a simple duty which it must discharge at whatever cost. But if it go beyond this, and insist that Disestablishment have the foremost place in the Liberal programme at once accorded to it, it subordinates the interests of the cause of progress to its own special preference, and the probability is that in doing so it sacrifices the success of both.

In the recognition of this distinction between principles and articles in a programme is to be found one secret for the wise reconstruction of the Liberal party. The spinning of programmes has been the fruitful source of its weakness, and recent indications suggest that even its disasters have not yet cured it of this fatal tendency. Of course if a programme is to be formed, every section of reformers will desire to have its own plank in the platform, and it will be fortunate if its members do not threaten to exclude the party from office so long as their demand is not granted. The first lesson to be learned on all sides is that of tolerance and patience. It should not be a very difficult one. If the state of public opinion were such that a majority could be immediately secured, whether for licensing reform or disestablishment or any social reform, there might be some reason in the contest for priority of treatment. But until this favourable condition is secured no controversy could be more idle or unprofitable. The Conservative forces in English society are too formidable to be treated with indifference. They were always powerful, and each successive step has helped to increase them. A very intelligent observer of public life once suggested to me that the Liberal party was not to be regarded as a standing army, but rather as a changing force which had always to be formed anew for each successive work that had to be done. And it must be admitted that there is very much in the story of our progress during the last fifty years to bear out this view. The force which carried the first Reform Bill began to dissolve almost as soon as the victory had been

secured. In the battle of Free Trade there was a division amongst the former allies, while the new flag attracted to itself a considerable number of whom no small proportion were Liberals on commercial questions but on no other. It is thus that the victories of progress have been won. But new tactics have come into vogue of late. The primary idea has been the formation of a permanent army intent on an immediate victory for righteousness everywhere. All who see any wrong to be redressed, or who have any new theory for the elevation of mankind to be accomplished, are to be rallied to the flag. A general defiance is to be flung out to the defenders of all the strongholds of privilege, and an attack, which for all practical purposes will be simultaneous, is to be directed against them all. It is not difficult to see what judgment would be passed upon military strategy of this kind. It could be excused on the ground that the assailants had overwhelming strength on their side. Under any other conditions it would be regarded only as a sign of the folly which goes before destruction and prepares for it. Why a different judgment should be pronounced where political tactics are in question it is not easy to see. The natural result of such a mode of warfare is to unite all the interests assailed in a compact league for resistance. Such an alliance lays itself open to ridicule, but it is too cheap to be of any use, for it is the attack which has welded together forces between which there is no natural affinity. What such an alliance can do was proved in 1895, and there is no reason to expect that its natural force has abated or is likely to abate.

Have Liberals learned the obvious lesson? It is the question of the hour; and on the reply will largely depend their immediate future. The proceedings at Derby are not a very encouraging augury. But they ought not to be too severely construed. It is hardly to be supposed that those who shrieked so loudly for women's suffrage seriously intended that the party, not having enough to employ them in the articles of the Newcastle Programme, were determined to add yet another to the list, and that one of the most divisive character which it would be easy to select. It is superfluous to say that the first effect would be the immediate secession of some of the most stalwart Liberals in the country. Numbers even of those who might support such a measure themselves would protest against the intolerable tyranny, to say nothing of the incredible madness, of placing it among the shibboleths of the party. It is, however, unfair to suppose that such an intention was present to the minds of those who gave a vote which, to say the least, is greatly to be deplored as a blunder in policy. They were simply placing before the leaders the wishes of the rank and file. Looked at in this light it becomes comparatively innocuous. Were it otherwise, it would be safe to predict a still more serious calamity for a party which so clearly shows that it has no understanding of the signs of the times.

In short, the less the party talks about programmes, and the more earnestly it addresses itself to the work of the hour, the greater its chances of speedy revival. There is manifest need of education in the principles of Liberalism, and it is only as those principles take hold of men that any progressive legislation is possible. This is not the place to define at any length what these principles are. It is necessary, however, to guard against their being confounded with any revolutionary schemes which really mean the reconstruction of society—a confusion which has already wrought untold mischief to the cause of rational progress. The care for the weaker members of the body politic is one of the best and most conspicuous features of modern politics. It is not the monopoly of either party, but Liberals and Conservatives necessarily approach it in a different spirit, the former dealing with it as a matter of right rather than of favour. How far this idea of right is to be carried, and by what methods it is to be asserted, is one of the most urgent questions we have to solve. The collectivist idea, interpreted in its best form, seems destined to have a more prominent place in our legislation, and on the Liberal party should devolve the duty of translating it into legislation which shall fully recognise the just claims of the workers and yet be free from any dangerous extreme. That party has done much for the emancipation and education of the individual, and it would be false alike to its principles and traditions if it were now, even under the influence of humanitarian considerations, to join in a senseless outcry against individualism. Its special function is to safeguard the rights of the individual while at the same time it harmonises with them such action of a true collectivism as shall do something to mitigate evils which are the scandal of our boasted modern civilisation. Inequalities there will always be, but surely the violent contrasts between ostentatious wealth and squalid poverty which we see at present are not a necessity. The man who will show how the State can bridge the interval which separates them without doing any injustice will prove himself a statesman indeed.

Whether the Liberal party contains a man of this type I dare not undertake to say. But the question leads up to the suggestion that at all events the great need of the hour is a leader in whose strength and resolution full confidence is reposed. Even those who are least disposed to indulge in severe criticism mournfully admit that during last session the party was not led. During the recess we have had some pieces of vigorous criticism on Ministerial policy, but they have (except in the case of India) been delivered at the wrong time, and in the wrong place. The case of the South African Committee has stirred the most profound indignation in the minds of earnest Liberals everywhere. There has been a sufficiently keen disappointment with the futile results of the brave speeches at Norwich. But it might have been mitigated or removed if there had

been a decided stand in relation to the Jameson raid and its attendant circumstances. Alas! the annals of Parliament hardly record a more miserable fiasco. It is needless to follow it in its details. Suffice it to say the Opposition leader was out-generalled, out-manœuvred, outwitted, and Mr. Chamberlain was allowed without serious challenge from the Front Bench to assert that the honour of Mr. Rhodes was without a stain. It is not thus that a party can be rallied, and the party itself feels it, and feels it keenly. I have neither the right nor the desire to take part in any personal controversy as to the leadership, but I cannot fail to see that if the party is to be saved it must have a strong lead, and this it certainly has not had during the last twelve months. It may be said that this has been true of the whole period since Mr. Gladstone's retirement. But this it would be difficult to maintain, and even were it true it should be remembered that Lord Rosebery had to contend against internal divisions. He has yet to show what his power would be at the head of a Cabinet and a party thoroughly united in itself. Those who object to him on any *a priori* grounds are at all events bound to suggest an alternative name. He has certainly many qualifications which specially mark him out for the present crisis. There is no man in the party who has such a thorough knowledge of foreign affairs or who inspires such general confidence in his judgment upon them. Even those who were inclined last year to think him somewhat timorous have since had reason to see that his caution had abundant justification. But, again I repeat, it is for those invested with responsibility to select the leader. I am at present anxious only to insist that if we are to have order evolved out of the present state of chaos, the first condition is that we should have a leader able to speak with authority.

It is impossible to look at the condition of the world at the present time without feeling how much depends upon the pursuit of a wise, prudent, magnanimous, and yet vigorous foreign policy. The problems which have to be solved by the Cabinet, and by the Foreign Minister in particular, are of the gravest character. They cannot possibly be evaded, and he must be blind indeed who does not see how the events of the last two years have shown the weakness of a weak and temporising action, however excellent the intentions by which it has been inspired. It is the habit of their opponents to say that Liberals are Little Englanders. There could not well be a more unworthy calumny. Even the little clique whose occasional unwise utterances have given some plausible colour to this reproach are not really indifferent to the greatness of their country. They do not believe that that greatness is dependent on the acquisition of territory or on the ostentatious parade of military force, and their protests may sometimes have been unwisely expressed. That the great body of the Liberal party would be as slow to surrender any British right or to weaken British power

as the veriest Jingo in the opposite camp. They certainly cannot regard with approval a policy which stirs up disquiet on a distant and dangerous frontier, and sends forth, at enormous cost both of money and of men, an expedition to attempt a task as impracticable as it is unnecessary. But they care for the unity and honour of the Empire as much as any of their opponents. As to Lord Rosebery, the evidences of the strength and firmness of his foreign administration accumulate daily. The recent agitation about the action of Germany and Russia in China has furnished the latest illustration of this. It is now confessed that a good understanding with Japan is our best security against possible dangers in the far East. Lord Rosebery's policy at the time was bitterly assailed, but the event justifies its wisdom. In fine, if Liberals are to resume the position that they have so long held in the country, they must cultivate a more catholic spirit both in home and foreign politics, they must learn to tolerate diversity of opinion, they must be content to advance by degrees instead of defeating their own aims by attempting progress by leaps and bounds which are impossible in the present state of opinion, and they must act under the conviction that success is to be achieved more by the steady growth of principle than by sensational endeavours to secure some sectional triumph by tactics which, however successful for a time, are sure to be disappointing in the long run.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.



## THE PARTITION OF CHINA

THE exposure of the weakness of China during her war with Japan turned the attention of Europe to the probable early partition of China between European Powers. In September 1894 the Russian journal the *Novosti*, in a remarkable article on the war, advised Russia, Great Britain, and France to come to an understanding with a view to the partition of China by joint occupation, and urged that such an undertaking would be comparable to the conquest of America or the division of Africa, and would render an immense service to civilisation at large. It further contended that it was unworthy of Europe to tolerate further the pillage of the dwellings of Europeans, the massacre of missionaries, and the violation of commercial interests. The German press at once took up the cudgels, and in the following month Prince Bismarck's organ in the capital, the *Berliner Neueste Nachrichten*, contended that, in the final settlement, Germany must be reckoned with, because her interests in China were of all European Powers second only to those of England. France, Russia, and England were competing for preponderance, and it was Germany's duty not to lag behind. The journal went on to declare that

the German empire must be either a world empire or a second-class Power. But to assert itself as a world empire it must resolutely act upon this fundamental principle, that no further distribution of territory among European Powers can be allowed to take place anywhere without such compensation for Germany as shall maintain the existing balance of power.

The following year an opportunity arose similar to that of which Germany is now taking advantage. After the close of the Chino-Japanese war numerous attacks were made in various parts of China upon foreign missions, their stations were burnt, and the missionaries were massacred and ill-treated. England, France, Germany, and the United States all took separate action, demanding redress and the punishment of the rioters and of the provincial and district officials. A British fleet was sent into the Yangtsi, and German ships were despatched to Swatau to enforce the demands made by their Government. China, as usual, at once gave in to fear of reprisals. In the meantime the German press and commercial community were in a

ferment, and insisted that the opportunity for territorial acquisition by Germany should not be lost. The Altdeutsche Association addressed a memorandum to Prince Hohenlohe, the German Imperial Chancellor, requesting him to take steps to obtain in Chinese waters either a harbour or a group of islands, and suggested the Chusan Islands, which China has bound herself to part with to no Power but us. This course was to be taken 'without any consideration for the ill-will of other Powers;' and they pointed out that a Bremen merchant settled in Shanghai had recently urged that, 'if Germany does not take Shanghai, German trade in Eastern Asia has no future.'

The storm passed over, through China conceding the demand of the Powers in full. So matters stood until about a year ago, when German writers and German firms interested in the trade of the Far East once more took up the question and adumbrated Germany's share of the spoil as the slice of China lying between the two great rivers of China, the Hwang Ho and the Yangtsi Kiang. The subsequent concessions made by China to Russia in Manchuria, and Russia's growing power in Corea, kept the mouth of Germany watering, while they afforded grounds for the conviction that the Russian policy in Asia, if ever carried to fulfilment, would leave no room for Germany in that quarter of the world. Prince Oukhtomsky, the personal friend of the Tsar, had laid stress upon the 'inherent union and gradual confluence of Russia with the East;' and about the same time the Russian General Komaroff declared, in the *Sviet*, that 'the East, with all its countries, as China, Beloochistan, and even India, are, by the will of Providence, destined for the Russian people.' Whatever the will of Providence may be, Germany considered she had no time to lose. Russia was negotiating with China for the concession of Kiao-chau Bay, a harbour in the very territory that Germany desired to annex. Possession would be nine-tenths of the law—hence the present situation. As to the Russian fleet wintering at Port Arthur—unless that port is ceded to Russia by China, I fail to see that its doing so would be any grievance to us; for under Article 52 of the Anglo-Chinese Treaty of 1858, our ships of war have the right to visit all ports in China and to 'receive every facility for the purchase of provisions, procuring water, and, if occasion require, for making repairs.' Port Arthur would thus be as open to our men-of-war as to the Russian fleet.

The question now is, what should the policy of the Government of the United Kingdom be? Are we to take warning from the past, take time by the forelock, and safeguard our interests, or shut our eyes to the probabilities of the future as foreshadowed by the press and indicated by the action of those rival manufacturing nations who would oust us from the great markets of the East? Any thinking man who has studied the question must be struck with the resemblance between the present situation in China and that of our

hinterland on the West Coast of Africa before it was lost to us by the action of Germany and France. Let us consider what the Duke of Devonshire had to say on the latter subject when addressing the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce and the Colonial Premiers last June. In the course of his address he lamented over the disastrous effects to our interests on the West Coast of Africa of the shortsighted policy instituted by a parliamentary Committee, of which he was a member, in 1865. The resolutions passed by that Committee were to the effect that all extension of territory by this country in that part of the world was inexpedient, and that the object of our policy should be to encourage the natives in the exercise of the qualities which should render it possible to transfer to them the administration of the Government of those districts, with a view of our ultimate withdrawal from all of them. Ever since then the policy of our Colonial Office had been actuated by the spirit of those resolutions. The Duke of Devonshire confessed that,

Optimists as we were who sat upon that Committee, we imagined that the only alternatives were British or native self-government. It did not occur to ourselves that there were other nations in the field who—with no sentimental zeal for the elevation of the black races, or for promoting self-government amongst the natives of West Africa, but with a very strong zeal and desire to shut out our commerce and to keep the commerce of large portions of that country in their own hands—might take the place which we were so ready to abandon. And now, and perhaps too late, we have discovered the possible future value of the trade, and we find ourselves on every side shut in, hemmed in, by the encroachments of other nations, and exposed, if not to attack, at all events to interference, if we seek to develop our trade in those regions.

Ever since the close of the second Anglo-Chinese war, in 1860, we have been intent upon imbuing China with Western notions and Western civilisation, and endeavouring to teach her 'to stand upon her feet and play the game,' but all in vain. She has repaid us by trampling upon our treaties and doing her utmost to kill our trade. Lord Elgin, who negotiated the Anglo-Chinese treaties of 1858 and 1860, has put it on record that the Chinese Government 'yielded nothing to reason, but everything to fear.' Such has been the subsequent experience of every one of our Ministers at Peking. We have been ploughing the sand in China as we did on the West Coast of Africa. Foreign nations have gathered around that empire with the intent to prey upon it, as they have preyed upon our African hinterland. It is not too late to learn a lesson from our former mishaps. With Russia, Germany, and France as her creditors, the bankruptcy of China must lead to disruption, and we have been warned by our Consul at Shanghai, in his Report for 1895, that if China is tempted by her monetary difficulties 'to tighten the existing fetters on trade, it can but lead to bankruptcy.' China has given way to that temptation in every part of the empire. If we wish to save her from bankruptcy and consequent disruption, we should give up

parleying with her Government and insist that the whole country shall be thrown open to trade, and its rivers to steam navigation, and that no taxes or squeezes shall be levied upon trade except at the ports of entrance to and exit from the country, and then only such as are sanctioned by our treaties. Trade would then rapidly increase, and the increased revenue derived from it would enable her to meet her obligations, develop her resources, and provide for her defence by land and by sea.

At the best, however, it would be a difficult affair to bolster up such a rotten and stupid Government as that of China. In collision with a European Power, China, thus governed, would be as an earthen pot to one of iron. If it had the honesty, foresight, and go-aheadness of that of Japan, which has absorbed and applied Western knowledge and ideas with extraordinary rapidity and practical success, matters would be more hopeful. China, moreover, is rotten at the core, permeated through and through by secret societies, bent upon overturning the Manchu dynasty. With this object in view, these societies are constantly fomenting rebellions both in the interior and on the coast. A few months before the outbreak of the war with Japan, the Ko Lao Hui raised an insurrection in Hunan and circulated a bogus prophecy of the approaching fall of the Manchu dynasty and the division of China into three kingdoms. The prophecy was handed from hand to hand and copied as it went. Some particulars were given of this and other secret societies in China by Mr. F. H. Balfour in his address to the Manchester Geographical Society in 1891.

From his account it appears that the Ko Lao Hui, or Society of the Elder Brother—which is a resuscitation of the Hung League which overthrew the Mongol dynasty in the fourteenth century—is the most aggressively anti-foreign confederation in the empire. It consists to a great extent of malcontents, rowdies, persons hopelessly in debt, and desperadoes generally, and flourishes most strongly in the provinces of Hunan, Honan, and Anhui, where all the braves belong to it. It is said to have numbered at least one Viceroy and two provincial Governors in its ranks. It binds its members together against all foreign usurpers, including the reigning family. Their watchword is 'China for the Chinese,' or, as they themselves express it, 'The Glories of the Tang dynasty,' a dynasty that ruled in China A.D. 620-907. All strangers, of whatever nationality or sect, be they Tartars, Southerners, or Western Chinamen, alike are the objects of their hate. They represent the old exclusive pure-blood race of the Hans, and look upon the inhabitants of the more distant provinces, such as Kuangtung, with jealousy almost as fierce as that with which they regard the Manchu dynasty itself. Owing to the small pay of the Chinese soldiery, they are recruited from the dregs of the population, and it is a disturbing fact that the bulk of

this confederacy consists of soldiers and disbanded braves and their families.

Another celebrated secret society is known as the San Ho Hui or Triad Society, and as the Tien Ti Hui, or Heaven-and-Earth Society, seemingly a branch of the Freemasons that has assumed a political character with the intention of upsetting the Manchu dynasty. It was this society which associated themselves with the Tai-pings, and it is probable that the word 'Tai-ping' originated from that of their lodges, which were called 'Tai-ping Ti' or 'Land where all are equal.' Anyhow, it was the Triad Society which stormed Shanghai during the Tai-ping rebellion, and it is the same society which is now terrorising south-eastern China, as can be seen from the following passage of our consul at Pakhoi's report on the trade of that port for 1896 :

The four lower prefectures—viz. those of Lienchou, Kaochou, Leichou, and the island of Hainan—are proverbial in this province for their lawlessness and turbulence. I do not know with what justice this applies to Hainan, but on the 'marches' of the Kaochou and Leichou prefectures small so-called rebellions would seem to be endemic. They are generally ascribed by the Chinese here to the presence of large numbers of the Triad Society, which is probably true in the main, but I believe that the said society in this region is purely an association of dacoits, living by blackmail enforced by occasional outrages—termed rebellions when, as usually happens, the soldiers sent to suppress them are routed or killed—and devoid of any political aims.

Even the local guild of 'gentry' at Pakhoi, which is supposed to keep order among the Chinese, had lately distinguished itself by annexing in the streets of the town camphor sent down by a respectable native dealer, and holding it to ransom. Piracy is said to be in the blood of the race, and a glance through the consul's diary shows 'a monotonous record of petty coast raids, hoverings of pirate junks—which still terrorise the neighbouring coastline—and robberies of every degree of dignity, from the sacking of the large pawnshops to the plunder of a returned emigrant from the Straits or Sumatra.' Not only are quietly disposed people robbed of their money and goods, but their children are kidnapped to feed 'the slave trade which is carried on between Pakhoi and Hongkong,' the point of transshipment for Canton. If the Manchu dynasty cannot defend its subjects from such outrages, it has no claim to the loyalty of its subjects, and has no right to exist. Moreover, to allow the region directly neighbouring Tongking to be infested by pirates and brigands is to invite remonstrance, and, failing substantial and probably extortionate redress, ultimately annexation.

In another report, that on the trade of Canton for 1895, we find that part of China in much the same condition. According to our consul at that treaty port—

The utter collapse of China in the war with Japan came home slowly to the southern Chinese, but the pressure on the people necessitated by war expenses and

indemnity caused much discontent, which showed itself in numerous local risings and in the prevalence and boldness of gang robberies in Canton and its suburbs. In October a serious plot to seize the city was discovered, but its failure was due more to the ineptitude of its organisers than to the vigour of the local authorities. The ringleaders escaped abroad, and are still a source of uneasiness to the Viceroy and his advisers. There is little doubt that, as educated Chinese visit foreign countries in increasing numbers, and translations of works bearing on government become more widely read, dissatisfaction with the administration of their native country is growing among the southern Chinese, and, if no attempt at reform is made, may result in a serious insurrection.

It is well known, for it has been often avowed by French colonial officials and writers, that France desired to annex Tongking not for its intrinsic wealth, but in order to gain a base for the future absorption of southern China in its Indo-Chinese empire, as opportunity, caused by the break-up of the Manchu empire, might arise. Rivi re, who brought on the Franco-Chinese war of 1882-85 by his attack on Hanoi, and met his death there, had strongly urged that China's southern provinces should be annexed at the same time as Tongking. Southern China, however, proved a hard nut to crack. The conquest of Tongking cost France 30,000 men and over a milliard of francs, and even after the French force had been brought up to 40,000 men it suffered a serious defeat before the final treaty of peace was signed, and had then only arrived at the frontier of China proper. The southern Chinese proved themselves men of mettle, and certainly showed themselves far more tenacious and warlike than the Manchu troops and ill-affected Hunan braves did in their contests with the Japanese. There is little probability of the French again attacking the southern Chinese by land, unless egged on by German or Russian action in the country more to the north, or until China is weakened by a serious rebellion. France may be expected to bide her time till then, or else, outraged by further attacks upon her missionaries, she may attempt to obtain her ends by threats, or by attacking the Chinese seaports, as she did in her last war with China. But probabilities are more or less unreliable when considering what a volatile nation like the French may do.

We have seen that China is threatened with disruption both from within and from without, and that the growing dissatisfaction of her more and less peaceful subjects is largely due to the increased taxation on trade—that is, on the food, clothing, and few luxuries of the people, and what they manufacture and produce for export. Owing to the present multiplication of tax-stations, and the squeezes and speculation of the horde of tax-gatherers, not one-third of what is wrung out of the people enters the treasury. Therefore every increase of taxation means squeezing thrice its amount out of the people. The Manchu dynasty has never been popular, but as long as the main body of the Chinese are not oppressed or unduly interfered with, they care very

little who rules them, though broken men and the dregs of society from which the soldiery are drawn look forward to eras of lawlessness to enrich themselves at the expense of the general law-abiding population. Mr. Consul Oxenham, in describing the peasantry in his report on the trade of Chinkiang for 1887, after stating that the Chinese peasant farmer pays a rent averaging 28s. an acre, went on to say:—

He is contented, cheerful, and courteous, and lavishes his attention and money upon his fields, where you see the results of neatness, care, industry, and thrift. The garden-like neatness of the cultivation, the unceasing labour, the extraordinary productiveness of the land, caused chiefly by laborious manuring, and the excellence of the crops, bear testimony to the sterling qualities of the people. Their cheerfulness and courtesy prove their content, though their clothes, houses, and implements are, to our ideas, dirty, mean, and rude. These defects are things which railways and increased trade will remedy.

The great majority of the population of China is of this class, living closely up to their means and having little to spare. Extra taxation must necessarily be extremely burdensome to them, and if raised to an excessive extent must turn their comparative comfort into indigence, and their content into dissatisfaction. Men thus rendered hopeless and malcontent are naturally apt to throw their lot in with and strengthen the disloyal secret societies. In north-eastern Yunnan the people are said to present a poverty-stricken appearance, being half naked or in rags; but this, according to Mr. Consul Bourne, 'is really merely a matter of clothes—that is, of cotton.' The district lies about equidistant between the cotton-growing lands of Burma and of the Lower Yangtsi, and the cost of carriage and the heavy dues levied at numerous stations on the routes leading from the cotton fields to the district and at the termini, so enhances the price of cotton and other goods as to render their purchase practically prohibitive to the people. Before the mines were stopped at the time of the Mahomedan and Miao-tzu rebellions, the people of this region chiefly flourished on the profits of silver and brass mining, and their present indigence dates from the closure of the mines. When passing through this district in 1885, Mr. Bourne was over and over again invited by the natives to open works, and he remarked in his account of his journey that the condition of the people would doubtless improve there, as in Chao-tung Fu on the north-west, when the mines are worked again. Mining throughout China has up to now been merely surface work, and that empire is generally allowed to be wealthier in minerals than any other part of the world of the same area. If mining were encouraged, as it should be, and undertaken with European skill and appliances, the prosperity of the people and the revenues of the Government would be greatly increased. With regard to the natural wealth of the empire, our consul at Shanghai, in his report for 1895, has assured us that

China is a country of vast potential wealth, but of very little realised wealth. She has little gold or silver to give in exchange, but she has a most fertile soil, a benign climate, and a hard-working and frugal population. There is nothing that the world desires which she cannot produce in abundance. Her power to purchase depends entirely upon her ability to bring her produce to market. This again depends upon the facilities which Government gives for internal transit—that is to say, by removal of all existing fetters, and by opening up roads, deepening and preserving waterways, and above all by the introduction of railways.

Under our treaties with China we secured the right to import goods into China at certain ports on payment of a tariff duty of 5 per cent. *ad valorem*, and to export goods from the same ports on payment of the same duty. It was likewise agreed that British imports having paid the tariff duties should be conveyed into the interior free of all further charges, except a transit duty equal to one-half of the tariff duty. And it was agreed that native produce carried from an inland centre to a point of shipment, if *bona fide* intended for shipment to a foreign port, might be certificated by the British subject interested, and exempted by payment of the half-duty from all charges demanded upon it *en route*. And it was agreed that, so far as imports are concerned, the nationality of the person possessing and carrying these is immaterial. According to Sir Rutherford Alcock's dictum in 1868, when Minister at Peking:

China has by her treaties foregone all further right of taxation on whatever can be shown to constitute the foreign trade, import or export.

Two years later, as has been recently pointed out by the Shanghai correspondent of the *Times*, under instructions, he entirely repudiated his former dictum, and informed the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce that, so soon as the goods have passed out of the hands of the British importer—which they do as a rule at Hongkong, Canton, or Shanghai, the points where our import merchants chiefly congregate—'they are liable to bear whatever taxes or duties the Chinese Administration may see fit to levy on them.' Thus the trade privileges we had won by our treaties and conventions and wars with China were rendered of no effect. With such a reading of our treaty rights, there was nothing to prevent China from crippling and even exterminating our trade by raising the price of our goods to any extent to our customers by levying what duties she chooses upon them. Lord Salisbury had the power to rectify matters when negotiating the Amended Burmo-Chinese Convention, but he, most unfortunately for us, failed to do so. It is the same to the British manufacturer whether the sale of his goods is crippled by onerous taxation at the treaty ports or at their terminus in the interior. It is an axiom to him that 'greater cheapness means greater trade.' In no part of the world is this more true than in China, where for one man who could pay a shilling for a piece of cotton cloth there are a hundred or more who could purchase it if its price were



lowered, by decreased taxation, to sixpence. Mr. Consul Jameson, in his report on the trade of Shanghai for 1895, warned us that, in order to meet the expenditure entailed by her foreign debts, 'it appears only too probable that an attempt will be made to obtain the additional money by an increase in the likin levies.' And he has expressed his belief that

no course will be more fatal to trade, and eventually to China herself, than this. It will only draw still more closely the strings which already are choking the flow of commerce, until absolute strangulation will be the result. No produce will be brought to market, and of course nothing will be bought in return; each village will have to subsist as best it can on what it produces.

And, in summing up the situation, he urges that 'to tighten the existing fetters on trade can but lead to national bankruptcy.' Even in Manchuria, the favoured home of the Manchus, the likin has been raised and fresh taxes have been imposed not only upon articles of trade, but on the means of carriage both by land and water. Such proceedings, if carried to the excess to which they are being carried, particularly in the southern provinces of China, must greatly enhance the growing discontent of the people with a dynasty that has so recently shown its powerlessness to safeguard them from invasion by the Japanese—a nation comparatively weak in numbers and small in size—and has lost its former prestige by parting with territory to its European 'neighbours and to Japan, and perhaps, by the time this article is published, to Germany.

Such being the condition of affairs in China, what is our future policy towards China to be? Our policy during the last three years has been briefly summed up by Herr von Brandt, late German Minister to China, as follows :

Of England little more can be said than that her policy in East Asia has been vacillating, and that she has only been consistent in courageously withdrawing before the onward pressure of Russia and France.

Germany naturally expects that we will likewise withdraw before the onward pressure of Germany. Only the other day the *Cologne Gazette* informed its readers, in connection with the future German policy in China, that

if German ambitions are confined within reasonable limits there is every prospect of a friendly understanding with Russia and France. The remaining factor in the situation is Japan, as England apparently can safely be left out of account, being too much occupied with other enterprises and having long ceased to possess the power of initiative or the energy required in order to carry out a policy on a scale commensurate with her imperial and commercial interests in the Far East.

China is threatened with disruption both from within and without. It is worth a dozen Africas, both in its natural resources and in the character of its people; and, lying nearly entirely in the temperate zone, its climate renders it, unlike Africa, highly suitable for European colonisation. China may well be called the Yellow Con-

continent. Its territorial extent, the number of its inhabitants and the great variety of its races, the mountainous barriers which separate it from the rest of the world, and the rich loess loam which covers so much of its surface, make the name highly applicable. When well treated, its people are the most peace-loving in the world. Their patriotism is mainly restricted to their homes. Hundreds of thousands of them are already British subjects, turning the Malay Peninsula and Hongkong into gardens, and peacefully working in mining and other pursuits, and in spreading our commerce throughout the Far East. Under our sway Chinamen grow prosperous and well-to-do, and from their business propensity have justly deserved the name, bestowed upon them by an American missionary, of the Americans of the East. Wearing as they do about six times as much clothing as a native of India, and dressing their dead in several layers of suits, both living and dead they should prove admirable customers for our principal industry. The enormous variety of European articles purchased by all but the lowest classes of Chinese in our colonies and in the treaty ports shows how their power to buy renders them excellent customers in general. The European trade with China is but in its infancy. With the restrictions on trade removed, and the prosperity of the people increased by the development of mines and the other resources of the country and the cheapening of carriage by the construction of railways, China, which contains about one-fourth of the population of the world, could not fail to prove one of the best, if not the best, market of the world; and if honestly collected, its revenues would be at least double that of our Indian Empire, and amply sufficient for its defence and administration.

The Manchu dynasty is the cement that holds the heterogeneous components of the Chinese Empire together. The Chinese viceroys, governors, and other officials, with few exceptions, are indifferent to the fate of the dynasty, and intent only on obtaining individual advantages. The Manchu princes fear and mistrust them, and feel it a vain endeavour to attempt to overcome their resistance against reform. Outside pressure from European actions is necessary to curb the provincial authorities, and to enforce reform on the empire. The administration is now utterly corrupt, the people are day by day growing more and more discontented, and foreign nations are being outraged by attacks on their missionaries, and annoyed by infringements of their treaties and senseless restrictions of their trade. Unless the administration is reformed and the blocks to trade are removed, China must expect attack from within and from without, and the dynasty must fall.

Sir Thomas Wade pointed out at the time of the Chino-Japanese war, that if the Manchu dynasty was driven to leave Peking for Nanking it would be upset, rebellions would arise in all directions,

and for the sake of their own interests the foreign Powers would have to take action. Our objective in relation to China is mainly commercial. If through the imbecility and stupidity of the Manchu Government the empire falls to pieces, and foreign nations are compelled to take action in their own behalf, it should be our aim to come to an amicable agreement with Russia, France, and Japan, the other neighbours of China, for the division of the spoil. With the basin of the Yangtsi Kiang, Kuangtung, and Yunnan as our share, the remainder of Southern China might be taken by France, and Northern China might be left to Russia and Japan.

With regard to the last development of German policy. The increase to the navy is required by the Emperor in order to carry out his colonial policy, and thus increase the dumping-ground reserved for German commerce. The German annexations in New Guinea and Africa have proved disappointing, their inhabitants being savages, utterly untrained in civilised wants, beyond the vilest of spirituous liquor and gunpowder and implements of war. China is a market ready made, and has, therefore, naturally great attractions for the young man in a hurry, who at present presides over the empire of Germany. But he has yet to learn that there is a time for all things, and the truth of the proverb 'The more haste, the less speed.' In his haste to lose no opportunity he has apparently omitted to take into account the most important factor of the position, that Japan is still in occupancy of Wei-hai-wei, and is likely to object to the action of the German Emperor as elucidated by the German press. With a fleet far stronger than that of Germany, and able to put a hundred thousand or more well-equipped and capitally drilled men in China in the course of a few days, Japan is a foe who will not be terrified by the mailed fist of Germany. Japan has yet her word to say on the German views and the German action, and it would be no bad policy for her to conciliate China by forcing Prince Henry to put his mailed fist in his pocket. A Chino-Japanese alliance would in all probability lead to the improvement of the Chinese administration and to the opening out of China to trade.

If China, like Africa, is to be broken up and divided between rival nations, all but ourselves with a Protectionist policy, we have to consider our stake in the game, and resolutely determine upon, and at all costs carry out, the measures we deem needful for our benefit and the defence of our interests. The time has gone by for vacillation. Our position as the neighbour and chief customer of China is being threatened. Every mile of territory and every possible customer gained by our antagonists are lost to us. We want a policy for the Far East, a policy befitting Great and Greater Britain, and we want a statesman who will carry it out.

## THE NEW LEARNING

TO THE EDITOR OF THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY'

SIR,—The charges made against me by Mr. Paul in your December number would, if true, show me to be singularly unfit for my position as a teacher of Greek Language and Literature. If I thought that my writings would leave on the public in general the same impression as they have left on Mr. Paul, I can honestly say that I would not write another line. In private relations I know that neither my pupils nor my friends would ever connect me with the idea of irreverence towards the great authors whom it is the main purpose of my life to study.

I admit frankly that my *History of Greek Literature* contains some score of over-colloquial sentences, which I have wished to alter ever since I saw the book in print. It is not necessary for me to admit—it is obvious—that it has also the defect almost inseparable from a history of literature; it gives the attempt of a man of mediocre intelligence to interpret the thoughts of men of transcendent genius. Beyond these admissions I do not plead guilty. I may or may not be lacking in taste, humour, and poetry. But I am not guilty of irreverence, nor yet of slapdash defiance of received views—the two points which Mr. Paul especially presses against me; and the pretended quotations by which he seeks to make his case are, almost without exception, either garbled or misinterpreted.

The charge of defying received views, not being made by a serious scholar, is of little weight. The main count in it is that I do not believe the Platonic *Apology* to be the speech delivered by Socrates in court. My defence is that I do not know of any competent authority who does, though I have just looked again through ten standard books dealing with the subject. If Mr. Paul will read Schanz's Introduction, I think he will abandon his little heresy.

Secondly, in speaking of the *Constitution of Athens* published among the works of Xenophon, I call the unknown author of that treatise 'The Old Oligarch.' I have often found him so named in dissertations on the subject; and the only alternative title, 'The Pseudo-Xenophon,' is misleading, since it suggests the idea of forgery.

Thirdly, I think I am included in Mr. Paul's condemnation of Grote—and certainly I would sooner stand with the culprit than with the judge—for refusing to condemn all the Platonic letters in a body as spurious. I can only say that I have worked a good deal at the question, and that my views are similar to those of Christ, Zeller, and Blass. My position may show excessive caution, but I fail to see any flippancy or love of paradox in it.

Coming to the quotations, Mr. Paul might perhaps have mentioned that all he says about Thucydides' banishment, and much that he says about Plato, either come out of my book or else coincide with it in a remarkable way. The passages which he explicitly quotes from me are seldom so near the original.

Mr. Paul says: 'Plato is labelled by Mr. Murray as "a witty and facile writer."' He is not so labelled. It is suggested that he must have been 'a witty and facile writer' in his early youth before he met Socrates and was converted to philosophy.

'Few people care for Pindar now.' This is so quoted as to imply that it

throws a slur on Pindar. It really occurs in a passage insisting on Pindar's consummate splendour as a poet, and urging readers to overcome the obstacles which block the way to him.

'Thucydides' style is an "absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language." TI

to me—as it is to Dr. Rutherford and several of the leading scholars in Europe—that Thucydides should, in the midst of his grand and terse writing, have fallen every now and again into the 'hodge-podge,' which I think is produced by putting too great confidence in the MS. tradition.

'The *Symposium* and the *Phædrus* have, it seems, a "certain glamour," which even the New Learning has to recognise and cannot explain away.' My words are: 'Two dialogues which stand apart, even in Plato, for a certain glamour that is all their own.' And if Mr. Paul, if any human being, will read the pages in which those words occur, I defy him to persuade himself that I am either grudging or irreverent in the homage I give to Plato (pp. 301-303).

Next comes a complicated and pointless misrepresentation. "Aristotle and the rest of us," as Mr. Murray modestly says, "who are not in peril from our excess of imagination," may make allowance for Plato. Aristotle did nothing of the sort.' And I said nothing of the sort. I said just the opposite—that Aristotle complained of Plato's condemnation of poetry, a well-known fact, which is apparently new to Mr. Paul. And I comment on Aristotle's attitude both by the phrase here quoted, and by mentioning later on that the over-critical disciple nevertheless built an altar and a shrine to Plato.

There are, however, three statements, quoted more or less correctly, which leave Mr. Paul in some doubt as to my sanity.

"The dreams that came to lure Xerxes to his ruin," says the Professor, "require more personal affidavits to substantiate them." To a man who can write like that, Herodotus must be as a picture to the blind, or a concert to the deaf.' The sentence really occurs in a statement of the current objections made against Herodotus's historical accuracy, preliminary to my defence of him! Does Mr. Paul really refuse my right to consider Herodotus as an historian at all?

"Plato amused his friends with a new kind of literature, the Mimic." I confess that when first I read this choice sentence I thought 'the Professor must be confounding Plato Philosophus with Plato Comicus. . . . The *Phædo*, it seems, as a Mime.' This last argument is like saying, 'Shakespeare wrote comedies; therefore *Macbeth*, it seems, is a comedy;' and the word '*mimic*' in the sentence which Mr. Paul read twice is a misquotation for 'mime.' But as to the main point, the only fault lies with Mr. Paul's quondam schoolmaster. The young Plato's imitations of the Mimes of Sophron are mentioned by nearly every writer dealing with the subject, from Aristotle and Diogenes Laertius to Jevons and Croiset. But I do not wish to be hard upon that schoolmaster!

In the next point Mr. Paul's approach to accuracy is less close. He writes: 'One of Plato's errors, we are told, he perhaps shared with Shakespeare. It was to hate his fellow-men. This amazing piece of criticism is enough in itself to establish the fame of the New Learning.' My real words are: 'Plato speaks in the *Phædo* of men who are made misanthropic by disappointment. "*It is bad, that, to hate your fellow-men; but it is worse to hate reason and the ideal.*" He fell, like Carlyle, perhaps like Shakespeare, into the first error; he never came near the second.' That is a very different statement. And on turning again to the *Gorgias*, to *Timon of Athens*, to *Troilus and Cressida*, I feel, not 'amazement,' but certainly some surprise, that anyone should care to deny it. I may add that before printing the phrase I consulted, and obtained the approval of, the best Shakespearian scholar known to me.

Lastly, there are two imperfect quotations about Aristophanes, which Mr. Paul professes to find contradictory. I will not occupy your space by correcting him

further. But I will venture to ask him to read them again, and to exercise a little more care and consideration in forming his opinions of a book which is the result of many years of constant and, I think, conscientious thought.

I wish that in disposing of these particular charges I could equally operate on the vivid distaste with which Mr. Paul is affected by me and all my works. If half of what he says is true, I must indeed be one of those 'whose souls stink even above the river of pitch,' but I cling to a faint hope that he does not really mean what he says, and that his diatribe is merely an instance of that desire to be witty 'which leadeth astray the minds even of the wise.'

Yours obediently,

GILBERT MURRAY.

SIR,—Professor Murray's letter seems to require a brief reply. I have not charged him with incompetence or inaccuracy, or with 'defying received views,' which would not necessarily be a charge at all. I have simply protested against the tone and style in which he deals with Greek literature.

I pass over the Professor's statement that I am not 'a serious scholar,' because I do not know what it means. If it means that my criticisms are not worth answering, why does he try to answer them? Nor shall I defend my old tutor, whom the Professor in his hybrid dialect calls my 'quondam schoolmaster.' He was a much greater man than either of us, and needs no defence from me.

I will now take Mr. Murray's points, such as they are, one by one.

(1) I did not complain of Mr. Murray for saying that Plato's *Apology of Socrates* was not the actual speech which Socrates delivered. It may or may not be. I do not know, nor does Mr. Murray. Nor does Schanz. I require no introduction to the *Apology*. I was introduced to it long ago. Mr. Murray says in his book that 'it is not a speech for a real court, nor an answer to a legal accusation.' I say it is both. Anybody can see for himself which of us is right by reading it. It may be the most disgraceful ignorance on my part, but the only two authorities for the Life of Socrates that I know are Plato and Xenophon. The Platonic *Apology* answers to Xenophon's description that it was designed rather to aggravate than to conciliate the jury. Mr. Murray does not seem to know what an 'authority' means. How can a German or a Scottish Professor be an authority for what happened at Athens in the fourth or fifth century before Christ? There can be no authority for the trial of Socrates which is not more than two thousand years old. If, however, Mr. Murray cares for the opinion of modern authors, I will give him the names of four eminent scholars who believed the *Apology of Socrates* to be the actual speech delivered by Socrates. Three of them, he will be pleased to hear, are Germans. Their names are Schleiermacher, Ueberweg, Zeller and Grote. I should not like to go so far. But I utterly refuse to believe that Plato, who heard the real speech, composed a false one, and published it when the words of Socrates were fresh in the memories of Athenians. Mr. Murray might as well tell me that the Synoptic Evangelists concocted the Sermon on the Mount. That may be the latest and smartest view for all I know or care.

(2) I said nothing about Mr. Murray's opinion, which he has a perfect right to hold, that some of the letters attributed to Plato are genuine and others spurious. Having an old-fashioned belief in style, I cannot think that Plato wrote any of them. But that is neither here nor there.

(3) I was familiar with Thucydides before Mr. Murray wrote a book or became a Professor, and I have not consciously borrowed anything from him, except what I have enclosed in quotation marks. All my quotations from him are correct, except for one misprinted word.

(4) Mr. Murray calls Plato a 'witty and facile writer' without any qualification. He objects to my saying that he so 'labels' Plato. I will substitute the word 'libels,' if he likes that better.

(5) I cannot find any passage in which Mr. Murray urges his readers 'to overcome the obstacles which block the way' to Pindar.

(6) I cannot make out from Mr. Murray's letter, or from his book, whether he believes that Thucydides did, or that he did not, write the History which bears his name. But I gather that if he did, Mr. Murray has a poor opinion of his style. This opinion I do not share. If he did not, I fail to see how we can form any opinion about him. But Mr. Murray does say that an 'absolute hodge-podge of ungrammatical and unnatural language' occurs not here and there in Thucydides, but 'on every third page.' He also says that Thucydides, as we know him, and as he has been known since the revival of learning, 'mixes long passages of masterly expressions with short ones of what looks like gibberish.' Such criticism requires no comment. It condemns itself.

(7) Mr. Murray denies having said that "'Aristotle and the rest of us, who are not in peril from our excess of imagination," may make allowance for Plato.' Mr. Murray's actual words are, 'will very properly deplore Plato's want of appreciation.' I submit that I have not misrepresented him. I am acquainted with Aristotle's criticisms upon Plato's treatment of poetry. But I do not agree with Mr. Murray's description of them.

(8) If Mr. Murray says that the sentence about the dreams of Xerxes requiring affidavits to support them expressed not his own opinion but somebody else's, I of course believe him. But there is nothing in the text to show this. The next sentence is, 'The debate of the seven Persians on Monarchy, Oligarchy, and Democracy, though Herodotus stakes his reputation upon it, has been too much for almost every believer.' Surely that is Mr. Murray's own. How was I to know that the previous sentence was not?

(9) I will give Mr. Murray the pleasure of confessing that my ignorance of 'Mimes' is extensive and peculiar. I am not quite sure that the English language would be incomplete without the word. I am sorry that the printer struck and made Plato a Mimic instead of a Mimer. But if a Mime means a philosophical dialogue, I do not know the meaning of language.

(10) Mr. Murray's logic. Timon hated mankind. Shakespeare drew Timon. Therefore Shakespeare hated mankind. *Q. E. D.* Surely rather *Q. E. A.* Is Iago Shakespeare's portrait by himself?

Mr. Murray is quite mistaken in supposing that I have a 'vivid distaste for him and all his works.' I have not the honour of his personal acquaintance, and I only know one of his works. If I have annoyed him, I am sorry. I was not thinking of him, but of the great authors whom he seemed to me to have mishandled. I have expressly acknowledged his learning and ability. They make his book the more influential, and therefore, in my opinion, the more dangerous. Professor Murray's position in the world of scholarship is too high to be affected by adverse comment upon the obvious faults of a brilliant and clever book. If he will take a word of advice from a sincere well-wisher, I would entreat him to try reading the classics without a commentary, to use his own mind instead of other people's, to remember that even Wilamowitz-Moellendorf is not infallible, and to realise that there is nothing which cannot be expressed in the English language.

Yours obediently,

HERBERT PAUL.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE  
NINETEENTH  
CENTURY.

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*BARKING HALL: A YEAR AFTER*

*A SEQUEL TO 'THE HIGH OAKS'*

STILL the sovereign trees  
Make the sundawn's breeze  
More bright, more sweet, more heavenly than it rose,  
As wind and sun fulfil  
Their living rapture: still  
Noon, dawn, and evening thrill  
With radiant change the immeasurable repose  
Wherewith the woodland wilds lie blest  
And feel how storms and centuries rock them still to rest.

Still the love-lit place  
Given of God such grace  
That here was born on earth a birth divine  
Gives thanks with all its flowers  
Through all their lustrous hours,  
From all its birds and bowers  
Gives thanks that here they felt her sunset shine  
Where once her sunrise laughed, and bade  
The life of all the living things it lit be glad.

<sup>1</sup> See *Nineteenth Century*, September 1896, Verses written for the birthday of the author's mother.



Soft as light and strong  
Rises yet their song  
And thrills with pride the cedar-haunted lawn  
And every brooding dove.  
But she, beloved above  
All utterance known of love,  
Abides no more the change of night and dawn,  
Beholds no more with earth-born eye  
These woods that watched her waking here where all things  
die.

Not the light that shone  
When she looked thereon  
Shines on them or shall shine for ever here.  
We know not, save when sleep  
Slays death, who fain would keep  
His mystery dense and deep,  
Where shines the smile we held and hold so dear.  
Dreams only, thrilled and filled with love,  
Bring back its light ere dawn leave nought alive above.

Nought alive awake  
Sees the strong dawn break  
On all the dreams that dying night bade live.  
Yet scarce the intolerant sense  
Of day's harsh evidence  
How came their word and whence  
Strikes dumb the song of thanks it bids them give,  
The joy that answers as it heard  
And lightens as it saw the light that spake the word.

Night and sleep and dawn  
Pass with dreams withdrawn :  
But higher above them far than noon may climb  
Love lives and turns to light  
The deadly noon of night.  
His fiery spirit of sight  
Endures no curb of change or darkling time.  
Even earth and transient things of earth  
Even here to him bear witness not of death but birth.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE.

## ENGLAND AT WAR

Without being much aware of it, certainly without being much disturbed or even very curious about it, we are living amidst changes more sudden and profound than any which the world has known for centuries. At the word 'centuries,' it will be remembered that we have not to go back hundreds of years for the French Revolution. But the French Revolution can be outdone in point of consequence. From time to time, long-continued processes of change in things more rooted than forms of government and systems of thought rush to completion, and then there is one of those *bouleversements* in which races and kingdoms fall or rise. Such events have happened many times in the history of mankind; and though most of us go upon an unspoken assumption that the dominions and thrones of the world were pretty well settled for good by the time we came into it, a clean sweep will be made of the whole of them a hundred times before earth becomes an ice-globe or life retreats within the torrid zone. Where that certainty is remembered, a patient ear will be given to the belief that the world is now at the beginning of tremendous changes, comparable with those which have brought empires to the ground and transferred sovereign power from continent to continent.

THIS is from one of the sermons which, three years ago or thereabout, were preached upon the fulfilment of the prophecy that some day the world would witness the portent of an 'awakened East.' Not that the preacher hung upon that text alone, which by itself would not have supplied his deductions. The sudden appearance in the Far East of a confident, well-disciplined, well-equipped fighting people, a people fit for commerce, eager for it, and ready for any adventure for its sake, was portentous enough; but by no means enough to justify the expectation of a change in the distribution of empire. If that was to happen at no distant time which Pearson the prophet, and Rosebery the statesman, and the whole mass of opinion in England put off into 'the dim vistas of futurity,' something more than the apparition of an upstart Japan must be at work. But this the preacher found (as he made out) in the imminent fulfilment of another forecast: namely, that the determination of England to live in friendless and unfriendly isolation, amidst an armed Europe with importunate ambitions and imperative needs, would not answer. Persistence in this resolve would probably be punished by agreement amongst the Continental Powers to sink their differences awhile in combining against an empire which has too much, they think, of what they all want the most. This was the other

prophecy ; and even before the awakening of the East offered its provocations to such an arrangement there were signs of its coming about. And then, on a sudden, those provocations appeared. China was attacked and beaten by the Japanese so amazingly, the awakening seemed at once so formidable, that Europe was bewildered. All but Russia, who immediately interfered. But naturally wishing not to do without co-operation, she invited England to join her.

It was a momentous invitation—coming close, too, upon the hope of living on better terms with Russia which the friendliness of her new Emperor had encouraged. To accept it, to decline it, was in the first place to decide whether England should stand off from the Yellow Spectre or welcome it as an ally. That was the main point ; but immediately associated with it was the question whether the Japanese imbroglio might not in one case retard and in the other precipitate the likelihood of hostile alliances. Both questions must have stared upon Lord Rosebery's Government when they considered the Czar's invitation, and both must have been anxiously debated. Not, however, with fortunate results ; for the Government decided upon saying 'No' to the Czar and shaking hands with the Yellow Spectre.

This fateful decision was mildly put as 'a policy of abstention.' Simple thing, policy of abstention ; and so mysterious is the power of words that, conceivably, Ministers hardly saw what their policy was under the veiling word thrown over it. If so, they were soon helped to clearer sight. Their abstention policy was immediately interpreted by the whole of our newspaper press—approvingly—as a stroke at Russia on behalf of Japan. By Russia it was taken, of course, as so intended ; by Germany as opening wide the way to a new Triple Alliance for Eastern ambitions and purposes ; and as all these readings were evidently correct, there was little hazard in expressing a belief that the 'awakening of the East' had already begun a conflict that would leave a lasting mark on the history of the world.

That was three years ago, more or less ; and from that time to this nothing has happened that does not favour the belief. Three years of diplomacy might have changed the prospect for the better, and it happens that for nearly the whole of that period England has been in the hands of a minister of unsurpassed reputation for diplomatic success. But, in this great matter, to what avail ? Apparently, none. If anything was done to prevent or forestall the Continental league for the control of affairs in the East, the attempt was made too late ; and diplomacy is exactly the field where the strength of the league has been most evident, so far. In effect, it took the place of the European Concert and worked by its machinery. Incessantly active since 1894, the so-called Concert has shown at all points its conversion into what the Americans call a Trust ; and this trust or 'combine' has dealt with our diplomacy very much as Mr. Rockefeller

and his Standard Company would deal with an outside trader in mineral oil. The Concert treatment of the Armenian question, the Cretan question, the Turco-Greek difficulty, was less remarkable for its results to Armenians, Cretans, or even Greeks of the kingdom, than for a prolonged and malicious display of how ineffective England's authority had become.

• What this year may bring forth no man knows ; but it seems clear that the diplomatising of the last three years has done nothing to alter the prospect that suddenly opened up in 1895. No, but much to confirm it, as by the profoundly important, profoundly significant understanding between Russia and Austria, than which nothing of its kind in our time is more likely to pass into history as a great event. Yet our politicians still refused to believe in anything with the meaning of a European coalition. They would not hear of it ; proving more clearly than ever that Englishmen, shut up in their island security, undisciplined by the apprehensions which so constantly exercise the Continental peoples, are losing outlook. But of course the disbelief may have been affected rather. Such affectations, feeble though they be, are suggested to us all by the defensive instinct. And there is the fact that, while the idea of partnership against England was still rejected as fantastic, the impression widened and deepened that before long we might have to fight for our own. That at least was admitted, and more and more plainly avowed as our cautious men in office showed by their anxiety about army and navy both that it was an impression they could not resist. Why should they ? Bit by bit, stage by stage, the whole history of the past three years justified it abundantly ; the latest events being the most significant of all, while in perfect sequence and harmony with the rest.

Army and navy both : there is no escape from the obligation of adding to their strength. It is a matter in which there can be only one doubt : doubt as to whether we did not begin upon that business too late. We look to the immediate future of Japan, and see clearly enough what a world of difference two or three years of preparation would make. We look at home, and see ourselves in like case with the Japanese. With a curse upon the statesmanship that would not arm for fear of losing votes, and so was forced to arm at last with startling precipitancy, we acknowledge the temptation of those Continental Powers to make good their ground against us in the Far East before our naval and military 'programme' is completed. This endeavour they are now employed upon, from a beginning that dates long before the occupation of Kiao-chau and Port Arthur. Meanwhile, more war-ships for France, more for Germany, more for Russia, additions which were of course to be expected ; partly to balance our sudden enhancements of naval power, partly (perhaps) to fill anticipated gaps in the marine of those nations.

Yet nothing even now justifies apprehension of actual assault

upon the British Empire. No doubt, the recent movements in the Far East and on the Upper Nile wore an ill look, accentuated as it was by their coming to light at the same moment. But yet there is no greater likelihood in politics than the exclusion of armed attack on England from the plans of the Continental partnership. No doubt attack always lay beyond these plans as a *may* or a *may-not-be*. It might come into them by the out-turn of events, but reasons that weigh heavily with patient, long-headed men, like those who have given to Russian statesmanship its position of command, seem quite opposed to anything of the kind. War is not wanted. The hope, the intention, is to do without it. We must suppose, indeed, that the glories of war have still their fascination for Russians, as certainly they have for the French, and unspeakably for the German war-lord; but glory is not the present object of the partnership. It is deferred to business, and takes quite a secondary place; which explains why 'syndicate' is thought a more appropriate designation of the new arrangement than the usual term 'alliance' or 'coalition.' In answer to the talk of breaking up the Chinese Empire, it has been said that the Russian Government at any rate can have no such design—that, being a calculating Government, it would as soon think of draining a reservoir by dynamiting its embankment. Which is true; and so, as one of the least of the reasons against actual fire-and-sword attack upon the British Empire, the financial smash and confusion that would instantly follow upon any attempt of the kind may be mentioned. Syndicates go to work in a different way; and this is only one of the considerations that naturally persuaded the new alliance to spare our blood at present and even our possessions. And the same reasons which counselled abstention from actual attack upon England enjoined avoidance of all such provocation as might force her Government to open fire.

From this calculation it may appear that, for a time at least, our friends abroad were content that we should go about our business in peace. But that is not the case. The truth is—and to understand it and its bearings is of the highest importance—that an actual state of war against England began some time ago. War has long been organised and in progress upon military lines.

The explanation of this, which seems a paradoxical statement, starts from the great discovery reserved for the later years of a veritable age of discovery. It is now known, and soon will be universally acknowledged, that commerce, that industrialism, which was to have been the agent of peace throughout the world, is not that at all: it turns out to be unequalled as an insidious and daring procuress of war. The sixth decade of the century, which had so much reason to fear that science would destroy Christianity, was solaced by the thought that here was another religion just in time. According to the habit

of Progress—agreeably, too, with the law of demand and supply—we were not to be left without a gospel of peace because Darwinism and Modern Thought had put the Christian religion out of date. Commerce was rising to perfection, and by the mere side-winds and accidentals of its advance would spread the love of peace with far greater speed and certainty than under the previous dispensation. Long ago these bright visions were all laid in ruin, and now, when we view the disturbance with which the whole world is either menaced or actually racked, we see that it has one and the same origin: Trade.

Industrialism is still believed by some of the greatest of social philosophers—Mr. Herbert Spencer for one—to be the only real hope of human advancement. By the same authorities militarism and industrialism are declared to be essentially antagonistic; and somewhere down in the deeps, or somewhere up in the heights, perhaps they are. More probably in both; but in that case we are traversing an unheavenly middle passage, where fire and sword are vowed to the service of trade: which, for its part, knows no use for them so blameless. These rising conflicts in the East are all for trade; and if European nations seek alliance with hordes of bloody-minded Asiatics, themselves on the war-path for trade, trade is the good reason and the full excuse. If Europe is breeding in Africa wars of expulsion the most certain and savage, and if meanwhile the dark continent is harried by French, German, Belgian, and other fighting, the behest of Commerce makes it righteous 'down to the ground.' Of course I am making no complaint—it would be as wise to complain of drought, or flood, or earthquake, or the wretched necessity of eating to live. And what need of mockery to show how completely militarism and industrialism oppose themselves to the theory of their being 'essentially antagonistic'? In a thousand years, perhaps, they may be so. At present, the one is the mailed fist of the other, and there is no civilised people in the world which is not clear that as such it cannot be more properly or too vigorously employed. Competition settles the law and morality of that matter, as we may see at this moment in our own land. Our trade is so enormous as to be considered, in a different sense, an enormity. On that very account its magnitude has become a danger; yet in many parts of the country the manufacturing population is so hungry for new markets, and so sensitive to the loss of any it has got, that it has been watching the conduct of the Government in the East almost as suspected treachery is watched. Nor does mere greed inspire this anxiety, as the wrathful foreigner believes, but a genuine fear of being starved out. This in Great Britain, its island population of less than forty millions holding so vast a share in the territory and trade of the world! Mark, then, that the same hunger for factory profits having seized upon all the greater nations, the same absolute

need of them being felt where they have yet to be acquired in full abundance, new conditions arise which are beyond the control of any Government. These conditions are such that most of the European States are under the strongest compulsion—social, political, economic, even dynastic—to enter upon wars of industry; not unlikely to prove as sweeping as the old wars of religion. Militarism calls upon Industry to supply its enormous needs; Industry, believing that trade follows the flag, calls upon Government to find or make new markets; Socialism sounds a constant warning that unless the factories are filled down all Government will go. But while these demands are pressed for immediate execution, the finding and the making of markets is a most tedious business, and it is doubtful if all that is left to the rest of the world by the English-speaking races can provide for its ever-growing wants. In such a state of things it would be strange if the Governments of 'awakened' Europe had not a socialist dream of their own, figuring forth, as the only or the short way to prosperity in peace, a more reasonable distribution of the whole bulk of trade, its strongholds and opportunities.

It is, in fact, no dream, but a purpose already afoot and in action. If we will but open our eyes and see things as they are, without making false allowances for distance and obscurity, we shall not find much reason to doubt that a great trade-war against England began long since. Of course I do not mean by that the universal tariff war, about which there is no obscurity, but a war of which the purpose is to limit, to reduce, to appropriate our trade and its territorial foothold, and the means the ordinary means and processes of warfare. It is also clear, I think, that this is being done either by fortuitous or designed combination: to all appearance, by combination which was for some time unstudied, and afterwards formally co-operative. Before the outbreak of the Japanese-Chinese war, and more plainly since, diplomatic co-operation for breaking down the prestige of England worked 'in the open;' and as Mr. Balfour said the other day, 'The empire depends on its prestige: I tell you that prestige means to you many battleships and many army corps.' Yes; and this the European Concert could have told Mr. Balfour, and also that England's prestige was cut down at Constantinople for this very reason. In appearance a diplomatic check, it was in effect a blow, auxiliary to other operations, distinctly warlike, that were going on at the same time.

These may be compared with the march of troops upon various points marked out as advantageous for giving battle. But that is not enough to say. There is a march of troops upon selected points of that character, and, if the move is not immediately known for what it is, it is probably because the field of operation is no fifty-mile space in 'the Low Countries,' but half the world in extent. Here in Persia we may see, almost as plainly as in the Crimea when war

was declared, the preparations for a great Russian camp. Beyond, and less secretly active, the Russian advance goes on upon its two lines of route to the borders of our Indian Empire: its base assured, its depots and connecting roads and railways all but completed for the hour of attack. A long march this, but except for the difference of ground covered and time occupied—a difference which entirely disappears as the last stages of the operation are approached—there is nothing to distinguish this advance from the hostile march which Kitchener is making on Khartoum. Nothing but an illusion of time and space conceals the fact that it is as much an operation of war, in active progress, and all but finished. This in one quarter of the world. The sound of Kitchener's name carries us at once to another, where we behold a supporting movement in full activity. For us India and Egypt have a close connection; so they have for Russia, therefore; and good relations with Abyssinia having been carefully cultivated by both Russia and France (they did much for the King in turning out our friends the Italians, and can do a great deal more for him in other ways), a strategical advance upon the upper waters of the Nile is vigorously attempted. With what purpose? A purpose well known. It is believed that the lower waters, which are the very life of Egypt, can be controlled, starved, from that position; but it will be enough if a threatening presence can be established there, as upon the Afghan frontier.

Now this movement too is actively going on, and, like the other movement, has all the character of an advance on the battle-field, to seize and hold positions of advantage preliminary to attack. Technically it may be something different, but if so, so much the worse for the technicalities.

It is no objection to this statement that not so much as a broken head justifies it; nor would it be an objection did we foreknow (as we do not) that bloodshed will be entirely avoided from first to last. Except in what are called punitive expeditions, bloodshed is not the object of war, but only the most effective way, commonly, of achieving it. The object of war is conquest, and conquest is fulfilled by surrender. The most splendid operation of war is a disposition of forces so effective as to compel submission without a stroke. It is warfare of this kind that is and has been going on against England; and as long as the allies of Russia can be properly restrained by Russian wisdom, it is unlikely to change its character. But war it is, though without the inconvenience of declaration, without the flashing of swords and firing of guns (unless in last resort, *bien entendu*), and without demand for the distressing formalities of submission. Thus its comparative pleasantness is maintained throughout; and with the more ease because the objects of this kind of war are not necessarily extorted on the spot where the moral influence of impending battalions is exercised. You surrender an island else-



where, or give up a protectorate, or, by retiring a policy, in effect withdraw an army or a fleet. With that your enemy is at the moment satisfied, and your graceful act of concession can always be represented as insuring peaceful relations at last.

Thus is explained the apparent paradox that though the Continental syndicate deliberately excludes from its plans a fire-and-sword attack upon England, and is chary of all such provocation as might force her Government to fly to arms, an actual state of war against this country has begun and proceeds upon military lines.

It may be asked how this anxiety to avoid grave provocation squares with the recent conduct of the allies in the China seas. There are two answers to that question: one that may be made for them, and one which at any rate could be made by themselves. The first is that from time to time some sharp forward move must be taken, and that this seemed such a time. For there is the consideration that while the British and Japanese fleets would be too much for the allies as matters stand, both of these Powers will be much stronger at sea a few years hence. But, particularly, the fleet of the headstrong, self-confident, waspish Japanese will be much stronger. Another reason for seizing some fruitful places and fortifying a strong position or two, just now, was of a more speculative character, and rested upon two assumptions: one, that no strain of popular opinion in England is powerful enough to rush the Government into war with a European alliance, unless it were for a great stake; the other, that, except for a great stake, it would be too ungrateful (and so it would be—monstrously ungrateful) for any Government to grieve the last days of the Queen by a heavy and momentous war. That is the first answer to the supposed question—the answer least likely to be avowed. What the Continental Powers might say for themselves is that their object in the China seas is not to deprive England of anything. *But*—here is the rub—it is time for England to content herself with what she has got—namely, the best and most of everything everywhere; and it ought to be no grave provocation to war if the other European nations resolve to secure for themselves what remains. If they added that this resolve they firmly intend to carry out, they would be sufficiently frank. To be quite candid, however, they would further say that if England springs in with armed interference, the state of war above described will probably change at once into something sharper and noisier: the ultimate purpose of that long Russian march to the Indian frontier will then find its hour.

Yet we may be sure that, at bottom, there is every desire to put off such contingencies. It is well understood now that the Russian game is a long game; its method, to creep on awhile, to spring a stage at fair opportunity, then to halt and look pleasant, again to creep on, and so to proceed till the time arrives when a rush

may be made from more than one well-prepared post of vantage. Unless that time is supposed to have come, occasion invites to another halt, and to looking pleasant again. Avoidance of overprovocation is not likely to be abandoned yet; the only misgiving on that point being that the Russian Government must have known its waiting policy more difficult to maintain after taking partners than it was before. Long games are much less favoured where personal ambitions rule and must be satisfied, than where, as in Russia, State affairs are carried on with the silence, the impersonality, the long outlook and the long patience, of Papal government.

Here, then, is some ground for doubting whether the traditional Russian policy can hold much longer, or endure any great strain. And it happens that, at this very point in our remarks, the interrupting news comes in that just such a test is to be applied immediately.

The terms upon which the British Government offered to raise a loan for China being published, it could not be concealed that they were more than the terms of a loan: they were, besides, a challenge. To Englishmen they seemed perfectly fair, quite unselfish, and good for all concerned; an opinion we have a right to stick to. But of course it was never an affair in which English opinion could have any decisive weight. By the terms of the loan our Government revealed its consciousness of what the Continental brotherhood was about in China, and as plainly declared its desire, if not its determination, to put a stop to it. And if I have interpreted aright the views and aims of the Continental Powers concerned, fierce opposition to the terms of the loan was a mere matter of certainty.

Suppose agreement among the greater European Governments that England must now be content with her share of the world's goods, and talk of the fairness of our proposals and the generosity of our commercial system is vain. It is at once seen that in this affair there may be two quite opposite views of what is fair and just. Let us illustrate the difference. We point to the fact that our share of the foreign trade of China is 80 per cent. of the whole, and call that an argument for its not being interfered with: the Continental Powers feel that it is an argument the other way. We insist that England should be allowed the same trading privileges in their Chinese ports that are open to them in ours: any or all of our unfriends may answer that the commercial principles that suit us do not fall in with their views. We assert that in taking the course which her Government has adopted here, England is not fighting for herself but for all the world: if they reply that they doubt it, and that, for their part, they are mostly concerned with their own special good, no more is to be said. And lastly, were they to argue, as no doubt they have argued, that free trade ought not to be forced upon one nation by

another at the point of the sword, what is the reply? A difficulty, perhaps. But this is altogether an affair of practical politics, from which the wrongfulness that would injure us is never likely to be removed by argument. It is not thought wrongfulness for that matter; and the *design* is to injure us, if by injury is meant the utmost possible limitation of our trade in the Far East—even the sweeping of the whole trade out of our hands and into their own, could that be contrived.

Something else must be touched upon. Amidst the talk of war that was started by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach—whether wisely or not will be better understood by the time this Review is published—we were all easy, and careless, and happy in the thought that our naval forces would be joined by those of Japan! An astonishing public opinion had no doubt of the policy, the righteousness, the success of that alliance on the sea and in the field. Is it past, this folly?—for surely there was never greater folly in the world. Let us remember. What was the origin of the turmoil of the last three years, and especially of the last three months? It is described in the second page of this article (accurately, as I insist) as the fateful decision of 1895, when our Government determined upon rejecting the Czar's overtures and on shaking hands with the Yellow Spectre. Or, as it is put in milder words, when a stroke was made at Russia on behalf of Japan. At that time I repeated an old opinion of one who had a far finer judgment than I can pretend to, that any European Power which allied itself in arms with the Yellow peoples against another European nation would play traitor to the welfare of the whole human race. Even at the moment of their wonderful uprising the Japanese did far too much to justify that profound opinion: I reiterate it, and pass to some details not unimportant. The stroke at Russia on behalf of Japan had its natural consequence: formation of that hostile partnership at Constantinople and in the Far East. A natural consequence, because active friendship with Japan against Russia is the deadliest form of enmity that the Czar's Government knows anything about. That is decided by Russia's newer ambitions, her enormous expenditure on them, and the sudden appearance of Japan as a daring and ingenious naval Power with high commercial aspirations and aptitudes. For Russia Japan is unendurable as enemy and competitor in those seas. Nothing is more fixed in her policy than that conviction, and we may expect it to be acted on inveterately. As enemy and competitor Japan will not be suffered to live if the Russian arms and Russian alliances can put her in a different position,—which different position will be her fate almost certainly, and perhaps soon. Well, then, in this state of the case, it is still while I write a general belief in England that we should be 'on velvet' in alliance with Japan; and this although Russia has France at her back, and although the German Emperor has shown by a certain

famous picture what *he* thinks of a flourishing and conquering Japan ! Considering these things, I take leave to say that this general belief in England is little better than a general madness.

To judge by my latest news, however, it is a madness which is unlikely to be indulged. Report of the sailing of a Japanese fleet as if to force the game, but also report that Japan will force the game at her own peril, if at all. For, after some hesitation, the Germans are disposed to allow us at Kiao-chau liberal commercial privileges (a good thing to do at the beginning, and the privileges can always be revised), and that, of course, if true, is a softener. Over-provocation is much reduced thereby. At the same time a gentle wind of rumour whispers a tale of compromise ; of no desire in high quarters to press upon China the conditions of the loan—nor any reason why they should not be modified. Further, that when Sir Michael Hicks-Beach spoke of war he was strangely though universally misinterpreted. If this means peace I for one shall be glad, albeit with bitterness ; for, after all the shouting of the captains, it looks too much like the withdrawal of a challenge. But what then ? The long and short of it is that, unless for very life, we cannot fight two or three great Continental Powers at once, and it is evident, and should always have been understood, that such a challenge as our 'terms of the loan' would be resented by the head of a combination irresistible except by enormous effort and sacrifice. The price of our policy of no alliances must be paid : a policy which would be ridiculous, and even scandalous, if it ended in an anti-European alliance with the Japanese. Does it follow that we are quite done ? Not at all. With patience, watchfulness, courage, we may yet be redeemed from isolation—the one thing to look to.

Be it understood, however, that meantime the long game goes on, the syndicate's policy of squeeze continues. No powder is burnt, no guns go off, but we are still in an actual state of war, as I have shown.

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

## THE EXPANSION OF GERMANY

THE debates in the German Reichstag, the discussions in the German press, and, most of all, the speeches of the Emperor William have awakened Europe with something of a start to the policy upon which Germany is embarking. There have, of course, been indications for some time that the Emperor, at all events, was seeking a wider stage for the exhibition of German activity, and in his recent declarations one can clearly see the natural development of ideas and intentions which have been gradually taking shape in his mind. What is novel is not perhaps so much the policy as the extraordinary manner in which it is announced to the world.

German colonial expansion is no new fact. Prince Bismarck, if not its actual initiator, was its benevolent friend. When, at the close of her victorious struggle with France, twenty-five years ago, a united and pacified Germany settled down to industrial pursuits, Bismarck was not slow to perceive the importance of colonial markets as an outlet for German manufactures. He also saw, with the strongest possible distaste, the steady flow of German emigration to the United States and to British colonies, for, once upon foreign soil, the emigrants only too often threw off their German nationality, and remained permanently in the land of their adoption. Emigration, which has done so much to create and still does so much to strengthen the British Empire, seemed to be a running sore for Germany.

But beyond all this, it is at least probable that Prince Bismarck began to foresee what everybody sees to-day, that the future of the world belongs to the great states, and that a Germany without foreign possessions, without great territorial interests as well as great commercial interests, must necessarily dwindle in importance, in comparison with such world-states as Great Britain, Russia, the United States of America, and perhaps even France, are destined to become. Germany might continue to increase in commercial prosperity, her military position in Europe might remain unthreatened,

and yet in the race of the nations she might insensibly fall into the second rank. It is pretty clear that Bismarck did perceive the extraordinarily important and critical character of the time in which we live. No one can doubt that we do live in one of the most critical epochs in the history of the modern world. It is the era of colonial expansion. The scramble among European nations for the remaining unappropriated portions of the earth's surface is at its height. Opportunities neglected now may never come again. The process of filling in, so to speak, the blanks upon the map is rapidly going on, and it is destined to determine, perhaps for centuries, the relative places which the nations of Europe will occupy in the world. Great Britain has already painted red huge patches of the map. France since the war of 1870 has splashed on her colour boldly and with unfaltering hand. Germany, under Bismarck, began to paint in her shade—somewhat tentatively at first—in the Cameroons, in South-West Africa, in East Africa, and in New Guinea. But it is during the last ten years—one might almost say during the last five years—that the colonial policy of Germany has taken more definite shape.

The fortunes of the colonial party in Germany have suffered many vicissitudes. It was a happy day when their views found favour with the present Emperor. Once a convert, the natural impetuosity of his character made him an apostle. It is a matter of common knowledge that he now dreams of a great colonial empire for Germany, a 'Greater Germany beyond the seas'; perhaps not precisely upon the same pattern as Greater Britain, but undoubtedly he dreams of an empire outside the geographical limits of Germany in Europe, which shall take away from her the reproach of being merely a European state, and place her *par inter pares* among the other great world-states—England, Russia, and America.

To this end the whole of his recent policy appears to be directed. It is for this he has passionately and persistently pressed for an increase of his fleet. Whatever may be the views and ambitions of the German people, there can be no manner of doubt as to their Emperor's view of his personal mission. This passage occurs in the Kiel speech :

I am conscious that it is my duty to extend and enlarge what my predecessors have bequeathed to me. The journey which you will undertake and the task which you have to fulfil imply in themselves nothing new; they are the logical consequences of what my grandfather, of blessed memory, and his great Chancellor founded in the political sphere, and of what our illustrious father won by his sword on the battle-field; they are naught but the first manifestation of the newly united and newly arisen German Empire in its transmarine mission. In the stupendous development of its commercial interests, the Empire has gained for itself such a wide sphere that it is my duty to follow the new German Hanseatic League and to bestow upon it the protection it can claim from the Empire and the Emperor.

The same feelings and convictions are expressed in many other speeches of the Emperor, which it is unnecessary to quote.

Everybody is prepared to admit that there is much in the inflated language of these speeches which is specially adapted to the immediate circumstances of the time, and that in making them the Emperor had in view the chances of the Navy Bill in the Reichstag.

It would, however, be still more to the point to say that the circumstances of the time—the massacre of German missionaries in China and the outrage upon a German merchant in Hayti—have afforded him a peculiarly favourable opportunity for announcing to the German people, and to the world at large, a policy which he has had closely at heart for some time. In pursuing this policy, beyond all doubt, the Emperor is animated by a lofty sense of patriotism, and a profound conviction of the necessity for colonial expansion, if Germany is to hold a great place in the world. There is, however, no disrespect in conjecturing that his personal zeal in the matter is additionally stimulated by strong personal ambition. He is unquestionably a man of great though somewhat eccentric gifts, and, like many other gifted persons, he is consumed with the desire to display his talents. The circumstances of Europe are such—owing to the species of stable equilibrium produced by the competition between the dual and triple alliances—that he cannot hope, for the present at all events, to increase the power and prestige of Germany in Europe. He naturally turns his eyes seawards in the hope of finding elsewhere those opportunities which he lacks in Europe for making his reign as memorable in the history of Germany as that of his grandfather, or as that of his redoubtable ancestor Frederick the Great.

We may certainly take it for granted that the Emperor represents the high-water mark of colonial ambition in Germany. His ministers speak with more caution and in a more modest vein. When introducing the Navy Bill into the Reichstag in December last, Prince Hohenlohe specifically disclaimed any desire upon the part of Germany to enter into rivalry with the great naval Powers or to inaugurate a policy of adventure. 'But,' he continued, 'Germany cannot afford to be a *quantité négligeable* when international problems, and problems essentially affecting our interests, are to be solved, and when the scene of these problems is not upon the soil of the continent of Europe.'

In the same debate the Imperial Foreign Secretary, Herr von Bülow, speaking for ministers, said, 'We are of opinion that it is not advisable to exclude Germany at the outset in countries with a future before them from engaging in competition with other nations. The days when the German abandoned to one of his neighbours the

earth and to another the sea, and when he reserved for himself the heavens above, the throne of pure doctrinaire theory, those days are past.'

I quote these passages, not because there is any exception to be taken to them, but to show there is a definite conviction in the minds of imperial ministers—however cautiously it may be expressed—that a new day has dawned for German 'transmarine policy.'

It is difficult to say how far this new departure recommends itself to the minds of the German people, as a whole, and whether they are at all prepared to face the inevitable checks and disappointments incident to colonial expansion, or to bear patiently the heavy financial charges it will necessarily involve. It is certain that the seizure of a strip of territory in China and the despatch of a couple of ships-of-war to Kiao-chau Bay have aroused very great and real enthusiasm among the commercial classes. To us in England such events seem wholly inadequate to provoke the strange outburst of bombastic eloquence which has accompanied them; but in Germany they are undoubtedly regarded as events of the first importance, and likely to have far-reaching consequences. And whatever the immediate results may be, I do not for a moment doubt that from them will date a more precise appreciation of the meaning of the Emperor's active colonial policy and an immense increase in its popularity among the majority of his subjects.

After all, have not the years since 1866 been leading up to some such outgoing of German energy as recent events foreshadow to-day? From 1866 to 1871 Germany was absorbed in the struggle for unity and for the consolidation of her military position in Europe. Her victories set her free for the task of developing her industries, multiplying her powers of production, and forcing an entry into the markets of the world. In this field, if Great Britain has been her chief rival, she has also been her chief model. Great Britain is great by her world-wide commerce and by her colonies and possessions. Germany's commercial greatness is fairly assured, and she might well ask herself why she should not aspire to colonial greatness too. There is nothing unnatural in such hopes on the part of a laborious and enterprising people, any more than there is anything surprising in the dream of fresh conquests on the part of an ardent and ambitious soldier-Emperor.

The real drawback to the realisation of these hopes and dreams of Germany and her ruler is that they have come *too late*.

The greatness of England's colonial empire does not consist merely in its geographical extent, it lies in its character. It is the great self-governing communities settled in lands in which white men can live and flourish, each of them containing the germs of a mighty people, that constitute the true 'Greater Britain beyond the seas.' It is the



administrative gifts of England's sons, their readiness to assume responsibility when called upon, to set up almost automatically an orderly government without the assistance of a single official in every new patch of territory they acquire, that makes the English a governing people.

In her short career as a colonising power Germany cannot be said to have founded a single community of the type of our self-governing colonies,—that is, a community which in the future will maintain and extend the German type of civilisation, and which will spread the German language, German law, German ideas. Her trading stations in Africa and elsewhere, admirable as they are in many ways, are of an entirely different character.

Nor can it be said that she has been conspicuously successful in the administration of her settlements. The German emigrant complains that he finds himself overridden by officialdom in his own colonies, that even there the drill-sergeant follows him, and so he prefers the greater freedom of the United States. Government continues to lament this perversity, and it is in a Memorandum issued by the German Admiralty as lately as December last, and entitled 'The maritime interests of the German Empire,' that the following passage occurs: 'It is to be hoped that, in view of the hostile attitude of the United States towards immigration, a more considerable part of our emigrants, even in the event of a revival of the emigration movement, will betake themselves to lands in which they will not, as in North America, be rapidly absorbed by the kindred population, but may rather retain their German nationality.'

But if, so far, no great success has attended German colonisation, it may perhaps be said that it is because her efforts have been only tentative, and that in the future a different spirit will animate her from that which has animated her in the past. Indeed, such a spirit was heralded by all the flamboyant eloquence of those amazing Kiel speeches.

Then I say the new spirit comes too late. The opportunity for creating a true 'Greater Germany beyond the seas' has gone by. Germany's commercial future may be very bright; she may, nay will, continue to play in the world a high and important rôle, but the question of her becoming one of the great world-states, and of her people being numbered among the governing peoples of the earth, is, I believe, already decided, and decided against her.

This is a hard saying, but let us take a map of the world, and, looking at each of the continents, let us study the distribution of territory and consider what there is left from which Germany could possibly hope to build up an empire. In Asia, practically only China remains open to dispute. The rest of the continent is either occupied or is bespoken by Powers strong enough to defend their

rights or to successfully assert their claims. It is true the Powers appeared at first to see with apparent equanimity recent German aggression in China, but no one will imagine that either Russia, England, America, or Japan would permit without a struggle the indefinite extension of German claims. Indeed, subsequent events seem to show that, whatever may be the designs of Germany in the Far East, she will not be permitted to create for herself any great monopoly or exclusive privilege.

In Oceania it is difficult to see what further territory she could acquire beyond perhaps an odd station or two for her fleet.

In Central and South America, where Germany has great commercial interests, the ever-increasing power of the United States and their determination to enforce the Monroe doctrine afford a barrier which must become more and more effectual against the territorial aggrandisement of any European Power upon that continent.

There remains then only Africa. In Africa Germany has already made her most serious attempt at colonisation. It is in Africa, if anywhere, that the Emperor's dream of empire must be realised. And what are the chances and opportunities there? Germany already possesses the Cameroons and other settlements on the west coast, Damaraland in the south-west, and a vast 'sphere of influence' in East Africa. These acquisitions are almost all comparatively recent, and there has not been time to form any safe judgment as to their future. Still the most sanguine would hardly see in them the makings of a 'Greater Germany.' So far they have failed to attract any great stream of emigrants such as might form a true colonial population capable of contributing to its own defence. Indeed, for the present they are trading stations, and not colonies in the real sense of the word.

It is true that the map of Africa still contains many blanks, but they are being coloured in very rapidly, and, look at it as one will, it is difficult to see where any fruitful additions to Germany's empire are to come from. There are many claimants for the soil of Africa. For the moment, the two most prominent are England and France. Few episodes of contemporary history are more striking and interesting than the recent colonial expansion of France. It used to be said in the years which followed the war of 1870 that Bismarck encouraged France to embark upon an active colonial policy in the hope that she would fritter away her reviving strength in distant adventures. This may be a calumny, but if there is any truth in it, surely it is one of the revenges of history that France should now be carving out a great empire in the one continent where there might have been room for the realisation of the Emperor's dreams. What France will do with the immense territories she is annexing (and we must not

forget that she has also the reversion of the Congo Free State) is one of the most interesting problems which the future has to solve. Has she sufficient enterprise, material resources, or, most important of all, men to develop them, or will her occupation prove a blight, arresting the progress of what we call civilisation in Africa, just as effectually in the future as geographical ignorance and European neglect have arrested it in the past? Time will show. As one who has had opportunities of watching closely the intellectual, moral, and material changes which have taken place in France during the last twenty-five years, I should be the last to say the next century will not see a striking physical revival in her population, which may restore to her just what she wants to make her again a great colonising Power. However that may be, her occupation of African territories will be sufficiently effective to exclude Germany from them, and that is the point with which I am concerned.

As for Great Britain, her spheres of influence in Africa are well defined. After considerable vacillation we begin to see more clearly what we want. Our policy is gradually taking shape. When once we have decided what interests are vital, as for instance we have already decided so far as concerns our predominance in South Africa and our practical control of the whole water-way of the Nile, we shall suffer no encroachment upon them. It will not in the future be at our expense that Germany will expand in the Dark Continent. So long as we maintain our naval superiority, we need have no fear of not being able to maintain and defend our just interests there as elsewhere.

It is often said there is plenty of room in Africa for all the European Powers, and for Germany along with the rest. Undoubtedly there is room in Africa for German influence and German trade, and even for considerable German territorial possessions, but in view of present actual and consequential appropriations, there is not room even in Africa for territorial acquisition on such a scale as would realise William the Second's dream of a world-empire.

I would even go further, and say that the present German possessions, scattered and disconnected as they are, instead of being the constituent parts of a future world-state, are on the contrary so many hostages which Germany has given to fortune, for her power of holding them, in case she were at war with any great naval power, is to be measured not by the immensity of her military resources, but by the modest strength of her fleet. And since it is pretty clear that her future acquisitions can only be of the same scattered and isolated character, the Emperor's policy of 'extending and enlarging what my predecessors have bequeathed to me' is a policy of giving further hostages to fortune, and the empire which he longs to call into existence would either be held upon the fragile tenure of continual

peace, or would necessitate for its adequate defence such an increase of naval power as even he himself has not dreamed of, and from which the boldest German minister would shrink.

After all, the German Emperor is not the only ruler in history who has 'dreamed dreams' and has had to be satisfied with a more sober reality. If Germany is shut out from the greatest of all futures, if she has come into the field too late to hope to rank in the first line of world-powers, I am far from denying that a great future awaits her. My point is that the opportunities time has in store for her are not opportunities of empire-making, and that her future career is more likely to be the career of a commercial than of a governing people. If this be so, her true policy is not an ostentatious policy of promiscuous annexation here, there, and everywhere, but a sober policy directed towards the extension of her commerce and the protection of her interests in every part of the world. Such a policy would of course include the gradual and progressive strengthening of her navy to meet the increasing duties laid upon it, and it would not preclude the acquisition of such strategic positions as may still be obtainable, whenever she considers them necessary for the defence of the vital interests of her trade. This would not satisfy the extreme colonial party, whose idea is that Germany 'must resolutely act upon the fundamental principle that no further distribution of territory among European Powers can be allowed to take place without such compensation to Germany as shall maintain the existing balance of power,' but it would husband and concentrate German energies along a line upon which they have already met with distinguished success. It would be a further and natural development of the policy which has made her one of the most formidable competitors in the struggle for the world's trade.

No one will deny that the great growth of German commerce and shipping during the past twenty-five years warrants, and indeed makes necessary, a new development of policy. When Germany's over-sea trade was comparatively small, and when her mercantile marine could hardly be said to exist, she only required a fleet adequate to the defence of her rivers and coasts against foreign attack. When her interests in distant lands were relatively insignificant, she had no temptation to make her voice continually heard in the settlement of extra-European questions. But time and the enterprise of her people have changed all that.

It has become the practice to speak of the growth of German commerce between 1872 and 1896 as 'phenomenal.' It is undoubtedly very striking, but not so striking as the growth of England's foreign trade during the previous twenty-five years, that is to say, between 1857 and 1872. What is really remarkable, and what merits the admiration of all observers, is the thoroughness with

which Germany has prepared herself for her industrial career, and the boldness and persistence with which she is assaulting every market in the world. This is not a statistical article. If it were, it would be easy to quote exact figures from the memorandum issued by the German Admiralty, showing in detail the progress which has so far been made. Nothing is being left undone to insure success. All that education in its various forms—primary, technical, and even physical—can do for the German workman is being done for him. Weak industries receive bounties. Lines of steamers are heavily subsidised to carry German exports to all parts of the world. The State railways are authorised to make special rates for the over-sea trade. German diplomatic agents abroad exercise pressure in favour of German merchants. German commercial houses are planted in every important foreign port, and even where they represent foreign firms they keep a benevolent eye upon the produce of their own country. In the conduct of private undertakings money is not grudged either for practical experiment or for research. Manufacturers submit to sacrifices in order to force an entry into foreign markets, and recoup themselves with the aid of protective duties at home. The whole commercial policy of the country is directed towards the encouragement and extension of foreign trade.

Such assistance and encouragement, given to a population as laborious and well endowed as the German people, have produced the results which we are beginning to see. Germans are ubiquitous. They have gained a footing in almost every market. I admit that the actual amount of their business is greatly over-estimated in many quarters, and that their rivalry with Great Britain has so far only entered upon its first, and for Germany its easiest, stage. With that question I am not for the present occupied. The point is that they have established commercial 'interests' in all parts of the world, that their lines of steamers have begun to invade almost every sea, that they are accustoming themselves to large affairs, large contracts, and large financial operations.

It is to my mind this sense of commercial success, of expansion, of being on the rising wave, which explains the spirit in which the Emperor's recent utterances have been received, and accounts for the enthusiasm with which the prospect of a new policy has been greeted. It is the conviction that the situation is for them a new situation, that the success which has attended their efforts justifies a new departure, that enlarged interests have made necessary a larger policy and larger views of Germany's rôle in the world. I believe this feeling will grow stronger and stronger until it completely controls German policy. Old divisions of parties, old conservative ideas, conflicting interests of various kinds, may possibly for a time prevail against it, but I am convinced the ultimate triumph of the 'forward' policy is assured.

Whether that policy will be directed by unreasoning ambition or by a prudent and enlightened appreciation of the character of the opportunities which time and fate have left to Germany, it would be foolish to hazard a guess.

One thing may safely be said, Germany's new policy will necessarily bring about serious readjustments in the policies of other European Powers, and especially of England. It is an easy prediction that, just as the last fifty years have been an era of rivalry in military armaments, the next fifty years will witness the competition of the fleets.

HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

*GERMAN VERSUS BRITISH TRADE  
IN THE EAST*

At a time when the patriotic British mind is agitated and alarmed by the apparent ease with which German wares are ousting those of our own country, not only in neutral markets but also in those which have hitherto been regarded as peculiarly our own, the personal experiences of one whose long residence in Sumatra has afforded exceptional opportunities of studying the condition of commerce in that prosperous island, and the neighbouring British possessions across the Straits of Malacca, may not be without public interest. That the German flag has, within the last decade, been more in evidence on the Eastern seas, and that German-made goods have partially or entirely taken possession of markets which were but recently innocent of their existence, are facts admitting of no denial. There are, however, two kinds of trade—the one vigorous, self-supporting, yielding a fair profit to capital, a decent wage to labour, and satisfaction to the consumer; the other, spurious, bounty-fed, and existing only by subsidies and the sweat of mankind. The one has the qualities of endurance; the other, the symptoms of decay. I shall endeavour to classify the rival trades of England and Germany.

Twelve years ago the whole of the import and export trade of Sumatra's east coast was conducted under the English flag. Even the Dutch flag was banished from the harbours of this Dutch possession, except in the case of ships in the Government service. In 1886 this British monopoly was disputed by the North German Lloyd Company, whose subsidy from the German Government enabled them to cut rates to an extent which speedily attracted a considerable portion of the goods and passenger traffic to their ships. Freights on tobacco, the staple product of the east coast, were reduced by one half, and passengers were, and still are, conveyed to and back from Europe at a charge only slightly exceeding what the P. and O. Company demand for the single journey. The North German Lloyd, being under contract with the Imperial Government to run ships to and from the Far East at stated intervals, appear to have adopted the principle that it is better to fill their vessels with unremunerative

cargo and passengers than to run them empty. The imperial subsidy covers the loss. Notwithstanding this novel form of competition, English ships continue to trade profitably with the East, though all the reports of their German competitors point to the fact that, without their subsidy, they could not compete for twelve months. The net result of trading on such unsound principles is that various English ports at which these German subsidised boats must call on their way to China are enriched at the expense of the German taxpayer. Individual shipowners may suffer, but the commerce of Colombo, Singapore, Hong Kong, and Dutch Sumatra continues to flourish, partly at Germany's expense. Need the veriest alarmist have any fear for the appearance of the German flag in Eastern waters, considering the means by which it has got there? And how must we classify a trade established on such principles?

The internal trade of the east coast of Sumatra is mostly in German hands; the Dutch themselves only take a second place, and the English are nowhere. There is no British Consul or British firm in the Residency; the imports of hardware are entirely German; British textile manufactures are gradually being replaced by those of Germany; tobacco fertilisers, imported in enormous quantities, come entirely from the Continent. Such, briefly, are the conditions of trade.

It is just a question whether it would be to a British manufacturer's advantage to compete for the hardware trade of Deli (the east coast province). The principal items of import are implements of agriculture, such as spades, hoes, rakes, axes, &c., but, owing to the peculiar system of cultivation in vogue there, a cheap and nasty implement will be more appreciated than one of more sterling quality. The Chinese labourer in Deli has to purchase his own tools, and as it is a fad of his to discard the old for new ones at the end of each year, though the old ones might still be serviceable, it is evident that he gives the preference to a low-priced article, whatever its quality. I myself have made more than one effort to introduce British-made tools into Deli, but, paradoxical as it may seem, I have always found their chief fault to be that they were 'too good.' Germany makes tools to last one year; Birmingham makes tools to last several years. I have repeatedly told the British manufacturers that an inferior article was wanted, but they seemed quite incapable of making it. Now the question arises, Is it good policy for the British manufacturer to compete for an inferior class of business, or to maintain the uniform excellence of his wares? To-day, if you want a really high-class article, you are prepared to pay a good price for it, but you insist upon its being of British origin. Would it not cast a slur upon the reputation of British goods if they were made of two qualities? Those most interested and best qualified to judge



seem to think it would; and therefore they leave to others that work which British labour would scorn to perform.

Another paradox arising out of the situation is, that the fall in the value of silver, and the consequent halving of the purchasing power of all silver incomes, has assisted the expansion of German trade in the East. The silver crisis has compelled every man in receipt of a silver income to carefully revise his expenditure, and he has, generally speaking, contrived to purchase as much with his depreciated dollars as he did before their fall. He has, however, only succeeded in obtaining cheap German goods where formerly he insisted on having genuine British articles. When I was in Penang some few months back, I vainly endeavoured to obtain a British-made sewing-machine; but money could not purchase one, as there was not such a thing to be had in the whole town. There were German-made machines galore, and, strangely enough, the shopkeeper only demanded for them as many two-shilling dollars as I had before paid for a British machine when the dollar was worth three shillings and tenpence. In conversation with one of the leading Chinese merchants of the place I was informed: 'Everything is German here nowadays. The Europeans can no longer afford to pay for English goods, so we give them German, which cost half the price. They must either have cheap German goods or go without them altogether. Why, we can't even sell Huntley and Palmer's biscuits any more, as the German-made stuff costs half the price.' And so it would appear that the introduction of German goods into these Eastern markets, which in former times would have none of them, is a temporary expedient only to relieve the necessities of a great monetary crisis; and it may confidently be anticipated that a return of prosperity to those Eastern lands will bring with it a revival of wholesome tastes whose cravings can only be satisfied by sound, honest British goods. In the meantime, any attempt to lower the standard of efficiency attained, and so far maintained, by the British workman and his products is to be most earnestly deprecated, as their reputation for skill and honesty is to-day beyond reproach, but if once lost it may be difficult to regain it.

The dignity of commerce suffers at the hands of Germans. They are shopkeepers, always; merchants, never. The story of representatives of Hamburg commerce entertaining Li Hung Chang at a banquet and pestering him for orders at one and the same time is of too recent a date to have escaped our memories. The merchants of Hamburg appear, on this occasion, to have sacrificed their dignity without obtaining any compensating orders. British manufacturers may not have derived any special advantage from that shrewd Chinaman's visit to our shores, but they, at all events, forfeited none of their dignity. Pushfulness is the leading characteristic of the modern German trader. He will push his way into almost any market, but

he rarely obtains the entry except at the cost of dignity and sound principles. Given equal conditions, the British trader can beat his German rival anywhere. It is only by giving an undue extension of credit, by 'cutting' prices, by selling in any quantities, and generally by descending to the petty ways and details of a shop, that the Teuton can insinuate himself into markets at all, his advent in any numbers being, as a rule, a signal for the subversion of sound commercial principles. The British merchant refuses to depart from the system which his experience has taught him to be the only one on which to conduct his business at a profit and without undue risk. The Germans disregard this system, and acquire a huge business in consequence. Statistics tell us that their exports are increasing by leaps and bounds. It would be interesting to know if the profits of German trade are increasing in the same ratio. Every one connected with trade knows how very easy it is to sell, but how very difficult to sell at a reasonable profit and with reasonable security.

It must be conceded that in one respect the Germans are superior to the British, and that is in the way they train their youths who are destined for a commercial career. I must regretfully confess that in the average young Englishman who is sent abroad nowadays to assist in conducting the nation's commerce I have failed to observe that diligence and attention to business which is so noticeable in the sons of Germany. Sports and pastimes engage far too much of an Englishman's time and attention. Time and conversation which should be devoted to business are taken up by reference to some horse race or some past or impending cricket match. The average young Englishman abroad seems incapable of thinking or speaking on any subject unconnected with sport. Mental attainments go with him for nothing, and any one who cannot handle a gun, ride a horse, or knock a ball about is considered unfit for his society. God forbid that I should say anything to curb or restrict the sporting training of an Englishman, but I do say he should be taught to regard sport rather as a pastime than a pursuit, and that there are higher aims and ideals in life than the making of 'records' or the performance of feats of endurance. If the instructors of our British youth do not watch it, they will one day awake and find that German zeal, industry, and discipline are more calculated to win the great race of life than any amount of British pluck and muscle. A German youth intended for a commercial career is taught to read, write, and speak modern languages, and this knowledge has beyond all doubt been of incalculable advantage to Germany in gaining and retaining foreign or neutral markets. It is said that the necessity for an Englishman to learn languages does not exist in the same degree, as the greatest emporia of trade are English-speaking countries. If we desire to confine our operations to British colonies and America, this is true; but if we desire to

retain our hold on foreign markets, then is it an absolute necessity that our travellers or representatives should be masters of a language other than their own. I firmly believe that the best part of the trade of Sumatra might to-day be in English hands, if Englishmen would imitate their German rivals and take the trouble to learn the language of the country. This is a respect in which Germans are immeasurably our superiors, and it behoves us to rectify the balance. If, instead of wasting time and money on the smattering of German and French to be obtained in our schools, parents were to send their boys for a twelvemonth to Germany or France, in a very few years Germans would have no cause to boast their linguistic attainments at our expense.

To recapitulate the results of my experience : The expansion of German trade is due to the adaptability of German wares to certain cheap and inferior markets in which it would be unwise for British manufacturers with any regard for their reputation to attempt to compete ; to the employment of methods so at variance with all sound commercial principles that it would be unadvisable to adopt them ; and to the superior diligence and knowledge of their commercial classes, in which respect we may one day hope to be at all events their equals. Therefore, as far as my experience goes, we need have no fear with regard to retaining our commercial supremacy, as the causes which to-day appear to retard our progress and advance our rivals are either temporary or removable.

CLAVELL TRIPP.

## *THE QUAIN'T SIDE OF PARLIAMENT*

EVERY human institution probably has an element of the quaint or ridiculous in its composition. Certainly, Parliament, with all its solemnity and majesty, as befits the greatest and most powerful legislature in the world, has its quaint side, without which, indeed, the business of law-making at Westminster would often be dull and prosaic.

The rules of procedure which have for centuries regulated the proceedings of the House of Commons are a fruitful source of embarrassment and confusion to new members. Some members, indeed, never thoroughly master the usages of the House, and they go through their Parliamentary life with a perpetually reproving cry of 'Order, order!' from Mr. Speaker ringing in their ears.

Even old official members frequently betray their ignorance of the rules of procedure. Lord Palmerston was in the House many years before he became its Leader on his appointment as Prime Minister; but he then made the embarrassing discovery that he was inadequately acquainted with the customs of the House; and with a grim determination to at once master the rules, he stuck for weeks to the Treasury bench, from the opening of each sitting till its close, with only an hour's interval for dinner, eagerly on the watch for incidents illustrative of Parliamentary procedure. Again, the late Mr. W. H. Smith was not aware, on being appointed Lord Warden of Walmer, at a time when he was Leader of the House, that it was necessary for him to vacate his seat, having accepted an office of profit under the Crown; and as he actually entered the House and spoke after his appointment, without having first gone to his constituents for a renewal of their trust, he incurred penalties amounting to 1,500*l.* if any one chose—and the choice was open to every citizen of the Kingdom—to bring an action against him in the Courts of Law. Mr. Smith did subsequently resign, and was returned again without delay as member for the Strand Division of Westminster. •

'How can I learn the rules of the House?' asked a newly elected Irish member of the late Mr. Parnell. 'By breaking them,' was the prompt reply of the Irish leader, who, as is well known, spoke from

experience on the point. But few members would care to adopt that heroic method of obtaining the desired knowledge, and their task in mastering the rules is rendered all the more difficult by the curious fact that many of these regulations are unwritten. Some will be found in the Standing Orders, or permanent rules passed from time to time by the House to regulate its own procedure; but those that deal with etiquette and decorum have not been officially recorded anywhere, save in a few quaint and obsolete regulations to be found in the old issues of the Journals of the House, or the minutes of proceedings taken by the Clerk and published daily during the Session. For instance, a strange rule for the guidance of the Speaker is set down under the 15th of February 1620: 'The Speaker not to move his hat until the third congee.' Propriety of carriage in leaving the Chamber is thus enforced: 'Those who go out of the House in a confused manner before the Speaker to forfeit 10s.' This rule is dated the 12th of November 1640. Again, we find that on the 23rd of March 1693 it was ordered: 'No member to take tobacco into the Gallery, or to the Table, sitting at Committees.'

But though most of the rules which regulate decorum in the House of Commons are unwritten, every member is, nevertheless, expected to make himself thoroughly acquainted with them; and every breach of etiquette, however slight—even if it be due solely to ignorance—meets with a stern rebuke not only from the Speaker but from the House generally.

Every sitting of the House of Commons opens with prayers which are recited by the Chaplain. It is a curious circumstance that the two front benches are always deserted at these devotions. Now, it is on the Treasury bench and on the front Opposition bench that the men who control the destinies of the Empire sit, and surely they stand more in need of divine light and guidance in the discharge of their duties than the unofficial members of the House. Nevertheless, a Minister or an ex-Minister is rarely, if ever, seen in the Chamber at prayers.

It must not be inferred, however, that the great, wise, and eminent occupants of the front benches of the House of Commons in thus absenting themselves from devotions deem themselves so exalted above ordinary mortals that they stand not in need of prayers. Nor is it, even, that they think themselves past praying for. On the other hand, the regular attendants at devotions must not be regarded on that account as men of deep piety. Probably some members who may be seen every evening devoutly listening to the invocations of the Chaplain never attend service elsewhere.

What then is the explanation? Well, the House consists of 670 members, but only about half that number can be accommodated with seats in the Chamber. Consequently, on important and interesting

nights there is always a lively competition for places. The scramble for seats on such occasions is regulated by certain rules. A member present at prayers has a right to the place he then occupies until the rising of the House. Each evening stands absolutely independent and by itself; and therefore the title to a seat secured by attendance at prayers lapses at the termination of the sitting.

On the table, in a little box, is a supply of small white cards with the words 'At prayers' in large old English letters. Obtaining one of these cards and writing his name on it under the words 'At prayers,' the member slips it into a receptacle in the bench at the back of the seat, and thus secures the place for the night against all comers. He may immediately leave the House, and remain away as long as he pleases. The place may be occupied by another member in the meantime, but whenever the master of the seat—the gentleman whose autograph is written on the card in the little brass slit—returns to the Chamber, the temporary occupant of the seat must give place to him.

Thus does piety in the House of Commons meet immediately with the substantial reward of a seat in which to listen in comfort to a long debate. The consequence is that at times of great excitement in the House there is a most edifying display of devotion on the part of members; but in the dull seasons the attendance at prayers is deplorably lax. And as the occupants of the front benches have their seats secured to them by custom—a custom which now possesses all the force of a law—they never lend the *éclat* of their superior presence to the daily devotions of the House. Old and respected unofficial members of the House, who are in the habit of using certain seats, are, by courtesy, also allowed to occupy these places without dispute or question.

No unoccupied seat can after prayers be retained, as a matter of right, by a member absent from devotions placing a card or a hat or gloves thereon; but it may be so secured as a matter of courtesy. But how is a member to retain a seat until he absolutely secures it for the evening by being present at prayers? Must he enter the Chamber early and sit in the seat until the Speaker takes the Chair? No; he may leave his hat on the seat, and then betake himself to the reading-room, or the dining-room, or to any other part of the Palace of Westminster he pleases. But the hat must be his own workaday headgear. If it is discovered that he has brought with him a second hat and leaves the precincts of the House wearing that hat, he forfeits all right to the seat.

These two regulations have recently been the subject of definite and specific rulings by the Speaker. After the split in the Irish party in 1891, and when the personal relations between the rival sections were very strained, one Irish member took possession of a

seat on which another Irish member had placed his hat in the usual way before prayers. On the member aggrieved bringing the matter publicly under the notice of the House, the Speaker declared that he had an unquestionable right and title to the seat, and that the action of the other member in thus taking possession of the seat was a violation of the etiquette of the House. Again, a large crowd of members gathered at Westminster in the early morning of the evening on which Mr. Gladstone introduced the Home Rule Bill of 1892; and when, after hours of waiting, the door giving immediate entrance to the Chamber was opened at seven a.m., so mad was the rush to secure seats that several members were crushed, knocked down, and trampled upon. Subsequently the Speaker was informed that an Irish member had brought with him a dozen soft hats to Westminster that morning, and with them secured twelve seats for colleagues who did not go down to the House till the ordinary hour of meeting in the afternoon; and the Speaker—repeating a rule made in 1880—laid it down that the only hat which can secure a seat is the real *bonâ-fide* headgear of the member, and not any ‘colourable substitute’ for it. However, during the influenza epidemic of 1893 the Speaker, in mercy for the hatless wanderers in lobbies, departed from the old usage so far as to recognise a card left on the bench as sufficing in place of the hat as a sentinel of a seat to be occupied later on. Curiously enough the innovation which received further sanction on the opening day of the present Parliament is, in a fashion, a reversion to an ancient practice. On the 21st of February 1766, according to the *Annual Register* for that year, ‘by eight o’clock the seats in the House of Commons were begun to be taken for the members by pinning down a ticket with their names in such seats as they chose, which were reserved for them till prayers began.’ The reason for the unusual rush for seats on that occasion (422 members were present in the House) was the introduction of the Bill for the repeal of the famous Stamp Act of 1765, which, imposing certain obnoxious stamp duties on the American Colony, had met with the most strenuous resistance from the people of that country.

The hat, indeed, plays an important part in Parliamentary customs. It also contributes occasionally to the gaiety of life in the House of Commons. No incident is greeted with more hearty laughter than that of a member, after a magnificent peroration, plumping down on his silk hat on the bench behind him. The bashful and awkward member generally figures in these accidents. Most members have sufficient self-possession, while speaking, to remember to remove their hats from their seats before sitting down; but the misfortune of forgetfulness has befallen even old and cool Parliamentary hands, and the result—a misshapen hat—has completely spoiled

the effect of some of their most eloquent speeches. A few years ago a London member sat down, after his maiden speech, on a new silk hat which he had provided in honour of the auspicious occasion, and as he was ruefully surveying his battered headgear, to the amusement of the unfeeling spectators, an Irish representative rose and gravely said: 'Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honourable member on the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it.' The call of 'Order, order!' from the Speaker was drowned in roars of laughter. This London representative enjoyed the unenviable distinction of being known as 'the member who sat on his hat,' until some other absent-minded legislator unintentionally established his claim to the title by crushing his headgear in a similarly awkward fashion.

When men meet together in public assemblies, or in social life—as in a theatre or at a reception—the ordinary custom is to uncover while they are seated, and to wear their hats as they enter or leave the place. In Parliamentary life that rule is reversed. Members have their heads covered as they flit about the Palace of Westminster, but in the Chamber they can wear their hats only when they are seated on the benches. As they walk to their seats or rise to leave the Chamber they must be uncovered. This custom is the source of much confusion to new members, and has given rise to many funny *contretemps*. The House never fails to show its resentment of a breach of etiquette, however trivial. It will, without distinction of party, unanimously roar with indignation at a new member who, ignorant or unmindful of the Parliamentary custom, wears his hat as he walks up or down the floor of the Chamber. An amusing incident occurred in the early days of the first session of the present Parliament. An offending member, startled by the shout which greeted him as he was leaving the Chamber with his hat on his head instead of in his hand, paused in the middle of the floor and looked around with a mingled expression of fright and perplexity. 'Hat, hat!' shouted the House. This only embarrassed him the more. He felt his trousers pockets and his coat tails for the offending article of attire. He even looked at his feet to see if he were wearing it at that extremity of his person. It is impossible to conjecture what might have happened further, had not an Irish member, amid the loud laughter of the House, politely taken off the hat of the confused legislator and then handed it to him with a courtly bow. •

But the story of the humours of the Parliamentary hat is not yet ended. When a member is alluded to in the course of a speech he raises his hat, and he performs a similar act of politeness when a Minister answers a question put by him. A member addressing the House stands, of course, uncovered. But that rule does not always prevail. There is an occasion when it is positively out of order for a



member to speak on his feet and with his hat off. He must speak from his seat with his hat on his head. When a debate has terminated, and the question which has been discussed is put from the Chair, an interval of two minutes—during which the electric division bells ring out their summons all over the precincts of St. Stephen's—is allowed to enable members to get to the Chamber. The time is taken by a sandglass on the table, and when it has elapsed the doors of the Chamber are locked. It is at this particular juncture that it is essential that a member who desires to address the Chair on a point of order should retain his seat and wear his hat. If he were to follow the ordinary practice, and stand up uncovered, he would be roared at and shouted at from all sides of the House for his breach of etiquette. Mr. Gladstone had occasion a few years ago to address the Chair just as a division was about to be taken, and, forgetful of the rule for the moment, he rose to his feet. A shout of 'Order, order!' drawing his attention to his mistake, he sat down again; and as he never brought his hat into the Chamber (an example which is followed by most Ministers) he was obliged to put on the headgear of one of his lieutenants who sat on the bench beside him. Now Mr. Gladstone's head is of an abnormal size. He has to get his own hats made to order. It is improbable that the hat of any other member in the House would fit him; but the hat available on the occasion of which I write only just covered his crown, and members made the rafters ring with laughter at his comical efforts to balance it on his head for the few minutes he occupied in speaking from his seat on the front Opposition bench.

An exception to the rule that a member must stand uncovered when addressing the House on all other occasions is made in cases of sickness or infirmity. The late Sir Charles Forster, who was member for Walsall, always addressed the House from his seat, in the later years of his Parliamentary life, owing to infirmity; and during the debate on the Home Rule Bill of 1893, in the House of Lords (in which Chamber many of these rules of etiquette also apply), the late Marquis of Waterford, who had met with a bad mishap in the hunting field, spoke reclining on a bench and propped up with two air-cushions which he had brought with him into the House.

Each sitting of the House opens, as I have said, with prayers, at the appointed hour, which is usually at 3 o'clock, except on Wednesdays, when it is 12 o'clock. No business can be commenced except a quorum of forty is present, and members in attendance at prayers, and entering before a quorum is made up, are compelled by the Sergeant-at-Arms—who stands guard, a stern and unyielding sentinel, at the door—to remain in the Chamber until a House is formed. On Wednesday, which is one of 'the private members' days'—that is, a day for the discussion of Bills introduced by

unofficial members, as distinguished from Government business—there is, occasionally, some difficulty and some delay in making a quorum. The time allowed for the purpose does not lapse till 4 o'clock. It is amusing to watch how, in the interval, a member approaching the Chamber from the Lobby will cautiously pause at the open portals, and seeing the state of affairs will send an ironical smile of sympathy to an imprisoned colleague, and, shutting his ears to the charming and seductive invitation of the Sergeant-at-Arms to step inside, will hastily withdraw again. "Will you walk into my parlour?" said the spider to the fly, but it is only the new members that are caught in the trap. One Wednesday, a few years ago—it was the first Derby Day for which the House refused to adjourn—no House was formed; but about thirty conscientious members who were present at prayers were detained in the Chamber doing nothing for four hours, while the vast majority of their colleagues were playing truant, and enjoying unrestricted liberty on the breezy and sunlit downs of Epsom.

Once a House is made up and business commenced, it proceeds uninterrupted, even although there be only one member with the Speaker present. The Speaker himself can take no notice of the absence of a quorum. His attention must be directed to it. This is done by a member rising in his place and saying: 'Mr. Speaker, I beg to call your attention to the fact that there are not forty members present.' That being said, the Speaker must proceed to count the House. He does not, however, simply count the members who are present in the Chamber at the moment. He rises and says: 'Notice having been taken that there are not forty members present, strangers will withdraw,' and then sets going the electric bells, which ring in every room of the vast building a summons to members to return to the House. The members come rushing in from all quarters, and after the lapse of two minutes the Speaker, using as a pointer his black beaver three-cornered hat (which, by the way, he never wears over his huge court wig), proceeds to count the number in the Chamber. When he arrives at the fortieth member he cries out 'Forty' in a loud voice, resumes his seat, and business again proceeds from the point at which it was interrupted by the motion for a count. But if there were not forty present, he would simply quit the Chair without a word, and the sitting would be at an end.

In these days there is not much danger of the absentees running the risk of being made to stand the fire of the severe displeasure of the Chair. But it was evidently different about the middle of the eighteenth century. Lord Southampton (then Colonel Fitzroy) once fell under the censure of Mr. Speaker Onslow. He was acting as a Lord-in-Waiting, and entered the House just too late to complete a quorum. The Speaker, who had a very loud hectoring voice and

manner, severely admonished the hon. and gallant member, who excused himself by saying he had been 'waiting upon his Majesty.' Mr. Onslow at this thundered out: 'Sir, don't tell me of waiting; this is your place to attend in—this is your first duty.' Bold speaking, truly, for the days of George the Third.

It is a favourite device for a member who desires to secure an audience for a colleague to move 'a count.' The object, however, is not always attained. Members rush out again when the Speaker announces 'forty,' and leave the benches as deserted as before. A few Sessions ago, a London Radical member, who was to have resumed a debate when the Speaker returned after the usual brief adjournment, at 8.30 o'clock, found no one in the House but himself, the Speaker, and the clerks at the table. Not caring to talk to empty benches, he gravely called the attention of the Speaker to the obvious fact that there were not forty members present. The division bells rang out their summons as usual, but as only thirty-six members responded to the call the unfortunate member, instead of obtaining the audience he desired, had the sitting suspended; and, of course, lost his chance of making a speech.

There is on record a still more amusing story of a member who unintentionally 'counted out' the House to his own confusion. He was not a particularly engaging speaker, so when he arose to 'address the House' he had the entire Chamber to himself. He opened ironically: 'Mr. Speaker,' he said, 'look at the condition of these benches. Is it not disgraceful that the weighty topic on which I proposed to address the House has not attracted even the presence of a quorum?'

'Order, order!' cried the Speaker. 'Notice having been taken that there are not forty members present, strangers will withdraw.' The member murmured curses not loud but deep on his unlucky expression of indignation. The bells rang out their summons, but no one answered. In another minute the Speaker disappeared behind the Chair.

Another curious thing happened in the Session of 1882. A division disclosed the fact that there were only twenty-five members in the House, which accordingly stood adjourned.

Formerly it was the custom for a member who moved a count to go covertly behind the Chair and whisper in the Speaker's ear, 'There are not forty members present,' and then disappear through the doors which gave convenient access from the Chamber immediately at the Speaker's back. The reporters never published the names of members who moved a count under these secret circumstances. The gentlemen of the press like an occasional 'count out.' It is a pleasant interruption of their arduous labours; and as a member who moved a count did not then care to have his name published, it

was the rule of the Reporters' Gallery to suppress it for the encouragement of others. But for several years past there has been no secrecy in connection with the matter. Counts are now moved by members from their places. Two minutes, the same time as in the case of a division, is allowed to members to get to the Chamber; but in order to distinguish a count from a division, the bells ring three times for a division and once only for a count, so that members who have no sympathy with the business under consideration need not trouble themselves to quit the reading-room, the smoking-room, or the dinner-table, in order to 'make a House.' The doors are not locked as in the case of a division, when the two minutes are up. Members, therefore, come in after the Speaker has begun counting. Oftentimes one man arriving breathless in the nick of time saves the situation. Without him there would have been only thirty-nine members present, and the Speaker would have left the Chair.

A speech can be interrupted at any moment, if there are not forty members present, by a motion to count the House. This leads occasionally to an amusing if not very edifying spectacle. Say it is a 'private members' night'—that is, a night given over to the discussion of notices of motion. The Government do not trouble about 'keeping a House' on such a night. In fact it is often their interest to have an awkward and troublesome motion by a private member quietly suppressed by a count-out. It therefore altogether depends on the interest of the motion on the paper, or on the popularity of the member in whose name it stands, whether or not a quorum is retained within the precincts of the House. But it invariably happens in the case of a motion of doubtful interest or importance that a count is demanded by one of its opponents, perhaps just as the mover has begun his speech, but certainly after he has concluded. Immediately all the enemies of the motion clear out into the Lobby, and try to dissuade those who have turned up in reply to the summons of the bells to remain outside with them, instead of going into the Chamber to help to 'make the House.' They crowd round the portals of the Chamber, eagerly watching the Speaker, as he slowly—oh, with what exasperating slowness!—counts the members present. 'One, two . . . thirty-nine!' With a cry of 'Order, order,' the Speaker has disappeared, to the great delight of the group in the Lobby, the bitter vexation of spirit of the honourable gentleman in charge of the motion, and the utter bewilderment of the strangers in the galleries. The visitors on such a night are indeed deserving of commiseration. They had come to see the great House of Commons at work; and, lo! just after the Speaker resumed possession of the Chair at nine o'clock, and the curtain was rung up, the play was most inexplicably ended, and a moment afterwards they found themselves puzzled and disconsolate in Palace Yard.

If the House is in Committee when a count is called and a quorum is not made up, an adjournment does not thereupon take place. The House can only be adjourned with the Speaker in the Chair. The Speaker is therefore sent for, and the state of affairs having been reported to him by the Chairman he counts again. If forty members are not then present the adjournment takes place, but if a sufficient number of members to form a quorum have meantime arrived the proceedings in Committee are resumed.

The only occasion on which the Speaker can leave the Chair without a motion to that effect being carried is when a count has taken place. After midnight, when the 'Orders of the Day' are gone through, a formal motion for the adjournment of the House is made by a Minister. Until this is done the Speaker must remain in the Chair. The same rule also applies in the House of Lords. On one occasion the Minister in charge of the House forgot to make the usual motion, and left the Chamber with the other Peers. But the Lord Chancellor could not follow their example. He had to remain on the Woolsack while one of the doorkeepers went to bring back a Peer to make the motion which would set his Lordship free.

'Strangers will withdraw.' This direction is always given by the Speaker when a division is challenged or a count moved. But all the same, strangers do not nowadays withdraw from the Chamber. They still remain in the Galleries above, and look down with interest on the 'progress' of a division, or the strange proceedings which attend a count. Formerly, however, the Chamber was entirely cleared of strangers during a count or a division. That custom originated in the days before the division lobbies were introduced, when the members were counted in the House (the numbers only being recorded), and when there was a possibility of strangers slipping into the Chamber unnoticed and being reckoned by the tellers on one side or the other. One of the last divisions under the old system took place on the 19th of February 1835, when the last Speaker chosen from the Conservative party, Mr. Manners Sutton, was driven by the Liberals from the Chair to give place to Mr. Abercrombie. The scene is described by McCullagh Torrens in his *Life of Lord Melbourne*. It came off in the temporary structure used by the Houses of Parliament, between the destruction of the old buildings by fire and the erection of the present Palace of Westminster.

'The question was at length put by the Clerk at the table, Mr. Fry, who as bound' (writes Mr. Torrens) 'in courtesy to the former Speaker, declared him to have the majority. The Galleries were cleared, and the counting began. It was customary then for both sides to remain in their places and then to be reckoned by the tellers, who stood between them with their wands of office. The

Ministerialists were declared to be 306, and already those about him congratulated Sutton on having manifestly won. Then came the reckoning for his opponent (Abercrombie). Except the Opposition whips, few felt sure that so great a number could be beaten, but when 300 had been told, and some difficulty was found in seeing accurately into the last corner of the crowded gangway on the left, the suspense for the moment was breathless. "Three hundred and five," and then there was a slight pause. "Three hundred and six"—a briefer pause—and then "three hundred and seven" called forth such a cheer as wholly drowned the rest of the announcements, which went on until the final numbers were declared to be for Abercrombie, "three hundred and sixteen."

In the following year, 1836, the present system, by which members voting on different sides of a question walk through separate division lobbies and have their names recorded, was introduced; but it was not till 1853 that the House came to the conclusion that strangers present in the Galleries might be allowed to remain during a division without any embarrassment to the tellers. The Speaker's order 'strangers will withdraw' is now only enforced in regard to visitors who occupy the two benches under the clock, which are level with the back benches of the House itself, whence it might be possible for a stranger, if allowed to remain, to pass into one of the division lobbies. But that he could be counted—even if he succeeded in getting into the Lobby—is an utter impossibility, for the names of members voting are ticked off by division clerks as they pass through the Lobby. Dr. Croke, the well-known Roman Catholic Archbishop of Cashel, once climbed over the low barrier which divides these seats from the House, and thus entered, unobserved by the Sergeant-at-Arms, or his attendants, the sacred precincts of the Chamber. Of course, Dr. Croke did not know at the moment of his breach of order. Mr. Parnell, who sat at the other side of the barrier, conversing with the Archbishop, invited him to accompany him to the members' quarters; and his Grace, unaware that the proper way was out through the Lobby, got over the barrier, before Mr. Parnell could stop him, and then quickly disappeared with the Irish leader through the side door giving access to one of the division lobbies.

The House, however, has the right to clear all the Galleries, including the Gallery in which the reporters work, and to go into secret session, with closed doors, when it pleases. Formerly, any member could at any time have the Galleries cleared by simply rising in his place and saying, 'Mr. Speaker, I espy strangers.' But after a curious incident which occurred on the 27th of April 1875, this autocratic power was very properly removed from the hands of the irresponsible private member. On that evening there was a

debate on a motion by Mr. Chaplin in relation to the breeding of horses. It attracted a brilliant sporting audience. The Prince of Wales was a prominent spectator in the royal seat over the clock. Suddenly, the thread of Mr. Chaplin's discourse was severed by Mr. Joseph Biggar, the well-known Irish member, who, to the amazement of the crowded House, informed the Speaker that he espied strangers. Of course, all strangers were ordered out forthwith; and out the Heir to the Throne and the representatives of 'the Fourth Estate' had to go with the less distinguished occupants of the Galleries. But the Standing Order regulating the admission of strangers was at once suspended on the motion of Mr. Disraeli, the then Leader of the House, and visitors and journalists were quickly readmitted. It was also enacted then that for the future the Galleries should only be cleared on a motion regularly moved, and, if necessary, carried on a division; power however being reserved to the Speaker, or the Chairman of Committees, to order the withdrawal of strangers whenever he thought it necessary. That order has been put in force only once—in 1879—when on the motion of Colonel King-Harman, which was carried on a division, the Galleries were cleared for four or five hours during a debate on the murder of Lord Leitrim in Ireland.

Members are not allowed to refer to each other by name in debate. The only member who is properly addressed by name is the Chairman who presides over the deliberations of the House in Committee. On a member rising to speak in Committee he begins with 'Mr. Lowther,' and not with 'Mr. Chairman,' as at public meetings. When the Speaker is in the Chair, the formula is 'Mr. Speaker, Sir.' In debate a member is distinguished by the office he holds, as 'The Right Honourable Gentleman the Chancellor of the Exchequer'; or by the constituency he represents, as 'The Honourable Gentleman the Member for York.' Some make use of the terms 'My Honourable Friend' or 'My Right Honourable Friend.' In case of family relations the same form is usually observed. Occasionally 'My Honourable Relative' or 'My Right Honourable Relative' is heard; but 'My Right Honourable Father' or 'My Right Honourable Brother,' though no doubt allowable, has not been hitherto used.

During the Session of 1879, Mr. James Lowther, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, rose from his seat and was hurriedly leaving the House just as Mr. Synan, an Irish representative with a very loud voice, began to call attention to some Irish grievance. Another Irish member, thinking it strange that the Chief Secretary should leave the Chamber when a question relating to Ireland was being brought forward, called out—'Hi, Hi! Lowther—where are you going?' And turning as he reached the door, Mr. Lowther coolly

replied: 'I am going out on the terrace to hear Synan.' But the Chair does not encourage these familiarities between members in the House.

The rule is in every case, when referring to a member, to use the word 'Honourable' or 'Right Honourable.' This custom undoubtedly tends to keep the standard of debate on a high level of order, courtesy, and dignity, but it has sometimes led to odd results. During the Parliament of 1886-92 two members were ignominiously expelled from the House after their conviction for gross immoral offences; and yet in the discussion that took place on each occasion the criminal was still punctiliously described as 'The Honourable Gentleman.' Again, lawyers are styled 'Honourable and Learned,' and officers of the army and the navy 'Honourable and Gallant.' The late Mr. W. H. Smith, who was not a lawyer, was once referred to in a speech as 'The Right Honourable and Learned Gentleman.' 'No, no,' exclaimed the simple old gentleman—not without a touch of humour—disclaiming the distinction amid the merriment of the House, 'I beg the honourable gentleman's pardon; I am not learned.'

A member on his feet must, as I have said, address 'Mr. Speaker.' But, occasionally, one may hear some amusing slips of the tongue in the course of a debate. Members who have had a civic training in public life begin by apostrophising 'Mr. Mayor,' and others who are largely in demand at public meetings by 'Mr. Chairman, ladies and gentlemen.' A good story went round the press recently, that an Irish member who had been called to order by the Speaker saluted that august personage as 'Your Reverence.' But it was an amusing case of mishearing on the part of the journalists in the Press Gallery. The member in question wrote to the newspapers that what he actually said was, 'With all due deference to your ruling, Mr. Speaker.'

As the Speaker and not the House generally is addressed, it is considered a breach of propriety for any one to pass between the Chair and the member 'in possession of the House.' This violation of order is common for some time after the election of a new Parliament; but it is always punished with a loud and angry cry of 'Order, order'—the cry that is most frequently heard in the House—which is very disconcerting to the blundering member against whom it is directed. A member, therefore, has often to get to his seat by a long circuitous route. But if it be impossible to do this without crossing the line between the Chair and the member addressing Mr. Speaker, he must wait until the speech is concluded, or if he cannot wait—if the getting to his place at once be imperative—he has to offer humble atonement for his act of impropriety by sacrificing his own native dignity of



demeanour. He must cautiously and respectfully approach the sacred line, and then get over it quickly with a light step and a duck of the head, or with his back lowly bent. He is fortunate if the cry of 'Order, order,' inspired by the breach of etiquette, is not accompanied by ironical laughter at his grotesque antics.

It is a breach of order for a member to read a newspaper in the House. He may quote an extract from one in the course of a speech, but if he attempted to peruse it as he sat in his place his ears would soon be assailed by a stern and reproving cry of 'Order, order!' from the Chair. Some members resort to the deception practised by the young lady who had *Vanity Fair* bound like a New Testament, and was observed reading it during service in St. Paul's Cathedral. Members often slip a newspaper or periodical into the 'Orders of the Day,' and read it while the Speaker imagines they are industriously studying the clause of a Bill or its amendments.

The House of Lords is less strict, oddly enough, in little matters of this kind than the House of Commons. The Peers allow the attendants to pass up and down their Chamber delivering messages; and they have a reporter—the representative of the Parliamentary debates—sitting with the clerks at the table. But in the House of Commons the clerks at the table, and the Sergeant-at-Arms and his deputy, are the only officers of the House who are allowed within the technical limits or boundaries of the legislative Chamber, or, in other words, across the Bar, while the House is sitting. An attendant, even when he has letters and telegrams to deliver, dare not pass beyond the line of the Bar. He gives the messages to some member sitting near the Bar, and they are passed on from hand to hand till they reach the members to whom they are addressed.

Every member is under a constitutional obligation to attend the service of the House. The attendance, however, is not now compulsory. The House, probably, considers the force of public opinion in the constituencies sufficient to correct any laxity on the part of any members in the discharge of their Parliamentary duties. But there is an old procedure known as 'a call of the House,' for taking the full sense of the House on any question of great importance. Not less than a week or ten days is allowed to members to respond to the call, and any member not present in the House to answer to his name when the roll is read by the clerk, without due cause for his absence, may be sent for in the custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms. This procedure would now be resorted to only on the occasion of some supreme crisis in the affairs of the nation, when it was most essential that every member of Parliament should be at his post. The last time 'a call of the House' was made was on the 19th of April 1876, on the motion of Mr. Whittle Harvey, who subsequently moved for the appointment of a select committee to revise the Pension

List. The division on the latter motion (which was rejected by a majority of 122) showed that there were 414 members in the House. The last occasion on which a motion for 'a call' was moved was on the 23rd of March 1882, when Mr. Sexton, in accordance with notice, moved 'That this House be called over on Thursday, the 30th of March.' The House on that day was to enter on the consideration of the proposed new rules of procedure (including the closure of debate), and Mr. Sexton's object was to secure the attendance of Messrs. Parnell, Dillon, and O'Kelly, M.P.s, who at the time were confined as 'suspects' in Kilmainham Prison, Dublin. The motion, which was opposed by the Government, was defeated. It was pointed out that the procedure was useless for the purpose for which it was originally intended—namely, to take the full sense of the House on a bill or motion, as there is no compulsory process in the procedure of the House by which members, even if they answered the 'call,' can be obliged to vote on the question at issue. The 'call' to which members are most alive, nowadays, is 'the crack of the party Whip.'

That absenteeism was a dire offence in the time of the Stuart Kings is proved by the number and variety of 'orders touching motion for leave into the country' to be found in the Journals during the seventeenth century. Here are a few of them: '13th of February 1620. No member shall go out of town without open motion and licence in the House.' By the next rule it will be seen that knights of the shire were ranked much higher than the representatives of cities or boroughs: '25th of March 1664. The penalty of 10*l.* to be paid by every knight, and 5*l.* by every citizen, &c., who shall make default in attending.' Absence evidently became a crying sin, and was visited accordingly: '16th of November 1666. To be sent for in custody of the Sergeant.' From the succeeding string of resolutions it is evident that, under the restored monarchy, there was a marked inclination amongst members to 'play the truant': '18th of December 1666. Such members of the House as depart into the country without leave, to be sent for in custody of the Sergeant-at-Arms.' Even this terror does not seem to have effectually deterred 'runaways,' for two months later marks the imposition of a penalty which, in those days, must have seemed formidable indeed: '13th of February 1667. That every defaulter in attendance, whose excuse shall not be allowed this day, be fined the sum of 40*l.* and sent for in custody, and committed to the Tower till the fine be paid.' A similar fine was, at the same time, imposed on 'every member who should desert the service of the House for the space of three days,' without special leave; incarceration in the Tower being part of the penalty. The stringency of this rule was relaxed by common consent in 1668, and a fine of 10*l.* was substituted

as sufficiently onerous; in all cases 'the fines to be paid into the hands of the Sergeant-at-Arms, to be disposed of as the House shall direct.'

The individual freedom of members in our times is not so much restricted; but that absenteeism is still an offence is proved by the fact that occasionally the 'Orders of the Day' contain a notice, such as the following, in the name of one of the Whips:—

'Mr. T. Ellis.

'To move that leave of absence for two months be granted to Mr. J. R. Flemming.'

Such motions are made by the Whips on behalf of a follower who desires to absent himself from the House of Commons on the ground of urgent business, ill-health, illness in his family, or domestic affliction, and the leave of absence applied for is always granted by the House. This however is only done when the member concerned is serving on a Committee.

A member of the House of Commons cannot, according to the ancient law of Parliament, resign his seat. Once he is duly elected he must retain the trust confided in him by his constituents till the dissolution of Parliament, unless he is removed by death or becomes a bankrupt or a lunatic, or is expelled the House, or accepts an office of honour or profit under the Crown. The latter condition, however, affords a practical, though rather ludicrous, means of escape for a member who desires to rid himself of his representative and legislative responsibilities. He accepts the office of 'Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds.' It seems that centuries ago the Chiltern Hills—a portion of the high lands of Buckinghamshire—being covered with timber afforded protection to numerous banditti, and it was the duty of the Steward of the Chiltern Hundreds to protect the inhabitants of the neighbouring districts from their depredations. The duties have, of course, long since ceased, but the nominal office has been retained. By accepting it a member who wishes to resign vacates his seat, and a writ for a new election is, in consequence, issued on the application of the Whip of the Party to which the retiring member belonged. The office is resigned as soon as the purpose in view is accomplished. It is in the gift of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. It cannot be conferred twice in one day, but there are two other offices of a similar nature—'Steward of the Manors of Hendred, Northstead and Hemp-holme,' and 'Escheator of Munster'—at the disposal of the Chancellor of the Exchequer in case he should receive more than one application on the same day.

But there is nothing more amusing, perhaps, in all the quaint and curious customs of the House of Commons than the strange

ceremony which marks the termination of its every sitting. The moment the House is adjourned, stentorian-voiced messengers and policemen cry out in the lobbies and corridors, 'Who goes home?' These mysterious words have sounded every night for centuries through the Palace of Westminster. The custom dates from a time when it was necessary for members to go home in parties accompanied by "links-men" for common protection against the footpads who infested the streets of London. But though that danger has long since passed away, the question 'Who goes home?' is still asked, night after night, during the session of Parliament. No reply is given, and none is expected.

MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

*LORD EDWARD FITZGERALD*

IN the little church of St. Werburgh, close to Christ Church Cathedral Dublin, two men lie buried. The one is Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the other Charles Henry Sirr, at whose hands he met his death. It would seem a strange chance that, out of all the graveyards of the world, these two, the slayer and the slain, should have been thus brought together within the narrow compass of one church; but so it is, and as they rest, the one above, the other in the vault below, we may be sure that, wrapped in the profound reconciliation of a common defeat, each sleeps well, undisturbed by the proximity of the other.

To set a death, as it were, as the headline of a life, and a grave as its frontispiece, is to reverse the natural order of things. But it is precisely the close of Lord Edward's career which has for a hundred years riveted upon him the gaze of his countrymen; and of him, as of another, it might be said that in their eyes no action of his life became him like the leaving it. It is, in fact, his title to a place in history.

At first sight Lord Edward's career presents but another monument of failure, vowed as he was to the service of a cause predestined to disaster, and furthermore dead before it had been granted to him to strike so much as a blow in its defence. But there is another reading to the story. The words success and failure are, after all, purely relative terms, often used to designate their opposites; and in the same way as it would be a manifest absurdity to rank a millionaire among the successful of the earth if it unfortunately chanced that money was an indifferent matter in his eyes, or to congratulate a man who would have selected a stirring and adventurous career upon the possession of a comfortable income and a pleasing domestic circle, so it would obviously be a misapplication of language to call one unfortunate who remains unconscious of calamity.

Regarded from this point of view, it is astonishing what different complexions the record of some lives commonly regarded as tissues of misfortune will assume, and the empty hands may be the fullest after all. On Lord Edward fate—more just in her dealings than it sometimes appears—had bestowed a cause, and who shall decide

whether, the character of the man being taken into account, the price exacted was disproportionate to the gift?

It is necessary, however, to distinguish. If he was essentially a man with a cause, he was in no wise a fanatic. To some men it chances to possess their cause, to others to be possessed by it; to some it is, so far as choice can be said to be a factor at all in the lives of men, the result of free election; while there are others to whom it might almost appear that no alternative has been offered, and in whose case the attempt to elude the destiny prepared for them would be as vain as the endeavour to escape from some doom which, pronounced upon them at birth, would be found, like Azrael, the angel of death in the Eastern legend, awaiting them wherever they might fly.

It was to this last class that Lord Edward belonged. Single-hearted and loyal as was his devotion to his country, it would be a mistake to confuse him with those comrades to whom her enfranchisement had been from youth up their one absorbing preoccupation. Between such men and himself, in spite of the cordiality of their relations, there remained a gulf which, though bridged over by a common aim and a common political faith, could not but leave them in a measure apart. To the former, their one supreme object removed, life would have held but little meaning; to Lord Edward that object, dedicated to it as were the closing years of his brief manhood, was, taking his life as a whole, but one aim out of many, and only by the gradual elimination of rival, if not conflicting, interests was its ultimate domination secured. Lover, soldier, and patriot by turns, he brought almost equal enthusiasm to bear upon each pursuit; and the enterprise in which he met his death was embraced in precisely that gallant and irresponsible spirit of adventure, combined with an invincible faith in the justice of his cause, which sent the knight-errant of chivalry riding forth on his quest.

Amongst those best qualified to judge there is found, in friends and foes alike, a singular consonance of opinion with regard to his character. There was a simplicity and a transparent directness about it which forced upon men of the most opposite views the recognition of its main features. On his courage, his loyalty to the cause he had made his own, his unblemished integrity, the sincerity of his political ardour, and the rare and sunny sweetness of his disposition, scarcely a doubt has been cast; so that even the author of an account, published in 1799, of the 'foul and sanguinary conspiracy' which had just been crushed has nothing but praise for the young commander of that conspiracy, whom he describes as the 'delight and pride of all who knew him (this truly unfortunate circumstance of his life excepted).'

But while few were found to cast a stone at his personal character, there is, except among those pledged to allow no failing or deficiency

to mar their portrait, scarcely less unanimity with respect to his absolute unfitness for the part he was set to play. Thus an authority quoted by Madden as perhaps better acquainted with him than any other of his associates, emphatically denied his capacity to conduct a revolution; Reinhard, the French minister to the Hanseatic towns, and a most friendly critic of the envoy who had been sent to open negotiations with his Government, though declaring himself ready to answer for the young man's sincerity with his head, added that he was wholly unqualified to be leader of an enterprise or chief of a party; and an observer in a different sphere, the informer Cox, characterised him as unfit to command a sergeant's guard.

Such would, in fact, seem to have been the general verdict—a verdict borne out by the issue of the struggle, and his entire failure to conduct it to a successful end, and one which, in all probability—for neither arrogance nor vanity was among his failings—would have been indorsed by the subject of it himself. It was part of the chivalry of his nature not to evade the responsibility thrust upon him; but it was his misfortune, and, according as it is regarded, the misfortune or the salvation of his country, that he was forced into a position which he was in no way competent to fill. The incongruity of the man and the situation lends half its tragedy to the melancholy story.

The earlier years of Lord Edward's life contain little worth recording. The son of the first Duke of Leinster by Lady Emilia Lennox, daughter of the Duke of Richmond, he was born in 1764, received his education chiefly abroad, at the hands of his mother's second husband, her son's former tutor; and entering the army at the age of sixteen, served his apprenticeship to active service some two years later in the war carried on by England against her revolted colonies, distinguishing himself in America by a harebrained and reckless daring which in some sort foreshadowed his future career. Fifteen years later, when dying in prison of wounds received in what he held to be the defence of the liberties of his countrymen, the comparison of the two objects for which his blood had been shed would seem to have been present with him; and, reminded by some chance visitor of those old days, he replied—was it with the sense of a debt wiped out?—that it was in a different cause that he had been wounded at that time, since then he had been fighting against liberty, now for it.

An enthusiastic soldier, there is no doubt that, left to himself, his choice would have lain in the direction of a purely military life, but shortly after the conclusion of the war he found himself returned to Parliament by his brother, the Duke, as member for Athy, and the political career which was to lead to so calamitous an end was thus inaugurated. From the date of his entrance into Parliament the web of destiny, in spite of his occasional efforts to

free himself, was drawn more and more tightly around him, and there is something strange and relentless, as one follows the story, about the fashion in which his doom—the doom of a cause—hunted him down. There was no escape, the Angel of the Lord—or of Fate—barring every path save that appointed for him to tread.

Men do not, however, at once recognise the summons of their destiny. For the present his new duties, with the residence in Dublin they demanded, were merely irksome; nor did he for some years take any more active part in politics than was implied in a consistent and steady adherence to the popular party in the House.

There was other business on hand of greater interest in his eyes. For a considerable portion of Lord Edward's short life it would not be unsafe to say that when not engaged in soldiering he was sure to be making love; and the story of his love affairs reads like the gay and graceful prelude, touched here and there with pathos, which precedes the tragedy. Now it is Lady Catherine Meade—'pretty dear Kate'—who is the object of his boyish devotion; then a Lennox cousin, who, proving faithless, is replaced in turn by other attractions; until at last, less than six years before the end, his fugitive affections are fixed by the fair little foster-daughter of Madame de Genlis, who after 'three weeks' acquaintance became his wife. But, in spite of all temporary and passing attachments, it is the devoted and passionate love for his mother, more like that of a daughter than a son in its clinging tenderness, which strikes the deepest note. To her he comes back after each disappointment: 'I love nothing in comparison with you, my dearest mother, after all! Being absent from you is very terrible at times.' And again: 'You are after all what I love best in the world. I always return to you and find it is the only love I do not deceive myself in. In thinking over with myself what misfortunes I *could* bear, I found there was one I *could not*;—but God bless you!'

There is, alas! no making terms with Fate, but the misfortune which Lord Edward felt would have been intolerable was spared him. His mother outlived him, to mourn his loss.

In the year 1788 he was once more at the other side of the Atlantic, having rejoined his regiment, and seeking in adventurous journeys across unexplored country and association with the native tribes distraction from troubles at home. It was on his return to England a year later that an offer was made to him through his uncle, the Duke of Richmond, which might have gone far to change the character of his future. A dissolution of Parliament had taken place, leaving him, as he imagined, a free man, at liberty to devote himself to his chosen profession; and when it was suggested that he should take the command of an expedition to be sent against Cadiz, pledging himself in return to be no longer found in the ranks of the Opposition, he closed eagerly with the offer.



That he felt no difficulty in giving this negative engagement is a proof of how fully he believed himself to be withdrawn from political life, and had he been permitted to carry out his purpose the history of 1798 might have lacked one of its most tragic chapters. But an unexpected obstacle intervened. The Duke of Leinster, without consulting the person chiefly concerned, had nominated his brother member for Kildare in the new Parliament. It was impossible for a man of Lord Edward's opinions to take his seat as a supporter of the Government, and the alternative of refusing it does not seem to have suggested itself. Withdrawing, therefore, the *quasi*-pledge which had been obtained from him, he relinquished the opportunity of military advancement, and resigned himself to a return to the treadmill from which he had imagined himself released. The die was finally cast, and he passed from the ranks of the soldiers into those of the politicians.

Life at home, no doubt, as time went on, presented compensations to a man of tastes so eminently social. Both as Fitzgerald and as Lennox, the doors of London society were open to him. Nor did his political education stand still; for while at the great Whig houses he enjoyed ample opportunities of intercourse with the most eminent members of the party to which, by sympathy and conviction, he had always belonged, his name likewise occurs, somewhat incongruously, amongst those of the disciples accustomed to sit at the feet of Thomas Paine, author of the *Rights of Man*—a teacher eminently qualified to carry on the training of a neophyte from the point to which it had been conducted by more responsible statesmen, by pointing out the connexion between revolution as a theoretical principle and as a practical force.

As late, however, as the end of the year 1792, no step had been taken by the future rebel in any way pledging him to an active revolutionary course. A year earlier the most important development of the agitation then rising to fever-heat in Ireland had taken place, in the formation of the Society of United Irishmen; but even at this date Lord Edward would seem to have had little to do with the party by which it had been organised, and it was only in November 1792 that an event occurred which practically decided his future.

Sharing to the full the extravagant enthusiasm evoked among certain classes by the progress of the French Revolution, and keenly interested in its development, he was by the end of October making an inspection of French affairs at headquarters, and lodging under the same roof as his teacher and ofacle, Paine.

To a man of his views and nationality the proceedings then going forward in the Convention were likely to appeal with special force. The people that sat in darkness had seen a great light, and nowhere was the gloom deeper than in Ireland. When, on the 19th of

November, the celebrated decree was passed tendering fraternity and aid to all nations desirous of regaining their liberty, it was no wonder that the menace to tyranny should have sounded significantly in the ears of an Irishman. But even before that decree was passed Lord Edward had come forward, reckless of consequences, to make open confession of his faith, and at a public meeting at which revolutionary speeches were made, and corresponding toasts were drunk, had renounced his title and burnt his boats behind him.

The retort of the British Government was sharp and decisive. Lord Edward was, without a hearing, dismissed from the army.

It is difficult to trace with accuracy cause and effect. In after days Lord Edward's mother, sorrowfully reviewing the past, was accustomed to date his misfortunes to the step thus taken by Government, asserting that, to a man of his spirit, a sentence of death would have been, in comparison, merciful. But, holding this as her own view, she was just enough to add that he had never himself admitted that the action of the authorities had influenced his conduct. It is possible that both were in a measure right; that his cashierment, while in no way affecting his convictions, may have burnt in upon him the importance of principles of which the logical significance might otherwise have escaped him, and that the creed which might under other circumstances have remained—as how many creeds do!—a sleeping partner in the business of life, was thus transformed into a working faith. Men are apt to prize a possession by what it has cost them. He had been proud of his profession, and to find himself suddenly deprived of it would naturally accentuate the importance of the cause for which it had been forfeited. From thenceforward his identification with the party of revolution proceeded rapidly.

The condition of Ireland at the time is too well known to require more than a passing glance. It was one calculated to cause uneasiness to all parties alike, save that which looked to revolution as the sole cure for her ills. Lawlessness, prevailing throughout the length and breadth of the land, was met by measures of unexampled severity, which in their turn drove the peasantry to retaliation wheresoever retaliation was possible. A fresh military movement had been likewise set on foot, and it was upon a motion in Parliament approving the action taken by the Lord-Lieutenant in forbidding a parade of the new 'National Battalion' that the well-known scene took place in which Lord Edward, having characterised the Lord-Lieutenant and the majority of the House as the worse subjects the King possessed, framed the apology demanded by the offended dignity of the House in terms so ambiguous as to emphasise rather than extenuate the offence. "I am accused," he said, 'of having declared that I think the Lord-Lieutenant and the majority of this House the worst subjects the King has. I said so—'tis true—and I'm sorry for it.'

The scene, in its essentials, was the first of many. Again and again, the solitary representative within the House of opinions prevailing so widely outside, he was forced into an attitude of antagonism, even to the men with whom he had heretofore acted, and whose devotion to Ireland was as loyal and true as his own. It was a position of isolation which, to a man of Lord Edward's temper, with no touch of the assertive arrogance or noisy self-sufficiency of the vulgar demagogue, must have been one of no little pain.

Apart from public affairs, life at this period held many compensations. He was young, and he was, in spite of all, happy. He had been married, almost simultaneously with his dismissal from the army, to the well-known Pamela, very generally believed at the time to be the daughter of the ill-fated Duke of Orleans, by Madame de Genlis, his children's governess, though later evidence goes to disprove her royal blood, and makes her the illegitimate child of Guillaume de Brixey, a French sailor, and of a Canadian girl named Mary Sims. Whatever may have been her birth—whatever, too, her faults and failings, and her marriage with Lord Edward was scarcely more than an episode in a not unadventurous life—no cloud seems to have marred the happiness of their few years together. The description of the little home in Kildare is like an idyl of peace and sunshine and gaiety, to which the catastrophe so soon to end it lends a poignant touch of pathos. In the last letter extant to his mother, written at the end of 1794, there is a forecast of a future contrasting sharply and pitifully with the reality which was to follow—a picture of a garden full of flowers, of roses and sweetbriar and broom, of Pamela and the child—the 'little young plant' already come to add to the brightness of the household—and of himself 'as happy as possible.' Not far from thirty as he was, he was still a boy at heart, with not a little of the winning grace of childhood clinging round him.

In the country at large, the outlook, as time went on, was becoming one of increasing gloom, and during the months divided between tending his flowers and the less satisfactory occupation of making futile attempts to stand between the people and the system which was driving them to madness, Lord Edward's lingering faith in constitutional methods of reform was slowly dying out. Already in January 1794 he was beginning to consider the desirability of absenting himself from debates in which his sole part was to enter a useless protest; and though it was not till two years later that he definitely associated himself with the United Irish body, his opinions were steadily approximating to the views held by its leaders, and to the methods they advocated.

With regard to the commencement of any intimate or personal connexion on his part with the chiefs of the party of revolution it is difficult to form an opinion. The slightness of his acquaintance

with Wolfe Tone would seem to point to an absence of any closeness of intercourse before the date of Tone's enforced departure from Ireland; but at the same time the fact that an emissary, sent to Dublin in 1793 for the purpose of proffering French aid to the popular leaders, presented to Lord Edward a letter of introduction and was by him made known to certain prominent members of the party, tends to prove that he was already at that time on confidential and trusted terms with the men who were prepared, in case of need, to resort to physical force.

Such being the case, the fact that, while being driven more and more into the camp of the irreconcilables, so far as opinions and sympathies were concerned, he was so tardy in identifying himself personally with its representatives, seems to call for explanation. That explanation probably lies in the fact that irrelevant circumstances have more to do with such matters than is commonly imagined. The United Irish movement had been an eminently middle-class one. Tone was the son of a coach-builder; Emmet of a doctor; the father of the two Sheares was a banker at Cork, Neilson's a dissenting minister; Bond was a woollen draper. Between such men and Lord Edward, especially in a day when differences of birth and position counted for far more than at present, it was inevitable that there should have been lacking the starting-point of natural and social intercourse, and that a certain distance should have separated them until such time as the fusing action of a supreme and common interest obliterated all such adventitious lines of distinction. When, however, that day arrived, nothing is more marked than the absence on the part of the earlier leaders of any trace of coldness towards the man then placed at the head of the enterprise, and their total freedom from those petty jealousies, those ignoble personal ambitions, and sordid private grudges, which have at other times disgraced the annals of their country.

Lord Edward has been called a weak man, and in some respects the charge may not be unfounded. But in his adoption of the national cause, not as it was understood by Grattan and his friends, nor by the brother he loved and the mother he adored, but as it was understood by men to whom he was bound by nothing but a common pity for the oppressed and a common enthusiasm for what he conceived to be the rights of a nation, he acted, so far as party, family, and class were concerned, almost alone. Singly he defied their traditions and embraced a cause in which he had everything to lose and nothing to gain. And to choose such a course and to carry it through with consistent loyalty is not altogether the conduct of a weak man.

Matters were drawing rapidly towards a climax. By the beginning of 1796 the country had been delivered over to a military despotism under which the prevailing lawlessness was met by so reckless a

disregard of so much as the forms of justice, that it was thought well, on the meeting of Parliament, to pass an Act of Indemnity covering all past illegalities committed by the local magistracy. It was this spectacle which put the finishing touch to Lord Edward's revolutionary principles; turned him, tender-hearted, generous, and pitiful, into a rebel; and sent him at length to recruit the ranks of the United Irishmen. In the early part of the year he had practically become a member of the association, and by May he and Arthur O'Connor had been despatched to open negotiations on its behalf with the French Government. The last step had been taken. Lord Edward was formally a traitor.

The absolute failure of the French expedition, which was the result of the negotiations, is well known; and without foreign aid the prospect of success, in the event of a rising, was too discouraging to justify, in the eyes of some of those most ardent in the cause, an appeal to force. But it was nevertheless becoming clearer and clearer that revolution could not be long delayed. The patience of the people was at an end. For the national leaders, and Lord Edward among them, there was no place, even had they desired it, for repentance.

Seventeen hundred and ninety eight—that year of disaster—had come. The crisis was at hand; Lord Edward's doom close upon him. The winding-sheet, to the eyes of the seer, would have passed his heart and risen around his throat. Nor was he the man, even had he foreseen the end, to turn aside from the path which led to it.

The Government, it is true, though troubled by no scruples with regard to his confederates, would have gladly escaped the odium of laying hands upon a Fitzgerald. 'For God's sake,' the Chancellor, Lord Clare, urged his stepfather, 'get this young man out of the country. The ports shall be open, and no hindrance offered.' But no dream of the possibility of escape could have crossed Lord Edward's mind. He loved life; indeed, and would fain have seen good days; but he was pledged to the cause, and he was pledged to the men, and to both he was unfalteringly true.

He was at this time thirty-four, of middle height or somewhat below it, and there was still something boyish about the slight figure, the fresh colouring and elastic tread. His eyes were grey, set under arched brows and shaded by long lashes, and his hair was of so dark a brown as to incline to black. In manner—the description is that of the feather merchant Murphy, in whose house he was finally captured—he was 'as playful and humble as a child, as mild and timid as a lady;' while his cousin, Lord Holland, dwells on the gaiety and careless intrepidity of his bearing, and on the singular charm by which he fascinated all who approached him.

Such, outwardly, was the man placed, as military commander, at the head of the desperate scheme which had been organised. To the

spirit in which the enterprise was undertaken Lord Holland again bears witness. No personal resentment shared in it, or had any power to embitter the sweetness of his disposition. He loathed the measures; he forgave the men; nor was there to be found among his opponents any single object of his animosity. In war as in peace, his sunny-hearted and gentle readiness to believe the best of all mankind—no qualification for the successful conduct of a conspiracy—still held good.

All was, provisionally at least, arranged; the principal point upon which the chiefs of the party were still divided relating to the question whether or not action should be taken independently of the promised assistance from abroad, and Lord Edward lending, as might be expected, all the weight of his influence to the bolder course.

It seemed in truth as if, rash as it might appear, no alternative would remain but to pursue it; for the weeks crept on, and French assistance was still delayed. Apart from the failure of foreign support, however, all looked well, at the beginning of the year, for the success of the enterprise. In the official reports made to Lord Edward in February the rebel force, regimented and armed throughout the country, was estimated at close upon three hundred thousand men, nor was his sanguine spirit likely to draw the important distinction between numbers on paper and in the field. So far, also, it appeared that the vast conspiracy had escaped detection. The Government, if it cannot be reasonably supposed to have remained in ignorance of an organisation so widespread, had at least judged it well to conceal their knowledge until such time as evidence sufficient to secure convictions was forthcoming. The blow, when it was at last struck, was only the more fatal. It is to the informer Thomas Reynolds, a trusted member of the Union, that the distinction belongs of having placed it in the power of the authorities to proceed with certainty and safety against its heads. On information received from him, action was taken at once. At a meeting of the Leinster Directory, held in Dublin on the 12th of March, fifteen members of the committee were arrested, while four others were seized elsewhere; Lord Edward being one of the few who for the moment escaped, Reynolds himself, moved by some inconsistent compunction, having contrived that he should be absent from the doomed assembly.

It was the beginning of the end. A crushing blow had been dealt at the conspiracy, in depriving it of close upon a score of its ablest chiefs; and its chances of success were, from this time, diminished to an incalculable decree. Nor was the Government slow in following up the step which had been taken. The arrests in Dublin were succeeded by the proclamation of martial law and free quarters, and by what has been characterised, by a historian whose unexaggerated veracity none will question, as 'a scene of horrors hardly surpassed in the modern history of Europe;' while French

aid was no nearer than before. The situation might well have seemed to most men little short of hopeless.

In what light it was viewed by Lord Edward we can only conjecture. On to his shoulders, unaccustomed to the burden, there had devolved, by the removal of his comrades, a weight of responsibility, in the practical direction of the movement which represented to him the sole chance of salvation for the country, from which the most gallant spirit might have shrunk. He was himself a fugitive, with, later on, a price upon his head; separated from the wife he loved; while not only his own future, but hers, with that of his little children and the baby who was yet unborn, lay dark and uncertain before him; his brothers-in-arms, tried and trusted, were many of them in prison; and with his family—with whom he had, in spite of divergent opinion, remained on terms of unbroken affection—no communication was possible. He was, to all intents and purposes, alone.

Yet through those weeks of constant anxiety, public and private, and of strain and peril and fatigue, his spirits, so far as can be known, never flagged or failed; and he faced the chances of death with as gentle and light-hearted a courage as he had faced those of life. It was only when he was at last hunted to earth, when the hope of being of further service to the cause was at an end, that a trace is apparent of any desire to relinquish the struggle.

'I am sorry for it,' he replied, when informed that the wound he had received was not dangerous. It was his solitary expression of regret.

The story of the weeks which followed the arrest of the Leinster meeting is, so far as Lord Edward is concerned, a record of hair-breadth escapes; of constant shifting from one place of concealment to another; of fitful caution, alternating with constitutional rashness and the reckless foolhardiness often bred by familiarity with danger. Picture after picture remains. Now he is sitting in the firelight with his wife—their last meeting but one—both in tears; while baby Pamela, not yet two years old, has been carried down from her crib that her father might take leave of her; now, hospitably received in the house of a Mrs. Dillon in the neighbourhood of Dublin, he issues forth, a child his companion, so soon as the friendly darkness permits; and the laughter of the two playfellows—the one, even now, scarcely less light-hearted than the other—reaches the ears of the anxious woman at home and sends her out to meet and caution her imprudent guest; then, again, in the disguise of a countryman, he accosts at dawn a yeoman on guard at Leixlip Bridge, and receiving to his question whether there were no night park in the neighbourhood where he could house his sheep the significant reply, 'No, my Lord,' the eyes of the two will have met, in full comprehension of all that was left unsaid, till the sentinel silently resumed his beat

and the drover passed on his way. And then, once more—for the last time—he braves detection by visiting, in the disguise of a woman, his wife, the shock of recognition, together with terror at his temerity, nearly costing Pamela her life.

The situation could have but one end. The wonder is, not that he was apprehended at last, but that a man so well known should have succeeded, in Dublin and its immediate vicinity, in eluding pursuit for the space of ten weeks.

It was a pursuit which every day became keener. Time was passing, and it was clear that the rising could no longer be deferred. The work of the Government had been well done. 'The means,' to quote Castlereagh's own words, 'to make it [the insurrection] explode' had not failed in their object; by the advice of their leaders, or against it, the people would no longer consent to put off the appeal to force. And this being the case, it was not for the men they had trusted to leave them in the lurch. However small might now be the chances of success, the game must be played out. But Lord Edward's part in it was nearly over; he was not, after all, to lead the forlorn hope.

An immense amount of labour has been expended upon the attempt to apportion to each of those concerned their due amount of credit for the treachery which delivered the leader into the hands of his enemies, and it would seem by the result that the merit should be divided between a gentleman of the name of Higgins, as employer and patron, and a barrister called Magan, his paid tool. But, in the case of a victim at once so rash and so confiding, to neither can it have been an arduous task.

All had been arranged, and, the 23rd of May being fixed for the general rising, it was judged expedient that the man who was to direct it should be at hand. About the 13th, therefore, he quitted his place of concealment in the neighbourhood of Dublin, to take up his abode in the town itself. It was some few days later that, still true to his character, the young leader hazarded a scheme of a nature so bold that it was no wonder that less reckless comrades should have shrunk from its adoption. Yet, carried out, it might have given the conspiracy one more chance of success. What Lord Edward proposed was no less than an attack on the House of Lords, to take place on the 18th of May, on which day Lord Kingston, before the assembled peers, was to undergo his trial for the murder of Colonel Fitzgerald, seducer of his daughter. The suggestion, however, was negatived by a majority of two, of which the informer Magan made one, and the chance, if it were one, was lost.

Lord Edward's first place of concealment on his return to Dublin had been under the roof of a man named Moore, to whose daughter he acted the part of French tutor; but news having been brought that suspicion had been attracted towards the house, his host fled, leaving it to his daughter to provide for the safety of the guest,



which she did by settling that her friend, Mr. Francis Magan, should receive him that same night at his residence on Usher's Island.

It was Magan's opportunity. Acting on the intelligence he supplied, arrangements were promptly made by the authorities for the seizure of the fugitive on his way to his fresh hiding-place. The affair, however, was clumsily managed, and, after a scuffle in the street, the rebel leader made good his escape, taking shelter with the feather-merchant Murphy, in Thomas Street, a timid man, but faithful in spite of his fears. Once more—for the last time—Lord Edward had given his pursuers the slip.

But the end was at hand. Murphy, on his arrival, had been struck with the change in his guest's appearance. It was no wonder that he looked worn. The life he had led for the last ten weeks, be a man's courage what it may, does not leave him as it finds him. He was also ill with a cold. There was, however, no time to indulge in sickness. It was already Saturday the 19th of May, and for the following Wednesday or Thursday the general rising was planned. Throughout the day after his arrival at Murphy's house, warned by the sight of a party of soldiers passing down the street, he lay in a place of concealment on the roof, till, as evening drew in, it was considered safe for him to come down to dinner. The meal over, still ill and tired, he went to his room, where he was presently found by his host lying upon his bed reading *Gil Blas*. It was when the two men were together that steps were heard on the stairs, and the next moment Major Swan, assistant to the Town Major, Sirr, entered the room. Lord Edward was tracked at last.

He was at once upon his feet, and a fierce struggle ensued. The surprise party consisted of Sirr himself, Swan, with eight or nine soldiers, and a Captain Ryan, apparently a volunteer. Before Lord Edward's capture was effected Swan was superficially, Ryan mortally wounded; but the odds were too great; a shot from Sirr disabled his right arm, and he was forced to surrender; regaining at once, the heat of the conflict past, his habitual gentleness and courtesy—affecting, says the *Annual Register* with a sneer, the politeness of a courtier, declaring himself sorry for the wounds he had inflicted, and insisting upon his adversaries' injuries being attended to before his own.

The race for life was over. On the same night—possibly at this very hour—Magan was elected member of the head Committee of the Society of United Irishmen.

Of the fortnight which followed few details, so far as Lord Edward is concerned, are known. Without the prison walls all was being done that was possible by his family and friends to enlist sympathy on his behalf; the Duke of Richmond was bestirring himself in London; Pamela—so it is said—was selling her jewels to obtain money to bribe the gaoler, consenting, however, to obey the

decree of the authorities and to quit the country ; his favourite brother, Lord Henry, was besieging the Government with entreaties to be allowed admission to the prison ; his cousin, Charles James Fox, was sending messages of love to 'my dear, dear Edward ;' while even the Prince of Wales, in a letter full of kindly sympathy, alluded to the arch-rebel as 'the unfortunate Edward,' and authorised his step-father to intimate to Lord Clare the satisfaction which would be afforded to his Royal Highness by such a delay as might insure 'poor Lord Edward' an impartial trial.

But while all these efforts were being made ; while the news of his capture had fallen like a thunderbolt upon the country ; while Dublin was organising impotent schemes of release ; while here and there the unhappy people, left leaderless but still passionately refusing to relinquish hope, were flinging themselves in desperation upon the troops—while all this and much more was going on outside, within his quiet cell in Newgate the prisoner himself was preparing to render unnecessary the endeavours of his friends to secure him a fair hearing, by carrying his cause, good or bad, to a tribunal where jurors are not subject to intimidation, nor witnesses accessible to bribes, and where the influence of those in high places is valueless. Even before the letter of the Prince had been written he had made good his escape to a land where the arm of the law was powerless to reach him.

For the first few days his condition had caused little anxiety, his family being compelled to content themselves with second-hand reports, owing to the inexorable refusal of the Government to allow the visits of friends or relations. With regard to those who could claim to be neither the rule was less stringent, and Lord Holland cites, as an instance of his cousin's sweetness of nature, the fashion in which he took leave of one of his bitterest enemies, who had seen fit to visit him in his mangled condition.

'I would shake hands with you willingly,' said the prisoner, 'but mine are cut to pieces. However, I'll shake a toe and wish you good-bye.'

But it was not, in spite of the absence of all rancour and resentment, to the men who alone were allowed access to him that he could confide his true anxieties—the hopes and fears and longings by which he was racked ; and it was only when his lips were unsealed by fever that he raved, not of his own peril, nor even of those he loved so well—of his mother and Pamela and his little children—but of Dublin in flames, of militia and numbers, and, escaping in spirit from his prison cell, imagined himself to be leading on the people to the fight, and was heard crying out, in a voice so loud that the shout reached the ears of his fellow-captives, and the people, mournful and sullen, gathered in the street to listen, 'Come on, come on—damn you, come on !'

The end was not long protracted, possibly hastened by the

culpable carelessness on the part of those responsible for the arrangement in allowing an execution to take place at the very doors of the gaol, the ominous sounds attending it being plainly audible within.

'What noise is that?' demanded the prisoner anxiously; and so great a shock was the answer that, praying earnestly that God would pardon and receive all who suffered in the cause, he fell at once into the unconsciousness of delirium.

The last day was come. Again and again his relations had renewed their entreaties to be allowed access to him, but in vain. He was not, however, to pass away without the sight of a familiar face. On Sunday, the 3rd of June, warnings had reached Lord Henry of his dying condition, and once more, half maddened by the thought of his brother left alone in his hour of greatest need, he had recourse to the authorities; while the prisoner's favourite aunt, Lady Louisa Conolly, literally on her knees before Lord Castlereagh, strove to move him from the incredible harshness of his attitude. All was in vain. With the dogged obstinacy of a weak man he refused to cancel the orders which had been issued; and it was only by the intervention of Lord Clare that aunt and brother were at length admitted to take leave of the dying man.

The visit was well timed. Delirium had given place to quiet exhaustion. That evening the surgeon had, at his request, read to him the death of our Lord; he had, in Lady Louisa's words, 'composed his dear mind with prayer,' and now recognised with tranquil satisfaction his brother and aunt.

'It is heaven to see you,' he said, the words marking what the previous loneliness had been. 'I can't see you,' he objected soon after; then, on Lady Louisa shifting her position, kissed her hand and smiled, she discerning the while death in his face.

She might well do so. He had already reached the limit beyond which the echoes of this troublesome world penetrate but faintly, and the violence of grief or joy is hushed. Though he had believed his brother to be in England, he expressed no surprise at his presence, only testifying a quiet content as the two kissed each other, falling back into silence as his visitors spoke to him of his wife and her safe journey to England.

'And the children too?' he asked, adding vaguely, 'She is a charming woman.'

'I knew it must come to this,' he pursued dreamily, 'and we must all go;' then, his mind wandering to the past, he rambled on; his brain again busy with military details, till his aunt begged him not to agitate himself by talking of such matters.

'Well, I won't,' he said, and fell again into drowsy silence, his eyes resting in placid contentment on his brother's face.

The time came to leave him. Lord Clare, whose personal escort

had been a condition of admission, was waiting. Nothing more was to be said ; nothing done. ' We told him,' Lady Louisa wrote, ' that, as he appeared inclined to sleep, we would wish him good-night and return in the morning. He said, " Do, do," but did not express any uneasiness at our leaving him.' The pain of separation was for him past. Gently as he had lived, he was dying. Not three hours after Lady Louisa had wished him good-night he was indeed sleeping well.

' For Edward's precious blood,' said Arthur O'Connor, his friend and comrade, in later days, ' not even the semblance of an inquisition has been had.' He was wrong. For the blood of Edward Fitzgerald inquisition has been made, by every generation of his countrymen, since the day, a hundred years ago, when he lay dead in his Newgate cell.

I. A. TAYLOR.

*FRENCH OFFICIALISM*

It is undeniable that France maintains, out of State, county, or local funds, a larger number of officials and functionaries than any other country in the world. It has been well said that in France their name is not legion but multitude. When one counts up all the able-bodied citizens who are employed and paid by the State, the *départements*, or the *communes*, and adds those whose military service withdraws them from civil pursuits, one is startled to find what an enormous amount of productive energy is abstracted, and how few men are left to live their own lives, and thus contribute to the national growth, in wealth and numbers.

*Officialism* is not the only sore that is eating into the French nation. The causes of the ills it suffers from are multiple and complex. They are not all new; some, indeed, are extremely old. But at the present time *officialism*, although it covers itself with the mask of conservatism, must be looked upon as the most active agent of social decomposition. Conservative it appears to be in the sense that it tends to keep down all initiative spirit, and all independence of character, and forms a sort of nation within a nation, with interests of its own and a rooted aversion to changes of any kind as dangerous to its existence. Confined in the employment to which he clings, the official is always the ally of the government of the day when he is not its slave, or, in reality, its absolute master. His salary is generally mediocre, and his style of life narrow and shabby, but he feels that it is surer than any other as long as the taxpayers' money comes in.

We are speaking now of the great mass—the rank and file—of government clerks and officials, whose numbers suffice to turn the scale at an election. They are far from being free and independent, even in the exercise of their rights as fathers of families. Thousands of examples prove that the subordinate employé is not at liberty to send his offspring to the school of his choice. This constant pressure brought to bear on the subaltern official renders him a sort of inert being who bends to all the exigencies of politics and the dictates of the party in power. It is not astonishing that the result of universal suffrage, as worked, is a factitious majority without nerve, defence,

or independence, deprived of all elevated views, incapable of sequence in its ideas, and only obeying an egoistical instinct of self-preservation.

If we look more closely at the subordinate official and watch him in the performance of his routine duties, we are struck by the small amount of work he does in return for the salary he receives. This salary is sure, but does not suffice for the support of a family. Hence the small employé is constrained to supplement his income by other means. They are not all endowed with sufficient intellect largely to add by their talent to the household budget. A few of them write for the papers, while others cultivate the arts. Others, again, keep the books of small business firms. These are the more intelligent and more honest ones. It would be naïve indeed, however, to imagine that none of this outside work is done during office hours. This explains why four or five men are employed where one or two would be sufficient. There are others who, less scrupulous than those we have just mentioned, make money by selling information acquired in the execution of their official duties. Finally, the rest work for those who do nothing, and they themselves do as little as they can. They rarely disturb themselves, follow the beaten track, and have a horror of everything new. These form the main body of the army of functionaries, a seated army which covers innumerable sheets of paper with writings most of which are superfluous and often contradictory. It is the army of the *ronds-de-cuir*, a stalwart body which has always formed an insurmountable obstacle to reforms, which even revolutions have not vanquished, and before which every government has had to bow down. This army is full of worthy men to whom all movement is odious, and who rule their chiefs by procrastination and a servile obedience in things not related to their duties. Masters led by their servants is a spectacle often seen.

The *rond-de-cuir*—this figurative appellation is quite common, and has become part of the language of public offices—is a type that has been studied by the moralist, who has found him to possess the principal traits of the French character: diligence, regularity of habits, strict integrity in the smallest things, and a disposition to find fault with the powers that be. He is further said to have a marked taste for reading, which he often indulges during official hours, and, overtopping all, a deep conviction that the post he occupies was created for him and not for the public convenience, and that the public must serve him.

Having drawn this rapid sketch of the French Government official, we will say what he costs. We have already hinted that his salary is by no means high, yet the total expense to the State is considerable. There are two reasons for this. In the first place, these functionaries are a countless host. Secondly, successive

revolutions and frequent changes in the superior official staff have made it a rule for the men who come into power to reward adherents, friends, and relatives for their services by finding posts for them. As the best places are occupied, they must be rendered vacant, and the only way to do this is to cause the present holders to leave the service. For some of them the time to retire has come, and nothing is easier than to liquidate their pensions, towards which they have been contributing annually a certain part of their salaries. The number of vacancies thus created not being sufficient, it becomes necessary to hunt up the men who have not given satisfaction and force them to retire. This is a delicate operation which often requires laborious negotiations. The result of these methods is that the pension list grows larger with every change of minister and every new government. From 1876 to 1896, while the population of France only increased by about one million souls, the budget rose from 100,000,000*l.* to 140,000,000*l.*, and the amount of the civil pension list more than doubled.

It is not easy to determine the exact number of employés of every sort who receive pay from the State. For the last half-century it has been the habit in France to consider as *fonctionnaires*—that is to say, attached to the government by close ties of absolute subjection—all those whose salaries appear in the budget, even if their duties are such as should make them entirely independent. We have seen in recent judicial proceedings that the senators and deputies implicated were amenable to the law as *functionaries*. Long-armed as the law is, it could not reach directly the members of Parliament who had made a traffic of their position. It had not been anticipated—and this is greatly to the honour of preceding legislatures—that the votes of senators and deputies would one day be bought as one buys apples and cabbages in the market. The government, and the public too, were strongly of opinion that members of the Chambers are not, properly speaking, *fonctionnaires*. They do not act as such, and it is even their duty to remain strangers to all governmental action, in order to retain their independence and liberty of conscience. The difficulty was turned. It was said: 'They are paid, and therefore they are functionaries.' Correctly speaking, the remuneration they receive is not 'salary,' nor even 'fees' like those of doctors and lawyers, and still less is it 'pay,' such as is allowed to officers and private soldiers. It has been given the somewhat hypocritical name of 'indemnity.' Senators and Deputies are indemnified for the trouble caused them by sending them to sit at Paris. For this they receive 9,000 francs per annum. This sum would be small as salary, but it is pretty large for an indemnity. It is true that it is in addition to certain small privileges, of which the free pass on all the French railways is not the least appreciated by these gentlemen. It must be admitted, however, that in lowering the representative of

the people to the rank of functionary the authors of the organic law governing the two great bodies of the State could not have supposed that this singular species of functionary would be content to live on 9,000 francs a year, if he had no private means, and resist all temptations to increase his income, honestly or otherwise. Many members use their position as a passport to journalism, others, who are barristers, turn it to account to get clients, while others again use it to push the sale of their books. These are honest means. Other members there are who utilise the fact of their belonging to one of the Chambers in such a manner as not to deprive their constituents of advantages on which they counted. They do not sell their votes in the open (Panama) market, but pay for friendly turns done them by the government by voting for it on occasions when a close division is expected on a question of confidence. Mr. So-and-so will be provided with a snug berth in the Inland Revenue Department if he shares the little pickings to be got therefrom with the influential deputy who procures it for him. Another man, if he obtains the post he covets, will show his gratitude in some other equally substantial way. As to selling honorary rewards, and helping delinquents to escape who ought to have been punished, these things are matters of history. Such means of adding to the official salary are equivocal, but they serve to maintain a flattering harmony between the government and the majority. They are a consequence of the system of payment of members, a system by which the representatives of the nation become badly remunerated officials.

The Senators number 300, and there are 531 members of the Chamber of Deputies. They cost the country 7,929,000 francs annually, without reckoning the 'indemnities' paid to the presidents, the clerks, and the 159 other persons attached to the two Houses. The total expense exceeds 12,000,000 francs, and we consider the price very high for the amount of work that is done. If we add to this sum the 1,200,000 francs paid to the President of the Republic we discover, with astonishment, that the *pouvoirs publics*, as now constituted, cost the nation 13,313,737 francs per annum, or 313,737 francs more than the old royal civil list. Yet one would be only too happy if this modest figure represented the whole of the increase.

The habit and passion of *fonctionnarisme* have been carried to their extreme limits. The category has been made to embrace men who do, it is true, exercise a function, but a function outside the action of the government, a spiritual and intangible function. Under various decrees, the priests and ministers who are remunerated by the State are considered functionaries. As far as the non-Catholic creeds are concerned, the remuneration is an act of generosity; it has nothing obligatory about it, and is dictated solely by a spirit of wide tolerance. It is different with the Catholic establishment, whose maintenance, and the salaries connected therewith, result



from a synallagmatic contract between two States, which compact, by reason of this fact, is placed under the guarantee of the law of nations. Doubtless the stronger of the two parties can tear it to pieces at any time, violate her word and disown her signature. But these are not the methods of civilised peoples, and they often bring disaster to those who resort to them. This is what happened to the great French Revolution. It sowed contempt for laws divine and human, and reaped civil and foreign war, and finally took refuge in despotism. In 1791 the Constituent Assembly seized the property of the churches, and established in France what was called a 'constitutional' clergy, composed of genuine functionaries. Such an organisation might suit in other countries, but France showed so much hostility to it that ten years later it became necessary to return to the old track. Bonaparte, then only First Consul but already omnipotent, found it advisable, in order to consolidate his power, to abandon this instrument of despotism. Hence this synallagmatic treaty, which restored the churches and recognised the clergy's right to an indemnity for its confiscated property. This was not a salary, and it is doubtful whether Bonaparte foresaw that Napoleon would one day regret not having made the Church of France a nest of functionaries. Anyhow, the stamp which he afterwards tried to give it turned to his disadvantage. The inclination still subsists in certain politicians. The idea of subjugating the Church revives in the mind of the government every time it finds the clergy an obstacle to its views, or even offering merely a semblance of opposition. Since 1878, the French clergy have again become functionaries. They had ceased to be such after 1871. They were such under the Second Empire, and also under Louis-Philippe, but by no means so under the Restoration. It is thus that, in France, everything is changed without a single reform being accomplished, and as the past has been, so probably will the future be.

All the elected representatives of the nation are officials. The Court of Appeal has repeatedly decided in this sense. Several times it had decided otherwise. To-morrow, perhaps, it may change its mind again. All the priests who are paid by the State are, at present, regarded as officials, save the Mussulman priests of Algeria. These latter are paid without being considered functionaries, as if to prove that the receipt of a salary is not *ipso facto* the indelible sign of an official. All young Frenchmen, with a very few exceptions, serve three years in the army. Consequently, they are functionaries in the narrowest acceptance of the word. Even those who are exempted from military service—often on the most whimsical pretexts—may become functionaries to-morrow, by a call to arms or the obligatory occupation of a salaried post. And everyone continues up to the age of forty years thus vowed to functionarism.

Taking the quasi-official figure of 750,000 as the number of

functionaries under the orders of the central government, although we are pretty certain it is below the mark, it would be easy to reckon an equal number of officials connected more or less closely with the *communes*, *cantons*, and *départements*, under the varied titles of members of *conseils-généraux* (county councils), town councils, district commissions; as *octroi* collectors and employés, clerks, tobacco-sellers, keepers, criers, market-overseers, auctioneers, bailiffs, notaries, and so forth. All these are not paid out of the budget, but they all fill posts which cannot be obtained or relinquished without ministerial approval. To these officials must be added the governor, deputy governor, managers, and tellers of the Bank of France, and the chief officials of the Crédit Foncier, which means government control over all the staff, high and low, of the principal financial establishments of France and her colonies.

Looking at this picture, one may be excused for wondering whether there is a single Frenchman who cannot be legitimately described as a public official. Call him what you please, he is, by the force of the national institutions, a functionary before everything; inscribed as such in the great book of State functions; condemned to quill-driving, to abandon his liberty, his independence, and almost his conscience, to follow in the track of his predecessors, to re-commence again and again the same round, to resist all change or reform, and to live a flat, insipid life without aim, scope, or initiative. If such a system were destined to last long there would be ground to fear the early extinction of the nation, a victim to its sterile efforts to persuade itself that it was master of all ideas and alone capable of making them bear good fruit.

The quality of this fruit can only be known by tasting it on the spot. It is astonishing to find how much discontent can be felt by the recipients of big salaries. The salaries paid under the Empire were thought excessively high. Nowadays, when heavy taxation and the craving for luxury have largely increased the cost of living, while the high wages demanded by workpeople tend to reduce incomes, the 20,000 francs a year of a Councillor of State, the head of a department, the president of a court, or a prefect of the third class is barely sufficient to exist upon. The official who has only his emoluments is, in fact, much worse off than an efficient draper's assistant. He is driven to make money in other ways. If he belongs to the Education Department he has a means ready to his hand: he will bring out some instruction books. He need not possess much learning or take a great deal of trouble. It will suffice for him to lend his name. The publisher always has on hand a few elementary works, bought of some obscure teachers at a wretched price, and if he is able to decorate the title-page with the name of a high functionary of the University, an inspector, rector, or examiner, the book is sure to sell. Its use will be made obligatory in government schools

and it will be followed by Part II. for the pupil's benefit when he goes to a higher class. Teachers render this service to their superiors whose protection they hope to have. The same book, with a different title and cover, has had to be bought no less than four times by poor parents who had innocently believed that in France education was free. Ministers have tried in vain to put a stop to this abuse. Only recently, another circular was issued strongly condemning these odious practices; but M. Rambaud's authority will still be ignored, and his circulars thrown into the waste-paper basket. The high officials who have been doubling their salaries by these methods are not inclined to miss their opportunities. Ministers may come and ministers may go, but the Education Department and the teaching staff are fixtures, and will always be masters of the situation.

The Ministry of Education and the Fine Arts has no fewer than 119,709 paid officials. As to the Ministry of War, it is difficult to determine the exact number of civilian employés connected with it. They are lost in the crowd of military officials. Besides, ministers have a trick, in preparing the estimates, of hiding as much as possible the full number of their subordinate functionaries. Their salaries are so small, and their duties of such slight importance, when they are not altogether useless, that to furnish full details might lead to their being got rid of. Parliament and the press are clamouring for retrenchment and reform. The budget, which at the time of writing is not yet voted, amounts to the enormous figure of 3,500,000,000 francs (140,000,000*l.*), and every day a few millions are added for the purpose of satisfying electoral interests, while there is an annual deficit, which can only be made good by the aid of disguised loans. Is it on the lower officials that this golden shower falls? They are ten or twelve in a room, occupied in classifying papers or copying documents which have already been written once in an adjoining office. They receive from 2,000 to 6,000 francs a year, according to position and seniority: altogether 30,000 or 35,000 francs. It would be easy to do away with half of them without detriment to the service; indeed, it would be an advantage to suppress useless circumlocution and exact greater assiduity from the clerks. But the government, as organised at present, has such great need of an electoral army to sustain it that it is obliged to go on increasing the number of its interested supporters in order not to succumb to party attacks.

Although the lower officials grumble at being ill-paid, they prefer the indolent life they are allowed to lead rather than follow some profession requiring activity and hard work. Moreover, they have the prospect of enjoying a pension, which they will be at liberty to supplement by means of some private occupation. At the Ministry of War, most of the civilian employés were for a long time deprived of this prospect, and it is only lately that they have been put on the same footing as the men in the other public offices. But here

again the funds are lacking, and it is not a rare thing to see sick clerks almost dying of hunger *administratively*. To lift the veil which hides these miseries would carry us to too great a length. Suffice it to say that if a civilian War Office clerk falls ill his salary ceases, although he is still obliged to contribute to the pension fund if he wishes to retain his right to a retiring allowance. The same is the case in the naval service, where as many as 33,250 civilians are employed.

One of the hardest-worked services is the Post Office, yet we know only too well how defective it is. Here also the axe of the reformer might be wielded with advantage. The men of low rank receive miserable salaries, and the higher ones, with a few exceptions, are only indifferently paid. They number 65,000 and are overloaded with work. If the inclination existed, the work might be reduced by one-half. It is a matter of organisation. Visitors to post offices have to do with clerks who are not invariably anxious to keep them as short a time as possible or even to be civil. Still, one cannot blame them very severely, seeing the red-tape methods they are obliged to follow, such as making lengthy double entries, which the customer has to dictate, weighing the letters, inspecting the envelopes, counting the seals, making sure that the stamps—if it is a registered letter—have a certain interval between them, and, in the case of a money order, cutting off order, advice, and receipt with a pair of scissors.

The scissors of the French postal clerk are the queerest instrument imaginable in connection with that service, excepting the post-office omnibus, which is a thing more wonderful still. These obstructive vehicles are one of the sights of Paris. Their purpose might be supposed to be the transport of letters, book packets, and such like. So it is, but they convey at the same time the postmen who are going to deliver them. Starting from the General Post Office, they go to the four corners of the city, dropping the men here and there *en route*. Paris has a system of pneumatic tubes which is said to be copied from that of London, but it is a poor imitation. The tubes are too small to carry anything but little cards, open or closed, which are astonishingly expensive. They cost thirty centimes, fifty centimes, and seventy-five centimes. These several prices are evidently based on the colours of the cards, for there cannot be more difficulty in carrying one sort than another.

The most serious of the inconveniences inflicted on the public by the complicated entries which the clerks have to make is that on certain days in the large cities—at Paris especially—it is hopeless to think of approaching the counters. We have seen thirty persons waiting at the money-order wicket of a post office. The wicket was blocked by a railway clerk who was sending pensions to all the company's retired servants. There were several hundred, and in

each case the name, position, and address had to be entered by the postal clerk in a register, written on an order form, again written on an advice form and on a receipt, and these papers cut out of the book with the famous pair of scissors. With these examples before us, it seems scarcely credible that France should have traversed five or six revolutions in less than a hundred and twenty-five years on the pretext of securing liberty and reform.

In France the postal system is not considered a public service, but a revenue-producing department. Consequently the governments which so rapidly succeed each other are unwilling to make any change. They all need a great deal of money in order to satisfy the appetites of their partisans; and as the Army and Navy exact unproductive sacrifices which grow heavier every year, it is not to be expected that an administration essentially unstable should abandon the sure proceeds of its monopolies—post office, tobacco, and matches. The revenue derived from the two latter of these sources would probably expand if the government furnished consumers with better matches and tobacco. As to the Post Office, if France would follow Great Britain's example and reduce the postage rates by two-thirds, there is not the slightest doubt but that the proceeds would drop to less than one-half and for at least a couple of years the Treasury would have to face a loss. Where is the French ministry that can count on an existence of two years? Therefore, it is only by clearing the service of all the useless formalities and circumlocution with which it is encumbered that we can hope to realise those cheaper rates demanded by all Frenchmen, but impossible of attainment under the present system of government. But we shall never see a ministry courageous enough and strong enough to do away, even by redemption, with five or six thousand useless servants.

To illustrate the great difference there is between British and French postage rates, we will say that while in the United Kingdom the inland postage for a letter weighing 4 oz. is one penny, in France it is 1f.20 or 11½d.; and that it costs one as much to send a post-card from Paris to Versailles, for instance, as from France to San Francisco.

What is true of the Post Office is also true of every other department of the State. If we cast a rapid glance over the estimates of the departments of Justice and Finance we shall be astounded at the great multitude of officials employed to do in the former so little work and in the latter such simple work. Nothing is easier than to receive the taxpayers' money or enter mortgages in a register. These duties do not call for any effort of genius, and yet they are the best paid for. The *trésoriers-payeurs* are the nabobs of the hierarchy of functionaries. There are some who receive 164,000 francs per annum. This is not their salary, which is small; but they have a commission on the money paid in, as well as an allowance for their staff. In

former times the post of *trésorier-payeur* was a really important one. They were then called *receveurs-généraux*, and did not perform the duties of payers, which are not of great consequence. They received the funds which the collectors and other officials paid over to them, and were responsible therefor to the public treasury. But that was not all. They were practically the bankers of the Government, and were expected to provide it with money when required. Nowadays, they simply pay in the funds they have received, and we do not see that their present functions, which do not necessitate the possession of capital, call for such high remuneration. Their work is done for them by poorly paid subordinates. It is true that they have to give security, but they receive interest thereon. Often enough, the security is provided by the high-placed protector who procures the post for the man, and the bondsman receives the interest paid by the government, and interest from his client to boot. The law does not forbid such practices, and a member of Parliament who proposed to put an end to them would get no support from his colleagues.

The officials connected with the Ministry of Justice are but little less numerous than those of the Treasury. There are 359 courts of first instance, in which justice is dispensed by 3,420 magistrates (judges, State attorneys, assistant attorneys, and clerks). At Paris these officials number 179. Twenty-six courts of appeal employ 763 persons. The Supreme Court (*Cour de Cassation*), which sits at Paris, has a staff of fifty-six. The latter are the best paid, yet, taking into account the great forensic learning they have to possess, they are only very moderately remunerated. Alongside the Supreme Court, and standing on the same rank, there is the Council of State, with a staff of ninety-five. These also are judges, but they deal only with administrative questions. This is not all. In France, justice is rendered in small civil cases by 2,872 justices of the peace, assisted by an equal number of clerks, and seconded by as many deputy justices. Adding together all these figures, and including sixty-eight employés of the *Conseil d'Etat*, and the judicial staff in Algeria and Tunis, we reach a total of nearly 14,000 functionaries. With such a large organisation, justice ought to be administered better in France than anywhere else in the world.

To complete the enumeration of the officials attached to the big and costly governmental machine we should have to add those who, while performing duties of a municipal or parochial character, belong to and are essential organs of the central administration. To the number of at least 80,000, the mayors and deputy-mayors of the 36,097 townships are largely answerable to the prefect of their respective *département* or county. We should have to add, too, the town councillors, who number from ten to sixty in each town. The town councils are elective bodies, but as the government has the right to dissolve them, they cannot be considered independent. At Paris,

in defiance of the law, the municipal councillors vote themselves salaries, thereby coming within the category of paid officials. Only to the district or ward councils—*conseils d'arrondissement*—whose sole duty consists in assessing the taxes among the townships, is the term functionaries inapplicable; but they have no weight in the play of our institutions. As to the *conseils-généraux* (county councils), they wield a certain amount of authority and enjoy just a shade of independence. They can keep the prefects in check, but it is rare for any importance to be attached to their recommendations, and they are functionaries all the same. So, too, are the members of the *conseils de fabriques* (vestry-boards). The government, by placing a check on them, has made veritable officials of them.

We have said nothing about the *Cour des Comptes* (Accountant-General's office). It checks the government's receipts and expenditure, sees that the accounts are correctly added up, and becomes uneasy if they are not always accompanied by the proper vouchers. It ventures to make remarks, at which the government smiles and takes no notice. If ministers stopped at trifles of that kind, they would never be able to manipulate the electorate.

ALPHONSE DE CALONNE.

## *THE FUTURE OF THE ANGLO-AFGHAN ALLIANCE*

AT the commencement of the present tribal disturbances on the North-Western Frontiers of India, a few months ago. I pointed out in this Review that the serious attacks which were then being made among influential quarters in this country upon the loyalty of the Ameer had no foundation whatever, maintaining that Abdur Rahman Khan was too wise and faithful a ruler to risk the rupture of the Anglo-Afghan Alliance by any surreptitious combination with the enemies of the Queen Empress. Time has proved, only too clearly, the veracity and correctness of my remarks. As questions of grave importance concerning the North-Western Frontiers of India will be soon brought before Parliament, the moment is not inopportune for the discussion of the future relations of the Government of India with the Ameer and the tribesmen. To understand the question thoroughly, it is necessary to have a bird's-eye view of the situation in Afghanistan, and to ascertain the extent of the power and prestige exercised by her ruler in home and foreign affairs.

Abdur Rahman Khan, the recognised ally of Great Britain, is the maker of modern Afghanistan. His genius in administration, his skill in diplomacy, his valour in the field, his wit in conversation, and his faithfulness in friendship have won for him a unique place among the rulers of Asia. Before his accession to the throne Afghanistan could hardly be called a nation. Like Scotland of ancient times, she was divided into numerous tribes, which were separated from each other by irreconcilable jealousies and hatred, culminating in ceaseless fratricidal warfare. Chaos reigned supreme in the country, each individual being a law unto himself. Such a country on the frontiers of British India was a source of perpetual menace to her peaceful progress. On the other hand, a strong Afghanistan, a united Afghanistan, and a prosperous Afghanistan could be of immense service to Great Britain against a formidable European enemy\* thundering at the northern gates of India. Happy was the thought and auspicious the moment which brought Abdur Rahman Khan from his exile in Russia to the throne of Cabul. After the



last Anglo-Afghan war, when the British messengers approached him to know on what conditions he would accept the throne of Afghanistan, he did not jump at the opportunity, neither did he cringe before the British envoys. Conscious of his own abilities and of the singleness of purpose for which he was induced to accept the sceptre of Afghanistan, he made no humiliating promises, accepted no compromising offers, and encouraged no terms likely to injure his country, or hamper himself in the free government of his nation in future. He was, of course, offered a subsidy, but he knew too well that the gold of England, however necessary to keep up the dignity of his Court, could not possibly give him an undisputed title to govern his people. Such a title could only be derived from one source, the Afghans themselves. Having, therefore, arranged the preliminaries with the British envoys, he approached the nobles of his country, desired to be accepted as their ruler, declaring before them that he was no creature of any infidel Government nor servant of any nation but their own. Having been acknowledged by them as the future lord of Afghanistan, he proceeded to the pacification of his country. Peace and order were established with no little difficulty.

#### THE POLICY AND POSITION OF THE AMEER

With the experience which he acquired in Russia the Ameer has been consistently devoting his attention to the civilisation and prosperity of his kingdom. The development of its resources and the increase of its commerce were the natural outcome of his sound policy. Productive agencies always stand in need of protected ones. The army was therefore reorganised on a modern European basis. Arsenal and factories were established in Cabul under European supervision, and every branch of the military department was made thoroughly efficient. Military roads were made throughout the country, and garrisons stationed on its frontiers. The army, nearly one hundred thousand strong, though not large enough for purposes of conquest, is more than sufficient, considering the geography of the country, for purposes of defence. The invasion of Afghanistan by any Power, European or Asiatic, is by no means an easy matter at the present time. The foreign policy of the Ameer has been very simple. It is to maintain and strengthen an honourable alliance with England. In strict accordance with the terms of the treaty he has always abstained from communicating with any foreign Power without the knowledge of England, though he has not failed to acquaint himself thoroughly with the policies and politics of the civilised world. He has also, in accordance with the same treaty, bitterly resented the least encroachment on the part of the Government of India on his sovereign rights in the internal affairs of his country. Though His Highness does not exercise any direct influ-

ence in the foreign affairs of any country, his unique position has given him considerable prestige in the eyes of the Mohammedan world. The Ameer is in many respects the most independent Moslem monarch in the world. Unlike the Sultan, he is free from the hateful domination of the Concert of Europe. Like some other Moslem monarchs, he is not hampered by any capitulations with any foreign Powers. He has about him no ambassadors to intrigue with him and his subjects. He has no foreign debts. If his dominion be threatened, Great Britain is bound to defend him against all aggressors. England herself cannot interfere in the internal affairs of his country, and is represented at his Court by a Moslem envoy—a compliment which she has not yet paid to any other Moslem Court. England again, who most strenuously opposed the desire of the Sultan to annex Thessaly, most readily assented to the desire of the Ameer to annex Kafiristan. It is true that he cannot communicate with any foreign Power without the knowledge of England, and, therefore, his sovereign power is curtailed in an essential respect. But this curtailment in these days is more a blessing than otherwise, because foreign communication more often does harm than good to small or weak States. Take, for example, the case of China. Moreover, this curtailment is compensated for by a subsidy of eighteen lacs of rupees per annum, a substantial gain.

I have described in detail the position of the Ameer, so that my readers should thoroughly understand the nature and the importance of the man with whom the Government of India has to maintain good relations, and if possible to promote friendship, in future. Hitherto the Ameer has proved to be a strong, faithful, and valuable ally of the Queen. He received the Afridi and Orakzai delegates, but declined to give them any assistance. He forbade his troops and his subjects to have any dealings with the tribesmen. He declared that so long as England would keep her word he would be true to his own, and appealed to passages in the Koran enjoining the faithful to fulfil their promises to all people.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE ALLIANCE

Will the good relations now happily existing between the two countries be continued in the future? Some newspapers announce that after the suppression of the tribal insurrections a British mission would be sent to Cabul in order to discuss and settle certain points in dispute between the Ameer and the Government of India. There may or may not be any point in dispute between the two Governments, just now; but it is most foolish to make wild conjectures about them, and excite suspicion in the Ameer's mind. It is true that the Ameer does not easily become suspicious, but when doubts do arise in his mind it is difficult to remove them. Distrust is of

course fatal to the success of diplomacy. When Lord Lansdowne's Government proposed to the Ameer the desirability of sending a mission to Cabul under Lord Roberts in 1893, they incidentally suggested that the Commander-in-Chief would be escorted by ten thousand British troops. The Ameer, being suspicious, replied that it was customary for an Oriental prince to send at least five times the number of soldiers accompanying his guest for ceremonials of reception, and that he therefore wished to send fifty thousand troops to meet the Indian Commander-in-Chief on the frontier. The Government of India grew alarmed, and desired to know the real meaning of the harsh reply. The Ameer wrote back and informed them that his reply was not harsher than their own letter. He said he could not understand the object of the Government in proposing to send ten thousand troops to his country under their Commander-in-Chief in time of peace. If it was to insure the safety of the members of the mission, it could be dispensed with altogether, because the mission would be as safe in Cabul, under his protection, as it was in Calcutta, under theirs. Ultimately the Government abandoned the proposal of sending Lord Roberts altogether. They sent, however, Sir Mortimer Durand, a civilian, with only a nominal bodyguard. The mission, as is well known, was received with great cordiality everywhere in the capital of the Ameer. If it be true, therefore, that the Government intended to send another diplomatic mission to the Ameer, it would be wise, in the first place, not to give rise to suspicion in his mind; and, secondly, to remove the serious source of friction already existing between the two Governments.

As every one knows, the Shah Zadah was invited to England by the Government of India, at great expense, to please the Ameer. But the only favour which the Ameer asked of the British Government, through his son, was politely refused. The refusal was keenly felt by a sensitive and powerful ruler. The breach has not yet been healed. Is the Ameer's request impossible to be granted? I do not think so. It is said that by receiving his agent in England the Government would be treating him like an independent monarch. But an independent monarch he is already, for all practical purposes, as has been pointed out above. He is officially styled in his country as 'the King of the God-given Kingdom of Afghanistan.' He has assumed the title of the 'Light of the nation and of religion,' which has been acknowledged by the Viceroy. It must be remembered that the Ameer does not ask permission to be represented in any other but the Queen's Court, in Europe or Asia. It is argued by some that the subsidy which the Ameer receives from the Queen of England debars him from sending a personal representative to her Court, like independent kings. But history is full of instances where monarchs receiving subsidies from their royal cousins were also permanently represented in their Courts. Take the case of

King Charles the Second of England, who drew an annuity from the King of France. Great Britain herself paid subsidies to more than one Continental prince in good old times, and her Sovereign received the agents of the subsidised princes without hesitation.

The payment of a subsidy by England to the Ameer does not necessarily depreciate his dignity. In some respects it raises the value of the Ameer's friendship, because England never gives her money in vain to any one. Perhaps the most forcible objection is this, that very serious complications would arise between the foreign offices at Simla and Cabul, should there be an Afghan Minister in London directly communicating with the Secretary of State. Surely an arrangement could be made by which the ordinary routine of diplomatic work between the Ameer and the Viceroy would not be interfered with. The agent of the Ameer in the Viceregal Court need not be withdrawn. When serious friction arises between the Ameer and the Viceroy, the latter is bound to seek counsel from the Secretary of State for India. Some such serious matters, and others of merely formal and ceremonial nature, could be performed by an Afghan Minister in London to the advantage of the two countries. The wise and experienced Ministers in the Queen's Cabinet can easily draw up conditions incident to the acceptance of an Afghan agent at the Court of St. James which would at once satisfy the aspiration of the Ameer and maintain harmony between Simla and Cabul. It may be urged that, after all, it is only a ceremonial matter. Why should the Ameer be so particular about it? After taking all practicable steps to civilise his country, it is not unnatural that His Highness should aspire to be included as near as possible in the comity of civilised nations.

Oriental princes attach excessive importance to matters affecting personal dignity and visible signs of power and greatness. The Ameer's pride was wounded. The principal object of his son's mission to England was frustrated. The least remembrance of the fact would be very painful to the Ameer, and serve to hinder the success of any future British mission to Cabul. If, as is alleged, there are some other delicate questions which must sooner or later be made the subject of diplomatic negotiations between the two Courts, would it not be wise and opportune to bring the question of the agency to a mutually satisfactory end without delay? If too many delicate matters are allowed to accumulate, the dangers of friction would necessarily increase, and threaten a serious diplomatic rupture. I sincerely hope that Lord George Hamilton and his advisers may find a way out of the difficulty, and add another link to the golden chain which now happily joins England and Afghanistan.

## THE TRIBAL RISING AND ITS REAL CAUSE

England's other subsidised allies on the North-Western Frontiers of India were the Afridis and some other independent tribesmen. These having lately turned against her, an expedition consisting of some 70,000 British troops was sent, under Sir William Lockhart, to punish them. It would be worth while to know the real cause of the tribal rising. My readers will remember that many well-informed people, at the commencement of the war, authoritatively maintained that Sultan Abdul Hamid was the real source of the mischief. They tried to make out that Turkish emissaries were sent to preach a holy war among the Afridis. In an article in the September number of this Review I contradicted the allegations; nevertheless they were believed, even in influential quarters. Five months have passed, and no Turkish spies have yet been traced. It is true that the Afridis and other tribesmen have been emboldened by the heroic deeds of the Turks in Thessaly, but so has the rest of the Moslem world. What, then, is its real cause? In one word it is *suspicion*. What gave rise to their suspicion? They feared aggressive dangers from their ally the Government of India for two reasons. First, because they thought the military roads cut through their country by the English would be followed by a real English occupation. The roads may have been constructed by the consent of a few leaders of the tribesmen, but there is no doubt that this was done against the spirit of the Proclamation. The majority of the ignorant tribesmen did not know anything of the subsequent contract between the Government of India and some of their leading men. But there was something else which increased their suspicion. That was the *Durand Convention*. By it the Ameer of Afghanistan agreed to forego all rights of sovereignty which he may have possessed over the country of the tribesmen, and as compensation for this concession, was allowed to conquer and annex the land of the Kafirs.

The tribesmen were brought directly under the sphere of England's influence. The Durand Convention brought little advantage to the Government of India. In the first place, the tribesmen never acknowledged the Ameer as their Sovereign, and have always maintained their political and social independence. What, therefore, the Ameer himself never possessed he could not hand over to the British. When the Afridis and others who had been faithful to England during the last Anglo-Afghan war learnt that the Government of India had concluded a treaty with the Ameer in respect to the future of their country, they began seriously to think that their country would soon fall under the direct sway of the infidel. When they were in such a state of alarm, priests like Hadda Mullah could easily excite them to an insurrection by sermons on holy war, and by eulogies on the bravery of the Turks. Rightly or

wrongly, they thought they were fighting for their faith and fatherland; and, whatever their other failings may be, there is no doubt that they fought like lions. The Afridis sent a challenge to the English Commander-in-Chief to fight them without artillery and cavalry, as they did not possess either, and they even offered to come down to the plains, to oblige him, should he accept their challenge. Of course it was refused. Her Majesty's troops, both British and Indian, displayed throughout the war all the qualities that distinguish brave soldiers in the field, and fully maintained the traditional valour of the British army. It must be remembered that they not only had to fight brave men, but also had to contend with the difficulties of an intricate mountain upland, and the rigours of an almost arctic climate, and, considering all, they merit all praise. All classes of the Queen's Indian army behaved nobly. But there is a class which deserves special notice: they are the Queen's Moslem soldiers, because they had to fight against their own co-religionists, who were continually heard repeating aloud the Moslem war-cry, and to bear witness to the destruction of mosques along with other buildings. Nothing but a deep sense of loyalty to the Queen-Empress would ever have induced them to kill brother Moslems, under such circumstances. It is therefore as unjust as it is impolitic to deny the V.C. to such of them as have merited it by acts of great personal bravery and distinguished service in the field. It is all the more so because there is no law which prevents the Queen's loyal Indian officers and soldiers from acquiring it by fair competition with their British comrades in the field of battle. While praising our own soldiers, we must not forget to praise the soldierly qualities of the tribesmen. No one would eulogise their bravery more readily than the British soldiers themselves. They continued to fight, although they saw their fortifications destroyed, huts blown up, provisions seized, and villages burnt. Sometimes they fought the whole night, only went home in the morning to eat what breakfast they could themselves hurriedly prepare, and came back again to meet the enemy. Such foes compel our admiration, and, even if defeated, they extort our highest esteem. But the war itself is the most unfortunate war India ever had. In no modern war has England lost so many of her brave officers in the field. The financial loss is also considerable. There is no substantial gain after all.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE TRIBESMEN

Now, as the campaign is practically over, the question is, What is the policy of the British Government with respect to the country of the tribesmen in future? The answer is given by Mr. Balfour. He says that in determining the policy of the Government towards the tribesmen three main considerations demand our serious attention. First, that some steps must be taken to prevent them from plundering

our own fellow-subjects in British territory. Secondly, that the tribesmen should not be allowed to fall into the sphere of influence of any other Government but our own. Thirdly, our engagements to defend the Ameer's country if attacked by any foreign Power compel us to have complete control over the mountain passes between Afghanistan and India. These objects achieved, Mr. Balfour would give them complete political and social independence. The question is, How does the Government propose to achieve these objects? One thing is certain : nothing would be achieved without the confidence and the friendship of the tribesmen. Take, for example, the first object. Whenever the tribesmen raided into British territory in the past, the Government sent an expedition to their country to arrest the offenders and punish them. Is it now proposed to locate a large and permanent force between their country and the British frontiers in order effectually to prevent raids in the future? Such a course would be not only too costly but useless, because raids would not be stopped by the presence of the troops. The right way to stop them is to remove, as far as possible, the causes of the raids. These are the poverty and the greed of the tribesmen. The Government, therefore, should, as usual, subsidise them, give them some occupation, and promote friendly relations with them. The second object, that Russia should not be allowed to acquire any influence over them, could also be achieved only through their friendship. They do not seem to be over-anxious to make the acquaintance of the Czar, but should the servants of the Czar, at a future time, intrigue with them, their confidence in the sincerity and benevolence of the British could alone prevent them from falling under their seductive influence. The third object, the command and supervision of the mountain passes, is impossible without their co-operation, confidence, and support. If the Government stationed British or Indian troops in the Khyber to mount guard over the Pass, the Afridis and other tribes would bitterly resent their own exclusion, and never be happy till they could get the control of the Pass in their own hands again ; because the Pass has been the chief source of their income for generations past. The Government, no doubt, could defy their opposition and defeat them again and again, but they would bide their time, and when it actually required the use of the Pass in the moment of danger they would rise together, block the Pass, and annoy it in all possible ways. The Government, therefore, will have to encounter two enemies instead of one. The best solution lies in an alliance with them. At present our policy only seems to alienate their sympathy from us. The tribesmen are not only brave but also vindictive. We must, therefore, avoid making them desperately furious. After the war we should treat them generously. The Khyber Pass question should be decided to mutual satisfaction. The Afridis are not altogether unworthy of trust. They were faithful to England through-

out the last Anglo-Afghan war. The tribesmen can be made our great tower of strength on the frontiers of India. But we should appoint wise political officers who would do their best to gain the respect and even the attachment of the Afridis and others, and avoid provoking their suspicion. The present difficulty was caused by suspicion. The Government should lose no time in inviting the Afridis to arrange honourable terms of peace with its authorities, and in informing them that their independence would in no way be interfered with. By a wise, patient, and benevolent policy the Government of India will, in the long run, succeed in obtaining the most cordial support of all tribesmen, than whom there are not to be found a more hardy or warlike people on the surface of the globe.

RAFIUDDIN AHMAD.



## THE PERMANENT PACIFICATION OF THE INDIAN FRONTIER

THE history of the British power in India has been one of slow but irresistible expansion. Following the great law of the human race, barbarism has receded before civilisation, or has become absorbed in it, in India as elsewhere, and, taking the natural course of events, such an expansion would continue till it met with a corresponding wave of civilisation coming from another direction. But statesmen and rulers from time to time, of set purpose and to gain some temporary advantage, endeavour to stay the irresistible tide, and perhaps succeed in their object for a generation, or even for a century. The expansion of the British Empire in India has, in so far as its north-western and western frontiers are concerned, reached at this time such a limit. The great chains of the northern and western mountains form a natural breastwork, behind which it is possible for the army to rest while the empire in rear is slowly consolidated, and its peoples gradually taught the arts of civilisation. But though from a geographical and physical aspect these great mountains fulfil in an eminent degree the rôle that has been ascribed to them, yet in one minor point—minor, that is to say, from an empirical aspect—they fall short of the requisite attributes. The rampart itself is stout and strong, but on its very glacis are to be found tribes and clans, counting many thousands of armed warriors, who, though ostensibly our peaceful neighbours and good friends, are in reality little removed from a host of bloodthirsty and treacherous barbarians, ready to turn at a moment's notice on the hand from which they may have received daily benefits. •

The proximity of these armed tribesmen is not a new problem. For upwards of fifty years the troops on the British frontier and these mountain warriors have stood facing each other, and all the arts of war and policy have been tried in vain to make the element of proximity of advantage to both sides. From the British point of view, and on purely military grounds, it was hoped that born warriors as these men are would be a source of strength to us, that they would form the light troops who would hold the outer passes for us,

there to harass and destroy any enemies who perchance might get involved in the meshes of their mountain fastnesses.

After a patient experience of fifty years perhaps few would be ready at this day to take so sanguine a view, or to vouch for the loyalty of the border tribes to our cause. On the other hand, we have monthly and yearly proof that a rancorous and fanatical hatred of the British, sometimes opportunely concealed, at other times blazing forth in undisguised ferocity, extends from one end to the other of the north-west frontier of India.

To the honour of the British name it may be claimed that every endeavour has been made to live at peace with our neighbours. Times out of number, instead of the punishment of fire and sword which some unprovoked aggression or blood-curdling atrocity has richly merited, money fines or the ordinary awards of a civil court have been made to meet the requirements of the occasion.

In order that we may enter more particularly into a history of the methods employed in dealing with the frontier tribes, it may not be inappropriate to give briefly an account of the three main forms of policy which have hitherto directed our dealings with them. When first our troops reached the present north-west frontier they were located at such points of vantage as would enable each force locally to deal with all the ordinary problems that might arise. Thus men like Lumsden and Nicholson stood armed and accoutred with a small handy body of troops, and dealt blow for blow with such startling rapidity and effect, that in martial admiration one was raised into a deity by his defeated foes, and the other stood but little lower. Yet, though these blows were stunning and temporarily effective, they were not lasting. Nicholson and Lumsden were dead and gone, and the confidence of the tribesmen returned, only to receive a few brief checks from the same system as employed by Sir Louis Gavagnari. On the whole, therefore, the system of raids and counter raids proved ineffective as a permanent remedy. Next came a policy which was somewhat irreverently termed a policy of rupees and pish-pash. Tribes here and there, as the policy directed, were heavily subsidised to keep the peace, in the hope that easy circumstances, long years of peace, and the creature comforts as well as civilising mediums which increased affluence would bring, might gradually sap their martial ardour, and make of the hardy mountain warrior a mere shepherd of the hills. But again were we unsuccessful; the tribesmen took their subsidies with alacrity; but, instead of expending their new-found wealth on ploughs and implements of peace, they bought improved fire-arms and ammunition, and became not only not more friendly, but in every way more formidable. Both the policy of raids and the policy of rupees had therefore been tried, and were found to have failed as a universal panacea for the evil. A third endeavour was therefore made to solve the problem. Instead

of employing small bodies of troops it was decided to enter on systematic campaigns, worked out on European plans, and calculated to place irresistible odds in the enemies' strongholds, there to remain for prolonged periods, while stringent terms as regards fines and penalties were exacted. This latter system is still in force, and though in some degree more successful than the former ones, it cannot candidly be said to have solved the great question of the pacification of the frontier. If any proof were needed that much has yet to be done, the history of the frontier during the summer of 1897 will perhaps fairly clearly prove it without need of clerical demonstration.

It would therefore seem necessary that some new departure should be made if we would escape not only the yearly annoyance and inconvenience of frontier troubles, but the immense drain on the resources of the Indian Empire which those annoyances entail. From the history of the world since the earliest times, the first factor in the pacification of disturbed districts is the complete disarmament of the inhabitants. Had not this step been taken in the case of the Highlanders of Scotland, the whole of the North of Scotland might to this day have been as lawless and unsafe as the Afridi highlands. Had not La Vendee been systematically disarmed by the genius of Illoche, a standing menace to all authority might to this day have existed in the very heart of Europe.

Disarmament, therefore, complete and universal, is the first step towards the permanent pacification of a region inhabited by tribes with the attributes and traditions of the warriors who inhabit the mountain fastnesses of our Indian frontiers. The problem is a difficult one, and will undoubtedly be costly in men and money, but the expenditure is a final one, and will, it is anticipated in the long run, be less expensive than the amount represented by the yearly accumulating millions which will have to be spent on checking the armed aggression of the frontier tribesmen. Hand in glove and of equal importance with disarmament as a great civilising medium is the construction of metalled roads giving easy access to every portion of each tribal territory, and allowing of free circulation throughout them.

These two main measures will, it is estimated, be found in most cases permanently effective, but in the case of any especially recalcitrant tribe, or section of a tribe, a sovereign remedy may be found in a systematised but enforced emigration from the hills into the open country within our borders. Such a system has been tried on a small scale with the most beneficial results in the plains of Yusafzai, which lie to the south of the Swat Valley. Here whole villages of quondam outlaws are now disarmed and peaceably living on lands rented to them on favourable terms, and, as generation succeeds generation, are losing the martial instincts and warlike skill of their forefathers in

the acquisition of the more civilised but equally absorbing attributes which bring wealth and prosperity.

It has been said, and with considerable force, that disarmament in theory is excellent; but, it is asked, how is it to be applied to the present case? Undoubtedly the problem is an exceedingly difficult one; but we ourselves, as well as other nations, have had to face the same difficulty before, and by boldly facing overcame it.

A fire-arm, and more especially a breechloader of European manufacture, has reached a fictitious value among the tribesmen. A Government Martini-Henry rifle, worth at Government rates about 3*l.*, is valued at and will fetch as much as 500 rupees,<sup>1</sup> or say 30*l.*, in times of popular excitement among these people. To facilitate and as a part of a policy of ultimate disarmament, these arms should be cheapened down till they reach normal figures. As an example of what may be done in this line, it is only necessary to quote the case of Japan. Here for centuries the mark of a gentleman and man of blood was the wearing of two swords stuck through the belt. These swords were handed down from generation to generation, and were in some cases not only from historical association but intrinsically worth immense sums. The edict went forth that from a certain date the whole population was to be disarmed—a stroke aimed at the most powerful military aristocracy that has existed in modern times. The measures for carrying out the disarmament were complete and successful, but the lesson useful to us is that arms which at one time were priceless may now be bought anywhere about the country for a dollar or two.

• To cheapen down the rifle of the Afridi or of the Waziris we must follow a parallel line and make the carrying of arms illegal. Nor must the measure be partial, but, on the contrary, completely comprehensive. The value of the Afridi's rifle is great, because he has to hold his own against the Orakzai or the Mohmand. But if neither Afridi, nor Orakzai, nor Mohmand is allowed to carry arms, the value of a rifle will become no greater than that of a walking-stick. A system of disarmament, therefore, must not be piecemeal but collective: that is to say, by proclamation it should be announced that on and after such-and-such a date the carrying of arms, or the traffic in arms, by any unlicensed person, either within our own borders or without them up to the bounds of our political influence shall be a capital offence.

The most sanguine will, it is needless to say, hardly expect that an instant obedience will be obtained. Though the declaration of policy may have been made simultaneously to all tribes, the military exigencies may not allow of more than a methodical but progressive exaction of the terms.

<sup>1</sup> When the political officer in Bajaur was demanding a fine of 26 rifles placed against one tribe, he was offered 500 rupees apiece in lieu to relinquish the Government demand.

To place the border in the best condition for exacting the terms imposed, it would be necessary in the first place that the whole section of the frontier to be dealt with should be under the exclusive control of a military governor. Thus, taking for instance that portion of the frontier which extends from Kashmir to Beluchistan, it would be proper to define the limits of the authority of such a governor somewhat thus: to the east the boundary would be Kashmir and the River Indus, to the north and west the Durand boundary, and to the south the Beluchistan desert.

Under the governor would be a certain number of deputy governors, also military officers, to each of whom would be allotted portions of the frontier. These deputy governors would be responsible for law and order in the districts assigned to them, and would be supplied with sufficient troops to prosecute the policy of disarmament.

The whole government of the military governor would be placed under martial law in so far as that portion of it which lies between the British border proper and the Durand boundary<sup>2</sup> is concerned, while special powers would be given to civil courts in dealing with offences connected with the traffic in arms.

The headquarters of the military governor might conveniently be established at Peshawur, while the deputy governors would be well placed as follows:

(1) Abbottabad:—For dealing with the tribes known collectively as the Black Mountain tribes.

(2) Hôti-Mardan:—To deal with Swat, Buner Bajaur, Dir, and Utman Kheyl.

(3) Peshawur:—To deal with Mohmands and Afridis of Tirah and Khyber.

(4) Kohat:—Orakzais, Kohat-Pass Afridis, Jowakis, and Kurram tribes.

(5) Bannu:—Darwesh Kheyl Waziris and Northern Mahsud Waziris.

(6) Dera Ismail Khan:—Mahsud Waziris.

It will be noticed that in most cases, from motives of economy, the present stations of the regiments of the frontier force have been mentioned, and it would perhaps appear that no new scheme, but merely a modification of an old one, has been proposed; but the scheme under discussion lies not in the rigid adherence to this or that station, but in a change from masterly inactivity to ubiquitous activity—a change which in a couple of years should make the appearance of an armed tribesman on the border an impossibility.

It will be at once suggested that, however careful we may be on our own side of the border to stop the traffic in arms, yet that there is nothing to prevent an unlimited supply flowing into that intermediate territory which is occupied by the tribes from the

<sup>2</sup> This boundary defines the outer edge of the British sphere of influence.

direction of Afghanistan. Undoubtedly the difficulty exists, but here is a matter of policy which a little statesmanship may be reasonably expected to grapple with. To the military mind it will at once suggest itself that a temporary diminution in the immense subsidy which is yearly paid to the Amir by the British Government might reasonably be used as a persuasive agency, should his Highness find himself at first unable to cope with the difficulty. As a matter of fact, it is clearly understood on the frontier that, if the Amir were to set his face against the export of arms from his kingdom, there is no monarch more entirely capable of insuring that his orders are obeyed.

It may be objected that the present finances of India cannot stand the strain of extensive road-making projects, and it may further be urged that roads, though excellent mediums for introducing civilisation, are at the same time apt to destroy the defensive value of a mountain frontier—in other words, that roads made now with one object would in some future generation facilitate the movement of some great invading force which might come from the west.

As regards the cost of such a project it may reasonably be maintained that it should be practically nothing, and that the tribesmen themselves should be compelled to furnish free labour for a project which will eventually add to their own wealth and prosperity. With regard to the general direction of the roads made it would be necessary to study carefully the geography of each district, and so to construct them that, while strengthening internally our own general line of defence, they would not afford a possible enemy any greater facilities than at present exist for breaking through the barrier of mountains.

The mercantile communities and the taxpayers generally in India have through the press given free vent to their disapproval of a policy which entails apparently an immense annual expenditure on military expeditions. It is, on the other hand, claimed for a policy of total disarmament that though the initial cost might be great, yet that the money spent would be given in exchange for permanent value received, and that in the long run an immense saving to the State would be effected.

Without appearing over-sanguine and relying confidently on the lessons to be learnt from the past history of the world, it is perhaps not taking too hopeful a view of the situation to claim that a system of complete disarmament would not only strengthen our borders but would remove a source of never-ceasing anxiety, a cause of perennial expenditure.

*MORE ABOUT SHERIDAN*

MR. GLADSTONE'S most suggestive and graceful comments upon Sheridan as a patriot and statesman made in this Review for June, 1896, refer in part to Sheridan's exclusion from the Cabinet in the Administration of 'All the Talents.' Since the publication of the work which formed the subject of Mr. Gladstone's Article,<sup>1</sup> I have received fresh and curious information concerning Sheridan as a member for Stafford, and as an active and a leading member of the Whig Party.

Mr. William Horton, a banker and promoter of the shoe-making industry, was one of Sheridan's first and heartiest supporters at Stafford, and, in return, Sheridan introduced him to foreign merchants who gave orders which ended in large exports of boots and shoes, and the enrichment of the townspeople. Horton's purse was always open to Sheridan, who once arrived at Stafford with money wherewith to pay his debts and meet future expenses. He presented a cheque to Horton for 2,000*l.*, Horton twisted the paper and used it to light his pipe, throwing the unburnt fragment into the fire, whereupon Sheridan exclaimed, 'By God, Will, you're the King of the Cobblers!' Horton added: 'It shall never be said that Will Horton took one shilling from Richard Brinsley Sheridan.' Giving the cheque was not a practical joke, because Mr. Peake, treasurer to Drury Lane Theatre, affirmed that it 'was as good as the Bank of England.'

When official duties hindered Sheridan from visiting Stafford for re-election, after accepting office in 1806, Horton acted as his representative, and underwent the honour and ordeal of being 'chaired' through the town. In 1809, the principal burgesses dined together to celebrate the King's Jubilee, and they enthusiastically drank these two toasts, 'R. B. Sheridan, and may the sun of his genius illumine the world of politics and literature;' 'Mr. T. Sheridan, and better health to him.' The greatest disappointment of his life befell Sheridan when, three years later, he was rejected by Stafford, owing to some of his older friends being dead, and the younger burgesses insisting upon being paid what they accounted their dues. Though 12,000*l.* was owing to Sheridan by the Committee of Drury Lane Theatre, he could not find 2,000*l.* for election expenses. If Whit-

<sup>1</sup> *Sheridan: a Biography*, by W. Fraser Rae, with an Introduction by the Marquess of Dufferin and Ava. 2 vols. Bentley & Son.

bread had handed over the money in his possession, Sheridan would have represented Stafford till his death, and would never have been arrested for debt. Yet he bore no malice to an unkind friend. Having heard of Whitbread's suicide, he sent this note to Charles, his second son, on the 6th of July 1815 :

I have to apprise you of the deplorable event of Whitbread's sudden death at ten this morning in Dover Street. It is a sad task for me to break it to your mother in her most weak and nervous state. She is herself something better. I will write again to-morrow.

This note was penned on Thursday. He wrote again on the following Monday :

I have sent you yesterday's Sunday paper, which will give you the clearest account of the deplorable end of our late friend. I only add a line to mention a circumstance in which his family and friends find a melancholy consolation. On the head being opened by Cline parts of the skull and brain were found in such a state that it was impossible he could have kept his senses or indeed have retained a painful existence but for a short time. I know, my dear boy, you will regret this feelingly. He was always very partial and kind to you.

I have found among Sheridan's papers the rough draft of his reply, in 1812, to an address from several of the Stafford burgesses :

GENTLEMEN,—The kind and partial terms in which my friends at Stafford have been pleased to express themselves respecting my character and conduct in the Address I have now the honour of receiving are truly gratifying to my mind, and more than compensate for the unexpected disappointment I experienced there at the last election. . . . All I wish to be forgotten is the conduct of those who were hastily misled to withdraw their promised support from me. I could not have complied with their wishes without a breach of faith towards those most respected friends to whom I have pledged myself in my canvass to stand singly and not to propose a second candidate.

It is, however, a consoling circumstance to us all that the great majority of these persons were either young burgesses who scarcely knew me, or newcomers who had never known me at all. It is with heartfelt pride I have to boast that of my old and early friends who really had known me not a man deserted or failed to make exertions in my behalf, which, to the end of life, will be remembered by me with the deepest gratitude.

With regard to the general regret the addressers are pleased to express at my absence from the nation's councils at this momentous [crisis?], I can only thank them for their confidence in me, feeling it no presumption to say that during the thirty-two years I possessed a seat in the House I am not conscious of having given a vote against my conviction, or of having failed in any instance, according to the best of my talents, to support the liberty and constitution of my country—a simple duty, for they are one; but not to stain my past course of conduct, if I am in the House of Commons at all, I must sit there free, unfettered, and independent, or I hold [it] no exile to be excluded.

I have only to return you, Gentlemen, who have brought me this Address, my sincere thanks for the flattering preface with which you have introduced it, and to entreat you to convey to our friends the sentiments of ardent gratitude with which I have received it.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Stafford has been represented in Parliament by many notable men, yet neither Mr. Ralph Benson nor Mr. Thomas Wilson, who was preferred to Sheridan in 1812, is numbered among them.



Mr. Gladstone cannot understand why Sheridan was 'always relegated to a secondary position.' It is true that his claims were inferior to those of Fox alone to Cabinet office in the Administration of 'All the Talents.' He would have brought to its deliberations a measure of common sense which was sadly required. He had many grievances, most of them being well-founded; but he never alleged exclusion from the Cabinet to be one of them. The office of Treasurer of the Navy was his own choice in 1789; it was accepted without reluctance in 1806. It was honourable. It was lucrative. The holder became a Privy Councillor. His salary was 5,000*l*. From the establishment of the office in 1660 to its abolition in 1835, the Treasurer of the Navy was generally a man of mark, and very often a statesman of great capacity. Among the Treasurers are numbered Sir Robert Walpole and George Grenville, Sir Gilbert Elliot and Colonel Barré, Henry Dundas and Tierney. The predecessor of Sheridan was George Canning; his successor was George Rose, the first being conspicuous among statesmen, the second among successful courtiers.

Cabinet rank was as seldom the reward of mere merit in olden days as it is at present. Formerly, Cabinet Ministers had little share in directing the policy of the Government, though their number was small; now, few have any share, other than nominal, because there are too many of them. Moreover, during the last century the policy of every Administration was very clear and simple, the Tories thinking it their duty to humour the Sovereign, the Whigs being resolved upon checking his undue interference, and, whether Whigs or Tories were in office, peers and peers' sons constituted the majority in all Cabinets.

There were nine Cabinet Ministers in the Administration of the Duke of Grafton and that of Lord North, and two only had seats in the House of Commons. Of the eleven Cabinet Ministers in Lord Rockingham's second Administration, all but four were peers. Two commoners only were admitted to the Cabinet in Lord Shelburne's Administration. There were seven Cabinet Ministers in the Coalition Administration, and three had seats in the House of Commons. In the first Administration of William Pitt, the Cabinet numbered seven, and the Prime Minister was the only commoner. Even Dundas, his friend and right-hand man, was not admitted to the Cabinet till 1791. Pitt and Lord Castlereagh were the only members of the Cabinet sitting in the House of Commons during Pitt's second and last Administration. Four out of the nine members of the Cabinet in the Administration of 'All the Talents' sat in the House of Commons, and two of them, Lord Henry Petty and Lord Howick, might have had to pass, at any moment, from the elective to the hereditary House of Parliament. The following members of the Government, besides Sheridan, were not in the Cabinet formed in 1806: the Duke of Bedford, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland; Lord Minto, President of the Board of Control; the Earl of

Derby, Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster; Lord Auckland, President of the Board of Trade; Earl Temple, the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and the Earl of Carysfort.

Sheridan was satisfied with his office; but he had grievances which he stated in letters to the Duke of Bedford and Fox. The following correspondence is printed for the first time.<sup>3</sup> The Duke wrote to him:—

MY DEAR SHERIDAN,—Your letter was put into my hands yesterday just as I was getting into my carriage to go out to dinner, and I did not return home till late at night, or I would not have lost a moment in replying to it.

To say that the contents of your letter gave me very severe pain would be superfluous. I trust you know the feelings of friendship I have towards you, and the anxiety I have to serve your son. If you had appeared to doubt the one or the other, the mortification I now experience would have been bitter. If the surprise and regret occasioned in your mind have arisen from expectations too easily raised, followed by something bordering on disappointed hope, I freely and entirely take the whole blame to myself. No one else can have any share in it.

I was not aware that the hurried note I wrote to you on the morning I left town had given you reason to believe that everything was *finally concluded*. If it did, I certainly led you into an error. It could not be so until the meeting for definitely settling the Irish arrangements had taken place, and as such should have been announced by me, and received by you, only as a matter in contemplation, which we hoped to see accomplished. I meant to say that as far as Fox and I were concerned, it was agreed that Tom Sheridan should have the half of Lord Lecale's place. I had been with Fox upon this business, and had a most satisfactory conversation with him; and, not foreseeing any subsequent difficulty that could arise, in the fulness of my heart I communicated to you what I thought would give you pleasure, in a hasty note, just setting out for Woburn, and if I was not sufficiently guarded in this communication, I must repeat it, I, and I alone, am to blame.

It must be needless for me to tell you that 'political considerations essential to be attended to,' and indeed necessary towards securing a safe and efficient administration of affairs in Ireland, may stand in the way of our best wishes. I did most strenuously urge the wishes of the Prince of Wales upon this subject. I stated my own wishes to be as strong, and you do Fox but justice in supposing that he has advocated the interests of your son with zeal and sincerity. *Political* reasons are at this moment, I hope and believe, the only bar to the attainment of our object. If these reasons should prove to be insuperable, I am sure you will do me the justice to acknowledge that no one will more truly regret it than myself. Still, I will never for a moment lose sight of the solemn assurance I have given you to serve your son to the utmost of my power.

I readily admit the truth and fairness of all you say in respect to your claims and pretensions. No one can more cheerfully subscribe to the justice of them, or more distinctly acknowledge the high ground upon which they stand, than I do. It is therefore unnecessary for me to say one word upon this part of your letter.

I have to lament that what you on a former occasion stated to me as to the impossibility of your son residing in Ireland should have escaped my memory, and I ask pardon for this apparent inattention to his interests. Trust me, I feel every wish and every motive of regard to urge me to promote and further them, and as one deeply interested in the prosperity of D. L. Theatre, I applaud and rejoice at the resolution you have formed to allow Tom to take an efficient and leading share

<sup>3</sup> The present Duke of Bedford has been so kind as to make a careful search among the papers at Woburn; but Sheridan's letter has not been found among them.

in the concern. I flatter myself and believe it will prove a source of real advantage to him, and ultimately turn out a great and permanent benefit.

I have opened myself to you, my dear Sheridan, in this matter unreservedly. When I see you I will enter more into detail. In the meantime rely on the long friendship I have professed and felt for you, and believe me that no one will more zealously, more earnestly, or more cordially labour for the welfare and happiness of your son through every means within my reach than your sincere and faithful friend,

BEDFORD.

We have another meeting at Spencer House to-morrow, and it will afford me heartfelt satisfaction if I have anything pleasing to communicate to you.

Neither from this letter, nor from the following reply, have I gathered that Sheridan wanted anything for himself, except a seat in Parliament without having to pay heavily for it. He wrote :—

With regard to my personal feelings on this subject and the motives which make it to me such an object, I have spoken to you with frankness and sincerity, and greatly was I gratified to perceive that your private friendship for me took an interest in them; and to that and to the Prince's unbounded goodness to me on this as well as every other occasion did I hope alone to owe the accomplishment of my wishes with regard to my son, without pressing them as a claim on political connexion, or to an Administration upon so leading a part of which I have no claim at all. But when, my dear Lord, 'political considerations essential to be attended to' are urged against my plea, and what indeed I thought I had your Grace's authority to consider as my accepted claim, I feel it would be a baseness in me not to assert my confidence that no mark of *Irish* favour conferred on me or any of my family would be unpopular in *Ireland*, or considered as a distribution of patronage hostile to the 'political considerations essential to be attended to' for the honour and interests of that country.

I bow with all possible respect to the pretensions of the great families in Ireland who, *previous to the Union*, possessed or contended for the patronage of her government, and no man living can feel more strongly than I do the claims of the few who have faithfully acted with the Whig party in England. At the same time I feel it no boast or conceit to say, adverting to the change made by the Union and the manifest disposition of the Irish to look now to the Prince, that any person honoured with his confidence and understanding his purposes on this great subject, and being himself an Irishman, is not guilty of great presumption in wishing to connect himself more manifestly with Ireland, or at least in being desirous to know the merits which are to supersede his pretensions.

As to poor Tom's personal claims, let them pass. He refused without consulting me, and while indeed I was in the country, a friendly offer from Lord St. Vincent in Addington's Administration, that perhaps might have made his fortune, because he would not thwart what he knew to be my principle to receive no favour direct or indirectly from that Government. If I were to die to-morrow, worth however little, he would be at least 20,000*l.* the worse for my election expenses in thirty years' party service, and that my line of party politics having placed me in a—— [the rough draft ends here].

He wrote to Fox :—

I have seen this evening S<sup>r</sup>geant and then Vansittart, and afterwards Lord Grenville. It is clear that that seat may be managed very easily, but not in time to be of any use to me. I am a very uncomplaining person, and seldom intrude on you but where I think it is for *your* service, but I do not like to have a dissatisfied thought in my mind respecting you unrevealed to you.

I deny that Pigott or any Attorney-General had a claim with *you* which ought to have superseded mine for a seat in Parliament without expense. But the present case is peculiarly hard and unjust. The Duke of Norfolk first applied through

me that a provision should be made for Lloyd, and in doing it he said (having always, as you know, professed the greatest goodwill towards me) that 'then there might be a vacant seat which I might take, if I wished to avoid the expense of Stafford, or it should be open to any of Mr. Fox's friends.' I told him that I thought the proposition perfectly reasonable, but that as to myself, it being understood that I would spend no more of my own money at Stafford, I relied on *you* that my seat should be properly managed. The seat at Steyning in consequence became yours, but how? Not in consequence of your *Administration* making a provision for Lloyd, as they must have done to bring in their *Attorney-General*, but in consequence of Lord Moira's giving up a place in his own immediate patronage which, if he could otherwise have promoted Lord Forbes, I have every reason to believe he would have given to my son. So rests the matter.

The House is to adjourn to-morrow (and would have adjourned to-day, but for my accidentally hearing of Sir J. Newport's writ) without the slightest thought of me who am now out of Parliament on a reliance which I thought could not possibly fail me, without pretence or means to keep Stafford any longer at my beck, and sincerely sorry that I have vacated my seat.

The pressing hurry to bring Pigott [in] I venture to say is felt only by yourself. I know it is not by Lord Grenville, and that he and Vansittart understand that it is *their* business to provide him a seat, and I am sorry to say appear to feel the priority of my claim more than you do. I have now done with this subject, respecting which I shall not utter another word nor take another step; but, being on the chapter of grievances which, believe me, my dear Fox, with you is a very hateful discussion to me, I will unpack my mind at once and once for all.

I am allotted a place [Treasurer of the Navy], to which I think there is allotted a duty if a party is to be fairly supported—I mean of receiving and entertaining members whom the Cabinet cannot open their houses to. Of course, if I mean to serve you fairly, out of my office I cannot save one guinea. I tell you frankly that I take that office without the slightest feeling of obligation to any one living. Perhaps I might say more. It is seventeen years since when you professed to me that I should not be content with that alone. I come directly to my point, and that is *my son*.

I will not recapitulate to you the motives that, independently of the dear affection I bear him, influence me on this subject. In the King's last illness, when perhaps I was deemed of more use than the present *formed* Administration may estimate, I had a very distinct pledge from you that Tom should be taken care of. All our *mutual friends, men and women*, cried out Tom must be provided for. How does it end? You turn me over with a note to Lord Grenville, which ends by a letter from him to ask a place from me for a friend of his, meaning no doubt to inform me that he had no patronage that could serve my son. In one word, if nothing can be done for my son, the *Grenville Administration* are perfectly welcome to dispose of my office.

On the subject of Sir J. Newport, I have spoke with Lord G. It *must* remain as it is. I need not say my object will be to reconcile the Prince to it.

Something was done for Sheridan's son, who a year later said in a letter to Mr. William Horton of Stafford, 'My place is totally unconnected with politics, and I will not sacrifice the only chance I have of comfort to my wife and family to the empty chance of being a member in such a Parliament as this is.' The office was unimportant, judging from this remark, made in a letter to his stepmother: 'How am I to manage with 400*l.* per annum; *beginning* the 10th of next October? *Nous verrons*. I always have fought my way through, and shall do still, I suppose.'

Fox's reply ran:—

Your letter has vexed me exceedingly. As to the part of it which relates to general matter, I will not say a word, because I wish for ever to avoid discussions very painful to me and by no means to retort grievance for grievance. If you recollect the time you refer to of the K.'s last illness, you must remember that the *mode* you proposed of serving you was highly approved by me, but is utterly inapplicable to the present reign.

Now, as to the particular question of the seat. The fact is very different from what you suppose it. M<sup>r</sup> Mira very kindly offered me the office in the Ordnance without even a guess for whom I destined it, but supposing it, I believe, to be intended for some member of Parliament who would retain his seat. After some deliberation, I thought I could not do so well, all things considered, as compliment the D. of Norfolk with it, at the same time saying that if Loyd [*sic*] was the person, it would be a great accommodation to me if for the remainder of the Parliament Piggott or Romilly could have the seat, Loyd to return to it at the General Election of course. That I am anxious the Atty. and Solr. should have seats as soon as possible, is most certain, and that I should be more so than Ld. Grenville is very natural too. I had certainly, too, understood that the money you said might be had would do to settle a seat where money was necessary—Portarlington, for instance, or some such. I have mentioned the thing to Piggott, and told him the election is to be this week, that he may get qualification, &c. What can I now do?

Now with regard to Tom. I wrote that note because you desired it, and you now seem almost to complain that I did write it. I never had him out of my mind, and meant to look about for an opportunity to serve him; but I had, I confess, no hopes of doing it instantaneously.

I take for granted if you speak to Piggott he will give up, but I cannot deny that the inconvenience arising to me from it will be almost intolerable. I should suppose there are many boroughs which might be opened for 2,000*l.* or less. Now if Shelley would pay four, considering two as a part of what he is to pay at the General Election, the thing might be done satisfactorily to all parties. If I am to depend on the Treasury for the Atty. and Solr., knowing that John King must be that first object, I foresee that I shall be without them the whole of the session, and how I feel on that subject I have already expressed. My difficulties through all these transactions have been more than I can well bear.

Sheridan's reply has not been preserved; but the tenor of the next letter from Fox indicates that the differences between them had been adjusted.

Thank you, my dear Sheridan, for your letter. I hope Sergeant's business will do, for, though I could speak to Piggott, yet after my having mentioned it to him and his having thanked me for it, it would be very unpleasant. After your business is settled I must look sharp for Romilly,<sup>4</sup> for though there may not be much opposition, there will certainly be some with Perceval in a manner as its head, and in such a case being without a lawyer is, as I have often experienced, a woful thing. Romilly may be more essential than the Atty., but I could not without giving offence dare [have] made him the first object.

I think you had best be on your guard as much as possible till you go to

<sup>4</sup> 21st March, 1806. I was elected to serve in Parliament for the borough of Queenborough. Mr. Geo. Peter Moore, who had been returned at the last General Election, accepted the Chiltern Hundreds at the request of Mr. Fox to make room for me. There was no opposition, but yet it was expected, and considered indispensable that I should be present at the election.—*Memoirs of Romilly*, vol. ii. p. 131.

Stafford, and that even coming down to the House to-day may be imprudent. I dare say you have contributed to the smoothness that is so important at C[harlton] H[ouse], for which I am very much obliged to you. Yours ever affly.,

C. J. Fox.

If unequalled merit, long experience, and brilliant party as well as patriotic service, could have received their just reward at the hands of the Whigs, their choice would have fallen upon Sheridan as Fox's successor. However, Lord Howick, whose father owed to Sheridan his elevation to the Peerage, became Secretary for Foreign Affairs, and Leader of the House of Commons after Fox's death, and Sheridan was foremost and exemplary in loyalty to him and in praise of his conduct. Sheridan had set his heart upon succeeding Fox as member for Westminster. Lord Grenville used his influence as head of the Government to promote the return of Lord Percy, whose only claim to fill the vacant seat consisted in the Duke of Northumberland being his father.<sup>5</sup> Sheridan was returned despite opposition in quarters where he had the right to count upon support, and, when he no longer required aid, he was told that he had been thwarted through a mistake.

In 1811 and 1812 there was a prospect of Lords Grey and Grenville, with their followers, returning to power under the Prince Regent, and it has frequently been affirmed that the influence of Sheridan was directed with success to keep a Tory Administration in office. Earl Grey laid the blame upon Sheridan, and did so, doubtless, with perfect sincerity,<sup>6</sup> yet he was under a delusion. The truth is that the Prince Regent had a great aversion to Earl Grey, and that Sheridan, in 1812, was out of touch with his party. He told Mr. Speaker Abbot, in that year, 'he entirely disapproved of the language and conduct of his own friends; that party was very well; but there was another thing still better, and that was the country, which they seemed to have forgotten.'<sup>7</sup> Francis Horner, writing at the time to Hallam with a full knowledge of what had occurred, made no reference to unfair play on Sheridan's part, but truly said he was satisfied Lords Grey and Grenville 'never had any chance of coming into office.'<sup>8</sup> I can now state, on the authority of an unpublished letter from Lord Grenville to his brother Thomas, that Lord Grenville laid the blame of a miscarriage in the negotiations on the right shoulders, when he said with reference to a passage in an address from the University of Oxford, which he declined to present to the Prince Regent as Chancellor, that the language 'may be construed as approving the Prince's breach of faith to my own

<sup>5</sup> Professor Smyth said to Moore on the 8th of June, 1827, that Sheridan 'never forgave the Whigs for supporting the Duke of Northumberland's son against him at Westminster. The best man to advise *others* that could be found anywhere: no such man in a Cabinet.'—*Diary of Moore*, vol. iv. p. 287.

<sup>6</sup> *Life and Opinions of Lord Grey*, pp. 431-434.

<sup>7</sup> *Diary of Lord Colchester*, vol. ii. p. 272.

<sup>8</sup> *Memoirs*, vol. ii. p. 101.

friends, and his continuance of the King's Ministers and the King's system of Government.'

Sheridan's position in the House and the country at this time is clearly exhibited in a letter from his son Tom to Tom's stepmother. Delicacy of health hindered Tom Sheridan from doing justice to himself. He was a great sufferer. On the 25th of May 1812 he wrote from Ireland: 'I continue in health much as I was; I cannot walk, or ride at a foot pace from the oppression instantly brought on my breathing. I am miserably thin and weak.' His children, who, when they grew up, were the handsomest men and women of their day, are mentioned in the same letter to his stepmother. 'You can have no conception how the children are improved. You know I *believe* myself impartial, and I declare I think them quite beautiful now, and finer or healthier creatures I defy the world to produce'; adding, 'what a Godsend it would be could I get some appointment at the Cape or elsewhere for a couple of years.' He was appointed Colonial Treasurer at the Cape, where he died in 1817. The appointment was obtained in the following circumstances. Dr. Knight of Stafford had visited town and appealed to Sheridan for help in an application at the War Office, and Sheridan accompanied him there and had a long personal interview with the Duke of York. On rejoining Dr. Knight in the waiting room, he was in high spirits, and exclaimed, 'How fortunate, my dear fellow, that you brought me here this morning. The Duke was so glad to see me, asked me about my family, especially about Tom. I told him Tom was doing nothing, and the Duke has given him an appointment at the Cape.'<sup>9</sup>

Writing from Rossie Priory on the 16th November 1812, Tom discussed at great length his stepmother's suggestions as to Sheridan re-entering Parliament, after Stafford had rejected him. The salient passages are these:—

In the view I take of my Father's political situation, I always consider the breach between him and Grey's party as *final* and *irrevocable*. In the improbable event of their coming into power no principle of exclusion would be exercised towards him, doubtless; but if he accepted office it must *then* be as a *Prince's Man*, and without even the opportunities of influence *with the party*, or admission to their confidence. But let us suppose him an *independent* member in *your* sense of the word, and after exhausting an undue proportion of his limited and shattered means, he walks into the House, connected with no party and obliged to no patron—what then?

Since Fox's death, up to the appointment of the Regency nearly, my Father might have been *Minister* of the country any day in the year, would he but have dedicated himself to Parliamentary duty and made but common exertion to place himself on that height. This is notorious, admitted by all parties. Tell me, then,

<sup>9</sup> Dr. Knight related this anecdote to his son, from whom I have had it, and it proves that Sheridan was far more concerned about his own son than about his friend. He strangely fancied, however, that he had helped his friend, and sent a line to R. Peake to the effect that everything had been settled in Knight's favour.

if, when everything that could tempt and facilitate presented itself to his ambition, when even procrastination could not destroy—nay, served to improve—the opportunity, and his prominence was secured and authority pre-established by the delay of his appearance, when private as well as public circumstances goaded him on all sides to come forward—if *then*, and with such advantages, he abandoned the task, what is there to expect from *solitary* exertion *now*?

He must join some party; the day of struggle and combat is past. I *have* written to him, advising him strongly to join Wellesley, and I do not hesitate to say that, if the Prince would bring him in, *with the express understanding* that such was the line he intended to adopt (which the Prince might be more ready to acquiesce in than you may imagine), I see nothing disreputable to my Father in the transaction; on the contrary, the independence of his political life is so generally acknowledged that the Prince would gain credit for not having abandoned one friend at least—nay, I would go still farther: if the Prince will bring him in with the understanding generally that he is not to support the *present* Ministers, I see no reason why he should not accept the offer. To say truth, my only fear is—*it may not be made*.<sup>10</sup>

The only offer of an independent seat to Sheridan was made by the Duke of Norfolk in 1815, and the Duke died before the arrangements were completed. Nothing was done for him by the Prince Regent, and I affirm this, despite the story about Wootten Bassett, which, when King, he narrated to Mr. Croker, and Mr. Croker prepared for publication, along with many other fictions from the same august lips.

To use Mr. Gladstone's well-chosen and effective words, Sheridan was 'a true, brave, and also wise politician.' He was a patriot whose only price was his country's welfare. He was devoid alike of selfish greed and personal claims. His dominant passion at the last, whether in Parliament or out of it, whether in office or in a private station, was the advancement in the world of the remarkable son whom he dearly loved, and who honoured and rewarded him with true filial devotion.

W. FRASER RAE.

<sup>10</sup> From boyhood Tom Sheridan took a keen interest in his father's parliamentary conduct. He was fourteen and under Dr. Parr's tuition when the debates on the Regency excited the country. He then added this postscript to a letter to his father: 'Both the Dr and I *think* you ought to have laid by till Pit had spoke, for as you all spoke first you had Nobody to answer anything that Pit chose to say, the Dr says tho' you had all the argument on your side and I *think* so too.'



*THE NATIVE PRESS IN INDIA*

It was once said deliberately by the late Sir Henry Maine that there was no such thing as a workable law of seditious libel in India. The Government would appear to have resigned itself to that belief, seeing that for the last sixteen years, with one isolated exception, it has been content to leave the native newspapers to themselves, to publish what they chose unchallenged. This abstinence cannot have arisen from any want of provocation, for there has probably never been a week during this period when some paper or another could not have been reasonably made the subject of a State prosecution; nor can it be explained on the ground of a consistent conviction that it was best to leave the mischief alone. The Government of India has never sincerely believed that it did not matter what the native press said; it has merely endeavoured to believe that it did not matter very much. And so when the country in the course of last summer began to show some signs of disquiet, under the pressure of famine and plague regulations, the Government's philosophy forsook it at once. The diffidence about coming to close quarters with the uncertainties of the now celebrated Section 124 had to be put aside, and a whole series of prosecutions were instituted in quick succession against the editors and publishers who appeared to be fanning the agitation. In the result, all doubts as to the efficacy of the law as it stood were cleared up, at the expense of the journalists selected for the experiment, and it was taken for granted by most people that the trouble was over. The Government had had no difficulty in securing its convictions, the most important of which had been confirmed on appeal by the High Courts. Native editors are not as a rule cast in the mould of Wilkes or of Cobbett, and the air was full of apologies from those who had offended, and disclaimers from those who imagined themselves to have gone too near the verge. It might well be supposed that, with these proofs obtained of the strength of its own position, and of the docility of its critics, the Government would have been satisfied to fall back on its old position. But it was evident that a reaction had set in at Simla, and that the authorities were now as anxious to go on as they had formerly been to avoid a conflict. It soon began to be rumoured that they were meditating a decisive stroke. We have it on the authority of Mr. Chalmers, the

Legal Member, that one of the courses proposed was a press law, on the lines of Lord Lytton's Act, giving large powers of control to the executive, and it is very little of a secret that this was the expedient most favoured in some quarters. Under the influence, however, as we may presume, of the India Office, more moderate counsels have prevailed; and the result is the project embodied in certain amendments of the Indian Codes that have recently been laid before the Legislative Council at Calcutta.

To note another Jubilee coincidence, the freedom of the press in India is practically commensurate with the Queen's reign. It was in the year 1835, more precisely, that Sir Charles Metcalfe, being then temporarily Governor-General, suddenly repealed the existing press regulations, to the no small dismay of his masters, the Court of Directors, when they eventually got the news. After a lapse of sixty years the existence of a free press in a country so circumstanced as India must still strike every observer of politics as such an extraordinary and unparalleled phenomenon that one is tempted to a few remarks as to its origin. The absolute liberty of the press in India to-day might be described as an accident, the result of another accident. It was not a concession granted to the native newspapers, for it preceded their existence. It not only preceded the newspapers, but it came in advance of the system of State education, with its universities, colleges, and schools, which alone could have made a native newspaper press possible, except on the most insignificant scale. Those who rescinded the Indian press regulations in 1835 were not thinking of a future which would in any case have seemed to them indefinitely remote, but of the English journals in Calcutta, whose squabbles with the Government had given them far more importance before the public than they could have gained by any other means. It was no doubt felt that to leave them to themselves would be to leave them to obscurity; and the idea that the newspaper press generally might attain to any general influence throughout the country could scarcely, in that land of distances, have entered into the calculations of the most far-sighted before the time of railways. Yet we need not at all suppose that the lofty sentiments which were uttered over the liberation of the Indian press were insincere. It was altogether a notable and well-marked period. Having pretty well completed the processes of acquisition and pacification, the Anglo-Indian was turning his attention to questions of the moral and material elevation of the country. Most of the aspirations and ideas of these latter days are to be found springing to light during this brief breathing space, soon to be interrupted by the fresh cycle of troubles that set in with 1838, and only to reappear, sadly sobered and modified, after the revelations of the Mutiny. But in the thirties there was a general mood of robust belief in the speedy regeneration of India by the grace of British influence and the political maxims of the English Whig party.

Mr. Macaulay had just gained his great victory for Western over Oriental education ; and he confidently foresaw the spirit of Bacon informing the new seats of learning which the State was now to be setting up. The ardent missionary discerned in the spread of knowledge and enlightenment the inevitable collapse of Hinduism, and began to look forward to the wholesale conversion of a people thus shattered in their own beliefs. The liberal-minded official, anxious for economic progress, was beginning to place his hopes in the introduction and example of British capital and enterprise. Hence a more tolerant feeling everywhere towards the non-commissioned European, whether he were merchant, planter, lawyer, or journalist. Under these circumstances Metcalfe, while he may have been primarily consulting for the dignity of Government in forestalling the deportation of any more struggling editors, no doubt gratified his own inclinations and felt that he was moving with the times when he decreed the freedom of the press. What he did, of course, speaking literally, was simply to remove a body of special regulations that had previously been in existence. But the liberty of the press, the privileges of the fourth estate, the freedom of discussion, are phrases so constantly used as if to denote some specific and fundamental right of the British citizen that the majority of those who thought that the way to bring the natives of India to the level of their own countrymen was to give them identical institutions probably felt that this was a great step of assimilation. But as Mr. Chalmers found it necessary to point out once more the other day at Calcutta, the law of England knows nothing affirmatively of the liberties or privileges of the press. A man is free to write and publish what he pleases, as he is free to walk the streets and join his fellows there, whether half a dozen in number or as many thousands. It is an indifferent act. But if the thousands get uproarious and begin to menace the peace and property of the neighbourhood, the law becomes cognisant of that gathering as an unlawful assembly, and the members are responsible for participating therein. In the same way does printed matter come into the constitutional field of view only when it is a question of some supposed offence, sedition, blasphemy, or libel. Nor does it admit of being affirmed that the English legislature ever considered it desirable, as an abstract proposition, that printed opinion and discussion should be left unregulated. On the contrary, the emancipation of the press was effected at a time when the Government was very far from having renounced responsibility for the opinions of its subjects. It was no longer at the end of the seventeenth century a persuasion that the beliefs of the minority must be burnt out at the stake or cut down by the sword ; but it was still taken for granted that the holding of heterodox tenets disqualified a man as a good citizen ; and public opinion, less tolerant than the Government, was constantly calling for increased penalties

against Catholics, Jacobites, and Dissenters. In characteristic English fashion, the Parliament of William the Third, as every reader of Macaulay remembers, removed all restraints upon the press, not out of any regard for the principle, but because the licensing laws as they stood were working badly. That the liberties obtained in 1694 were in fact much in advance of public sentiment is indicated by the frequent procedure against press offenders by 'General Warrant,' which, in spite of its illegality, seems to have been accepted without protest, till challenged and overthrown in 1763 by the dauntless editor of the *North Briton*. And if we think that the unfettered liberty of the press was one of those things that were bound to come sooner or later in a free State, as probably it was, let us remember after all how apt we are to take the what is for the what must have been. Had some similar stroke of fortune removed all restrictions from the theatre, we might ere now have seen a new development of Aristophanic comedy in England. As it is, everyone looks upon the strictest prohibition of political subjects on the stage, side by side with absolute license to the caricaturist, as part of the natural and necessary order of things in a rightly constituted commonwealth. The great Continental nations have not yet arrived at the belief that the formation of public opinion is a matter to which governments can or should be indifferent. But, owing to the largely fortuitous circumstance that Anglo-Indian legislators had an example of more than a century's standing before them, a liberty which would seem preposterous to a German or Russian statesman dealing with his own countrymen was hastily surrendered to the subjects of an alien and isolated Government, separated from them in ideas, race, and religion, in the cheerful belief that the results of the experiment must necessarily answer to the excellence of its intentions.

When one comes, therefore, to consider the character of the press thus suddenly bidden into existence, no reflecting person should be disposed to judge it over-harshly. It comes in naturally for many hard words from exasperated and misrepresented Anglo-Indians. Its uses may be hard to discover, and its mischiefs obvious, but it is after all the creature of circumstances. An English journalist has only to take the position of his Hindu or Mussalman contemporary, and imagine himself put in charge of a native newspaper, with a free hand and orders to go ahead, to realise how difficult it would be to make his mark. The fact that there is no Government to overthrow, and none to substitute, takes half the salt out of politics, and tends to bring their discussion down, if temperately handled, to essay writing. The field of advice and criticism is certainly open: but the majority of Indian public affairs are of a very technical and unstimulating character, and even if the laboriously minded journalist were to apply himself to study, to the extent of being able to meet professional experts on their own ground, he would long

have outstripped the comprehension of his readers. But suppose the new man, seeing the difficulties of the situation here, has resolved to advance along new and more popular lines—where are his alternatives? Foreign politics do not exist for the mass of the population. It is only on the rarest occasions—one of the few instances being the feeling that was awakened last year by the Sultan's victories over Greece—that any glimmer of interest in what is passing elsewhere reveals itself in India. Then there is no place for sport, social amusements, music, the drama, literature, science, art, or foreign travel; for these things have no existence as matters of general and recognised interest in the narrow and monotonous life of the people of Hindustan. What is more strange is that there is no commercial intelligence, and in a land of agriculture no attention to agricultural topics. A belated reprint of some returns or report from one of the Government Gazettes, inserted now and again when there is nothing better to fill a page, is all the acknowledgment that this vital interest receives from the newspapers of the country. But here, again, if our reformer were to decide to make agriculture his feature, and could enlist Dr. Voelcker and Professor Wallace among his contributors, he would find himself met by the difficulty that his paper would still probably not reach a single ryot, while it would have ceased to be read by the Babu class. The absence of everything corresponding to our money-market intelligence is even more peculiar, inasmuch as the great business class, the fraternity of bankers, merchants, grain-dealers, and money-lenders, who until recent years formed the only middle-class in Indian society, have from time immemorial been very alert about every phase of public affairs that could affect their many-sided interests, and often in days past gave astonishing proof of the accuracy and rapidity of their information from distant parts of the country. Nevertheless, the native newspapers make no attempt to produce anything answering to a City article; and the commercial and financial columns are almost the only parts of the Anglo-Indian journals from which they do not freely borrow. The omission is surely very significant of the isolation of the native journalist, who produces, when we get to the bottom of it, simply for the literary caste to which he belongs and to which his interests are confined. Is it wonderful that an institution which has sprung up in so thin a soil, in so cramped a situation, should show small signs of a healthy, vigorous growth; or that, deprived of all lighter topics, debarred from most serious ones, by the ignorance and apathy of its public, the Indian press should remain confined to politics as its one interest? And by politics one must not understand all that the word would convey to a European reader. Measures of the first importance, of the most far-reaching consequences, may make their entrance upon the public stage and pass their slow way across it to fulfilment or rejection.

almost unnoticed as long as they afford no appeal to sentiment. But if a Magistrate riding across his district is charged with having given a couple of cuts with his cane to the lazy attendant who has not got his refreshment ready half way, or a police officer with having shot a Raja's tame deer as a nuisance; if a Professor has turned an impudent student out of doors, or a Missionary College ventured to convert one of its pupils—any stimulus of this sort, and the whole vernacular press is ablaze with excitement. Politics, in short, are represented in its view by those acts of Government, and especially of its local officers, which admit of being utilised for hostile criticism. But even in this unvarying opposition to Government, as we have seen before, the native editor is the creature of circumstances. It is not easy for him to find where his line lies *vis à vis* of a Government which he cannot upset, and which it is even forbidden to hint too openly at upsetting. The part of eulogist would be highly unpopular, and would earn no gratitude from the official classes, who would merely take it as a bid for a post under Government; and finally the native journalist has no constructive politics. Like the native politician, he suffers from the want of a goal and a purpose. These classes have no desire to turn us out, for they know what must follow, and they have no wish either for anarchy or the Russians. At the same time, being in opposition without any sense of responsibility, nothing hinders them from advocating measures which would make the continuance of British rule an impossibility; while they are constantly found in bitter opposition to other measures, simply because brought forward by Government, which ought in all consistency to have their warmest support. Thus papers which when it suits them quote readily from Mill on 'Liberty' vehemently assailed a few years ago the Bill that was introduced for protecting Hindu child-wives from the outrages of immature wedlock. There are no sets of phrases more constantly in the mouth of native writers and public speakers than those which turn on the evils of bureaucracy and the blessings of representative government. But these very persons will at the same time betray in the most guileless way that they do not in the least yearn for the triumph of the representative principle or for the extinction of bureaucracy. In a country where the ambition of every second man is to obtain a place in Government service, the whole pressure and tendency of public opinion is for more posts and larger establishments. The extension of an office or department is the most popular act that an Indian Government can commit. From the humble octroi clerk who makes work in hope of bringing in a cousin to the speakers of the National Congress with their cry for 'simultaneous examinations,' everyone is bent on increasing and aggrandising the bureaucracy. Native sentiment in this respect is an exaggeration of Continental sentiment. Even a gaol-bird has been heard to say to a

man with whom he was arguing, 'I wear the uniform' of the State: but who are you?' The fault of the present public service in native eyes is that it is not manned entirely by natives. But it is often attacked as though it was the form of government that was objected to. To take a last instance, the British soldier is constantly being held up to obloquy; but as far as out of the inconsistencies of the native politician one can frame for him that ultimate ideal which he will not formulate for himself, it is that the country should be comfortably held down by British bayonets, while the clerkly classes, after a free education at the general cost, should be invested with its administration.

Out of such a medley of contradictory ideas it is not strange that the only constant feature of this criticism is disapproval of any move the Government can take in any direction whatsoever. On the other hand, from the difficulty of making any reply, the cue of the Government has been to assume the lofty indifference that proceeds from the consciousness of latent force:

The eagle suffers little birds to sing,  
And is not careful what they mean thereby,  
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings  
He can at pleasure stint their melody.

A dignified and intelligible attitude; but unfortunately the practice of Government has never come up to its principles. On the contrary, it is notorious how often fussy governors of provinces have made the lives of their subordinates a burden by the importance they have given to every calumnious or absurd story put about by the native newspapers. The homage paid in these days to the power of the press has, in truth, never been more strikingly exemplified than in the attention thus bestowed on the utterances of obscure local prints, which may be well known all the time to be conducted by persons almost illiterate, and wholly without credit among their neighbours. But, at the same time, there have been many far-sighted men connected with the Government of India who, on broader grounds, have insisted upon the inevitable danger of allowing a stream of invariably hostile comment to be constantly poured into the empty and credulous minds of the people—their only source of information as to the doings and motives of their rulers. Thus the attitude of the Government, though tranquil, has never been strong, and on the first appearance of political disquietude last year it shifted totally. Even the possibility of a repulse in the courts from the ambiguity of the Penal Code could not deter it from taking up case after case of sedition.

Of Section 124A of the Indian Penal Code, inasmuch as it has been so exhaustively threshed out in the law courts, and is now about to be recast, there is no temptation to say more than is strictly necessary. But from the position it has come to occupy in relation

to the whole question it cannot be quite passed over. The section says that whoever 'excites or attempts to excite feelings of disaffection to the Government established by law in British India' has committed an offence rendering him liable to a wide range of penalties thereafter enumerated. Obviously this must raise the question in each case, What are feelings of disaffection? The 'Explanation' appended by the framers of the law elucidates the matter thus :

Such a disapprobation of the measures of Government as is compatible with a disposition to render obedience to the lawful authority of the Government and to support the lawful authority of the Government against unlawful attempts to subvert or resist that authority is not disaffection.

It seems to have been a general impression among lawyers that the effect of this 'Explanation' was to qualify the force of the preceding words to an extent that would make a conviction doubtful in all but flagrant cases. It tells us certainly what is not disaffection; but this may still leave much doubt as to what is. The judges before whom the question has come have rendered it by different equivalents. It appears, indeed, to be a word not always of the plainest import. I was reading a few days back an account of a ladies' bicycle race at the Aquarium, in which it was stated that 'through the disaffection of Roger (the twelve days' race winner), Farrar and Blackburn were left alone to fight for the supremacy.' What should one gather from this? That Roger was sick or sulky? Or perhaps her disaffection means nothing more than that she was absent from the contest. At any rate the term is one with rather a wide range of meaning, from the physical to the mental state, like disorder, distemper, indisposition. And when we have lately seen the most eminent judges in England severed into two bodies of equally weighty opinion by a question as to whether a given act comes within the meaning of the word 'cruelty,' and again as to what constitutes a 'placc,' it seems rash to expect that minds of lesser acumen will be able to lay down exactly the obscurer borders of such a term as 'disaffection.' Up to a few years ago the result of an appeal to the law on this point might, in fact, have been very questionable. But a great change has lately come over the spirit of the Indian law courts, which no longer delight in taking roundabout legal paths for arriving at decisions repugnant to common-sense and baffling to the administration. Beginning with Mr. Justice Strachey's elaborate judgment in the leading case of Tilak, all the High Court Judges before whom the question has come have insisted strongly on the distinction between the disapproval of particular measures of Government, which is innocent, and the exciting of that general disapproval of the Government as an institution, of which one of the synonyms is disaffection, which they have agreed to consider criminal and have punished. Sustained by the strong and clear decisions it had obtained, which, as they included pronouncements by the Chief Justices of Bombay



and of the North-West Provinces, constituted a body of precedent to which subsequent decisions would conform, the executive Government might have rested content. But it has preferred to follow up the success and deal with the Press question actively by two amendments of the Penal Code and two of the Code of Criminal Procedure. The principal object of the latter is merely to enable the Government to take securities for good behaviour from misguided writers who indulge in sedition, blackmail, or obscenity, as they can now do from other persons of bad livelihood. Of the two amendments to the Penal Code, one is directed against the publication as news of mischievous reports, calculated to cause public alarm, or to set class against class. The other is the substitution of a new 'Explanation' to Section 124A, running thus:—

Comments on measures of Government with a view to obtain their alteration by lawful means, without exciting or attempting to excite hatred, contempt, or disaffection, do not constitute an offence.

Doubtless this change of wording does clear the ground to some extent, but it surely still leaves abundant room for uncertainty. One may criticise any particular measure of the Government, say a new tax or an enhancement of land revenue; but one must not do it in a way that may be deemed capable of stirring up active ill will against the Government. But what then of such ordinary epithets, in regard to the criticism of taxation, as inequitable, greedy, rapacious, oppressive, iniquitous, tyrannical—terms harmless enough in English controversy, but which have such a different ring when employed towards an irremovable Government? Can it be said that such expressions do not inculcate, in a more or less remote measure, feelings of active ill will for the Government whose dealings are thus spoken of? Would any of us care to stake his personal liberty that they do not, with a persuasive barrister appearing for the prosecution and the atmosphere perhaps charged with political excitement? It would seem to the lay mind that, if the new 'Explanation' should pass as it is drafted, there will still be occasion for practising lawyers to rub their hands.

But though the proposed alterations may not be free from these and other objections, it must be recognised that the course adopted by the Government of India is vastly more politic than the alternative which they had under consideration and, if report is true, favoured. It may seem inconsistent to deprecate a return to legislation on the lines of Lord Lytton's Press Act, seeing that that measure is allowed to have fulfilled its purpose excellently. It is notorious that the outcries raised against it were three parts pure clap-trap, and that its working was neither injurious nor despotic. In fact, no prosecution or suspension was ever instituted under it—so well did the knowledge that the power was in reserve suffice to secure the end in view. But the fatal objection to the re-enactment of Lord Lytton's Act is that

it would never last, and that nobody at this time of day would believe that it was going to last. To pass it now would be merely to set up a target for the next Radical Administration to demolish with great demonstration of its superior attachment to the principles of progress and freedom. To pass such a measure would be to give the immediate signal for a joining of hands on the part of agitators in India and extreme politicians in England, an alliance out of which nothing but misapprehensions and mischief can come. Nor can anyone wish to see more legislation by mandate in the Viceroy's Council. That body has not even yet recovered altogether from the discredit it incurred when, after unanimously supporting Lord Lytton's Act in 1878, its official members, four years afterwards, under Lord Ripon, to the amazement of the public, spoke one after another just as pronouncedly for repeal. As a subordinate body, the Indian legislature has more than once had to pass measures it was known to dislike, and that were against its convictions. Such a necessity puts it in a sufficiently false position towards its own subjects; but the effect of a total change of front must be to destroy any respect it possesses, and it would be an ill day if another such exhibition was seen to be impending. Let us be thankful for the wisdom, wherever it was found, that has saved us from these consequences. On the other hand, two or three amendments of the codes, brought forward as a part of a general revision that is in process, are an intangible mark comparatively, and can only be combated by argument. To those, however, who say, 'Why not have let the thing alone altogether?' one might reply that, if there is to be a law against sedition at all, it is best for everyone that it should be as definite and certain in its operation as possible. No one can deny that it is repugnant to natural justice to see men getting heavily punished for saying nothing more than scores of others have said with impunity, or than they themselves may have often said before. What would be thought in England if the dormant terrors of the law of blasphemy were suddenly revived against the last half-dozen publications of a free-thinking tendency?

One would like to end an article, like a novel, cheerfully: and it would be easy to finish with a few hopeful anticipations of the good time ahead, when the native newspapers shall only serve to interpret to the masses the benign intentions of the Government, and to keep the Government informed of the wants and desires of the millions. But in sober truth it is difficult to see how any radical improvement can be looked for. Amendments in the law of sedition itself are of little consequence as compared with the disposition to apply the law, which will fluctuate as greatly as it has done before. And, moreover, the press, given the intention, can do just as much harm without sedition as with it. It is the pertinacious, irreconcilable opposition all along the line, misrepresenting motives, distorting facts and figures, and above all maligning the individual officers who are carrying on the

administration in touch with the people, that sows most of the bad seed in the long run. It is impossible to prove that writers who argue that the railways are ruining the country are not honest; but such views may be suggested in a way to do just as much harm, when addressed to an ignorant and inconceivably credulous public, as an article asserting that the despotism of the Czar would be preferable to the tyrannies of the Queen-Empress—a thesis sometimes attempted in safer days. The law, in fact, will only touch the stupid blunderer, who is by presumption the most harmless. Just as little is it possible to stem the flow of personal attacks upon the officers of Government in their official capacity by the law of libel, which in the rare instances where it admits of being invoked places the prosecutor in effect upon his defence, and offers such opportunities to the other side that it is not wonderful that the Government is very shy of giving leave to bring an action in such cases. If it is possible to imagine the entire English press existing as a thing apart from the public, the organ of a single class, indifferent or opposed to national interests and national successes, and animated by a standing spirit of hostility which would lead it to rejoice over a disaster to the country's arms, and would render even the evidences of material prosperity a subject of affliction—if such a press could have existed here, it is obvious that it would not have existed long unregulated. Such a press, unfortunately, has come to exist in India, but its regulation is impossible because regulations have not been wanted in England. Things being as they are, the situation cannot be remedied by any safeguards that it would be practicable or just to introduce now; and, from the nature of its position, the native press will continue to be a thorn in the side of Government, and an obstacle to a good understanding between the country and its rulers. We have to pay the penalties of an untimely experiment in political transplantation. And if the result acts as a warning against the hasty extension of other institutions—such as trial by jury, for example—which took centuries of growth in British soil to attain and adapt themselves to their present functions, in the belief that transferred full grown to the East they will follow the same course of development and bring forth the same fruits, that warning is perhaps the main service that the experiment of 1835 is now capable of rendering.

G. M. CHESNEY.

## *THE MANCHESTER SCHOOL AND TO-DAY*

WHILE Ex-Premier Rosebery was recently lauding the triumphs of the Free Trade Manchester School at Manchester, Foreign Minister Goluchowski, in Vienna, was beseeching the nations of Europe to combine against the destructive competition with Trans-Oceanic countries: 'We must fight shoulder to shoulder against the common danger,' he exclaims, 'and arm ourselves for the struggle with all the means at our disposal.' 'European nations must close ranks in order successfully to defend their existence.'

Thus do extremes meet, and we see once more how much depends upon the point of view. Had the predictions of the Manchester School been realised, cheaper goods from across the seas would be hailed as an economic gain, and a blessing to the recipients, instead of being considered a menace to their existence. Every port would be open to this influx of goods, and the new countries which supplied them hailed as benefactors, for 'Free exchange of commodities' was the watchword, but it was undreamt of then that the commodities of the new lands sent to the old might take the form of competing manufactured articles, which makes all the difference.

Sixty years ago steam upon land and upon sea—the steamship and the railway train—began their revolutionary work, Britain, their creator, situated upon beds of coal and ironstone, being naturally the scene of their development. The world was a mere looker-on while she harnessed steam and began to change it. If any other country wished to avail itself of the advantages of the new inventions, to Britain it must go for everything connected therewith. Britain had realised her destiny, and was soon to become the workshop of the world.

There appeared upon the scene the Manchester School—Villiers, Cobden, Bright, and their colleagues—demanding on behalf of the masses that the taxes upon food should be repealed. The repeal of these taxes, which passes under the name of 'Free Trade' in Britain, in contradistinction to 'Protection,' has little to do with the modern doctrine of Protection, as it is now known in other countries. Such taxes could never have been defended by the Protectionist of to-day, because it was impossible that the amount of food-products could

thereby be considerably increased. The only sound defence for a protective duty, according to the cosmopolitan protectionist, is when it can be justly claimed that to levy it for a time will so stimulate home production of the article taxed as to supply the wants of the nation; and, further, that home competition will then soon result in the nation obtaining a surer, cheaper, and better supply from within its own domain than it ever did or could do from foreign sources.

A tax levied under these conditions is endorsed by John Stuart Mill's celebrated paragraph, which John Bright once said to the writer 'would cause hereafter more injury to the world than all his writings would do good,' and is also recognised as sound or unsound by Marshall, according to circumstances, and is what is meant in our day by 'Protection' outside of Britain.

Conditions connected with this tax have in no wise changed, and therefore the work of the Manchester School stands. Such a tax imposed upon food to-day would operate precisely as it did before, unless by some marvellous discovery the soil of Britain can be made to grow an abundance of food for the wants of its inhabitants. A temporary tax then, if necessary, to induce capital to develop the new process would be justifiable.

For the reason stated, the modern advocate of Protection denounces as strenuously as any Corn Law Repealer the tax upon food in Britain.

The wonderful success of these British inventions, the steamship and the train, and the profits resulting from the command of the world's manufacturing which these inventions gave, coupled with the undoubted advantages flowing from the free importation of food products, had the natural result of creating the most sanguine views of the future position and prosperity of the United Kingdom, and the successful apostles of the Manchester School were above all men justifiably the most sanguine, and this was the lesson they drew from the then existing conditions :

Nature has decreed, and wisely so, that all nations of the earth shall be interdependent, each with a mission. To one is given fertile soil, to another rich mines, to a third great forests; to one sunshine and heat, to another temperate zone, and to another colder clime; one nation shall perform this service, another that, and a third shall do something else; all co-operating, each furnishing its natural product, forming one grand harmonious whole.

How beautiful the picture! Then followed the second postulate :

It is clearly seen that to our beloved land, Great Britain, has been assigned the high mission of manufacturing for her sister nations. Our kin beyond the sea shall send to us in our ships their cotton from the Mississippi valley; India shall contribute its jute, Russia its hemp and its flax, Australia its finer wools, and we, with our supplies of coal and ironstone for our factories and workshops, our skilled mechanics and artificers, and our vast capital, shall invent and construct the necessary machinery, and weave these materials into fine cloth for the nations; all shall be fashioned by us and made fit for the use of men. Our ships which reach

us laden with raw materials shall return to all parts of the earth laden with these our higher products made from the crude. This exchange of raw for finished products under the decrees of nature makes each nation the servant of the other, and proclaims the brotherhood of man. Peace and goodwill shall reign upon the earth, one nation after another must follow our example, and free exchange of commodities shall everywhere prevail. Their ports shall open wide for the reception of our finished products, as ours are open for their raw materials.

Such the beliefs, the hopes—the not unreasonable hopes, judging from their premises—of the Manchester School ; for let it be said, in justice to these good and great men, that the picture they drew, and which we have endeavoured to portray, was realised, Great Britain did become the workshop of the world, and each of the great nations played the *rôle* prescribed and performed the services indicated. No nation, not even the American, ever made such progress or accumulated such wealth upon products manufactured as Britain did in this stage of her history. The prospectus of the Barrow Steel Company stated that profits had been 30 and 40 per cent. per annum, and in one year they had reached the incredible rate of 60 per cent. upon the entire capital. This is only one straw showing the unheard-of returns made by the manufacturers of Britain when the world was at its feet, and before strenuous competition had reduced, and in many cases banished, profits. And well deserved was the reward reaped by the nation, great as it was, which had given steam to the world, inaugurated the age of machinery, and made the world its debtor for all time.

The law of Nature as interpreted by the Manchester School was revealed in the supposed facts that the resources of the various countries of the earth greatly differed, the capabilities of the men and women thereof not less so, and that manufacturing could be successfully conducted only in Great Britain. That tool-steel, or indeed any kind of steel, much less fine machinery, could be made except there—that the finest woollen, linen, and cotton cloth could be produced successfully in new lands—were suggestions which at that day were not even hinted, but which, if they had been made, would have been greeted with derision.

It is unreasonable to suppose that these able men of the Manchester School would ever have assumed that the principal nations of the earth, or those aspiring to become such, would contentedly play the subordinate part assigned them had the manufacturing field been open to them. The very keystone of the Manchester structure was necessarily that the various nations were restricted by Nature to play the *rôle* of growers of raw materials, no other being possible. We find to-day, on the contrary, after a period of enforced acquiescence, that nations with rare unanimity have aspired to share the higher task of fashioning their raw materials into finished products for themselves, and neither British

capital nor skill has been wanting to insure their success. Indeed, it is chiefly owing to these that competition with their own country has been rendered possible in the Far East. So far from the resources of nations being generally meagre and unsuitable for manufacturing, or their people incapable, as the Manchester School assumed, the success of their manufacturing efforts, generally speaking, has been surprising. Germany has become one of the largest manufacturing countries. France and Switzerland have almost monopolised the silk manufacture in Europe. Russia is engaged in building steel and engineering works under the supervision of the most skilled American constructors ; two of these establishments, now well forward, rival the best works of America, after which they are copied. Japan and China are building factories of the latest and most approved character, always with British machinery and generally under British direction. Mexico is weaving cotton cloth, manufacturing paper, and two bicycle factories are now under construction there. The jute and cotton mills of India are numerous and increasing, and Bombay is establishing an Engineering Works. It is stated that one British manufacturing concern sends abroad the complete machinery for a new mill every week. Of America it is unnecessary to speak.

Thus every nation of the first rank, or which has the elements of future rank, has rejected the rôle which the Manchester School assigned it, and aspires to manufacture for itself. Political Economy now points out that it is for the benefit of mankind that the transportation charges incurred by distance between producer and manufacturer should be saved. Attempts to manufacture by some small populations in certain directions will no doubt fail and be abandoned, but success in the main seems assured.

Some lands, notably Germany and America, not content to supply their own wants, now appear as exporters of many competing articles to other countries, several of which reach the United Kingdom, and the experience which the men of other nations have long had of innumerable articles 'made in Britain' is now being brought home to the Briton, and it is found that there is 'a good deal of human nature in him' not differing from that of other lands. A score of articles 'made in Germany' cause him irritation ; contracts given to American manufacturers for engines in London, Dublin, and Edinburgh are not approved. Glasgow rejects an American bid for water-pipes, and gives it to Glasgow manufacturers at a higher price. When a great show of bicycles takes place in London, no room can be found for the American. Government contracts, even including stationery, must be filled by home-made articles. Although free entrance for importations is not denied, yet when purchases are to be made--no foreigner need apply. The mails must go by slow home-made ships, even if thereby delayed. All this is only what

we should expect and excuse. He is a poor citizen who does not prefer and patronise his own country rather than foreign lands, but the Briton should expect the American, and German, and others to be equally patriotic. With the same feelings with which he regards competing articles 'made in Germany' or America invading his own country, let him realise that the patriotic German and American naturally regard competing articles 'made in Britain' which invade theirs.

To-day it is seen that Nature has distributed more generously than was imagined the indispensable minerals, coal, lime, and ironstone, as it was known before that it had widely distributed the ability to grow raw materials; and that it has endowed the man and woman of most countries with latent ability, sufficient under the new conditions to manufacture their own raw materials, in most cases not so well, in one or two special lines perhaps as well, as the Briton or American, and that hence there is not to be only one or two but many principal manufacturing countries.

The wonderful machinery, mostly of British invention, especially in iron and steel and in textile manufactures, enables the Hindoo of India, the Paeon of Mexico, the negro of America, the Chinaman and the man of Japan, to manufacture with the more carefully educated workman of Britain and America. The mechanical skill of old is not now generally required, but, where necessary for a few positions in each huge factory, is readily obtained from the older manufacturing lands.

Automatic machinery is to be credited as the most potent factor in rendering non-essential to successful manufacturing a mass of educated mechanical labour such as that of Britain or America, and thus making it possible to create manufacturing centres in lands which, until recent years, seemed destined to remain only producers of raw materials. We see everywhere to-day the influence of this new machinery. It can be accepted as an axiom that raw materials have now power to attract capital, and also to attract and develop labour for their manufacture in close proximity, and that skilled labour is losing the power it once had to attract raw materials to it from afar.

This is not change; it is revolution.

The ablest and best citizens of every country are inspired to favour the development of its resources. They cannot consider it right to hide the talents given them, and are now enabled to see clearly that the evident law of Nature is that there shall be given to many nations the blessings of diversified industries, in the pursuit of which the various aptitudes and talents of their people shall find scope.

All this the Manchester School could by no possibility have foreseen.

It is delightful to survey the movement of the nations in the march of industrial progress under the new conditions. Had one or



two become the chief manufacturers for all, the genius of their people alone would have been enlisted in the work of improvement and invention. To-day we have the genius of many nations already at work, with more to come. It is pleasing also to note how the genius of each tends to excel in a different line. Thus France has almost monopolised the superfine in textiles, as it has long enjoyed supremacy in the department of women's rich apparel. Britain holds supremacy in machinery for textiles. The inventor of the iron and steel industry, she is also leading the world to-day in successfully developing a collateral branch, the by-product coke oven, in which even the American has so far failed. America leads in electrical appliances and machine tools. Germany is supreme in chemical dyes, and has recently invented a condenser for steam which is showing great results, as well as a remarkable new process for the making of armour. The cause of progress in things material is thus advanced by the contributions of many minds of various nationalities.

The stirring competition which has begun among the nations, and which we may expect to see still more strenuously pushed, is the true agency for producing the best results, and is to be welcomed and encouraged by those who can lift themselves above the narrow view of what is seemingly best for any one or two of the geographical divisions of the world, and regard what is best for the race as a whole.

The development of the industrial world is taking a different line from that predicted, but the great work accomplished by the Manchester School is neither to be belittled nor forgotten. Villiers, Cobden, Bright, and their compeers, in the repeal of the taxes upon food imports, did their country a service for which it can never be too grateful. Their devotion to the cause of peace, and to all that tended, as they thought, to create the brotherhood of nations, gives the leaders of the movement a secure place in the history of beneficent deeds, and as advocates of noble ends. That some of their predictions are nullified or reversed by forces which have come into play since their day, neither reflects upon their sagacity nor detracts from their services.

The 'Free Trade' which Manchester saw, and for which it predicted universal acceptance, was the exchange of different and non-competing articles, and of raw materials for manufactured goods; for nations had not then begun to compete seriously with each other in the same manufactured articles. If this is not to be realised, since the principal nations are to-day becoming manufacturers of their raw material, and supplying their own needs, and competing with each other in the world's market for similar things, yet we may congratulate ourselves that something better even than the Manchester ideal for the progress of the world is rapidly being evolved.

What the effect of this change is to be upon the relative positions of nations in the future it were useless to consider, since conditions

might be transformed in a day; a chemical discovery, an electrical invention, the properties of a plant utilised—any one of such, or of other not improbable surprises upon which we seem to be sometimes on the very threshold, might work an entire change. The substitution of beet for cane sugar has just blighted the West Indies, which seemed to possess almost a monopoly. The discovery of the Mesaba Iron Mines, improved transport, and a few other minor causes have just made America the cheapest manufacturer of steel, while until recently she was the dearest. The basic process has made Germany a leading steel producer, when otherwise she seemed destined to be excluded, and promises to tell scarcely less heavily for Britain. The discovery of mines and the extension of its railway system are soon to make Russia an important manufacturing country, in which she has hitherto failed. The utilisation of waterfalls for electricity, displacing coal, is already changing some centres of manufacture. All these changes are of yesterday.

It is not wise, therefore, for any nation to plume itself unduly upon present resources or prospects, neither for any to despond. 'We know not what a day may bring forth.'

ANDREW CARNEGIE.

SIR JOHN LUBBOCK ON THE  
'FINANCIAL RELATIONS COMMISSION'

A REPLY

"THE Report of the Financial Relations Commission, though a very able document, does not seem to me to be borne out by the evidence."

This first and sweeping statement, made by Sir John Lubbock in this Review for November 1897, gives the tone to the most remarkable parcel of misstatements that has ever been put together on this subject. Sir John Lubbock does not seem to have read the Report of the Royal Commission, and I hope to make this *my* statement perfectly clear. He says: "They (the Royal Commissioners) were more—over placed in a difficulty by the terms of reference: for my part I demur to the consideration of separate entities."

Let me examine the first sentence in the terms of reference to the late Royal Commission. It runs thus: 'To inquire into the Financial Relations between Great Britain and Ireland and their relative capacity, and to report—(1) Upon what principles of comparison, and by the application of what specific standards, the relative capacity of Great Britain and Ireland to bear taxation may be most equitably determined.' No reference could point more distinctly to Great Britain and Ireland being separate entities, or having a separate 'real existence,' which is the proper definition of the word entity. The whole inquiry is based upon 'the relative capacity of Great Britain and Ireland to bear taxation.' The reason for and the existence of the commission rested upon this, and if the 'real existence' had to be inquired into, it must be inquired into separately to arrive at the 'relative capacity.'

Sir John Lubbock then says: "Even if we are to consider Ireland separately, the conclusions arrived at by the majority of the Commissioners do not seem to *me* to be borne out by the evidence."

The conclusions arrived at by the majority were that Ireland was overtaxed. Sir John Lubbock *pits* his statement against the wits, the researches, and the labour of the majority of the Royal Commissioners. I feel strongly inclined to exclaim like the man at the Leeds meeting who, when Mr. A. Balfour addressed them, and in no measured tones, cried out, 'Is Lord Farrer a fool?'

The whole of the signatories to the majority report must be a parcel of fools, if we are to believe Sir John Lubbock. I do not. The inquiry depended upon the principles of comparison, the application of specific standards, and the relative capacity of Great Britain and Ireland to bear taxation. Nineteen witnesses, fourteen of whom were Government officials, gave evidence to the effect that the union with Great Britain placed on Ireland a burden of taxation she was unable to bear; it was from the evidence of these witnesses the majority of the Commission found that Ireland was overtaxed.

Not one witness disputed this, and I challenge Sir John Lubbock to produce the reference to the contrary. Sir John Lubbock now asks the question: "What was the financial position of Ireland at the 'time of the Union?'" Sir John Lubbock then quotes part of a speech by Lord Clare, at that time Lord Chancellor of Ireland, delivered February 10, 1800, the gist of this speech being that Ireland would be bankrupt in three years, or there would be a ruinous burden of taxation; that union with Great Britain would increase Ireland's resources if she abjured faction, and that Ireland would participate in British capital and British industry.

As an Irishman, speaking from my heart, I sincerely wish she had so participated. Two years before, in the same House, Lord Clare had described Ireland as advancing in prosperity more rapidly than any other country in Europe, but he now painted its situation as desperate.<sup>1</sup>

Sir John Lubbock is not happy in the choice of individual he quotes from. After quoting Lord Clare, Sir John Lubbock says: "In 'no sense therefore was the position of Ireland satisfactory: then she 'was a dependency, now she is part of a great Empire.'" All Ireland knew the latter part of this statement ninety-seven years ago, if not before. I really must demur to the first part of the statement, and refer Sir John Lubbock to the preamble of the Act of Union, which runs thus: 'Whereas in pursuance of His Majesty's most gracious recommendation of the two Houses of Parliament in Great Britain and Ireland respectively, to consider such measures as might best tend to strengthen and consolidate the connection between the two kingdoms, the two Houses of Parliament of *Great Britain*, and the two Houses of the Parliament of *Ireland* have severally agreed and resolved,' &c. This to the plain man does not read as if Ireland was considered on July 2, 1800, as a 'dependency.' I trust Sir John Lubbock will read, mark, and learn, and inwardly digest, more of this most important Act. Another statement of Sir John Lubbock's: "If Ireland had 'been conquered and annexed by France, what would have been the 'result? The present taxation of Ireland per head is estimated in 'the report at 1*l.* 18*s.* 3*d.* per head, while that of France is 3*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*'" I trust I shall not be accused of high treason for stating that from

<sup>1</sup> *Vide Lecky's History*, vol. viii. page 461.

an Irish agriculturist's point of view the Irish would have been better off under a French system of State-aided agriculture than no system at all. High taxation or low taxation, whichever way Sir John Lubbock likes to have it. Sir John must remember that Ireland is a purely agricultural country. Thank Heaven the French did not annex Ireland! If they had landed sufficient forces at Killala Bay, August 22, 1798, they certainly could have done so. Another statement by Sir John Lubbock: "Between the Union in 1800 and the fusion of the Exchequer in 1817, the financial policy of the two countries was very different. The taxation of Ireland was not raised nearly so much as that of Great Britain, and the consequence was that the debt of Ireland was increasing with portentous rapidity. In fact, the fusion of the Exchequer was effected, not in the interest of Great Britain, but in that of Ireland."

I answer Sir John Lubbock from page 340 of the Report of the Commission: they are the conclusions arrived at by Sir E. Hamilton, of Her Majesty's Treasury. 'The condition, then, to which Ireland was reduced in 1816 was probably not due to the manner in which effect had been given to the wording or intentions of the Treaty of Union, it was due to the arrangement itself—by having had imposed upon her a quota of two-seventeenths of the joint expenditure, an amount which may be held to have been beyond her capacity to meet.'

The quota of taxation was that set down in the Act of Union, a burden Ireland was unable to bear. She had not the power to borrow for herself under the Act; therefore, to save the United Kingdom from becoming in *part* bankrupt, the two Exchequers were amalgamated. Sir John Lubbock then says: "As a matter of fact, no tax in Ireland touches a single necessary of life, and no income is taxed under 160*l.* a year." Thank Heaven the necessaries of life are not taxed! What! does Sir John Lubbock want to tax potatoes or, perhaps, milk? We surely claim to be considered part of the United Kingdom with regard to the taxation of the necessaries of life. I wonder if a dish of tea is an absolute necessity to the poor of Ireland? The poor, I think, can answer Sir John Lubbock on this point. He goes on to say: "Having then, I trust, shown that Great Britain has no cause to reproach herself with any want of generosity to Ireland in the past, I come to the present, and before I proceed to examine the facts I should like to point out that the effect, both of the evidence and the Report, seems to have been a good deal misunderstood." I beg leave to state that the effect both of the Report and the evidence has not in the least degree been misunderstood in Ireland, the country that all the 'pother' is about.

In Ireland all creeds and all parties agree upon this, that Ireland 'staggers under a weight which is a feather on the shoulders of the wealthier people' (Mr. Sullivan, M.P., in the House of Commons,

March 1875); since that date the death duties have been imposed. But why—oh, why does Sir John Lubbock quote small bits of evidence from the Report to suit the convenience of his arguments? He says: “In the case of Sir R. Giffen a meaning has been attributed to ‘him which he never intended to convey.’” Sir T. Sutherland asked him (question 7895, page 25): ‘Then your evidence is simply to point out that Ireland is overtaxed?—*I have given no evidence about the taxation of Ireland.*’ Sir John Lubbock quotes another bit of evidence by Sir R. Giffen in answer to the same questioner (question 7798, page 19): “England has not benefited *by having Ireland to draw on, because you had to spend more in Ireland than you received.*”

Sir John Lubbock then sums up with regard to this point, and says: “Surely this is an admission that Ireland is not suffering from ‘any injustice, due to the system of taxation of the United Kingdom, ‘for if that were the case the injustice could of course be altered by a ‘change in that system.’ I say, ‘Of course it could, Sir John.’ Let me now refer to this particular part of Sir R. Giffen’s examination, which is based on an article in this Review (1886), entitled ‘The Economic Value of Ireland to Great Britain.’ The article, after giving tables from the Finance and Revenue accounts, says: ‘The English Government is thus a loser by Ireland to the extent of about 2,750,000*l.* per annum, although it receives from Ireland over 3,000,000*l.* more revenue than Ireland on any fair computation ought to pay.’ If Ireland only paid a fair contribution for imperial purposes, we should be out of pocket by 3,200,000*l.* more, or nearly 6,000,000*l.* Actually, it is beyond the question, we lose as a Government nearly 3,000,000*l.*, while taxing over 3,000,000*l.* more than it ought to be taxed. Sir R. Giffen, then under examination, says: ‘That seems quite clear from the point of view of our pocket, but has nothing to do with the equity of taxation.’ Lord Farrer (question 7907): ‘It has a good deal to do, has it not, with the question of remedying the over-taxation?—I am not quite sure how far you can go into it.’ Mr. Sexton (question 7908): ‘In fact, you declare here in one breath the excessiveness of the taxation, and at the same time the excessiveness of the expenditure.’ Answer: It seems to me the two things are quite consistent. I say, in Sir John Lubbock’s own words, that, according to Sir R. Giffen, surely this is an admission that Ireland is suffering from excessive taxation and excessiveness of expenditure on the part of the Imperial Government. These two points of expenditure and taxation are the very points upon which we base our claims for redress. I now take issue on this statement of Sir John Lubbock’s:

“Take the income tax, on which some of the Commissioners seem to have relied. In the first place, it is impossible to arrive at the amount, which must be very large, held by Irishmen in English securities left for safe custody in London, excepting so far as this

"can be done through the death duties. Again, as small incomes are exempted, and as there are more small incomes in proportion in Ireland than in Great Britain, the amount of income tax must necessarily bear a smaller proportion to the total income in Ireland than in Great Britain."

I quite agree, but the same argument applies to Englishmen holding foreign securities and Irish securities. Why ram it home so particularly for Ireland? Death and its 'duties' reach us all, and the death duty presses particularly hard on Irishmen, especially those who are euphoniously styled landlords. To the latter part of the statement, I say there are smaller incomes in proportion in Ireland than in Great Britain, and the tax presses harder on a small income than on a large one, therefore the severity of the income tax in Ireland is more felt, and it brings in less than in England. Sir Robert Peel in 1842 refused to put the income tax on Ireland. It remained for Mr. Gladstone to impose it in 1856, after the years of famine 1846, '47, '48. Ireland has never recovered from those years. The tax is with us, *plus* the death duty. I now come to a statement of Sir John Lubbock's which is astonishingly inaccurate. He says: "None of the land which has been sold to tenants is now valued for income tax. It is worth less than before, but it escapes altogether." A friend and a neighbour writes to me as follows:

November 13th, 1897.

Dear Mayo,—You take a great interest and a prominent part in the financial relations discussion.

I have read an article by Sir John Lubbock in the *Nineteenth Century Review* of November against the statement that Ireland is overtaxed; he states that no Income Tax is demanded from persons who have bought under the Land Acts.

For nine years I, who have bought under the Ashbourne Act, have to pay under Schedule A at 8*d.*, and for the last four years they have assessed me under Schedule B as well. If Sir John Lubbock is not better informed as to the other matters in his article, he had far better have left his pen dry.

Yours sincerely,

No answer.

My friend required no answer to his letter. I submit that it is unanswerable from Sir John Lubbock's point of view. Sir John Lubbock says, "Let us pass to the taxation of lands," quoting Sir A. Milner, then Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, who says that the valuation of houses in Ireland is extremely low compared with England.

In answer I say, first, the houses, as a rule, are not so good, and secondly, they let for a low rent. Sir John Lubbock continues again, "Tenant right is not valued. Now we know it sells for large sums." I quite agree this 'right' certainly does sell well. It would be a most interesting experiment, and I suggest Sir John Lubbock should carry it out by bringing forward in the House of Commons that tenant right be valued for taxation at time of sale. The Irish Nationalist

members' speeches on the subject would be lively and instructive. May I be there to hear them! Sir John Lubbock then in his article devotes more than four pages to arguments concerning indirect taxation as affecting Ireland. He commences and says: "The main complaint, however, has been made with reference to the revenue derived from certain dutiable articles, spirits, tobacco, beer, tea, and coffee." Sir John Lubbock is alluding to the debate in the House of Commons on the 29th, 30th, and 31st of March 1897. The debate commenced on a motion of Mr. Edward Blake, member for South Longford, who in the course of his speech said:

The expenditure on spirits in Great Britain was 48,571,000*l.*, or 1*s.* 9*d.* per head. In Ireland it was 6,144,000*l.*, or 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* per head. While the Briton spent 4*l.* 2*s.* on beer and spirits, the Irishman only spent 2*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.* More than this, the tax on sixty gallons of beer was equal to the tax on one gallon of whisky. Out of the Briton's drink bill of 4*l.* 2*s.*, 16*s.* 1*d.* went in taxation, while out of the Irishman's bill of 2*l.* 13*s.* 8*d.*, 13*s.* 10½*d.* represented taxation, so that if the Irishman paid at the same rate as the Briton his tax would be 10*s.* 6*d.* Thus his excess was 3*s.* 4½*d.*, which for Ireland meant 780,000*l.*

The figures Mr. Edward Blake quotes are taken from Appendix I., Memorandum presented to the Commission by Sir E. Hamilton, of Her Majesty's Treasury. Those who read this article can judge if there is a cause of complaint or not.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer in his speech on the same day never questioned these figures. His argument with regard to indirect taxation was mainly directed to show that as the articles indirectly taxed were stated to be necessities of life (in Ireland), he argued, 'Why are they necessities of life more to the Irishman than to the Englishman or Scotchman?' Sir John Lubbock throws doubts in his article on the figures arrived at by all the authorities that are quoted by Sir E. Hamilton. The Chancellor of the Exchequer threw no doubt on the figures quoted by Mr. Blake, nor indeed mentioned them. For my own part I prefer the Treasury's official statement, and the non-contradiction of its statistics by Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, to Sir John Lubbock's opinion.

He qualifies his 'opinion' by a saving clause which runs thus: "No doubt the Treasury and Board of Customs have done their best, and it is no fault of theirs that the results were uncertain." Sir John Lubbock now goes on to say: "Are then the taxes on tobacco and spirits unfair? They are not *necessaries*. When Nansen went on his adventurous journey he took hardly any spirits, because he believed they would be injurious. They are not *necessaries*, they are not *even simple luxuries*, they are dangerous temptations. If Irishmen would abandon tobacco, spirits, and party bitterness, how happy and prosperous Ireland would be!"

This is rubbish, and nothing more.

Mr. Frederick Jackson, who is staying with me while I write this,



and who was leader of the Jackson-Harmsworth Arctic expedition and the man who found Nansen on the Polar ice, informs me that Nansen took spirits with him, and told Mr. Jackson that he very much regretted *not taking more*.

Why does not Sir John Lubbock suggest to his own countrymen to give up spirits and baccy? No doubt they would be even more prosperous than they are now. They might begin by making Bank Holidays fast days with regard to these two 'simple luxuries.'

Tobacco is one of the greatest, and indeed sometimes the only, luxury of the poor. Tea has become an absolute necessity to the poor of Ireland. We complain because these articles are heavily taxed; but the revenue must have its taxes, and if tea, tobacco, and spirits were not taxed other 'not even simple luxuries would be,' and no doubt Sir John Lubbock would vote that Ireland, poor as she is, is still to go on bearing her burden, and standing still under that burden instead of progressing like her richer sister.

Then Sir John goes into the question of Ireland's contribution to the Imperial Exchequer. With a fresh commission and the terms of reference to that commission hanging over our heads I will not argue the point.

But I must answer this statement of Sir John's:

"This session (1897) we have made a grant towards Irish local expenditure which will probably amount to over 700,000*l*."

This, I regret to say, is not the case. What Sir John Lubbock means is that Mr. Arthur Balfour, the First Lord of the Treasury, announced last session that local government was to be granted to Ireland, and that half the poor-rate and half the county cess are to be paid out of Imperial funds! The Bill has not even been brought forward. It is most unfair that this statement, "We have made a grant" (does Sir John Lubbock speak for the whole of the Front Bench?), should go forth to the English public.

When the Bill becomes an Act and is placed on the Statute Book, then Sir John Lubbock can make a statement concerning the measure.

I conclude with Sir John Lubbock's last statement. He says: "Lastly, I may mention that Ireland has had subventions in aid of rates far larger in proportion than England or Scotland, and liberal grants of money, as, for instance, 8,000,000*l*. at the time of the 'Famine.'"

This 'instance' bears examination, and is unfortunately not a very appropriate one to the statement.

In 1853 Mr. Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and having a surplus decided to reduce burdens on manufactures and articles of consumption. To effect these objects he extended the income tax to Ireland for, as he proposed, only seven years, and imposed an additional duty of 8*d*. per gallon on Irish whisky.

The income tax, according to Mr. Gladstone's estimation, would bring in about 660,000*l.* a year, and 8*d.* a gallon on spirits 198,000*l.* a year.

He declared his intention of relieving Ireland by remitting 4,000,000*l.* of consolidated annuities which remained as a debt from Ireland to the Exchequer, due to the establishment of the Poor Law and the relief measures of 1846, the first year of the Famine. This arrangement was a financial juggle, the effect being that there was a permanent increase of two millions of taxation during the period 1853-60.

These are Mr. Gladstone's own words :

The taxation we propose for Ireland would in the first two years be considerably higher than the taxation we propose to remove ; but if we look to the time when, as I have said, Parliament will be in a position to part with the income tax, Ireland will enjoy, and enjoy for a long term of years, a much larger remission of consolidated annuities than it will have to bear of additional burdens in the shape of spirit duties.

*Forty-four years have elapsed, and the promise remains unfulfilled.*

I say in conclusion, having been permitted to answer the principal points in Sir John Lubbock's article, and space not admitting all being answered, it is well to remark that statements are made by men of standing and high authority in England, and these statements bear close examination, and even contradiction.

Irishmen who live and are taxed in Ireland can judge better of their needs than even a gentleman of Sir John Lubbock's experience, even though (as he states) he has sat in Parliament for twenty-seven years.

MAYO.

## CAPTAIN MAHAN'S COUNSELS TO THE UNITED STATES.<sup>1</sup>

IN 1888 it was my privilege to be present at a lecture given to the officers studying at the Naval War College at Newport, R.I. The subject—the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea in their strategic relations to the United States—was treated with consummate ability. A new light seemed to be thrown upon the whole question of naval warfare; confused pages of naval history took form and order; great principles stood forth clearly revealed.

The lecturer was Captain Mahan, who was then preparing to write the books which have brought him well merited and lasting fame. The three volumes dealing with *The Influence of Sea Power on History* have themselves influenced history. The first appeared at a time when several writers were endeavouring by appeals to the past to awaken the British people to the facts that their ancient kingdom of the sea was in danger of being lost, and that the loss implied national extinction. The importance of the service thus opportunely rendered by the brilliant American writer can hardly be overrated. His book was doubtless intended primarily as an address to his countrymen; but the history of maritime war in the modern world is in the main the history of the Anglo-Saxon race, and to us in a special sense the *Influence of Sea Power* appealed. Speaking as an outsider, Captain Mahan wielded a force which could not have been exerted by any British writer, even if his equal had appeared among us, and others besides myself felt a sense of thankfulness that the stirring message had come from across the Atlantic. It is not correct to state that the lesson was entirely new. The idea that sea power exercised a peculiar sway over the destinies of nations had been dimly understood at least as far back as the time of Thucydides. Our own naval historians had fully grasped the fact that maritime strength was vital to the security and the prosperity of Great Britain. The Lancastrian poet who could write

<sup>1</sup> *The Interest of America in Sea Power, Present and Future.* By Captain A. T. Mahan, D.C.L., LL.D., United States Navy. London: Sampson Low, Marston, & Co.

Keep then the sea that is the wall of England,  
 And then is England kept in God's hand ;  
 So that, for anything that is without,  
 England were at peace withouten doubt,

had a clear vision of truth. But no one had ever been able to explain in what maritime strength consisted, to trace its action with unerring hand through the long pages of history, to unravel the tangled threads of causation and show forth the controlling influence of naval operations over land campaigns. No one had ever built up a philosophy of the sea. This is the great work which Captain Mahan accomplished, and it is as a philosophic historian of the profound influence of maritime activity in moulding the destinies of the world, rather than as a naval strategist, that he will always be remembered.

The secret of this success was the breadth of view of the writer. One felt, in reading his calm and often stately periods, that he was regarding history from a pinnacle whence nothing petty was visible, that he addressed his fellow-men of all nations, and that his judgment in matters where bias might have been looked for was serenely impartial. The books bore the impress of statesmanship in the highest meaning of the word.

In magazine articles dealing with questions of the day, descending from the general to the particular, and directed to a limited and special purpose, it would not be just to expect the same lofty standard. Nevertheless, while making full allowance for the change of conditions, I have read this volume of collected essays with disappointment. Only here and there is it possible to trace the hand of the author of *The Influence of Sea Power on History*. No great nation ever needed guidance more than does the United States to-day—the strong guidance of a master mind, fearlessly offered, in language which could not be misunderstood. No one is so well qualified as Captain Mahan to render this service to his country; but the needed guidance is not forthcoming, for the statesmanship is too frequently wanting.

The general purpose of these eight essays is to awaken public opinion in the United States to the importance of a strong navy, and to bid them to look 'outwards,' taking their rightful place among the nations. All true friends of the American people—and there are many in this country—will cordially agree with Captain Mahan's object. It is a loss to the world that the United States, with their growing trade interests, second only to our own, have so far failed alike to accept the position of a great Power, with its corresponding responsibilities, and to conform to the usages of the family of nations. There are occasional indications that Captain Mahan feels that the external policy of his country has been wanting in dignity; but he cannot be said to have enforced the lesson with

all the power at his disposal, and it is sometimes exceedingly difficult to extract a definite meaning from his pages.

The first three articles, entitled 'The United States Looking Outwards,' 'Hawaii and our Future Sea Power,' and 'The Isthmus and Sea Power,' deal with questions in which the interests of America and Great Britain appear to the author to clash. We have no right to expect that an American, writing for Americans, should accept our views; we do expect recognition of patent facts. Thus it seems to be assumed throughout that, in regard to Hawaii and the construction of an isthmus route to the Pacific, Great Britain is seeking to thwart the legitimate aspirations of the United States, and the superior claims of the latter to the possession of the Sandwich Islands are argued at some length with little relevance to the existing situation. Hawaii stands midway between the Canadian seaboard and the Australian continent, and is a link in a chain of maritime communication of which Great Britain holds the ends. To the United States it is simply an outpost in the Pacific. I cannot, therefore, admit that 'the interest of the United States in' the Sandwich Islands 'surpasses that of Great Britain,'<sup>2</sup> or that this superior interest is 'dependent upon a natural cause, nearness, which has been admitted always as a reasonable ground for national self-assertion.' Still less effective is the argument that 'the interests of our sixty-five million people, in a position so vital to our part in the Pacific, must be allowed to outweigh those of the six millions of Canada.' If relative national interests are to be measured by population, it is not 'the six millions of Canada' but the three hundred millions of British citizens who must be placed in the balance. In face of facts, however, reasoning of this nature is wholly beside the mark. It is true that, in the past, the 'natural wishes of Great Britain and her Colonies' pointed to the occupation of the Sandwich Islands. It is equally true that, in deference to the 'aspirations' of the United States, the step was never taken, and Captain Mahan must surely be aware<sup>3</sup> that if these islands are now annexed, not the smallest protest, opposition, or resentment will be forthcoming from this country. For many years we have recognised the group as belonging to the sphere of influence of the United States, who have never accepted the responsibilities which such recognition involves. 'Have we no right or no call to progress further in any direction?' asks Captain Mahan. 'Are there for us beyond the sea horizon none of those essential interests, of those evident dangers, which impose a policy and confer rights?' No one ever has denied, or ever will deny, either the interests or the rights; but interests and rights involve responsibilities, which the United States have so far declined to recognise.

<sup>2</sup> Elsewhere the author refers to the 'preponderating natural interest' of Great Britain 'in every new route opened to commerce.'

<sup>3</sup> This article, written in 1893, might have been modified with advantage before republication.

Similarly, in regard to the future trans-isthmian canal, Captain Mahan altogether fails to appreciate the present attitude of Great Britain. The canal, when made, will, like any other trade route, confer benefit upon our commerce; but the advantages to the United States will be equal or greater. Nothing would less suit our interests and those of the rest of the world than that the control of an important waterway should be in the hands of such States as Columbia or Nicaragua, vaguely supported by Monroe doctrine left to the interpretation of the moment. Let the United States make the canal, and assume full control over it; we shall then know where we stand. I believe that this is the view of every thoughtful Englishman, and at the present time it is beside the question to go back to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty and charge us with a breach of its provisions because our ancient 'settlement' of Honduras has grown into a 'colony.' We cannot arrest the internal progress of our dependencies in regions where the United States have no possessions and accept no responsibilities. The policy of seeking 'to keep others out, while refusing ourselves to go in,' is, as the author elsewhere intimates, unworthy of a great nation.

Again, in view of a recent arbitration, it is surely too late to speak of 'our perfectly just claim to the seal fisheries,' and, having regard to the considerable number of American citizens who have been engaged in pelagic sealing, the international difficulty cannot be rightly ascribed to 'the purely local and selfish wishes of Canadian fishermen.' If it is the case that a useful and peculiarly interesting animal is in danger of extermination from pelagic sealing, the strong feeling which has been aroused in America is explained and justified. I do not think that the handling of this question on our side has been uniformly judicious; but I cannot admit that the novel and strange doctrine of the *mare clausum* constitutes a 'perfectly just claim,' and at least such a doctrine violently conflicts with the lofty teaching of the author of *The Influence of Sea Power on History*.

'It should be an inviolable' resolution of our national policy,' writes Captain Mahan, 'that no foreign State should henceforth acquire a coaling position within three thousand miles <sup>4</sup> of San Francisco.' From every point of view, I venture to think that it is unwise to press an abstract policy of this description upon the United States without any explanation of what is implied. A nation whose vital interests are imperilled because a foreign Power owns territory at a distance from one of its ports considerably exceeding that of Brest from New York, must indeed be in a parlous state. To the peoples of the Old World, this 'inviolable resolution' seems necessarily preposterous. The earth's surface is not large enough for the general adoption of this amazing programme, and the United States cannot expect immunity from the common lot of all other Powers,<sup>5</sup> except on

<sup>4</sup> Reduced to 2,500 miles in a subsequent article.

<sup>5</sup> We are at the present moment witnessing the establishment by a foreign Power,

terms which Captain Mahan refrains from pointing out. According to the accepted usage of nations, a policy of this description demands that the United States should either annex all territory falling within this comprehensive zone, or should assume control of the foreign relations of all States owning such territory. This is the only logical course, and if the United States are prepared to adopt it, other Powers will have no cause for complaint. Elsewhere Captain Mahan seems to deplore the 'actual remoteness of this continent from the life of the rest of the world.' No more striking illustration of that 'remoteness' can be imagined than the fact that an American so thoughtful and so gifted should have borrowed a policy from the Popes of the Middle Ages. It is refreshing to turn to a passage where Captain Mahan, the historian, derides the claim of Spain 'to exclude all others' from the Caribbean and the Spanish Main, and praises the stout Elizabethan seamen, who 'brilliantly' and successfully resisted that claim.

Having carefully studied these important articles, I fail to trace what are the precise steps which it behoves the United States to take. Their readers will gather that expansion of some kind is necessary; that Great Britain is, in some unexplained way, seeking to oppose the annexation of Hawaii and to create difficulties in relation to the trans-isthmian canal; that the Atlantic seaboard is in grave peril, and that the existence of coal within 3,000 miles of San Francisco would be a national danger. This is not guidance; a forward policy needs to be defined. I cannot help fearing that the result must be to deepen misconceptions already sadly too prevalent. We know that Senator Lodge regards our old possessions of Bermuda and of Halifax, whose docks are freely and frequently placed at the disposal of United States warships, in the light of a standing menace. He will here find some confirmation of his peculiar views. It is true that he will read that 'a cordial understanding' with Great Britain 'is one of the first of our external interests;' but this vitally important proposition remains undeveloped. It is a pious opinion, and nothing more.

In the article on the 'Possibilities of an Anglo-American Reunion,' as throughout the volume, Captain Mahan speaks in kindly terms of the old country, whose wonderful history has fired his imagination; but he holds out few hopes of a better mutual understanding. 'Formal alliance' between the two nations is, we are told, 'out of the question, but a cordial recognition of the similarity of character and ideas will give birth to sympathy, which in turn will facilitate a co-operation beneficial to both.' This does not lead us far, and it is to be feared that Captain Mahan's latest volume will not tend to 'give birth to sympathy' in the United States towards their 'ancient mother.'

in defiance of a treaty, of a naval station within twenty miles of one of our greatest trade routes.

The remaining articles contain much that is interesting, and there are glimpses of the clear insight which we instinctively associate with the author's writings.

Reduced to its barest statement, and stripped of all deductions, natural or forced, the Monroe doctrine, if it were not a mere political abstraction, formulated an idea to which in the last resort effect could be given only through the instrumentality of a navy; for the gist of it, the kernel of the truth, was that the country had at that time distant interests on the land, political interests of a high order in the destiny of foreign territory, of which a distinguishing characteristic was that they could be assured only by sea.

Here we have intelligible principles set forth with precision; but more is needed. Monroe doctrine was recommended to a President of the United States by a British statesman to meet the conditions of a day long gone by. There was reason to suppose that Spain might seek to crush the nascent Republics of South America, and the wording of President Monroe's message clearly defines its political import. If in the opinion of the United States the time has arrived for a re-definition, let the new policy be avowed and let the corresponding responsibilities be frankly accepted. This would be a departure worthy of a great nation. Artificial interpretations—'mere political abstractions'—framed to suit the passions or the party exigencies of the moment, are unworthy and exasperating. In the Venezuela dispute the United States lost, as Captain Mahan admits, and rightly lost the sympathy of the civilised world. Why did he not fearlessly expound to his countrymen the cause of this general revulsion of sentiment? 'It is probably safe to say,' he writes, 'that an undertaking like that of Great Britain in Egypt, if attempted in this hemisphere by a non-American State, would not be tolerated by us if able to prevent it.' This we may well believe. War is too frequently begun without a righteous cause; but the right to intervene in such a case can be purchased by the United States only by the previous acceptance of certain evident moral obligations. What is 'a non-American State' to do, if it is insulted and if its subjects are outraged by some temporary dictator masquerading as the President of a free Republic? The United States have shown no desire to prevent South American Republics from cutting each others' throats. How can they claim to interfere if a European Power is driven to enforce its inalienable rights? Legitimate grounds for such interference can be established only by assuming general control over the foreign relations of the Southern and Central American States. Authority cannot be divorced from responsibility. Monroe doctrine logically applied might prove a benefit to humanity; it is now a danger to the peace of the world.

The later essays, as a whole, show a greater breadth of view than those to which reference has been made. 'A nation,' writes Captain Mahan in March 1897, 'situated as Great Britain is in



India and Egypt scarcely can fail to appreciate our own sensitiveness regarding the Central American isthmus and the Pacific.' There has been no failure on our part to appreciate this natural sensitiveness, and we have the right to expect that our sympathy with American sentiment should be recognised. It is the good fortune of the United States that their 'differences have been mainly with Great Britain, the great and beneficent coloniser, a State between which and ourselves a sympathy, deeper than both parties have been always ready to admit, has continued to exist, because founded upon common fundamental ideas of law and justice' Here speaks the philosophic student of history.

With many of the views on questions of national defence expressed in this volume I find it impossible to agree. 'It is not the most probable of dangers,' we learn, 'but the most formidable that must be selected in measuring the degree of military precautions' which a nation should adopt. It is, however, usually impracticable to make provision against the 'most formidable' of risks. Great Britain cannot, and need not, prepare to withstand the united armaments of Europe. Captain Mahan even considers, with some apparent inconsistency, that our navy cannot be made equal to that of the three 'most formidable of its possible opponents,' because the assumed conditions 'lie too far without the limits of probability to affect practical action.'

The proposition that 'a fleet that can bombard can still more easily blockade' is opposed to all modern experience. Blockades in days of steam are excessively difficult, unless the blockading force possesses a base within a moderate distance. The difficulties were abundantly illustrated during the Civil War, notwithstanding that the Southern States possessed no sea-going navy able to impede the free action of the Northern squadrons. The fleet already possessed by the United States would amply suffice to prevent even the pretence of a blockade of their long Atlantic sea-board by any European Power. Sea-ports, in the present day, with a great nation at their back, cannot be seriously injured by naval means, and bombardments are senseless operations capable of producing no military results justifying their barbarity. Serious injury to the 'exposed great cities' can be effected only by landing large numbers of men. What Power could do this in face of the enormous force at the disposal of the United States? For these and other reasons, I consider that the immense array of passive defences which Captain Mahan appears to recommend to his countrymen is largely superfluous. Their true defence, like our own, lies upon the sea,<sup>6</sup> and, they have the advantage—denied to us—of not being hampered by

<sup>6</sup> In *Studies on Coast Defence* Captain C. F. Goodrich, United States Navy, a successor of Captain Mahan in the presidency of the War College, effectively supports this view on historical grounds.

evil traditions created by theorists in years of peace. Whatever may be the scope of action of a 'flotilla' of torpedo-boats, no service seems less suited to become a 'sphere for naval volunteers.' The effective handling of torpedo boats in war demands, in a special sense, a thorough professional training. 'Naval volunteers,' if fair gunners, might be turned to account on board a modern battle ship. In a torpedo flotilla they would be useless, if not dangerous.

The article entitled 'A Twentieth-Century Outlook' is thoughtful and suggestive; but Captain Mahan's fears of the 'yellow peril' seem capable of alleviation. 'Comparative slowness of evolution may be predicated,' he writes, 'but that which for so long has kept China one, amid many diversities, may be counted upon in the future to ensure a substantial unity of impulse which, combined with its mass, will give tremendous import to any movement common to the whole.' Except as a geographical expression, China has never been really 'one,' and, even if a national movement were conceivable, the material means necessary to give it practical effect are wholly wanting. The only danger that can be said to threaten Western civilisation is from within; but in the United States there is a colour question, which may involve serious difficulty in the future. In the masterly analysis of the 'Strategic Features of the Gulf of Mexico and the Caribbean Sea,' Captain Mahan rises to the level of his classic works.

To every one who has at heart the best interests of the American people, and who has earnestly striven to understand their sentiments and their aspirations, there have in recent years been many causes of anxiety. Our press, in its usual superior manner, is wont to lecture the United States in common with all other Powers; but of animosity or of positive dislike there were no traces during the period of tension produced by President Cleveland's message. The person who, on this side of the water, publicly expressed his hope of war between the two English-speaking peoples would be put down as a lunatic. We have unfortunately abundant evidence that in America other views too widely prevail. It is unwise to dwell upon the fact that all that was best and noblest in American sentiment shared our horror at the thought of a war whose only result would be to arrest the progress of civilisation and liberty. We have to take into account all that is not noble and—more dangerous—all that is uninstructed in transatlantic opinion. The average Englishman knows nothing of history, but feels a sense of paternal pride in the great achievements of the United States, where he probably has prosperous relations. The average American, it is now clear, carries with him into manhood the remembrance of the travesties of history on which he was brought up. To him a democracy more advanced and more free than his own appears in the light of an oppressive monarchy—that of George the Third caricatured. Absurd as it may

seem, there were large numbers of Americans who honestly believed that they were supporting an enlightened Republic—that of Venezuela!—against a benighted despotism. It did not occur to them that Venezuela is a Republic only in name, and that they were upholding barbarism against civilisation—gross corruption against pure government. The naïve surprise and delight of the ‘boy journalist’ who recently paid us a visit tells a tale. Nothing was as his school-books had led him to expect. The nation which above all others has upheld the cause of human liberty remains unknown to the masses in the United States, and in this ignorance there lurks real danger. The isolation of which Captain Mahan complains is not only political but intellectual.

The best, perhaps the only, hope of attaining to that mutual understanding which he and I alike earnestly desire lies in the chance that the Anglo-Saxon race may some day find itself united in the prosecution of a great common object. The Armenian question might have brought about a national *rapprochement*; the question of the Far East may yet draw the two peoples together. For, although divided on minor matters the importance of which is easily exaggerated, their essential external interests are more closely intertwined than those of any two other Powers. If then the United States, as sooner or later they must, accept the obligations and the responsibilities of a great nation, I believe that the movement will be of happy augury to the progress of the world. But the new policy, the policy of ‘looking outwards,’ will demand radical administrative changes, the abandonment of some cherished insular ideas, and the modification of a constitution eminently unfitted to meet the requirements of expansion across the seas. It is not a question only of a navy, of coast fortifications, of preparations for war, but of leading the people of the United States to forego their habitual concentration upon their internal affairs and to seek to play a worthy part in moulding the destinies of mankind. Thus arises the vital need of statesmanlike guidance and of fearless speaking; and it is because I have failed to find such guidance so expressed in these essays that I venture to criticise the master to whose brilliant teaching Great Britain is eternally indebted.

G. S. CLARKE.

## DANTE AND PAGANISM

If any one, acquainted with the works of Dante, in prose as well as in poetry, and with the principal commentaries on those works, should ask himself the question, How did Dante regard the men and women of pre-Christian times? how did he estimate the value of their lives and works in the history of humanity, the moral character of their actions and writings, and their destiny under the scheme of providence? and what, if any, reasons does he assign for his conclusions? he would find the reply to be embarrassed by apparent contradictions. These contradictions appear not only upon a comparison of the utterances on this subject contained in the *Sacred Drama* with those in such works as the *Banquet*, but to a certain extent also in the *Sacred Drama* itself. It is my object in this essay to examine briefly this tangled subject, in the hope that I may induce some more learned or more acute critic than myself to consider the matter, and to make known the results of that consideration for the benefit of English *Dantofili*.

Dante's view of the position in the Scheme of Salvation of those who, living before the Redemption, are presented to us by the Bible as having known the true God, that God, as he says to Virgil, 'whom thou didst not know,' as exhibited to us in the *Sacred Drama*, is tolerably simple, and may be dismissed in a few words. The patriarchs of Scripture, the record of whose lives presents no conspicuous civil misconduct, and no obstinate disobedience to the commands, as they understood them, of that God—such as Abraham, Abel, Noah, Isaac, Jacob, and Rachel—were, at the time of the Resurrection, in *Limbo*, the Border of Hell, the region where no torment is imposed except that of unsatisfied desire. They were taken out of this region by the victorious and triumphant Christ, and translated by him to Paradise. So were also other personages of Scripture, whose lives were less immaculate, such as the man who 'brought sin into this world and all our woe,' and even his wife 'who trusted to the Snake,' King David, and Jacob's sons; some of them being placed in the very highest region of the Heaven of Heavens, in company with the greatest Christian saints, and with the Mother of God. But in that same border region were, at the time of Christ's arrival, the

souls of many others of the best and greatest men and women of antiquity, such as Socrates, Cornelia, Seneca, Marcia, and Virgil. And these were not rescued by Christ, but were left by Him to languish for ever 'in desire without hope.' What, if anything, passed between them and the Conqueror, whether He took any notice of them or they of Him, whether He addressed them, and if so with what result, the *Sacred Drama* does not expressly tell us, except that they were not among those rescued. So far indeed as Virgil's narrative of what then took place extends, we are rather led to infer that the selection then made was something preordained, and depended, not on what then occurred, but on whether during life those souls had known and 'duly worshipped God.' And what the mystic Eagle says, in the 20th Canto of *Paradise*, concerning the resurrection, conversion, and consequent salvation of the Emperor Trajan, points to the same conclusion. In Hell, that is after death, says the Eagle—in a passage quite misunderstood by Cary, but the true meaning of which is shown by the words of Oderisi, the miniature painter, in the eleventh canto of the *Purgatory*—that goodwill which is necessary for a saving act of faith cannot be set in motion. It is necessary for that purpose that the soul should return to the body, as was the case with Trajan.

This, then, is the first cardinal principle of Dante's attitude towards Paganism, as set forth in the *Sacred Drama*; namely, that good Pagans are not saved. And the second principle, startling by its contrast with our fundamental conception of justice, is that bad Pagans are punished with the same torments, and precisely in the same manner in every respect, as bad Christians. I propose to examine these two principles, in detail, by the light both of the *Sacred Drama* and of the prose writings of Dante.

First, then, as to the doctrine that good Pagans are not saved. To this law there is throughout the *Sacred Drama* but one exception, at the most, and that a questionable one—namely, in the case of M. Cato the Younger. For the cases of Ripheus the Trojan and the Emperor Trajan are most carefully guarded by the language of the poem from being supposed to be exceptions. Dante finds Ripheus (the Trojan who is described in the Second *Æneid* as 'justissimus unus qui fuit in Teucris et servantissimus æqui') and the Emperor Trajan in the Sixth Heaven, forming two of the five bright lights or jewels round the eye of the Eagle; and he breaks out into an exclamation of astonishment at finding there these two Pagans, two men who had died without knowing the true God, and who, therefore, according to the principle above mentioned, had no passport to Heaven. But the divine Bird explains to him that, in truth, those two bright lights did not die as Pagans but as Christians. Ripheus, though he lived before the Advent of Christ, because he 'directed all his love towards righteousness,' received from God's grace, while yet

alive, a special revelation of the coming redemption, was 'persuaded of it and embraced it,' so that he had, in fact, the baptism of repentance, or of desire, emerged from 'the foulness of Paganism,' and died, as St. Thomas of Aquinum might have said, 'an implicit, though not an explicit, Christian.' Trajan also died a Christian. For, though at his first and natural death he was a Pagan, he was restored to life by the prayers of St. Gregory, expressly in order that he might embrace the true faith (which was impossible for a soul once disunited from the body) and be saved; and he lived just long enough to do so, and to be thus able to receive in Heaven the reward of his great natural goodness. These two cases, then, form no exception to the law. But the case of Cato is not so simple.

When Dante emerged, under Virgil's guidance, from Hell, through the subterranean passage which led from the Earth's centre to the Mountain of Purgatory, after feasting his eyes for a while upon the Southern Cross, he turned towards the North, and saw close to him a solitary old man, with long grey hair and beard, to whom Virgil made him pay the utmost reverence, causing him to kneel and cast down his eyes the whole time that he was in his presence. This was Cato of Utica. He died a Pagan and a suicide, 46 years before the birth of Christ; yet we find him the divinely appointed warder of the outer circle of Purgatory. How and when did he come there? And what was to be his ultimate destiny at the Great Day when Time and Purgatory should be no more? The *Sacred Drama* affords no clear reply to these two questions, which, however, it is necessary to consider in order to judge whether Cato's case is to be regarded as an exception to the above-mentioned principle that *good Pagans are not saved*.

Cary, in a well-known note on the passage which describes this appearance of Cato, says that 'the commentators, and Lombardi among the rest, might have saved themselves and their readers much needless trouble if they would have consulted the prose writings of Dante with more diligence.' And he proceeds, in support of this criticism, to refer to certain well-known passages in the *Banquet*. But this criticism shows that Cary did not appreciate the difficulty which the commentators saw plainly, and which no reference to what is said about Cato in the *Banquet* will solve. The passages in that work which Cary quotes, and others which he does not mention, and to which I propose hereafter to refer, are indeed amply sufficient to explain why Dante did not place Cato with the other self-slain enemies of Cæsar in the jaws of Satan, or even with Piero delle Vigne and other suicides in the Seventh Circle of Hell; but they are by no means sufficient to solve the puzzles which exercise the commentators on Cato's case. Why Dante should have selected a Pagan, a suicide, and the enemy of the Founder of the Empire, instead of a repentant Christian, as the warder of the Ante-Purgatory, how and when Cato

was removed from the Border of Hell, whether he is to be reckoned as among those who are ultimately saved, and, if not, what Dante supposes is to become of him when Purgatory ceases to exist, these puzzles are not fully solved by anything that Dante has written either in verse or prose.

The admiration which, in the *Banquet*, he expresses for Cato's character differs, not in kind but only in degree, and that not a very great degree, from that which he expresses for other worthy Romans from the beginning of the Republic to the time of the Cæsars. Yet he delivers him from Hell, without the justification of a legend of the Church, as in Trajan's case, or of a theory invented by himself, as in that of Ripheus; and he gives to him, a Pagan suicide, the high office of receiving the souls that are brought to Purgatory by an angel of God from the Tiber, and of starting them upon that long course of toil and patient endurance which is to work out their salvation. This is a puzzle which the most 'diligent consultation of the prose writings of Dante' does not solve.

That Cato was at one time in Limbo we learn from his own words addressed to Virgil. How and when did he pass from that place to the shore of Purgatory? Scartazzini, in his commentary on this passage, assumes that it was at the time of Christ's descent into Hell, and that he was removed from Limbo at the same time as the Patriarchs. But, if I might presume to question the conclusions of that most learned and most lucid commentator, I would venture to suggest a doubt of the correctness of this view, for the following reasons:

'I was,' says Virgil, 'a novice in this estate' (that is to say, he had been about fifty years in Limbo), 'when I beheld a Mighty One coming to us, crowned with token of victory' (that is, surely, with a garland of bays, and not, as Mr. Vernon in his interesting *Readings* says, with the Cross). 'He took from us the Shade of our first Parent' (and then follows an enumeration of Biblical Patriarchs) 'and many others, and made them blessed' (*e fecegli beati*); that is, 'took them with him to Paradise.' This word 'blessed' is the technical term throughout the *Sacred Drama* for souls in Heaven. It is, I believe, never applied to souls in any lower condition, not even to those in the Earthly Paradise, the highest region of Purgatory, much less to one who, like Cato, was only on its uttermost shore. On the contrary, the 'blessed' are strongly contrasted by Virgil, when he first proposes to Dante to accompany him, with those in Purgatory. 'And then' (that is, after passing through Hell) 'thou shalt see those that are content in the fire, because they hope to come, be it when it may' (that is, after a trial the duration of which is uncertain, but which nevertheless must ultimately end—not, as Mr. Vernon renders it, 'whenever it may be the Will of God'), 'to the blessed folk.' And then he proceeds to explain that he is unable, and why he is unable to conduct him to that region. Spirits in purgatory are styled

*fortunati*, as being creatures whose condition is not finally settled; as having still much to undergo, being subject to much uncertainty, and dependent as to the length and severity of their trials upon much that they cannot foresee or control (such as the efforts made on their behalf by the living), but never *beati*. It would seem, therefore, that Dante, when he made Virgil describe the rescue from Limbo, did not contemplate Cato's rescue as happening at that time. Moreover, Cato, when he was removed from Purgatory, was not removed in order that he might be taken to Heaven ('made blessed'), but that he might be constituted the warder of the Outside Purgatory; and this was an office for which there would be no occasion until Christians had lived and died repentant. Lastly, the words which Dante puts into Cato's mouth, when speaking of his removal from Limbo, appear to me to indicate that his deliverance was something separate and special. 'Marcia,' he says, speaking of his wife whom Dante had seen in Limbo, 'was so pleasing in my eyes while I lived that whatever favours she would of me I performed. But now that she dwells beyond the evil river she can no longer move me, by that law which was made when I came forth thence.' There is, so far as I am aware, no indication in the *Sacred Drama* of any general law that souls in Paradise or in Purgatory (whether outside or inside the gate) should be wholly unmoved by the influence of souls in Limbo. On the contrary, Sordello, in the eighth canto of the *Purgatory*, says that it will give joy to the spirits who are singing the compline hymn in the Flowery Valley to see Virgil (whom he knows) and Dante (whom he believes) to be denizens of Limbo. And I am therefore disposed to think that this 'law' was a special condition made with Cato when he was taken from Hell on an occasion of special intervention, whether by an angel or otherwise, for the special and temporary purpose of receiving souls in Ante-Purgatory.

But what was to happen to Cato when that temporary office should no longer be required? Did Dante contemplate that Cato should then return to Hell? Or did he destine him for Paradise? Scartazzini says that the words in which Virgil addresses him, 'Death for liberty was not bitter to thee in Utica, where thou didst leave the garment which at the Great Day shall be so bright,' prove that Dante contemplated his ultimate salvation. And, if that is so, Cato's case would undoubtedly be an exception to the principle that a good Pagan is not saved, and a contradiction to the doctrine enunciated by the Eagle, that the soul divorced from the body cannot repent and be saved. Dante does not suggest in Cato's case any such special revelation as he supposes in that of Ripheus. And we are not at liberty to suppose it. For, had Cato, like Ripheus, had a special revelation, and, like him, died a Christian, he would not have passed into Limbo. Perhaps Dante had not made up his own mind on the subject. There are many things in the *Sacred Drama* which he



deliberately left obscure, many passages in which he appears to desire to puzzle his readers. Perhaps the obscurity in which Cato's case is shrouded is a symptom of that mental struggle between deference to the doctrine of the patristic schoolmen and desire for something more catholic of which I propose to speak presently. However this may be, I am not satisfied that the words on which Scartazzini relies as showing that Cato was to be saved are sufficient for the purpose. I am not convinced that Cato's case is an exception to Dante's general rule that good Pagans are not saved. And I cannot but think it possible that, if Dante had declared the ultimate destiny of Cato, he would have felt constrained, in obedience to the teaching of theology, to relegate him to Hell.

Cato's case, then, if it be an exception at all to the rule that good Pagans are not saved, is the only exception throughout the *Sacred Drama*. And I think that I have perhaps shown good cause for doubt whether it is such an exception. If it is not, the rule is absolute: 'Extra ecclesiam nulla salus.' Dante, in his poem, accepts the law of the Church, as laid down in patristic theology, in all its terrible completeness, and conforms to it throughout his great work.

But does it satisfy him? Does it express his genuine feeling? Can it be that his heart, so large and so tender in that narrow and cruel age, and his conscience, so honest and so sensitive in a time of general treachery and cynicism, are content with this doctrine? Does the consistently good life of a pre-Christian Pagan really appear to him worthless, or rather worthy of everlasting misery? The answer is to be sought in his own writings.

In the fifth chapter of the fourth treatise of the *Banquet*, Dante declares that worthy Romans, from the beginning of the Republic to the time of C. J. Caesar, were 'not human citizens of the State, but divine, whose patriotism was inspired by heavenly and not by human love.' He dares any one to maintain that the fortitude with which they sustained the severest trials and tortures for the commonwealth was the mere 'outcome of human nature,' or that those sufferings could have been so endured without 'divine assistance.' In measured but glowing language, breathing the spirit of true conviction, and so earnest that we can almost imagine him confronting and withstanding his great theological teacher St. Thomas himself, face to face, he challenges the assertion that these men were not, like Christian martyrs, 'supported by 'heavenly aid for the endurance of their sufferings.' It is impossible, he says, to regard the lives of such superhuman Italians as these without 'seeing clearly that to their own natural goodness was added the light of the goodness of God.' They and their actions were the work of God's own hands.

The sentiments of Dante, as expressed in the *Sacred Drama*, are necessarily dominated by theology. He could not write of Hell and Purgatory and Heaven except under its guidance and in accord-

ance with its doctrines. But in his prose writings he is free from dogmatic trammels and can speak with the voice of natural and not of ecclesiastical religion. He is, of course, always, whether writing in prose or in verse, a deeply religious man. But while in the *Sacred Drama* he writes as a religious Churchman, in the *Banquet* he writes as a religious layman. It is his lay mind, his unsectarian mind, his catholic mind that recognises the goodness of a Pagan to be as much and as truly heavenly as that of a Christian, bursts through the fetters of dogmatic theology, and refuses to be satisfied with the husks of scholasticism. That this lay mind could not acquiesce in the ecclesiastical doctrine that good Pagans are not saved, that he was continually asking himself such questions as, 'Where is the justice which condemns a man born in a remote part of Asia, such as the valley of the Indus, who all his life has had no opportunity of even hearing of the existence of Christianity, and who consequently, although, throughout his life, all his inclinations and his acts were good and sinless so far as human reason can perceive, dies unbaptised and without the Faith?' we learn from the address made to him by the Eagle in the nineteenth canto of the *Paradise*; and a disposition to revolt against this doctrine is suggested in many passages even of the *Sacred Drama*, although it is never throughout that poem allowed to take the form of overt opposition to the doctrine, but is severely restrained and not permitted to rise above the level of grief, pity, and overpowering distress. Virgil, the impersonation, in that work, of human reason, is choked by emotion when speaking, in the third canto of the *Purgatory*, of Aristotle, Plato, and other great men of antiquity, as languishing in the border of Hell. Dante, when, at his entry into that region, he is told by Virgil that that is the place to which he is condemned for lack of baptism and of knowing the true God, says: 'Great pain seized my heart when I heard him, because I perceived that folk of much worth were suspended in that Limbo.' And perhaps the most touching instance of this feeling is to be found in the Mantuan legend of St. Paul visiting the tomb of Virgil at Naples and weeping at the thought that if this 'greatest of poets' had lived but a little later he might have been converted and saved:

Ad Maronis mausoleum  
Ductus, fudit super eum  
Pisæ rorem lacrimæ.  
Quem te, inquit, reddidissem,  
Si te vivum invenissem.  
Poetarum maximè!

Such feelings as these would not in that age, if indeed in any, have been excited by the sight of merited punishment. They spring from the sense, however much it may be controlled or disavowed, of causeless and undeserved suffering.

The Italians, says J. A. Symonds in his *Revival of Learning*, were the first of European nations to emerge from mediæval bondage and become the apostles of Humanism for the modern world. And one of the causes of the powerful and undying interest that we take in Dante's writings is that they show us in all its freshness, pure from the extravagance of later Humanists, the earliest stages of this process of evolution. Dante is the harbinger of the dawn of the great conflict of mediæval tradition with revived Paganism. He is the first leader of that 'passionate outgoing towards the ancient world' which, J. A. Symonds says, 'was one of the chief movements of the Renaissance.'

If there is any truth in the observations which I have made in the course of my examination of this first principle of Dante's attitude towards Paganism—namely, the principle that good Pagans are not saved—if I am justified in thinking that while as a churchman he held that doctrine yet as a layman he abhorred it, I think that this consideration will enable us to understand how he could have reconciled this principle with that which I have called the second cardinal principle of that attitude—namely, that bad Pagans are punished in the same manner and degree as bad Christians. His statements in the *Sacred Drama* of the hopeless condition of good Pagans appear to me to be reluctantly made, as if dictated to him by an irresistible and inscrutable authority; and as if he had the greatest difficulty in bringing himself to believe anything so shocking to the moral sense. But his descriptions of the punishments of bad Pagans are written as if he cordially accepted them and sympathised with them. It is the language of the *Banquet*, and not that of the *Sacred Drama*, that to my mind explains this puzzle. If he had not really believed that goodness and badness were independent of doctrinal tenets he could not have punished bad Pagans in the same manner as bad Christians, or, at any rate, could not have done it with so much appearance of satisfaction. If the Church required him to hold the doctrine of the damnation of good Pagans, she did not impose upon him, at all events in the explicit manner in which he handles them, the details of what constitutes badness in a Pagan, or the mode in which it should be punished. She did not instruct him to place Capaneus on the 'horrible sand' under the 'swollen and slowly falling flakes of fire,' as a punishment for not submitting himself to those deities whom Virgil calls the 'false and lying Gods.' She did not teach him to make Jason walk, in company with Christian deceivers and seducers, in the eternal circuit, under the lash of demons. However much she may have condemned divination as a practice for Christians, who had had the mystery of Revelation and all the scheme of Providence unfolded to them, she did not direct him to make the blind seer of Thebes, so well known to us by the striking part that he performs in Sophocles's tragedy of *Edipus on*

the Throne, pace everlastingly backwards with distorted head in company with Michael Scot and the Cobbler of Parma, for the sin of 'wishing to see too far ahead.' She did not tell him to measure out to Ulysses and Diomedes the same suffering as to Guido da Montefeltro. Still less did she call upon him to regard the guilt of Brutus and Cassius as parallel with that of Judas Iscariot, and to place those three sinners together in the very jaws of Satan. His treatment of the punishments of bad Pagans is derived not from theological but from natural religion. While forced by his allegiance to the dictates of the Church to relegate good Pagans to Hell, he does what he can, like an equitable judge, to mitigate the severity of the sentence of ecclesiastical law. Though constrained to banish them from the effulgence of Heaven and the radiance of the sun, he does not deprive them altogether of light, or plunge them in that foul murky darkness which to an Italian was one of the chief horrors of the nether world. He gives to them a special hemisphere of brightness, shining perpetually over a restricted but well-illuminated region. He allots them many of the adornments and embellishments of mediæval comfort and refinement—a 'noble castle, seven times girdled by lofty walls, guarded all round by a beauteous rivulet,' and having in its centre a 'meadow of fresh verdure.' They stand or recline in groups on the 'enamelled green,' wrapped in thought, or enjoying communion with the greatest poets, orators, philosophers, statesmen, heroes, and heroines of antiquity, 'neither sad nor yet gay,' gazing steadfastly, speaking calmly 'with sweet voices,' and receiving him, when brought to them by Virgil, with all the grave courtesy of chivalry. Their only suffering is their hopeless longing for Heaven. The suffering is distinctively ecclesiastical. The mitigations are secular, natural, the creation of the lay mind, compelled to deliver the sentence of the higher tribunal, but accommodating that sentence, so far as it can, to the dictates of Humanism. But he feels that no such accommodation is required in the treatment of bad Pagans. They have offended against the natural law of right and wrong, and must take the consequences.

It is, says J. A. Symonds, the variety of spiritual elements in combination and solution that makes the psychology of Dante at once so fascinating and so difficult to analyse. This variety is due to the beginning of the revival of learning, causing a confusion of influences classical and mediæval, Christian and Pagan, and producing an imperfect blend of ecclesiastical tradition with idealised Paganism. Many examples of this confusion will readily occur to the student of the *Sacred Drama*; and he will remember how they startled and interested him when he first began his readings in that wonderful poem. To a beginner in Italian literature it is surprising to find Dante putting into the mouth of an angel from Heaven, as in the ninth canto of the *Hell*, words which imply that the resistance of

the Dog-fiend Cerberus to the raid of Hercules was an act of opposition to the Divine Will; or to find a Florentine Christian made to say, as in the thirteenth canto, that his native city is being punished by Mars for displacing him as her patron in favour of St. John Baptist; or to read, as in the thirty-first Canto, that Jupiter still reigns and threatens the giants with his thunder. This confusion dominates the whole of the first two parts of the *Sacred Drama*. Satan and Briareus, Nimrod and Niobe, Saul and Arachne, are found in company together as examples of pride going before a fall. The sayings and narratives of Pagan poets, orators, and historians are quoted or mentioned, as if they were of equal value and importance, for the instruction of Christian souls striving in Purgatory to purify themselves from their besetting sins, not merely with the Scriptures of the Old Testament, but with the most sacred and most authoritative books of the New Testament. Angel voices proclaim for their edification, at the same time and in the same tones, texts from *Cicero de Amicitia* and from the Gospel according to St. Luke. The utterances of the tragic hero Pylades take rank with those of the Virgin, and even of her son himself in the Sermon on the Mount. The Virgin herself is classed with Peisistratus as an example of self-restraint, and with Cæsar as an example of energetic activity. But perhaps the most remarkable Pagan episode in the *Sacred Drama* is Virgil's statement respecting the demi-goddess Fortune in the seventh canto of the *Hell*.

'My son,' he said to Dante, as they stood side by side and gazed upon the ghastly dance of the misers and prodigals, 'now canst thou see the shortlived mockery of those possessions which are intrusted to Fortune, and for which the human race thus wrangles.' And, in reply to Dante's inquiry: 'What is this Fortune, which has the goods of the world in its clutches?' he tells him that she is a really existing Supernatural Being, in the nature of a goddess or demi-goddess, using these remarkable words:—

He whose knowledge surpasses all made the heavens, and gave them that which so directs them that every part illuminates every part, distributing equally the light. And so likewise for the splendours of this world He appointed a general administratrix and leader, who should from time to time transfer these vain possessions from one race to another and from one family to another, so that it is not within the limits of the wit of man to prevent it. This is the reason why one nation is in power and another in decay. It results from her decree, which is concealed like the snake in the grass [not, as Mr. Vernon renders it, 'the decree of her who is hidden like a snake in the grass'—'lo giudicio di costei, che è occulto'—it is the decree, not Fortune herself, that is concealed]. Your knowledge has no means of opposing her." She foresees, decrees, and exercises her sovereignty as the other Gods do theirs. There is no respite to the changes which she makes. It is necessary for her to be swift, for those whose turn has arrived come so thickly before her. This is she who is so greatly execrated even by those who ought to give her praise, but who perversely give her blame and ill repute. But she ever remains blessed, and takes no heed of that. Untroubled, she, with the other firstlings of creation, revolves her wheel, and rejoices in her blessedness.

There is not a word in this that might not have been written 300 years, or, for the matter of that, 4,000 years, before Christ. Nothing more genuinely Pagan can be found in any similar writing by any pre-Christian writer of antiquity. It is the first great patch of Paganism with which the reader of the *Sacred Drama* meets as he peruses that poem; and the first time that he reads it he is astounded to find, in a writer of that date and on those topics, so near an approach to Polytheism. It is not until he has obtained a wider and deeper knowledge of Dante's works, in prose as well as in verse, that he sees that it is necessary, for a true appreciation of his psychology, to take full account of his Paganism as well as of his Christianity. He was a sincere and loyal son of the Church; but he was, at the same time, an enthusiastic student of the ancient Italian authors. And he was something more than a student of them. They were to him a revelation, a gospel. He believed in what they said. He realised and assimilated their narratives and their doctrines, as he did those of the evangelists and apostles, so that they became to him quite as much a part of his spiritual nature as the *Summa Theologiae* or the text of the *Vulgate*. Indeed, it almost appears as if he considered it as necessary for true godliness, if not for holiness, to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the classics as the Scriptures. He seems, to vary a celebrated saying, to have sought to call in the old world to redress the spiritual balance of the new.

D. R. FEARON.

## THE REAL GRIEVANCES OF THE UITLANDERS

WHEN I made up my mind to pay a short visit to South Africa, I had not the slightest intention of writing on the subject of the Transvaal, or on any African subject whatever; but before I started several of my friends, both in the House of Commons and others, asked me to try and get information as to the relations between the Boer Government and the gold industry; what they said in effect was this:—

We are puzzled by the conflicting accounts we hear: we are told on the one hand that the troubles which have afflicted the gold industry in the Transvaal are not in any way due to the Government. The people interested have brought all these troubles on themselves by mismanagement and over-capitalisation; their grievances are imaginary of sentimental, and they are trying to put the blame of their own mistakes, or worse, on to the Government. On the other hand, we are told that if the Transvaal had been governed decently and in accordance with the most commonplace requirements of modern civilisation, many mines would be now paying which it is now impossible to work; the population of the Transvaal would be double what it is now, and prosperity would reign where distress and poverty are prevalent—in fact, that the present Government in the Transvaal is a disgrace to civilisation. We want to know the real facts of the case. Do try and discover the truth.

During a stay of some weeks at Johannesburg I had every opportunity of studying the facts. All information was placed at my disposal, both sides of the question were laid before me, and I have formed definite opinions on the subject.

Let us now try to examine how far the grievances are imaginary and sentimental, or real and practical.

### 1. POLITICAL RIGHTS.

We all know how the chapter on Snakes in Ireland began and ended with the words, 'There are no snakes in Ireland.' Well, the catalogue of the political rights of all the inhabitants of the Transvaal, except a small section of them, begins and ends with the words, 'They have no political rights.' Political power is entirely in the hands of a small clique, the franchise being confined almost entirely to the Dutch farmers, living to a great extent in remote districts, a large

proportion of whom can neither read nor write. Now many different ideas have prevailed in modern times as to who shall be the holders of political power. In most cases, especially in modern republics, it is considered that all householders or ratepayers of full age, who have incurred no personal disability, shall have a right to vote, and that the course of government shall be guided by the views of the majority.

But in the Transvaal the vast majority have no votes; the adult male white population numbers over 60,000, and of these only about 22,000 have votes. It is evident that the word 'republic' is entirely a misnomer. The Transvaal is no more a republic in the true sense of the word than are the empires of Russia and Germany, and a constitutional monarchy like that of England has very much more of the character of a true republic than the constitution of the Transvaal. It is in effect an oligarchy: all power is in the hands of a privileged few, who act as if they had a divine right to dispose of the fortunes and properties of the majority exactly as they think fit.

Power, we read in history, has often been in the hands of a select few, and various qualifications have been thought to justify the monopoly of it.

At one time it was the possession of land, but this is not the case here. On the basis of land value belonging to private individuals, more than half belongs to the Uitlanders.

Those who have no votes hold nearly all the mines, houses, mercantile businesses, freeholds in town, &c. Probably of the wealth of the country not nearly one-tenth is possessed by the holders of political power. Some people would say the best educated should rule. Apply this test.

The Boer farmers, who have the majority of the votes, are notoriously ill educated; not only are many of them unable to read and write, but they live in remote districts, and take no interest in any but local affairs. On the Rand there are many of the most intelligent citizens the world can produce, belonging to many nations—Americans, Germans, French and Austrians, as well as English. Engineers and chemists, bankers, financiers, men engaged in large mercantile businesses—all these are considered unfit to take any share in public business in the Transvaal. You have accordingly an extremely curious and abnormal state of things. You have the wealth, the education, the energy, the knowledge of the world, the large majority in numbers of the white population on one side, and a small minority, possessing neither education nor wealth nor knowledge of affairs on the other, who claim a divine right to govern the majority, and to dispose of their property as they please.

And this minority is not even united. It is well known that many of them disapprove entirely of the present Government. In fact, it is believed that, deducting the army of officials whose daily



bread depends on the favour of the Government, and who form an enormous electioneering force, there would be a clear majority against the Government. At any rate it is evident that the country is governed by a fraction, large or small, of a minority. Truly a state of unstable equilibrium, a pyramid balanced on its apex! Still, it may be objected, 'it is possible that though there may seem to be great injustice in the way the Government is chosen, yet their laws and their administration are so good that there would be nothing gained by a change.'

I admit at once that if the Boer Government could show that, as compared with the average of modern Governments, the inhabitants of the country would have nothing to gain by a change; that the laws were wise and well administered, the taxation light, and the conditions under which the industries of the country were carried on as favourable as in the majority of civilised countries; then I should agree that the desire for equal political rights was, though a natural wish, yet mainly a sentimental one.

But that brings us to the question: Are the conditions of life worse under Boer rule than they are elsewhere, and than they should be?

To answer this we must consider the complaints of the Uitlanders seriatim.

1. *Taxation.*—The grievance with regard to taxation is that the Government is alleged to exact from the people an annual sum far in excess of what would be necessary to carry on the administration of the country according to the most civilised ideas; in fact, that while in 1896 the sum of 3,584,235*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.* was spent by the Government, a sum of 1,500,000*l.* ought to have sufficed, or at any rate that 2,000,000*l.* ought to have been far more than sufficient. If that is correct, then, a sum largely exceeding a million and a half sterling was raised and spent which ought to have remained in the pockets of the people. Let us see what is spent by the three other States of South Africa, which are certainly not worse governed than the Transvaal. To compare this expenditure we must of course deduct working expenditure on railways. The railways in Natal and Cape Colony belong to the Government, are worked by them, and all the working expenditure and maintenance of the railways appears in their budget. The Transvaal Government does not own or work the railways, and therefore no working or maintenance expenses are included in their accounts. We must also, to make a fair comparison, exclude annual interest on debt; a large portion of the debt of Natal and the Cape Colony having been raised for the purpose of making railways and other productive works, the interest on which is paid for out of the profits. The expenditure therefore given below includes the whole yearly expenditure of these four States, working

expenses and maintenance of State railways, and interest on national debt being excluded in each case.

When one sees the average amount per annum on which these States have managed to exist, and the appalling rate at which the Transvaal expenditure has increased, the taxpayers have certainly a right to some explanation.

The comparison stands thus :—

	Area in sq. miles	White population	Coloured population	Expenditure 1896		
Cape Colony . .	276,947	382,008	1,323,042	£2,627,316	4	11*
Natal . . . .	20,461	46,788	524,832	562,015	0	7†
Orange Free State	49,950	77,717	129,787	430,737	8	3‡
Transvaal . . .	113,642	245,397	550,000	3,584,235	16	7§

That is to say, that these three States, with an area of 347,358 square miles and a population of 2,485,164, are spending between them a yearly sum of 3,620,098*l.*, while the Transvaal alone in 1896 has spent 3,584,235*l.* 16*s.* 7*d.*, although it has only an area of 113,642 square miles and a population of 795,397.

The increase in the expenditure of the Transvaal has been as follows :—

Year	Expenditure			• Fixed salaries		
1885-6	£ 162,455	0	5	£ 64,261	12	0
1890	1,509,730	16	0	324,520	8	10
1891	1,327,838	5	11	332,888	13	9
1892	1,200,163	15	2	323,608	0	0
1893	1,247,982	9	6	361,275	6	11
1894	1,586,690	14	2	419,775	13	10
1895	1,799,742	12	4	570,047	12	7
1896	3,584,235	16	7	813,029	7	5

2. *Dynamite*.—The grievance with regard to dynamite is perhaps of a more irritating and exasperating character than that of taxation ; for while it is extremely annoying to have demanded from you double the amount necessary for the good government of the State, yet the money is theoretically, at any rate, raised for the purpose of administration and for the good of the inhabitants of the country ; but in the case of the dynamite monopoly, with the exception of 5*s.* per case, and a small share of profit, which is supposed to be received by the Government, the whole of the money forcibly extracted from the gold industry goes into the pockets of private individuals for the most part not even residing in the Transvaal, while such portion of the plunder as goes into the pockets of persons residing in the Transvaal

\* From the *Cape Statistical Register*, p. 75.

† From the *Natal Statistical Year Book*, pp. D3 and D5.

‡ Figures kindly supplied by Sir William Dunn, Bart., M.P.

§ From the English edition of the *Report of the Industrial Commission*, issued by the Witwatersrand Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg, p. 571.

goes into their private purse for their private advantage, and in no case into the coffers of the State.

So many attempts have been made to draw red herrings across the scent of this dynamite monopoly, that I had better quote verbatim from the Report of the Commission :—

It has, we consider, been clearly proved that the price paid by the mines for explosives of all kinds is unreasonably high.<sup>1</sup> . . .

That the principal explosives used here (blasting gelatine and, to a small extent, dynamite) can be purchased in Europe, and delivered here at a price far below the present cost to the mines, has been proved to us by the evidence of many witnesses competent to speak on the subject; and when we bear in mind that the excess charge of 40s. to 45s. per case does not benefit the State, but serves to enrich individuals for the most part resident in Europe, the injustice of such a tax on the staple industry becomes more apparent and demands immediate removal.

It has been proved that the South African Republic is one of the largest, if not the largest consumer of explosives in the world, and, according to the rule of commerce in such cases, it is reasonable to suppose that the most advantageous terms would be secured for so large a consumer. This, no doubt, would be the case were it not for the monopoly now in the hands of the South African Explosives Company, whereby they and their friends make enormous profits at the expense of the mining industry. These profits have been estimated by the Volksraad Dynamite Commission at no less than 580,000*l.* for the year 1897 and 1898, being 2*l.* per case on 200,000 cases, the number which it is estimated would have to be imported to meet the demands for those years. . . .

This explosive, whether costing 23*s.* 6*d.* or 29*s.* 6*d.* in Hamburg, is supplied to the mines at 85*s.* per case, showing a profit of 47*s.* 6*d.* in one case, and 41*s.* 6*d.* in the other, of which this Government receives 5*s.* per case. That this is a reasonable estimate is supported by the Report of the Volksraad Dynamite Commission, who state that the Company makes a profit of 2*l.* per case on imported dynamite, and further by the evidence of a former agent of Nobel's Dynamite Trust, whose statement was to the effect that he made an offer on behalf of Nobel's to deliver dynamite ex magazine on the Rand at 40*s.* per case of 50 pounds, excluding duty, and this at a time when it had to be brought a considerable distance by ox-wagons.<sup>2</sup>

In the case of blasting gelatine, which is now more largely used than No. 1 dynamite, the margin of profit made by the Company at the expense of the mines is far greater. . . .

The mining industry has thus to bear a burden which does not enrich the State or bring any benefit in return, and this fact must always prove a source of irritation and annoyance to those who, while willing to contribute to just taxation for the general good, cannot acquiesce in an impost of the nature complained of. . . .

Another point that has been brought to the notice of your Commission is the prejudicial effect exercised by this monopoly in practically excluding from the country all new inventions in connection with explosives, and, in view of the numerous dynamite accidents that have taken place from time to time, it is to be regretted that it is not possible to make satisfactory trials of other and less dangerous explosives for the working of mines.<sup>3</sup> . . .

The reader must remember that this Commission was appointed by the Boer Government, and that the report was signed unanimously by all the members of it, including such prominent members of the executive as General Joubert and Mr. Schalk Burger, chairman, Mr.

<sup>1</sup> Report of Industrial Commission before cited, p. 451.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* p. 452.

<sup>3</sup> *Ibid.* p. 453.

Schmitz Dumont, acting State mining engineer, and Mr. J. F. de Beer, first special judicial commissioner.

If it is not a solid grievance to be compelled to pay a monopoly price of 85s. to Messrs. Nobel for exactly the same thing that Messrs. Nobel offered to supply in any quantity to any mine at 40s. when no monopoly existed, then I do not know what a grievance is; and we must always remember that out of this 85s. only 5s. goes in reduction of taxation, and all the rest of the profit to private individuals.

3. *Railway rates and transit duties.*—We come now to the question of railway rates, which are to my mind of supreme importance to the well-being and progress of the Transvaal.

There is no difficulty at all in producing prosperity in the gold industry. In two years the population of Johannesburg might be doubled, and an enormous addition made to the production of gold. It is simply a question of reducing expenses. A few very rich mines can pay well at present, but there are many more mines which could produce at a profit if the expenses were reduced a few shillings a ton. Under present conditions the gold produced from a ton of low grade ore does not pay the working expenses, but, in many cases, it is within a shilling or two of doing so, and the moment the working expenses were reduced below the value of the gold produced, the mines would start working. The object, therefore, of a Government which had the prosperity of its subjects really at heart should be to do its utmost to reduce the expense of producing gold.

The first thing to be done is to reduce the expense of living on the Rand, and to get out of the heads of people that Johannesburg is necessarily a dear place to live in. There is no reason why it should be.

The climate is excellent, no extremes of heat or cold, an altitude of 5,700 feet, sunshine nearly every day of the year, cool nights, and a dry porous soil. There are places in the world where the climate is so dangerous to health that no one would live there if he were not exceptionally well paid; there are mines so cut off from communication with the world that the mere fact of the isolation is a hardship. I have visited mines years ago in California where there were no roads, everything came on the back of mules; one store only, belonging to the proprietor, where everything had to be bought at the very highest price; no bicycles; no tennis, no reading-rooms, no theatres, races, or amusements in any form whatever; where it was said that the only thing that flourished was the cemetery, and the chances of being sent suddenly out of the world by a revolver or a bowie-knife had to be taken seriously into consideration. Compare this with Johannesburg, where there are amusements for all tastes, good natural roads for bicycles, any number of tennis courts, churches, chapels, free reading-rooms, excellent daily papers, polo, golf, theatres, music-halls, races, in fact, satisfaction for tastes of all kinds. Except for

the fact of being away from home, there is no hardship in living there, no special risks to health, or special discomforts for which extraordinary remuneration is required. Yet things are so dear that an absolutely artificial scale of expenditure and prices is maintained.

This is what a wise Government would try to alter, with a view of getting working expenses down to such a point as would allow the moderately rich mines to be worked at some profit.

The first thing to attack is the railway and transit dues. There are five ports competing to supply Johannesburg—Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, and Delagoa Bay—and three distinct systems of railways.

The distance from Cape Town to Johannesburg is 1014 miles.

"	"	Port Elizabeth	"	715	"
"	"	East London	"	666	"
"	"	Durban	"	483	"
"	"	Delagoa Bay	"	396	"

The railway to Delagoa Bay is evidently the key to the situation, and ought to be utilised for the purpose of bringing down the rates on all the South African railways. But it has been used for exactly the opposite purpose. The Netherlands Railway Company, which holds all the railways in the Transvaal, has used its command of the situation *not* to get cheap carriage of goods to Johannesburg, but, on the contrary, to make the carriage of goods to Johannesburg as dear as possible. In fact, it has almost forced the other S.A. railways to keep up their high tariffs. It is currently asserted that when the Cape Government wished to reduce a rate, the Netherlands Company told them that they could reduce if they liked, but that the amount taken off would be instantly added to the Netherlands railway charge, so that the through rate would remain the same. It may be asked how the Transvaal Government can prevent this. The Government has the right under their concession to buy up the railway at twenty times the average dividend of the last three years. The capital is only 1,666,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.*; in addition there are loans of just over 6,000,000*l.* guaranteed by Government at rates of interest of 4 per cent., 5 per cent., and 5–8 per cent.; of course these loans being perfectly well secured, and the Government having already the responsibility of them, nothing but advantage to the State could ensue from taking them over altogether, as they could borrow the money at a much lower rate of interest, and there would be only the capital of 1,666,666*l.* 13*s.* 4*d.* to be dealt with. As the profit in 1896 is said to be well over a million and a quarter, and the dividends have only been moderate for the last three years, expropriation would be a splendid financial operation for the Transvaal, even allowing for a very considerable reduction in rates; a reduction which would bring down the rates to Johannesburg on all the railways in South Africa, and

of course the reduction on the outside railways would be of enormous benefit to the inhabitants, without costing the Transvaal revenue a farthing. It is hardly conceivable that the Government should refuse to carry out this expropriation, unless they wish to see the gold industry suffer and languish on account of excessive railway charges, but they obstinately refuse to carry it out.

The geographical advantage of the position of South Africa is thus thrown away. Look at the map of the world, and you will see that South Africa is exceptionally well situated to obtain any of the necessities of life that she may require at the cheapest possible rate. Cape Town is in the track of great lines of steamers bringing all sorts of produce from Australasia, corn and beef and mutton, which are sold at extremely low prices in England 6,000 miles farther away. Rice from the East; tea, coffee, wheat from India, oils and hemp, all raw materials can be obtained with the greatest ease and at extremely moderate cost. South Africa herself produces within her own boundaries an enormous number of consumable articles. She has vast herds of sheep and goats, immense numbers of cattle, even after the rinderpest; fruit in enormous quantities—bananas, oranges, pine-apples—tea, coffee, and sugar. When you come to manufactured articles, England and Germany are probably the cheapest centres of export. There are magnificent lines of steamers from England, and there is the German East African Company, with a regular service and a Government subsidy, starting from Hamburg, calling at Naples and passing through the Suez Canal, thus bringing any German, Mediterranean, or Egyptian supplies that may be wanted.

South Africa has every opportunity of buying in the cheapest markets of the world, and there are many, very many steamers anxious to carry goods to South Africa at very moderate freights. They are brought cheaply to any of her five competing ports and then? Ah! then, all the conditions are changed. Then Governments, and railways, and officials seem to use their best energies to destroy all the natural advantages of South Africa as a buyer, and to compete as to which can do most to run up the cost of all articles imported. If this is their object, they may certainly be congratulated on the success they have achieved.

Look at the sworn evidence of Mr. G. Albu before the Industrial Commission.<sup>4</sup>

*Question.* What did you mean just now when you said that you cannot decrease wages while you are still paying high railway rates?

*Answer.* For instance, during the drought we imported mealies (Indian corn) from America. They cost us, landed in Durban, 9s.,<sup>5</sup> and delivered on the mines 22s. 6d. How can the mining industry, which requires 50,000 sacks per month, pay, if they have to pay on a commodity of that kind more than 100 per cent. for railway transit for 350 miles after these mealies have come thousands of miles from America?

<sup>4</sup> From the edition of the *Industrial Commission Report* cited before, p. 38.

<sup>5</sup> Per bag of 200 lbs.

*Evidence of Mr. W. L. Hamilton, American Mining Engineer.\**

We imported two crushers from Chicago; the rate from Chicago to New York, which is considered very high in America, was 37*l.* 5*s.* 10*d.* for a distance of 1,000 miles, and from Vereeniging here it was 39*l.* 6*s.*, more for 50 miles than it cost for 1,000. (Vereeniging to Johannesburg is the Netherlands Railway portion of the route from the Southern ports to Johannesburg. There is no transshipment, the trucks merely run straight over this line.)

These are actual sums paid by mines at Johannesburg for consignments from East London, a distance of 666 miles.

Description	Home cost	Sea freight	Railage
Cast iron base plates . . .	£114	£ 53	£201
" " " " . . .	240	114	433
Portland cement . . . .	82	83	385

*Mr. Fitz-Patrick's evidence.†*

I will give you a few examples of importation from the Baltic and America. I will give you the prime cost and the railage from Delagoa Bay, showing the comparison between the cost and the railage, which you will see supports my contentions as to the excessive rates. We will take pitch-pine. The prime cost of a consignment was 1,722*l.* The railage amounted to 7,234*l.* Oregon pine, prime cost 2,988*l.*, railage from Delagoa Bay 14,500*l.* Baltic deals cost 2,679*l.*, railage 4,170*l.* Galvanised iron cost 253*l.*, railage 210*l.* I will give you some instances where the difference is smaller. Sheet lead 61*l.* 10*s.*, railage 40*l.* Cotton waste, prime cost 92*l.* railage, 32*l.* 15*s.* Candles (very largely used on the mines) 1,337*l.*, railage 313*l.* There are others, but I will hand in the statement to the Commission if they like. Those figures are American. There is another statement showing the cost of Australian materials. On the first cost of 1,855*l.*, the railage from Durban was 4,100*l.* . . .

Listen to this, railway directors and railway managers, who are trying painfully to make dividends for shareholders in Europe and America out of rates amounting only to a penny, or a fraction of a penny, per mile!

The rate charged on the Netherlands railway from Vereeniging to Johannesburg is 7½*d.* per ton per mile. This is on rough goods which pass over the Netherlands railway travelling over the Cape and Orange Free State railways, and their fifty-two miles is part of an uninterrupted run of from 600 to 1,000 miles, according to the port they start from. There is no transshipment, no change of gauge, and the Netherlands railway portion is the easiest-in the way of gradients, curves, &c.

The average capital cost per mile on the respective railways stands thus :—

	£	s.	d.
1805 Cape . . . . .	9,056	9	1
" Natal . . . . .	15,254	17	9
" Netherlands . . . . .	15,359	6	10
1807 Orange Free State . . . . .	7,479	4	6

\* Report before cited, p. 84.

† *Ibid.* p. 54.

In addition to the enormous railway rates and high dock dues, there is a very heavy transit duty, often 3 per cent. *ad valorem*, charged by the Natal and Cape Governments solely for the privilege of passing goods through their territory, although these railways are the property of the States which realise enormous sums annually out of the profits they earn; yet the Government of the Transvaal, knowing perfectly well the extent to which its only real industry is being hampered and bled to death by these excessive charges, calmly declines to carry out its option of purchasing the railway, which would be a great financial benefit to the State, and is the only way in which the inhabitants of the State can be protected against these forced contributions.

We now come to a different class of grievances specially affecting the gold industry, in which there is little or nothing to complain of in the laws themselves. It is the administration of the laws that causes injury and loss.

4. *Liquor laws and drunkenness of natives.*—The law is good, viz., that no liquor shall be sold to natives without a written authorisation from the employer, but as the police do not enforce the law, it is of small effect to prevent drunkenness.

The following quotations are from letters laid before the Commission :<sup>8</sup>—

Worcester Exploration and Gold Mining Co.,  
Johannesburg, March 16th, 1897.

Dear Sir,—I beg to hand you copy of a letter addressed to Commandant Van Dam, but nothing has been done to check the illicit liquor traffic. In fact, it is more rampant than ever, and boys in squads can be seen openly carrying and drinking liquor *ad lib*.

On the 8th inst. upwards of three hundred of our natives were drunk and incapable. . . .

I remain, yours truly,  
(Signed) JOHN L. DE ROOS,  
Manager.

The Secretary,  
Chamber of Mines, Johannesburg.

Mr. Whitburn, manager of the Henry Nourse Gold Mining Company, writes on the 28th of April 1897 :<sup>9</sup>—

Yesterday afternoon there was a fight between our natives and those of the Nourse Deep Limited. They have smashed nearly all the windows in the places both here and at the Nourse Deep, and knocked up things generally. . . . It all started through them being drunk, and of course the police were not to be found.

Mr. Weighton, secretary to the Nigel Company, writes to the Landrost in April 1897 :<sup>10</sup>—

I am desired by my Board of Directors to again bring to your notice the fact that although the Liquor Law in the Transvaal provides that no drink shall be

<sup>8</sup> Report already cited, p. 474.

<sup>9</sup> *Ibid.* p. 473.

<sup>10</sup> *Ibid.* p. 475.



supplied to natives, yet at this company's property drunkenness amongst these people is as rife as ever.

The gravest feature of this matter is that this pernicious trade is carried on right under the noses of the police and local authorities, and although information has been given and witnesses sent to prove violation of the law, yet in no case whatever has conviction followed.

The mines on the Rand are not concentrated in one place, but extend in a long line over forty miles of reef. There are no buildings as a rule, except the buildings belonging to the companies, and two or three small houses calling themselves stores, hotels, &c. The velt is a bare treeless expanse, and to say that when 300 natives are drunk at one mine at the same time, it is impossible for the police to ascertain where they obtained the liquor is an insult to common sense.

Closely connected with the liquor traffic is the question of the stealing of gold amalgam.<sup>11</sup> It is currently believed that the same persons who provide the capital to work the illicit liquor traffic also provide the capital to bribe employes of the companies to steal amalgam, and that the police are so entirely in their power that it is impossible to obtain convictions. The law is good; it is a punishable offence to be in possession of native gold or amalgam, unless you hold a license to buy it. But what is the use of a law if the police are on the side of the offenders?

Now this crime of amalgam buying is one of the most abominable in the world, and ought to be the most severely dealt with. The amalgam buyer is not moved by any sudden temptation or want of money. On the contrary, he requires a large capital, and sets himself deliberately to work to corrupt men's honesty. Many and many a man who would otherwise have led an honest, self-respecting life has yielded to their temptings and has become a thief—a thief of the basest description, for being placed by his employers in a position of trust and responsibility, he takes advantage of it to steal their gold.

A friend of mine, who succeeded lately to a position of trust in a mine, told me that within a few days of his appointment he had an intimation that gold or amalgam to any extent would be purchased. Johannesburg is not a large place, and if the Government were really determined to have an honest police force, and would put their backs into it, it would be possible in a short time to make the place so hot for illicit liquor dealers and amalgam buyers that the businesses would not pay, and they would be either in prison or would migrate to some other place.

There are other grievances, such as the pass law for natives, which

<sup>11</sup> The ore, when reduced to fine powder by the stamps, is carried by water over metal plates covered with quicksilver which catches and holds the gold. This mixture of quicksilver and gold is called amalgam. It is soft and easily removed by hand from the plates, and, being composed of about  $\frac{1}{3}$  gold and  $\frac{2}{3}$  quicksilver, is of course very valuable.

I might go into if space allowed ; but I think that I have said enough already to show that the grievances complained of are real solid injuries inflicted on the most industrious, intelligent portion of the population, and that they are not sentimental or imaginary, but are capable of being expressed in the most prosaic pounds, shillings, and pence.

With regard to the allegation that the misfortunes of the mining industry are due to mismanagement and over-capitalisation, and that if they were properly managed, low grade mines could pay at present, I do not believe it to be true. In the case of some mines there has been no doubt mismanagement and worse in the past, and there may be still, for anything I know ; but as far as the bulk of the mines is concerned, and certainly in those controlled by the more important groups of capitalists, I am certain that immense efforts have been made lately with conspicuous success to reduce expenses and to improve the mechanical and chemical processes of extracting the gold. The engineers and managers who have the control of the class of mines I refer to are extremely able and extremely hard-working. The machinery is of the very highest class (I was much pleased at seeing that some of the very best and most successful had been made by my own constituents),<sup>12</sup> and every effort is being made to make the mines pay. The action of the Government is, however, most discouraging. A manager who had been showing me with just pride an improvement he was making, by which he expected to save 3*d.* a ton, remarked : ' But it is very hard that we should have to run round and wear ourselves out, to save 3*d.* a ton, while the Government is throwing away our money by shillings a ton.'

Immense strides have been made lately in the economy of working, especially in the installations of the deep level mines, the advantage of having the experience of the older mines as a guide what to do and what to avoid has been made the most of, and for any further substantial economies the help of the Government is necessary.

I say without any hesitation that it is to unnecessary expense caused by the action of the Government, and not to unnecessary expense caused by mismanagement, that the failure of many mines to pay their way is due at the present moment.

By the standard of ideas of any modern republic, or any civilised country, the grievances are undeniable. One of the first principles of modern government is that no more taxes ought to be raised than the administration of the country requires ; that the taxpayers have a right to representation, and that the Governments exist for the benefit of the governed, and not for the benefit of the governors.

But of course this standard of ideas has not always prevailed, especially in the East ; there was the time of the ' strong man armed

<sup>12</sup> By Messrs. Tangye & Co., of Smethwick and Birmingham.

who keepeth his house,' the idea of 'rights' between the governor and the governed was not then invented. The strong man simply said: 'Here I am; until the stronger man comes I shall do as I please, and dispose of the lives and properties of my weaker neighbours according to my fancy.' President Kruger seems to have been leaning towards this standard of government when he made the remark quoted by Mr. W. H. Campbell at the meeting of the Rand Mines in March 1897, describing how he went on a deputation to President Kruger in 1888: 'One of the petitions happened to contain the words "*we protest*" several times, and the President angrily denied the right to use such words, and pertinently asked, "What sense is there in protesting if you cannot enforce it?" In other words, "there exist no rights in this country, except the right of the stronger."'

We come later to a time in history when rights were asserted, but they were the rights of the governor. The king or emperor claimed divine right to rule; he gave out monopolies and concessions as President Kruger does, but there was this difference: rulers in those days knew nothing of trade and political economy, and did not realise the far-reaching harm they were doing; also they gave these concessions to people in their own country, and presumably to those who had rendered some service either to their king or country. But who, either in history or out of it, ever heard of rulers handing over the fruits of labour exerted in their country to outsiders, to people residing outside their country, who have provided neither labour nor capital to provide these fruits; on the contrary, whose existence has been a hindrance and a nuisance to the industry, and has interfered seriously with providing any fruits at all?

To start a mine on the Rand requires a very large capital. Who provided this capital? The dynamite monopolists? Not a farthing of it. It came partly from persons residing in South Africa and very largely from the savings of persons residing in Europe; savings belonging to a great extent to very poor people, put by sou by sou and sixpence by sixpence by hardworking people in England and France and Germany, who thought that the higher interest they hoped to receive would add materially to their comfort; and their calculations were right as to the mines, only they forgot the Government. Now these people spent their savings in opening out mines, in putting up the finest machinery, in costly experiments of many kinds; they have collected the cleverest engineers and managers, assayers and chemists, from all the mining centres of the world; then when the gold is won from the earth, what happens? I must quote Mr. Campbell again: 'It meant that all the gold extracted from the Rand was kept in a huge open treasure-chest in the public road, open to all and sundry in South Africa, States and persons, to plunge in their hands and help themselves at will.'

I may say here that I started from England with great sympathy

for the agricultural Boers living on their estates in the quiet rural parts of the country. They were represented to us as pious men, good citizens according to their light, as landowners who had originally, some forty or fifty years ago, migrated from the more densely populated parts of the colony, partly to escape British rule which they disliked, and partly because they wished to live a quiet secluded country life as their fathers had done before them. Now, as an English agriculturist, whose forefathers have lived for many generations in the same house, on the same land, I naturally sympathised, and still sympathise very strongly, with those whose only wish is to be let alone and allowed to live their own life in their own way. But ever since I began to study this question in South Africa I have been asking myself the question, Where does the agricultural Boer come in in all this? How are his material interests benefited, or his religious aspirations gratified, by the misgovernment of his fellow-citizens? The enormous gains of monopolists and concessionaires do not go into his pockets, are not even spent in his country; and how does he reconcile it with his religious convictions that no serious attempt is made to stop the demoralisation of the Kaffirs by permitting the sale of spirits so vile and poisonous, that drunkenness is not only encouraged, but the health and utility of the labourer seriously impaired.

It is only fair to remember that many of the Boers hold in all honesty and sincerity religious ideas which seem to us extremely peculiar and out of date; it is difficult for an outsider to ascertain exactly what these ideas are, but the following extracts from arguments used in the Transvaal parliament may throw some light on them. On the 21st of July 1892 the question of taking measures to destroy the locusts came before the First Raad.

Mr. Roos said locusts were a plague, as in the days of King Pharaoh, sent by God, and the country would assuredly be loaded with shame and obloquy if it tried to raise its hand against the mighty hand of the Almighty.

The Chairman related a true story of a man whose farm was always spared by the locusts, until one day he caused some to be killed. His farm was then devastated.

Mr. Stoop conjured the members not to constitute themselves terrestrial gods and oppose the Almighty.

Mr. Lucas Meyer raised a storm by ridiculing the arguments of the former speakers, and comparing the locusts to beasts of prey which they destroyed.

Mr. Labuschagne said the locusts were quite different from beasts of prey. They were a special plague sent by God for their sinfulness.

Again, on the 5th of August 1895 a memorial was read in the First Raad from Krugersdorp praying that the Raad would pass a law to prohibit the sending up of bombs into the clouds to bring down rain, as it was a defiance of God, and would most likely bring down a visitation from the Almighty. The Memorial Committee reported that they disapproved of such a thing, but, at the same time, they did not consider they could make a law on the subject.

Mr. A. D. Wolmarans said he was astonished at this advice, and he expected better from the Commission. If one of their children fired towards the clouds with a revolver, they would thrash him. Why should they permit people to mock at the Almighty in this manner? It was terrible to contemplate. He hoped that the Raad would take steps to prevent such things happening.

Mr. Du Toit (Carolina) said that he had heard that there were companies in Europe which employed numbers of men to do nothing but shoot at the clouds, simply to bring down rain. It was wonderful that men could think of doing such things; they ought to be prohibited here. He did not consider that the Raad would be justified in passing a law on the subject however; but he thought, all the same, that they should express their strongest disapproval of such practices.

The Chairman said if such things were actually done—and he was unaware of it—those who did it ought to be prevented from repeating it.

Is not the agricultural Boer clever enough to see that 22,000 farmers cannot possibly hope to continue indefinitely to misgovern double the number of fellow-citizens, cleverer, richer, and much more energetic than themselves?

And now the reader will ask, what have the Boers themselves to say in answer to all this?

Well, I have had the opportunity of talking to several of them, both official and unofficial, and as far as I could make out they have very little to say indeed. The chief argument used was that they had a right to do as they liked with their own; but the question is, is the gold their own? and have they a right to do as they like with it?

If they had stuck from the first to their rights as private proprietors and refused to sell any land or give any mining rights to any one, they might have been in a strong position. But this is exactly what they have not done.

They were anxious to see the Uitlanders develop the mineral resources of their country,<sup>13</sup> and have, from the President downwards,

<sup>13</sup> The accompanying letter will show the attitude taken up by the Transvaal Government in 1883:—

Albemarle Hotel, 1 Albemarle St., W.

December 21st, 1883.

Sir,—I am directed by the President and Deputation of the Transvaal to acknowledge your letter of the 19th of December, inquiring whether the Transvaal Government will view with satisfaction the development of the properties on which concessions have been granted, and whether the companies acquiring concessions can count upon Government protection. In reply, I am to state that the President and Deputation cannot refrain from expressing surprise and indignation at your directors thinking such an inquiry necessary, as it is absurd to suppose that the Government of the Transvaal would grant a concession on the Lisbon and Berlyn or any other farm or plot of ground and then refuse to protect the rights conveyed thereby. The Government desire to see the mineral resources of the Transvaal developed to their fullest extent, and will give every assistance incumbent on them to that end. I have the honour to be, Sir, your obedient servant,

EWALD ESSELEN,  
Secretary.

J. Davies Esq., Secretary to the Lisbon-Berlyn (Transvaal)  
Gold Fields (Limited).

with hardly any exception, been only too anxious to make what they could out of them. They have sold him lands, mining rights, options to buy their farms (President Kruger himself has been receiving very large sums for the option to buy his own land) for the highest prices they could obtain, and not one farthing would they have received from the Uitlander in these ways except for the purpose of mining gold. or on account of the increased value given to the land by the gold-mining industry. Now that the Uitlander has spent tens of millions sterling to enable the gold to be produced, and that the Boer, as an individual, has extracted every farthing he could for his land and his rights, has he still a right to say: 'The gold still belongs to us as a small close borough of voters, to use as we like, and even to hand over at our pleasure to concessionaires and outsiders'?

This argument hardly seems to hold water.

With regard to railway rates, the only excuse offered me by one Boer official, and another prominent ex-official, was that it cost more to bring the goods in bullock-wagons!

Now this might be a good excuse if the Boer Government were to say: 'If you do not like the charges of the existing railway, make a railway for yourselves, and try if you can carry goods cheaper.'

This is exactly what they do *not* say.

They say 'You shall not make any other railway. You will use this railway or none, and you will pay any rates they choose to ask you, even up to  $7\frac{1}{2}d.$  per ton per mile on the roughest of rough goods.'

In conclusion I can only repeat that I commenced this inquiry with an unbiassed mind and with no preconceived opinions. I have not concealed my own opinions, but at the same time I have endeavoured to state the facts clearly and dispassionately so as to give every one the opportunity of judging for himself how far the grievances of the Uitlanders are sentimental and imaginary, and how far they are real and substantial.

H. M. MEYSEY-THOMPSON.

## GREAT BRITAIN'S OPPORTUNITY IN CHINA

THE decision of the British Government to guarantee a loan of 12,000,000*l.* sterling to China at 3 per cent. interest bids fair to be an epoch-making event in the history of our relations with that empire. Although the trade of Great Britain and her dependencies with China is about two and a half times as great as that of all the other countries of the globe put together, it cannot be truly said that hitherto this country has availed herself to the full of the advantages that this great commercial predominance ought to confer. Out of the enormous number of ports scattered along the vast extent of Chinese seaboard, only eighteen are at present open by treaty to the trade of the world, while the commerce with the interior is hampered and strangled by the notorious and arbitrary exactions imposed by the local mandarins under the pretext of *likin* duties. How these abuses grew up in spite of the treaties of 1842 and 1878 is no new tale; it suffices to say that at present China, with her four hundred millions of inhabitants and with a vast area of productive territory, the very garden of the world, plays a comparatively insignificant part in international commerce. Her minerals, probably the most important of the world, are absolutely undeveloped; railways, in spite of some advance made in 1896, are still practically non-existent; manufactories are ridiculously few in number; while good roads, those indispensable aids to civilisation, are conspicuous by their absence.

In a general way the public debt of a country may be said to be a fair index of her capacity and resources. It may be useful here to give a brief statement of the public debt of some of the principal countries of the world per head of population.

### *Public Debt per Head*

	<i>£</i>	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
France . . . . .	28	6	3
Great Britain and Ireland . . . . .	14	16	9
Russia in Europe . . . . .	7	2	9
Turkey . . . . .	5	7	9

	£.	s.	d.
United States . . . . .	4	19	10
Japan . . . . .	1	18	7
India . . . . .		17	5
China . . . . .	less than	2	0

These figures speak for themselves, and we scarcely need even Mr. Chamberlain's spirited appeals to our national enterprise to enable us to realise that this condition of things in the most populous and undeveloped region of the globe concerns us, our prosperity, and our very existence more than those of any other country.

How, then, is Great Britain to avail herself of this opportunity for extending that commerce which is her very lifeblood? To answer this we must carefully consider the terms on which the Government are reported to have agreed to the loan, and see how far they satisfy what we ought to ask for. The Chancellor of the Exchequer warned us not to consider them as accurate or complete, but, as modified by the subsequent corrections made from Peking, they are probably not very far wrong.

The first condition provides for the opening of three more treaty ports—Talienwan, Shanyin, and Nanning—in addition to the existing number, making twenty-one in all. To this proviso it is said that Russia, with more or less acquiescence on the part of France, is offering the most strenuous opposition. It is difficult to believe that such opposition can be seriously persevered in. Consider what a treaty port is. It is one in which foreign subjects may own property and reside; where foreign vessels may load and discharge; where merchandise, both foreign and native, may be imported and exported, under a fixed tariff of duties; whence foreign goods may be sent into the interior, and native produce may be brought down from the interior for shipment abroad, on certain conditions. At these points the collection of duties is under the control of the Maritime Customs, which, as is well known, is an imperial service, directed from Peking, and exercising supervision over the trade carried on in steamers and foreign vessels *irrespective of nationality*. The pecuniary benefits derived by the Chinese Exchequer from the Imperial Maritime Customs service are too notorious to require dwelling on; the revenue collected therefrom in 1895 amounted to 3,497,402*l.* and in 1896 3,763,228*l.*, and this source of income, which is the only item honestly accounted for and paid into the Exchequer at Peking, is practically the only good security that China has to offer to financiers in return for any loan. The more treaty ports, the greater the revenue at the disposal of the Central Government at Peking, and the greater the means and prospect of developing the Empire. On what plea can Russia resist such a proposal? Can it be that she wishes to pursue the same policy towards China that has been adopted towards Turkey and to deprecate any interference with the gradual process of decay



from within, with the hope that, when final dissolution at length arises, the Celestial Empire may naturally fall helpless to her strongest neighbour? There is not the remotest possibility of such a contingency. The Dardanelles may make such a policy conceivable, if not practicable, as regards Turkey, but our interests are far too strong and easily guarded in China to allow us to acquiesce in her ruin and dismemberment. The 'partition of China' anticipated in some quarters is just the very arrangement that England will not consent to; and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has expressed forcibly, but not a whit more so than the importance of the case demands, the national will when he says that England is determined, even at the cost of war, to prevent the door from being shut.

It appears unlikely, therefore, writing from the present standpoint of knowledge, that this opposition to fresh treaty ports is genuine, though there may be a little jealousy as regards Talienwan. The latter port lies north of Port Arthur, and has the advantage of being open to navigation all the year round, while Newchwang, still farther to the north, and the principal emporium for the trade of Manchuria, is closed by ice in the winter months. Both Talienwan and Port Arthur will therefore be important outlets of commerce when the southern or Manchurian branch of the Trans-Siberian Railway is completed, and though Mr. Balfour saw no objection to Russia's occupation, or, as Madame Novikoff might term it, 'utilisation,' of Port Arthur, it is clear that the British Government now regard the matter in a more serious light, and that they will not allow one country to monopolise, if not to filch, Chinese territory wholesale, to the exclusion of other nations.

The second condition of the loan to be provided by Great Britain is that no portion of the Yang-tze-Kiang valley shall be alienated or ceded to any other Power. The meaning of this condition is clear enough. Shanghai, at the mouth of the Yang-tze-Kiang, is the principal place, with the exception of Hong Kong (which is British territory, and therefore not under consideration), whither the trade flows, and whence the further distribution of merchandise throughout China is effected, mainly by Chinese merchants. The enormous area of the basin of the Yang-tze, which extends almost up to the confines of India, and which, with its tributaries, forms the most extensive system of waterways for the internal distribution of trade in China, necessarily makes the keeping open of this great highway a matter of supreme importance to a Power whose share of the gross tonnage entering and clearing at Chinese ports is within a fraction of 70 per cent. of the whole. This condition is one that is so obviously essential for Great Britain that it is probably needless to dwell further on it.

The right to extend the Burma Railway through Yunnan also requires but little comment. Railway extension from Burma to

Western China has been talked of for nearly thirty years, but it is only within the last few years that any steps have been taken by means of the Mandalay and Kunlon Ferry line to give effect to what has been so long a crying want. It was well known from the first that not much good could be effected by simply building a line up to the Chinese frontier of Yunnan; that province, in spite of its natural wealth, is so remote and thinly peopled, that to open up any real trade railways must be pushed right through it, to within reach of the Yang-tze-Kiang and West rivers. The only objection at present anticipated is that of the French, who might look upon their Red River as the natural outlet for the products of Yunnan, but it is difficult to imagine that so 'dog in the manger' an attitude could be seriously assumed. Yunnan is a very large province, big enough for both nations to exploit, and its proximity to British territory marked it out, long before the French arrival in Tonquin, as the first place in the western part of the Middle Kingdom where the inevitable 'opening up' of China would be put into operation. The great delay has not been very creditable to Anglo-Indian enterprise, but now that we have actually set out on the road to Yunnan we are not likely to turn back or stop short. Lastly, one may take note with satisfaction of the demand for facilities for steam navigation over the inland waters, a boon which every nation with a spark of commercial enterprise will be quick to appreciate.

On a general review of these conditions unprejudiced people will hardly help being struck by their extraordinary moderation. England might easily have insisted on some territorial concession to compensate for those made without any tangible *quid pro quo* to Russia and Germany, and she might have stipulated for many other exclusive privileges for herself, but she has preferred to take her stand on the ground of equal commercial privileges to all. She has not even demanded what, in the general interest, she might very fairly have pressed for in these days, the throwing open of the whole seaboard of China to the trade of the world. Under these circumstances the reluctance of Russia to consent to Talienwan being made a treaty port, and the recent confident proposals in the *Cologne Gazette* to regard the territory leased round and in Kiao-Chau as an *enclave*, where practically no one but a German subject has any rights at all—all this shows very clearly that while our intentions may be disinterested enough, other countries, in regard to the footing they have secured in Northern China, are more than half inclined to pursue a purely selfish and rigidly exclusive policy.

The last proviso of all, being conditional and merely in case of default of payment, does not take exactly the same rank as the foregoing ones. Nevertheless, it is of the greatest importance to England, who has to find the money, and at present nothing is absolutely known in detail except that in the event of default China is to place

certain revenues under the control of the Imperial Maritime Customs. This seems to point to the replacing of the *likin* collectorate by the authorities of the foreign customs, but in the absence of further information it is useless to discuss here a question of great complexity, ramifying into many distinct branches.

It appears to me that the Government have purposely made these conditions of the loan extremely, if not absurdly, moderate, in the hope that foreign jealousy may be thereby appeased. The field of desiderata in China is very large, and to realise these must prove a very slow process. Internal communications by means of roads, railways, rivers, and canals require extending, a uniform currency system needs to be established, and provincial taxation must be equalised (these two, as has been pointed out more than once, being indispensable to the creation of a railway system), rivers should be opened to steam transport, the thorny question of the *likin* duties and the perpetual conflict with the transit passes should be systematised, the administration of justice, in cases in which foreigners are parties, requires adjusting on a satisfactory basis, and last, but not least, the mineral amongst other resources of this great empire require development.

The last-mentioned subject is most important. No regular economic survey has, of course, ever been made of China, and for information regarding her minerals, with one exception, mentioned farther on, we are dependent on the chance notes of stray travellers, foremost amongst which may be mentioned the writings of Pumpelly and Von Richthofen. The latter, being a distinguished geologist, was specially qualified for the interesting tour which he made in 1871 and 1872 at the instance of the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce. He reports on Hunan that the whole of the south-eastern part of that province may be called one great coalfield, covering in all some 21,700 square miles. Over large areas of this the coal measures are visible on the surface, and a good proportion of the coal is of an excellent quality. Hunan also produces iron, copper, silver, quicksilver, tin, lead, and gold. As to the latter mineral, Pumpelly's tables give sixty-four localities in fourteen provinces where gold is to be found, and, though some of the 'washings' may be poor, many mines are indisputably rich. Honan is said by Baron von Richthofen to be another province most favoured by nature, being rich in both agricultural and mineral products, lead and iron constituting the latter. The same minerals with the addition of salt are found in Shansi, which in proportion to its area has probably the largest and most easily workable coalfield of any region in the globe, while the manufacture of iron is capable of almost unlimited extent. Its own resources for supplying its population with food and clothing are far from sufficient, and a considerable importation is required.

The above brief particulars, extracted from Baron von Richthofen's

book, will give some idea of the capabilities of the provinces he traversed. Latterly my firm have been supplied with a most valuable series of reports on the mineral resources of Manchuria and the Northern Provinces, where, at the invitation of the Viceroy, Li Hung Chang, a mining engineer of great repute was deputed by them to make an exhaustive examination of such mining districts as might be indicated to him by the Chinese Government. These reports are now in my possession, and go to show the still undeveloped condition of the rich mineral resources of those provinces.

In order, however, that China should be in a position to make the most of this latent wealth, it is essential that she should have an organisation and code of mining regulations such as have been found necessary for the purpose by all modern States. The following extract from a recent Foreign Office report will bear out the force of the above contention :—

‘Legal conception such as right, title, and property do not apply underground. Whoever wants to mine may do so. He makes a tunnel or sinks a shaft at any place which is not occupied already by a mine, and extracts as much anthracite as he can profitably sell from the coal bed.’

The details of such an organisation and code are of too technical a nature for this Review, and here it is sufficient to say that they can easily be adapted to the peculiar conditions of China. Indeed, I have already indicated in the proper quarter the outlines of such a scheme, and I have reason to believe that my suggestions are receiving the most serious consideration by the highest authorities in China. The better and more enlightened Chinese clearly realise that the time is not far distant when the vast mineral resources of their country must be opened up. But in her own interests, as well as in those of other countries, it is important that no territory be conceded to one country to the exclusion of the rest of the world. By clause 7 of the Cassini Convention, Russia has already obtained mining rights, which, while of undoubted value to her, may prove highly prejudicial to China in ultimately dealing to the best reasonable advantage for herself with her mineral resources in the territory to which these concessions refer. It behoves this country now to assist China to utilise the hitherto undeveloped sources of wealth contained in her mines to our mutual benefit; for the manufacture of mining machinery, steam engines, boilers, &c., as is well known, is one of the greatest industries in this country, and it will be long before China is in a position to supply these for herself. The opportunity before China in this direction is one of the grandest imaginable, and such as any other country would eagerly embrace.

A special point to be borne in mind is that the present situation is very critical. As long as China was under no pecuniary obligation to foreign countries there was no pressing need for interior develop-

ment. Even the large loans, the Russo-French 4 per cent. loan of 1895, and the Anglo-German loan of 1896, are secured by the annual revenue of the Imperial Customs, so that had it not been for the untoward results of the war, necessitating further loans for which the Customs Revenue does not offer sufficient margin, China might have been enabled to jog along in the old clumsy fashion for some years to come. What, however, does not seem to be realised is that the urgent necessities imposed by the war indemnity have changed all this, and that now China, in straits for money wherewith to satisfy the unpaid instalments of the indemnity, has been and is being irresistibly driven to the necessity of appealing to foreign nations to find her a loan on the security of the exploitation of her intrinsic resources. This is the minimum security that any country will accept, but it will satisfy Great Britain. The maximum security, such as Russia demands, includes large territorial concessions in the north, the placing of China's armaments under Russian control, and other onerous conditions, which would practically convert her into a protectorate of the Czar. The instinct of self-preservation ought assuredly to make her choose the less ruinous of these alternatives, especially when England is determined that the policy of excluding other nations shall not be put in force. All those interested in the trade of the East must realise, if they consider the above facts, that the throwing open of the Celestial Empire is thus, from the great necessities of the case, very near at hand, and when once the development sets in the process of opening up of the country will be rapid.

It is impossible to pass over one reform which lies actually within our own competence, and which will assuredly conduce greatly to enlarge British commerce with the Middle Kingdom—I mean the appointment of a Special Commissioner or Commercial Agent to take cognisance and charge of all matters relating to trade with China. This recommendation has been so admirably put by the Shanghai Chamber of Commerce that it ought to have carried conviction as a matter of course, but apparently up to the present it has failed to persuade either the right official in the Foreign Office or the Treasury, probably the latter. Similar appointments exist at Paris and other countries, and in China the need for such an officer is really most urgent.

Under the present decentralised system of (Chinese) government, material reform in the finances is not to be looked for, unless we can directly treat with each semi-independent provincial government, and, while the British Minister at Peking is accredited to the Chinese Government, we should have an agent apart who, while subordinate to Her Majesty's Minister at Peking, should be accredited to the provincial governors.

This is how Mr. Brenan summarises the recommendation in his interesting report on the trade of the treaty ports for 1896. The\*

more one reflects on the suggested appointment, the more indispensable does such a step appear. It is true that in some instances the power of the provincial authorities appears to be on the wane. Mr. Grosvenor, for instance, in a recent report says that on the vexed question of the *likin* duties the pressure exercised by Sir Claud MacDonald at Peking has resulted in their complete surrender at Canton, yet on the whole the viceroys are very powerful and even haughty. If appealed to by the Shanghai Chamber the viceroy of the province never condescends to answer directly, but only through the Taotai of Shanghai; while occasionally he has taken the bold ground of pretending that he is independent of the Central Board in the capital. The latter never decide on matters affecting the treaty ports without consulting the viceroy of the province, and, unless the latter has been previously won over to the proposal, the official whose interests are affected invariably opposes it, with the result that the Tsung-li-Yamen, being unwilling to act in opposition, do nothing. A Superintendent of British Trade in China, associated if necessary with a Chinese Commissioner, would thus form a Board of Control to safeguard commercial privileges and all rights secured under the provisions of our treaties, and by forming an intermediary authority between the Central and Provincial Governments in China would enormously facilitate and expedite the course of business between the two as far as Europeans are concerned. •

I cannot refrain from saying that if Great Britain avails herself of the exceptional opportunity she possesses at this critical juncture to insist on the reforms and measures, indicated above, as conditions of the proposed loan, she will have taken a step for which every part of her empire, to say nothing of the wider circle of traders in all parts of the globe, will have reason to be profoundly grateful, both now and in years to come.

C. A. MOREING.

TO THE EDITOR  
OF 'THE NINETEENTH CENTURY'

SIR,—In your August issue you published an article by Mr. Lionel Phillips of Johannesburg, entitled 'From inside Johannesburg: a Narrative of Facts,' which had reference to my article, 'The Jameson Expedition: a Narrative of Facts,' published by you the previous month.

Mr. Phillips in the last paragraph of his article says that, to avoid controversy, he does not compare my report with a "report upon the same subject written by four of the officers who accompanied the expedition."

The only construction that can be put upon this remark is that the report of those four officers controverts my report, and that its production would prejudice me.

I have therefore asked Mr. Phillips to withdraw the imputation, or to publish the document in his possession.

I shall be much obliged if you will, by publishing this letter in your next issue, allow me to state that he has refused to comply with either request.

My absence from England will explain the delay in this communication.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN C. WILLOUGHBY.

LONDON. January 15, 1898.

THE  
NINETEENTH  
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*'ENGLAND AT WAR'*

*A SUPPLEMENT: BY AN OLD YORK*

ON reading Mr. Greenwood's admirable article in the last number of this Review, one can hardly fail to be struck with the resemblance between the situation which he describes and the position in which England was placed in the middle of the eighteenth century. The 'trade war,' as he aptly terms it, is only another form of the struggle between France and Spain and sometimes Holland on the one side, and Great Britain on the other, for that naval supremacy, meaning, of course, colonial and commercial supremacy, which Great Britain seemed on the point of attaining at the expense of the other great Powers. They tried to arrest her progress by force of arms, and got the worst of it. To-day the confederates, as Mr. Greenwood says, are wiser, and will strive to gain their ends by a series of gradual and insidious encroachments, no one of which by itself may seem sufficient to justify war.<sup>1</sup> If, however, these tactics are to be frustrated, we shall in the end either be obliged to fight or look tamely on while our trade and commerce, and with it probably our Empire, are torn from us piecemeal. But we cannot fight a confederacy without allies, and at present we have not got any. This is our predicament. Such, I think, is a fair statement of Mr. Greenwood's case, to which I have nothing to add.<sup>2</sup> My object rather is to follow up the train of thought suggested by the assertion that we cannot fight without allies; for the question has other lessons for us than those with which we are most familiar.

<sup>1</sup> See Postscript.



England cannot fight two or three great Powers by herself. Agreed: but why not? She has done it before, and many people think that she could do it again. Of this I confess I am nearly as doubtful as Mr. Greenwood. But if this inability exists it is not traceable to the altered conditions of warfare alone. No doubt if all the navies of the world could suddenly be turned back again to sailing vessels we should, *cæteris paribus*, have as little to fear from our enemies as we had a hundred years ago. It remains to be seen what will be the effect of steam on the naval supremacy of England in a great European war. It may turn out that the same qualities which ensured our superiority under one set of conditions will equally ensure it under another. But it will hardly be denied that there is room for some anxiety on the subject. And even on the most sanguine estimate, a long and desperate struggle, marked by defeats as well as victories, and calling for indomitable patience and endurance to bring it to a successful issue, would I fear be less hopeful at the present day than it was in the time of our grandfathers. It is not only by money and munitions of war that such conflicts are decided. It may be found when the trial comes that our war power has been quite as much affected by social changes as by physical.

But, besides changes of great significance in the composition of society, there has been a change in popular opinion since the conclusion of the last great war, which, though it need only be glanced at very briefly, cannot be left out of sight altogether in our present enquiry, because the observation of it may teach us to recognise errors confessedly answerable for the predicament in which we now find ourselves, and likely if persisted in to bring home this question of fighting to us in a very disagreeable form.

Whether England should allow herself to be entangled in continental politics is a question of expediency, which may be answered differently at different times. But it is closely connected with a question of principle not equally elastic, on which the English democracy has so long been abandoned to Radical guidance that any change in their convictions is hardly to be expected in time to affect either present emergencies or such as lie in the immediate future. It may be that nothing but bitter experience will teach them what they need to know. For the last eighty years a hatred of the military monarchies of the Continent has been carefully instilled into the minds of the English people by a large party in this country, variously composed of Whigs, Liberals, and Radicals. It has been part of the Radical gospel. The people have been taught that the great states of Europe, representing more or less the principle of absolutism and military power, were to be avoided like pitch, which England could not touch without being defiled. In aid of these assertions came the article of 'oppressed nationalities,' Greece, Italy, Poland, Hungary, and Belgium, for which those Powers were held

responsible. Nothing was too bad to be said of Metternich, Haynau, and the Emperor Nicholas. Mazzini and Kossuth were made popular idols. It was seen, of course, and seen with satisfaction, that if we could not allow other states to pursue their own ideas of Government in their own way, without lavishing all this violent abuse upon them, we could not reckon on their friendship; and thus gradually arose the doctrine of splendid isolation. Sir Robert Peel saw the danger. He saw that the policy which was perhaps justifiable in Mr. Canning was being pushed to unnecessary lengths by the Whig Government. 'I offer you,' he said in 1835, 'the restored confidence of powerful states,' which the Liberals had declared to be 'a positive evil.' But the opportunity was lost, and the old confidence never was renewed. Lord Beaconsfield, himself a warm, even an enthusiastic admirer of Mr. Canning, thought that foreign affairs would have been much better managed if the Duke of Wellington had consented to take the Foreign Office when it was offered him. Lord Palmerston inherited and abused the foreign policy of Mr. Canning. He took up the cry of 'oppressed nationalities,' and fanned the popular passion against the great monarchies. The Radicals, following eagerly this part of his system, called on the democracy to have nothing to do with the accursed thing. The question, he it noted, is not whether in the abstract the Radicals were right or wrong. Our sympathy with 'oppressed nationalities' might be as just as it was generous. Our indignation with their rulers might be a very righteous indignation. Our resolve to accept no help in any case from unclean hands, to have no dealings with them, to refuse to make any bargains or contracts with Powers whose principles we detested, might be a virtuous and high-minded resolution. I am not concerned to deny any one of these assumptions. All I say is that they are not consistent with the material position which England now occupies in the world; not consistent with the means by which she rose herself; not to be acted on with safety by a great Empire surrounded by covetous and jealous rivals.

If we *must* have a great Empire with colonies and commerce in every quarter of the globe, we must use the means for preserving it which experience has shown to be necessary. We must make it the interest of other states to see England powerful and prosperous. We must make it worth their while. Such compacts as these may be stigmatised as vicious, anti-Liberal, and as committing us to acquiescence in much of which we disapprove. But we cannot have everything our own way. Empires can only be kept as they are won, by rather coarse means. Patriotism is only selfishness on a large scale, and must rely upon worldly wisdom more than on spiritual sentiment. If any democracies are too austere or too squeamish to act on it, they must take the consequences. If England chooses to discard all the recognised maxims of statecraft, to stand

upon her own bottom, and, confident in the purity of her own intentions, to defy the world in arms, she may 'die game' with her colours nailed to the mast, an object of admiration even to her enemies and a magnificent subject for the poets and historians of the future. But though such a choice may be heroism it is certainly not statesmanship: and this is all I am concerned with.

I write as a Conservative, or, if the word be thought better, as a Tory. The great outburst of Liberal or Radical sentiment, which both preceded and followed the Reform Bill of 1832, swamped the old principles by which the foreign policy of this country was formerly regulated, and impregnated the great body of the people with prejudices and antipathies which have already done a great deal of harm, and may do a great deal more if the eyes of the country are not opened in time. If we trace 'isolation' to its source we shall find it here in the Liberal preachments on foreign affairs from 1820 downwards. Isolation is not a cut and dried theory of politics adopted by statesmen deliberately and on principle. It is the natural result of the causes I have mentioned, and has been gradually growing up for the last two generations. Is it possible even now to disabuse the popular mind of the idea instilled into it during this interval, and to resume our allegiance to the rule of political sagacity and practical healthy common sense?

But even supposing that it is, we have still that other fact to reckon with which has been already mentioned as much the more serious of the two. Steam and iron, big guns and Radical gush count for something; but there is yet another change behind which counts for still more—the social change which has taken place in England within the memory of middle-aged men. This is of two kinds. It might be thought that in a 'trade war' the classes most interested in trade would be foremost in the fray, and the last to give in while the slightest hope remained of saving their commercial advantages. But when we consider the recklessness with which the numerous and all-powerful class whose livelihood depends on trade see it driven away from this country rather than sacrifice one iota of their own shibboleths, we cannot feel sure of this. Suppose that the weight of taxation rendered necessary by war compelled employers to reduce wages, do we see anything in the conduct of the working classes to encourage us in the belief that they would turn a deaf ear to the demagogue who told them to agitate for peace? It is not any want of patriotism or want of spirit in the working classes which need cause us any anxiety; it is their seemingly incurable short sightedness. They would be told of course that the final loss of their markets would be much worse for them in the end than the temporary reduction of their wages. Let another generation look to that, they would in effect answer. In the second place, we have to consider the natural propensity of the people to grow tired of

war after a very short experience of it: and that they now have the power, which they never had before, of giving effect to their impatience. We may be quite sure that if they desired to do so they would speedily find orators to make the country ring with their demands. Ministers, statesmen, parties, cannot now disregard such demonstrations as they could have done in the days of Pitt. They hold their power by a different tenure.

Those other classes of society who best understand questions of peace and war, and all that England has to lose, who know the necessity for fortitude and perseverance, and are capable of exhibiting these qualities in their own persons, no longer hold that position in the country which they held at the beginning of the century. 'A popular order' then existed in England, 'not questioning the natural right of a superior order to lead it, content within its own sphere, admiring the grandeur and highmindedness of its ruling class, and catching in its own spirit some reflex of what it thus admired.'<sup>2</sup> The English aristocracy then had a free hand, and whatever may be thought of their fitness to govern in ordinary times, there can be no question of their superior capacity for leading the people and directing our policy during the progress of a great war. The 'staying power' of an aristocracy is what we want then. And by the aristocracy I do not mean only the House of Lords or the titled nobility. I mean the whole body of gentlemen, be they titled or untitled, who represent what Lord Beaconsfield used to call our 'territorial constitution.' Now it will hardly be denied that of late years various inroads have been made on that constitution, by which the authority and dignity of the territorial class have been perceptibly impaired, and with it of course the influence which they are capable of exercising in any great national emergency. And here I wish I had space to quote at more length from two speeches delivered by two great men who all their lives were steadily opposed to each other, and differed on almost every conceivable subject with which statesmen can be called upon to deal. Yet they both agreed in their description of the territorial interest. On the 17th of February, 1870, Mr. Gladstone, in his speech on the Irish Land Act, described the position of English landlords in the following terms:—

A position marked by residence, by personal familiarity, and by sympathy with the people among whom they live, by long traditional connection handed on from generation to generation, and marked by a constant discharge of duty in every form that can be suggested—be it as to the administration of justice, be it as to the defence of the country, be it as to the supply of social, or spiritual, or moral, or educational wants; be it for any purpose whatever that is recognised as good or beneficial in a civilised society.

In May 1843 Lord Beaconsfield (Mr. Disraeli as he was then) speaking at Shrewsbury, after adverting to the position and duties of

<sup>2</sup> Matthew Arnold on Democracy.

the landed aristocracy in very similar terms—to their judicial and administrative duties, and to the manners and associations which are naturally formed by such a class—went on to say of it that it was

an immense element of political power and stability: that we should never have been able to undertake the great war in which we embarked, in the memory of many present, that we could never have been able to conquer the greatest military genius the world ever saw, with the greatest means at his disposal, and to hurl him from his throne, if we had not had a territorial aristocracy to give stability to our constitution.

Am I wrong in saying that this ‘immense element of political power and stability’ is no longer what it was during the Napoleonic war, no longer what it was in 1843, no longer quite what it was even in 1870? When it corresponded to the terms in which it was described by Mr. Gladstone it was to all intents and purposes the governing class in every English county. The discharge of all these public duties gave it a dignity in the eyes of the people which cannot fail to have been diminished by the gradual reduction of them. The people felt that the country gentlemen were really leaders and rulers, and respected them in proportion. Their public position in the country has therefore been to some extent lowered, and with it the moral influence which they possessed in virtue of it. In the next place, their private fortunes have of late years been so reduced that they are no longer able to make the most of what is still left to them of their former functions and privileges. They no longer, as a matter of course, represent their counties in Parliament. They are no longer masters on their own estates; and though they have displayed both public spirit and a true sense of their own interests in taking part in the new system of local administration, it can never be to them all that the old one was, or give them the same position in the public eye.

If our next great war is in defence of our trade, our battles at least must be fought in the same spirit which won Waterloo and Trafalgar. We always associate with an aristocracy the idea of fighting qualities; and I believe that its presence and its unconscious influence do much to cherish such qualities. Our aristocracy form a solid and united body rooted in their native soil, and inspired by all the traditions and associations which attach to ancient birth. They have their ancestors to think of as well as themselves, and the honour of England is one of their heirlooms. England is all in all to them. Whatever tends to abate the force of such a body must diminish one source of strength which we have possessed in previous wars. I do not mean that the aristocracy have deteriorated in themselves—far from it. But social and political changes, which could not perhaps have been averted, and were in some respects practical improvements, have deprived them in part of that status in the

country to which they owed so much of their former weight, and which caused them to be regarded by the people as their natural guides and representatives. Whatever advantage the nation in time of war derived from those conditions will now be so much the less, though assuredly not wholly lost. 'Though much is taken, much remains.' But, combining together the change in the position of the aristocracy with the preponderating strength of the working classes, and seeing the ends for which the enormous power of the trades unions is commonly exerted, it is difficult not to feel that English society on the whole is less fitted than it was formerly to bear the strain of a great war, and that for these reasons, if for no other, it is quite true that England cannot fight two great Powers by herself.

I have already disclaimed all intention of deciding on the abstract merits of those Radical theories which, in my humble opinion, have worked so much practical mischief. All I have said is that, 'if we *must* have a great Empire,' these ideas are not conducive to its stability. There are two theories of national life, one that the greatest happiness of the greatest number should be the end and aim of all Governments; the other, that the greatest greatness of the greatest number should fill that place. If we accept the former, it is not by any means certain that Imperial cares and responsibilities are things to be sought after. Mr. Froude somewhere contemplates the possibility of England, after losing all her colonies and commerce, becoming a nation of shepherds and herdsmen, and it is quite possible that such an England might be happier than our own. Those who are in favour of the opposite theory are so because they think that the development of man's faculties, and the elevation of his character, it may be through sufferings and hardships, is the end for which he is placed on earth, and that the exercise of those governing powers which have been bestowed more freely on some races than on others is one of the most proper works in which he can be engaged. On the one side we place the toil and danger of conquest, colonisation, and civilisation; on the other, the quiet enjoyment of an easy life, innocent of culture and undisturbed by emulation, but with sufficient comfort and freedom, and no anxieties beyond the silver streak. England has practically to choose between the two. She would not become exactly the nation of shepherds and herdsmen which Mr. Froude saw in his imagination, but she would subside into a country where the social inequalities of our own time would probably be much lessened, where society would be more of a dead level, and where the thousand-and-one Imperial interests and troubles which now encompass us would be unknown. I can understand the preference for this state of things over the other, though I do not share in it. Greatness is not essential to happiness, nor is happiness always the result of

greatness. Our judgment must be determined by the nature of our belief in the destiny of the human race, and in the purpose for which they are placed in this mysterious world.

T. E. KEBBEL.

P.S.—Since the above was written, the report of French aggression in West Africa has brought the shadow of war nearer to us. The advance into British territory, if not disavowed by the French Government, would have been something more than an insidious encroachment. It would be an open challenge; and if the gauntlet is really thrown down, England has no alternative but to take it up, in which case the views expressed in this article may be put to the test sooner than its author anticipated. For I do not disguise from myself that part of it is applicable, though, of course, with much diminished force, to a conflict with any one great Power, if it only last long enough.

## *THE ARMY AND THE GOVERNMENT'S OPPORTUNITY*

TOWARDS the close of the Session of 1897, the Government allowed it to become known that a certain amount of public support, or even of public pressure, would not be unacceptable to them before entering upon the work of Army Reform, which they had then begun to take under consideration. It cannot be said that in this matter the Government have been disappointed, or that public opinion has failed to furnish them with the impetus which they desired to receive. The whole question of the condition of the Army has been discussed with thoroughness, and from many different points of view. On some points there has been agreement, and on others differences still remain. But as far as the available evidence can be trusted, there is no class and no party which has remained indifferent to the appeal which has been made to it, or which has refused to admit that a change of some kind in the organisation of our Army is necessary and desirable.

Those who are acquainted with the history of popular movements in this country are aware that the existence of a strong public opinion is essential to the success of any Government which is about to undertake any serious project of reform. It is not always easy to create and give expression to this opinion, but when it has been created and expressed, it is of the greatest possible value to the Minister who knows how to make use of it. There are probably few matters upon which it is harder to create and maintain general public interest than those which concern the Army. Popular sentiment has never attached itself to the Army to the same degree and in the same way as to the Navy. The value of the Navy is apparent to all sections of the community, and the services which it has rendered have been of a character very easily understood and appreciated. The Army, represented at home by its least efficient, and least imposing detachments, has suffered somewhat in the popular estimation from the fact that it is, and must always be, a second line of defence only. It has suffered far more from the humiliations which have been imposed upon it by those who were



charged with its administration. No tradition is more deeply rooted in the minds of the poorer classes in all parts of the United Kingdom, than that which represents enlistment as the last step on the downward career of a young man. For years past many influences have been at work to combat this unhappy misconception, and much progress has been made towards the attainment of a healthier and more rational state of opinion, but the old prejudice exists, and has to be taken into account. Lastly, it cannot be disputed that the administration of the Army for nearly a century past has not been of a kind to inspire confidence or to create enthusiasm.

All these circumstances have undoubtedly combined to render the public mind apathetic with regard to Army matters. It has not been easy to excite the interest, or to procure the goodwill, of the public at large. Without, however, desiring to exaggerate the value and effect of such a public controversy as has recently taken place, it may fairly be claimed that at the present moment the public mind is more alert with regard to Army questions than it has been for many years past, that public interest has been aroused, and that, coupled with the conviction that energetic reform is required, there is a general disposition to accede to any well-judged proposals which may be made in the interests of efficiency. Under these circumstances, it is not strange that those who are most anxious to see the Army strengthened and made efficient should desire to see the fullest use made of the favourable opportunity which has presented itself, or rather which has been created, by the expenditure of a considerable amount of effort. It is not easy in a matter of this kind to 'get up steam' twice. Unluckily, no one knows this better than the Anti-Reform party at the War Office. If once they can tide over the present Session, if by conceding a very little they can divert attack from the venerable institutions, the inefficiency of which they have so long and so fully demonstrated, and the continuance of which they so ardently desire, they will have gained their point, and they know it. Another ten or twenty years may go by before a War Minister has such a chance as that which is now offered to Lord Lansdowne. To possess at the same time the goodwill of both parties, the acquiescence of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, an intelligent appreciation on the part of the public of the danger to be guarded against, to have a sympathetic House of Commons and a corps of officers grateful for the slightest concession to their views, is a combination so fortunate that no Minister has a right to reckon upon its early recurrence. It is not too much to say that in the present Session of Parliament the fate of the British Army for twenty years to come will be settled. What is left undone this year will not be accomplished next year or the year after. In one contingency alone, a contingency not pleasant to contemplate, the

work to be done this Session may, if left imperfect, be rapidly supplemented. We have unluckily little guarantee that the next twenty years will be years of profound peace or prolonged good fortune for this country. The signs of the times are numerous, the omens are not propitious, and everywhere the hand of the political weather-glass seems to point to 'Stormy.' It may be that the sharp lesson of defeat will once more draw public attention to the condition of the Army and the performances of the War Office. But the cost of such a rough lesson may be incalculable; and to many who have taken pains to acquaint themselves with the condition of the Army under our present régime, it will seem nothing short of a calamity if the Secretary of State for War, with the unrivalled opportunity which he possesses, is content to let the year pass without having done anything more than tinker and patch after the fashion of so many of his less fortunate predecessors.

#### THE POLICY OF 'THOROUGH' v. THE POLICY OF TINKERING

There are some members of the House of Commons, and some members of the general public, who on general grounds are opposed to everything like sweeping reforms or changes on a large scale. Following what they no doubt honestly believe to be the counsels of prudence, they say, 'Whatever you do, do not ask too much. Much may be needed, but to obtain anything you must ask for a little only. Step by step, compromise here, the abandonment of a reasonable demand there, the postponement of an entire series of obvious and pressing reforms, such are the methods which constitute a truly wise and diplomatic procedure.' Those who argue thus are entitled to all the credit which is due to sincerity, but they are not entitled to be regarded as competent students of political problems, or as trustworthy guides in a question such as that now before us. What is the obvious, certain, uncontested lesson taught by the events of the last twenty years, writ large upon the face of the Statute Book, forced home to the knowledge of everyone who hopes to see a reform accomplished and an end achieved? It is this. Avoid small reforms as you would the plague; if you have a good case, state it in full; abate nothing: go straight to the public, show them what is wanted, convince them of the need, and they will give you what the situation requires, or, rather, they will compel their servants in the Cabinet to give it.

For years and years protests had been made with regard to the insufficiency of the Navy; the organisation of the dockyards had been criticised; doubts had been thrown upon the value of our artillery. Many good men had broken their hearts over little reforms and points which, though important in themselves, were matters of

detail only. At last, by a happy conjunction of causes, those who wished well to the Navy were led to change their method of attack. They were no longer content to say that a particular ship was too long on the stocks; that a particular form of rifling or loading our guns was unsatisfactory; that the Squadron on a particular station was a ship or two short. They simply blurted out the whole truth—they said :—

The Navy is utterly insufficient for the work it has to do; the number of ships must be doubled; the number of men must be doubled; the entire organisation of the dockyards needs to be changed; our whole system of artillery is wrong from top to bottom, not only are we weak on one or two stations, we are weak on every foreign station, and at home also. The speeches in which successive First Lords have told Parliament that everything was going well, and that nothing more was required, have all been untrue, they are entitled to no credit, they are not worthy of a moment's consideration, and they must be absolutely disregarded if the safety of the country is to be assured.

What was the result of this sweeping kind of criticism? Did it fail because too much was asked for? At first, of course, there was an outcry from the Laodicean gentlemen, who said then, as they say now, 'Do not speak so loud; do not tell the whole truth. Ask for more buttons on a boatswain's coat this year, try and wheedle another ship out of the Admiralty next year, and then perhaps some other year Ministers will very kindly think about the question of guns or give favourable attention to the matter of the dockyards.' Luckily the Laodicean gentlemen bleated in vain. There were men in Parliament who had the courage of their opinions; the country took its own view of the situation, and reluctant Ministers found themselves compelled to do that which, six months before, they had refused to do and which they had declared to be absolutely futile and unnecessary.

It is scarcely necessary to ask whether the policy of 'thorough' or the policy of tinkering succeeded best. In the last fifteen years those who have followed, as the present writer has followed, the fortunes of the Navy, have seen an absolute transformation both of body and spirit. The number of effective ships has been doubled, so has the number of men. The dockyards have been reformed from top to bottom, and the whole system which had so long been defended has been swept out of existence, to the enormous advantage of the nation. Our artillery, which, like many other good things of that kind, we owed to the War Office, has been condemned as being fifteen years behind that of any other Power, and has been replaced by an ample provision of modern and effective guns. At home and abroad our squadrons are efficient and respected. The Admiralty, refreshed almost every year by new blood, manned by officers fresh from service with the fleet and possessing the confidence of those under their authority, is trusted by the people of

the United Kingdom as few public departments have ever been trusted. And yet, with all these facts staring us in the face, there are those who would have us believe that both prudence and precedent combine to condemn thorough reform and large measures.

Enough has been said to show that the question of Army Reform may with advantage be discussed on its merits, and that, if it appear on examination that large changes are necessary, there is no valid reason why these changes should not be made. And in this connection one other point remains to be noticed. It is the practice to speak of our existing Army organisation as of something venerable from age and consecrated by long usage. As a matter of fact it is nothing of the kind. It is a revolutionary system which was introduced less than thirty years ago, and which has been modified, departed from, and added to in many directions during its brief period of existence. Of the principal officers who now defend it, scarcely one has ever served in a battalion organised in accordance with the system. The whole thing has been an experiment, and it is an experiment which, by universal admission, has largely failed. The argument therefore which is sometimes put forward, to the effect that any interference with the existing arrangements is a disturbance of the fundamental principles of the British Army, is an absurdity.

#### THE WAR OFFICE, ITS PROMISES AND ITS PERFORMANCES

With this preface, we may now pass on to consider what are the concessions which have been made by the Secretary of State for War, and what are the points upon which he is still forbidden by his advisers to make any change for the better. That the public and the Army are greatly indebted to Lord Lansdowne for the promises he has given, is beyond question. But the circumstance that a feeling of gratitude is entertained and has found frequent expression is in itself a singular commentary upon the War Office régime. Lord Lansdowne has undertaken to pay the soldier what for years has been promised him in the Queen's name, but which he has notoriously never received. He has promised to abandon the plan of transforming good and willing soldiers into paupers by turning them out of the Army and refusing them re-admission, save on payment of an impossible fine. Having at length learnt that the official term of service was so oppressive and so detrimental to the interests of the men that a sufficient quantity of recruits could not be obtained for the service of the country, he is going to vary the terms of service so as to give the soldier a fair chance of making a career for himself. He is going to give a larger amount of Government employment than hitherto to discharged soldiers of good character. The last fad in the way of Artillery organisation, having

produced an absolute breakdown in that branch of the service, he is about to abandon that fad.

It is well to be thankful for small mercies, and it is right to be grateful even for such concessions as these. At the same time it is fair, and indeed salutary, to remember that every one of these very obvious concessions to common-sensé and common honesty may be regarded as a sort of heroic reversal of the fixed policy of the War Office. Every one of these commonplace and obvious changes has been urged upon the War Office year after year, by soldiers and by civilians, in Parliament and out of it, and year after year those who made the suggestions have been handsomely snubbed for their pains. It may perhaps occur to some of my readers that a lesson may be drawn from the history of these rather paltry reforms. Other reforms will undoubtedly be advocated by soldiers and by civilians, in Parliament and out of it, and in conformity with the precedent, those who suggest them will be told to mind their own business, while the whole authority of the War Office and the Cabinet will be invoked in order to convince the public that the proposals are ridiculous, and that their authors are unworthy of attention. Perhaps, with the experience of the past as a guide, the public may now be more disposed than heretofore to judge of proposals on their merits, rather than to accept the verdict of Authority as conclusive. Statements made in 1895 were officially described as 'cock and bull stories, picked up by young civilians from the latest joined subalterns.' Precisely the same statements are made by the same civilians, on the same authority, in 1898, but they have now become the basis of the demand which the Secretary of State for War himself is about to submit, and are universally recognised as commonplace recitals of well-known truths.

With such qualification as has been alluded to, it is possible to hail with satisfaction the promises made by the Secretary of State for War at Edinburgh. Other proposals, however, are to be added, and these are perhaps even more important. At last, after ten years of Parliamentary prevarication, the obvious, patent fact that our supply of artillery is grossly deficient, has been admitted. Some of us may perhaps be inclined to suggest that an admission of the fact that it is midday at twelve o'clock is not in itself a very important one, but in this case we are in the position of the officers and crew of a man-of-war: the Navigating Officer reports the result of his observation to the Captain, 'Twelve o'clock, sir.' 'Very good, twelve o'clock, *then make it so*,' replies that splendid autocrat the Post Captain. It is not the least use for the Army of the country to know perfectly well that it is twelve o'clock, unless Lord Lansdowne is good enough to say, 'Then make it so.' Fifteen new batteries of artillery are to be created, and the guns are to be ordered at once.

For this relief, much thanks.' It is a tardy admission that we are,

at the very lowest computation, 90 guns short. Of course, as a matter of fact, the deficiency is very much greater, for when, if ever, the new batteries have been raised, we shall still have an immense force of Militia and Volunteer Infantry wholly unprovided with mobile artillery. Once more it is worth calling attention to the fact that for ten years past the inadequacy of our artillery has been urged upon the War Office. That, so far from having taken any steps in the direction of amendment, the War Office has actually decreased the number of effective guns, and that its sole concession to the perpetual complaints in Parliament was a statement with regard to the Field Batteries which was calculated to deceive, which did deceive, and which has been recently described to me by an officer, who perhaps is better qualified to have a correct opinion in the matter than any other in the Army, as being 'an utterly indefensible fraud.'

In addition to the artillery which is urgently needed, we are to have a number of new battalions, making probably nine in all. That there is need for a reinforcement of our Infantry it is not necessary to deny. But there is very grave reason to doubt whether a reinforcement of this crude kind is either necessary or desirable. It is not worth while here to go into detailed figures; before long the official figures must be laid before Parliament. But apart from details, there are two points which are no longer matters of dispute. It has long been notorious, and is now officially admitted, that many thousands of our Infantry soldiers are unfit to take the field. A still more sinister admission has been made by the Secretary of State for War, who has informed us that, as a result of the latest piece of make-believe at the War Office, there are actually hundreds of soldiers in our Mediterranean garrisons who are sham soldiers only.

It is also admitted, that of the 9,000 new troops voted by Parliament in 1897, only a very small number has yet been obtained, and those who have followed the performances of the War Office during the last few months are aware that every sort of expedient has been resorted to, in order, by hook or by crook, to induce men to enter the ranks, to keep them in the ranks, or to get them back to the ranks. Under these circumstances it is the opinion of many officers, and certainly of some civilians, that the House of Commons will be well advised if it insists upon the completion of the units already voted, and upon the restoration to thorough efficiency of those already existing, as a condition precedent to the creation of any new Infantry battalions. On this point it would appear that officers outside the War Office are in almost absolute agreement, and it is to be hoped that it will not escape attention during the forthcoming debates in Parliament. It is not suggested that the whole list of reforms contemplated by the Secretary of State has been exhausted, and until an official announcement be made it would be

unreasonable to suggest that the list is complete, or to doubt that other excellent measures may be in store. Lord Lansdowne has made such a great step in advance, that it would be ungracious and unwise to doubt that he will complete the scheme which has evidently commended itself to him, with all the subsidiary improvements which his judgment may suggest to him.

#### WHERE THE WAR OFFICE MUST BE OPPOSED

At the same time, it is now certain that there are some points, and those of the very first magnitude, on which Lord Lansdowne has followed or has shared the views which some of his principal advisers are well known to entertain. As in the opinion of very many officers the points referred to are not subsidiary, but primary and essential, it is worth while to bestow some attention upon them.

The Commander-in-Chief has expressed his opinion with regard to the efficiency and organisation of the Army on many occasions. It is not unfair to say that there has been an apparent inconsistency between some of the views which he has thought it his duty to express, and this circumstance has made it impossible for some of those who have the greatest admiration for his services and character to accept his opinion as a safe guide. To agree with him in one mood would involve a difference when he spoke on the same subject in another mood. It is fortunate, however, when those who desire to see satisfactory reform of our Army can claim the Commander-in-Chief as an undoubted ally. *'The very moment that the basis of equality of units at home and abroad is permanently broken down, the whole system is thrown out of gear, and it becomes impossible to maintain the system of organisation which was created and based on that principle.'* Such are Lord Wolseley's words, and there could not possibly be a truer or more significant statement. The present system of Infantry organisation depends, and has always depended, for its success upon the absolute equality between the number of units at home and abroad. It is, however, a matter not of opinion but of fact that there never has been any equality of units at home and abroad, nor does it take a very acute prophet to foretell that the equilibrium which has never existed in the past is never likely to be established in the future. On the contrary, it is as plain as anything can be that the growing demands of the Empire must year by year increase the number of troops abroad and still further upset the balance upon the maintenance of which our Army system depends. That the balance has been upset has been obvious for years: the fact is now officially admitted and a remedy for the admitted evil is proposed.

It is at this point that, in the opinion of many, the new War Office scheme ought to be strongly opposed. It is understood to be

the intention of the War Office to set matters straight by raising a sufficient number of new battalions to partially redress the inequality between units at home and abroad. There are many reasons why the raising of new battalions at the present time may be regarded as inexpedient and undesirable. But for the present it is sufficient to point out that, even supposing the whole of the new battalions be raised—a very extreme supposition—the real evil will not have been dealt with at all; the measure will at best be a palliative and not a remedy. Long before the nine new battalions have been raised some new dislocation in the distribution of our forces will have taken place. The present distribution being entirely unsystematic, the result rather of chance and accident than of any reasonable military method, cannot even be taken as a basis for the future; it shifts and changes from day to day. No one at the War Office can pretend to say what distribution of our forces may be necessary in three years' time; but the man who would venture to assert that they will be equally distributed between home and foreign stations, and that such a distribution will be permanent, would not be worthy of a moment's attention, for he would be asserting that which he could not possibly know, and which experience and probability combine to condemn as almost certainly false.

It seems reasonable, therefore, to say that in so far as the War Office propose to make the organisation of the Army dependent upon the equality of units abroad and at home, they are on the wrong track and ought to be resisted.

#### THE EQUALISATION OF UNITS

It has never been contended that the equality of units abroad and at home conforms to any rational distribution of our forces. It is nowhere on record that the military authorities, after having discussed the military needs of India and of our various colonies and garrisons, have arrived at the conclusion that the number of units required for their defence was precisely the same as the number which are required on military grounds in the United Kingdom. The dismal plan of cutting our coat according to our cloth, instead of buying enough cloth to make the coat we actually want, has been resorted to in this as in so many other cases. Indeed, in this instance the motive which has decided the distribution of our forces was, if possible, a trifle more absurd than the usual happy-go-lucky plan of asking the Exchequer how much money it will give, and then squaring the military needs of the country to fit the parsimony or ignorance of the Treasury clerks. In the present instance there is no doubt that the distribution of our forces has been made in order to allow of the carrying out of a particularly wasteful and demoralising plan, which, having once received the sanction of a certain number of War Office



officials, has been jealously guarded by the *amour propre* of their successors, who have apparently considered that their own reputations are bound up in the maintenance of the dangerous and unpractical patent with which they have chosen to associate themselves, and whose qualities they have guaranteed.

It is clear that the War Office intend to perpetuate the plan of making one battalion the depot for another. That efforts will be made to diminish the evil is highly probable; that various compromises will be resorted to to abate the scandal which at present exists is certain; but that there will be a frank admission of the inherent vice of the system there is, unfortunately, no reason to believe, and yet we believe that it may be proved absolutely to demonstration that the system is radically unsound, opposed to common-sense, contrary to the practice of all other military organisations, and productive of nothing but mischief in our own. But before proceeding to judge the question on its merits, it is necessary to say a word of caution, and to put the public on their guard against a misconception which has not unnaturally arisen, and which has been cleverly fostered by those who desire to preserve the system at all costs and by any means.

#### LINKED BATTALIONS AND BATTALION DEPOTS: A DISTINCTION AND A DIFFERENCE

By a not unnatural confusion, the general public have come to believe that linked battalions and the use of one battalion as the depot for another are things identical. There could not be a greater mistake. The linking of battalions is in itself a comparatively harmless amusement in which the authors of the existing system have thought fit to indulge, and which, while it has many patent disadvantages and involves many still more patent absurdities, does accidentally prove convenient in a single particular. There is not the least reason why five-sixths of the linked battalions should be linked at all; there never was any connection between them before they were linked, and now the mere fact that they are linked prevents their ever meeting either in peace or war. There are, on the other hand, a few battalions which were intimately associated with one another before the new nicknames were devised. The public were led to believe that the linking process would render the bonds between the two battalions closer and more indissoluble than before. As a matter of fact, it has had a precisely contrary effect, and regiments which fought side by side through the whole of the Peninsular war and on hardly contested fields in many other parts of the world have been condemned by an ironical destiny to live apart for the rest of their natural lives.

But grotesque and useless as the linking process in many respects

is, it has, as has been stated, one advantage. The plan is undoubtedly convenient as affording a means by which officers serving at home and in India can effect a mutual exchange without losing seniority in their regiment. Under the purchase system this result was arrived at in another way, and there is not the slightest reason why a less roundabout and elaborate method of carrying out these interchanges should not be provided under the present system. Meanwhile it is unwise to exaggerate, and in this one particular the linking of battalions has been made to serve a useful purpose, and it is for this very obvious reason that officers who detest the drafting of men from one battalion to another may be heard to defend the linked battalions, which they justly say are merely associated with the practice of drafting and are not the prime causes of the mischief.

But while there is something to be said in extenuation of the linked battalions, there is absolutely nothing to be said, save by way of condemnation, of the principal use to which the linked battalions are put. Civilians are sometimes, not unnaturally, prone to turn away from the discussion of matters affecting army organisation on the ground of their technical character. But in regard to the matter now under examination, no such reluctance is justifiable. The matter is one which appeals to common-sense and common knowledge, and which is in no way concerned with technicalities. The point is simply this. Under our present organisation the soldier is transferred from one corps to another, always twice, frequently three or four times. In a colour service of seven years, or less, this process must obviously be undesirable and demoralising. It would be undesirable and demoralising in any army; in a voluntary army like our own, which has practically no organisation in peace time save the regimental organisation, and in which regimental *esprit de corps* is the most vivifying influence, the practice is absolutely without justification.

#### A SOLDIER'S CAREER

The career of the soldier may be described in a few lines. Here is a typical case. A recruit enlists in the Militia at the depot of his own district; he has no particular desire to remain in that particular battalion, which has already had its name and title taken away from it, and which is treated by the War Office as a sort of backyard to the Army, where rubbish may be collected and any thing of value sorted out. The whole efforts of the staff of the depot are directed to forcing the recruit out of the Militia into the Line. In a few weeks, therefore, he gives notice that he wishes to join a Line battalion. He has now had some three or four weeks' experience as a Militia recruit in, let us say, a Surrey depot, to which the Line recruits, in pursuance of our splendid territorial idea, are sent down

weekly from St. George's Barracks, Trafalgar Square. Again, in pursuance of the territorial craze, he is sent off to the depot of his Line regiment, say the Warwickshire. The Warwickshire, being a territorial regiment, is of course quartered out of Warwickshire, and inasmuch as Birmingham, its principal source of supply, has been closed to it, in order to secure recruits for a Highland battalion, it is glad enough to take what it can get. But before reaching the Warwickshire, the recruit takes a flight to another of the little depots on which the British public wastes its money, and arrives at Warwick. For something over two months he goes through the elementary stages of drill under a set of instructors whom he will never see again. Towards the end of his third month he departs to the home battalion. Here he immediately begins the whole course over again under another set of officers, and with this battalion he will remain for a period which may vary from nine to eighteen months, according to the age which he has chosen to invent for himself. He will then make a third fitting, and will find his way out to India, where he will join the foreign battalion. As in the home battalion he had to forget half what he learnt at the depot in order to pick up the peculiarities of the home battalion, so he will now have to occupy himself in forgetting what he learnt in the home battalion in order to acquire the special fancies of the foreign battalion. For, though according to War Office make-believe the two battalions are one and indivisible, every officer and man in them knows perfectly well that they are nothing of the kind, but are in many cases very sharply divided from one another. At the end of two years' service with his new officers the soldier will probably be informed that the home battalion is coming out, in which case he will make a fourth change. In company with some three or four hundred of his companions, he will be left behind to be eventually picked up by the outcoming battalion, while the remains of that in which he has been serving will return to England. He will just have had enough time to shake down with the newly arrived battalion, a few of whom he may remember, when he will receive orders to take passage with a draft as a time-expired man. On arriving in England he will then either go to Fort Brockhurst and be discharged into the Reserve, or he will be sent once more for a brief period to the depot, where he will waste his time in company with a small number of other old soldiers.<sup>1</sup> And thus throughout the whole of his career the War Office will have taken care that the regimental feeling, the spirit of devotion, so ready to grow in the British soldier's heart, shall be cut down at regular intervals as soon as it dares to show its head, and that the maximum of irritation and disappoint-

<sup>1</sup> I must apologise to the two regiments named. I have selected two names merely for the purpose of my illustrations, and do not suggest that either regiment is at this moment in the precise condition described.

ment shall be created in the minds of officers and non-commissioned officers, coupled with the maximum of inefficiency on the part of the soldiers.

### THE DEPOT SYSTEM, 'PRO' AND 'CON'

It is not necessary to be a soldier, or to have any technical knowledge whatever, to be able to understand that this plan of perpetually changing men from regiment to regiment is mischievous in its effects and unpopular with both officers and men. Every civilian knows the value of *esprit de corps*, whether it be in a football team or a boat's crew, a university, a public school, or a trade union. It is a unifying force, a power not to be expressed in exact terms, but which no man is foolish enough to ignore. *Esprit de corps* is a plant which, save perhaps in a public school, can be planted in no soil more congenial than a British regiment. Its power for good in a regiment is enormous; its value both in peace and war is inestimable. It is against *esprit de corps* that the War Office has been waging a steady and relentless campaign during the last twenty-seven years. It has found no more effective weapon than the perpetual transfer of men from one corps to another; of no weapon has it more frequently availed itself, and with none will it part more reluctantly. It is beyond even the assurance of the War Office to defend the pernicious system of drafting which is the essence of the double battalion system, or its developments. To say that the British soldier is really all the better for being handied about from pillar to post, and that regimental efficiency is increased by keeping officers and men waltzing round the world in a sort of perpetual motion, would be too strong even for Pall Mall. The plan has therefore to be defended in some more plausible fashion. As will appear, however, it is possible to be more plausible without being one whit more reasonable.

The system of making one battalion the depot for another is defended on other grounds. In the first place, the public is invited to believe that the institution is one inseparable from the organisation of the British Army, venerable by its traditions and respectable by reason of its antiquity. In the second place, it is alleged that whatever the demerits of the system, it holds the field, that no other system exists, and that none can be conceived which will enable the British Army to live.

Both contentions are palpably, demonstrably, and in every particular untrue. The plan is not an ancient one. On the contrary, it was introduced exactly twenty-seven years ago, and its introduction involved the rooting up of sentiments and traditions of inestimable value to the Army, many of which were consecrated by a history of a hundred years, and some of which were much older. The plan, as conceived by its authors, died stillborn; the makeshift which took its place, and which we are now asked to admire and perpetuate, has

never worked without adventitious aid and violent methods from the day when it was first inflicted upon the Service down to the present moment, when its abject failure stands confessed. In the Infantry its existence has been prolonged by such illegitimate and demoralising expedients as drafting and volunteering. In the Artillery the plan has been tried, has miserably failed, and is now to be abandoned. In the Cavalry it has just been introduced, and so intolerable are its effects, so absurd is its operation, that its abandonment is merely a question of months.

As to the system itself, it is inherently absurd. The function of a depot is to train recruits, and to serve as a point of concentration for men and stores. The function of a battalion is to fight, and it is efficient precisely in proportion to its power to fight, and immediately, and as an organised unit.

Our present system gives us the regimental depot, which is a mere fifth wheel in the coach, which is enormously expensive and rather more than useless; it gives us also the home battalion, which is a body without the appliances and organisation of a well-equipped depot, and yet serving no other purpose than that of a sort of receiving house for young soldiers who are in it, but not of it, who neither give it their best nor receive from it the best which it can bestow.

And if the system be absurd in its operation, it is equally absurd in its conception. It is with perfect truth that the present Commander-in-Chief pointed out that the moment the basis of equality of units at home and abroad breaks down, the whole system is thrown out of gear.

The fact stated is obvious, it cannot gain from authority, it is axiomatic. Our whole system of Infantry organisation depends upon the equality between the number of units at home and abroad. We may establish that equality as often as we please, and as certainly as we do so will the ever-changing circumstances of our Empire destroy it. The thing is not probable, it is certain, and in presence of this absolute certainty the War Office is now asking Parliament to create the equilibrium once more, when every man knows that in a twelvemonth the equilibrium will be upset and the whole trouble will have begun again. Sisyphus was a well-employed practical man compared with our military authorities.

But, says the War Office, the plan holds the field; none other is possible. This is a mere delusion which would not deceive the public for a day were it not accompanied by an attendant series of stock fallacies which are with great regularity introduced to support the central fallacy. Of course the obvious common-sense method of supplying men is through properly organised depots, of sufficient size to permit of the recruits being trained in successive squads or companies, each squad containing men in the same stage of progress.

The plan is working with extraordinary success and economy in the Royal Marines and in many other branches of the Navy. It works well in the Guards. In a modified form it worked well in the Artillery, has been abolished, and is now about to be reinstated. It worked after a fashion in connection with the Cavalry for India, but its efficiency was impaired by bad organisation and by the fact that a totally inadequate number of horses was allotted for training purposes.

Unhappily for the country the War Office has never condescended to learn anything from the Navy; and at no price will it adopt the depot system, and to justify its dogged refusal it has lately, through its many champions, anonymous and otherwise, been giving its reasons. 'In the first place,' so runs the official defence, 'a depot is very expensive. In the second place, it is demoralising to officers and men.' Neither of these objections is tenable. Many years ago the War Office, among its manifold experiments, created a number of depots under the name of Four-Company or Depot Battalions. These depots possessed every vice which such an organisation could with proper care be made to develop. They were costly, the class of officers sent to them was undesirable, and consisted largely of those who were not wanted with their regiments. The battalions were too small to be efficient; they deserved to be abolished, and were abolished. No one proposes to revive them, and arguments based upon their history are meaningless. To maintain that the recruits who pass through a depot are, or need be, inferior to battalion-trained recruits is foolish in view of the perfectly well known fact that the Royal Marines and Guards are the best Infantry soldiers we have. There are, however, other arguments which are used to discredit the depot system, and which are sufficiently plausible to be worth examining. These arguments are put forward by those who are pledged to oppose the system, and are good examples of the ease with which a mind determined to produce a failure can demonstrate that failure is inevitable.

### HOW TO WORK THE DEPOT SYSTEM

It is said that large depots are impossible because they will involve enormous expense, and will interfere with the territorial system. A man, we are told, enlists at eighteen; he cannot go to India till he is twenty. He must therefore be kept at the depot till he be twenty, which is absurd, or he must be sent to a battalion *ad interim*, which is the situation the remedy was created to avoid. Moreover, so we are told, the soldier who now carries out the territorial idea by enlisting at his regimental depot will, under the proposed system, lose his territorial individuality. Both arguments, as may be easily shown, are quite fallacious.

The course for recruits at Walmer is eight months. If the recruits who enlist in a single year at the age of nineteen and upwards be sent to a depot for eight months and then despatched to India, 95 per cent. of the men will be twenty when they get there. According to the last return there were sufficient men in this category to furnish the whole of the Indian drafts with the exception of about 1,000 men. The success of any one of the various plans suggested by Lord Lansdowne, for bettering the condition of the soldier, and inducing men to extend their service, will far more than absorb this refractory remnant. It will be easily possible under the new conditions to furnish the whole of the Indian drafts from the depots without infringing the twenty years rule. The men will go straight from the depots to their battalions abroad, and will remain with them until they are discharged into the Reserve, so that the difficulty vanishes when once it is fairly faced.

But, it is asked, how is the case of a home battalion under orders for India to be dealt with? The last joined recruits from the depot will be under twenty; they must therefore be left behind; and how can they be disposed of, save by attaching them to some other battalion? Again the objection vanishes into thin air before one breath of common-sense and goodwill. Let us take a case. A battalion returns home from India 600 strong; each year it receives 200 men from the depot and loses by natural waste, say, 100 men. In five years it is 1,100 strong and has 100 men supernumerary. In the sixth year it receives no men from the depot, and consequently falls back to 1,000 men, its full Indian strength, all soldiers of full age. The War Office would thus have upon its hands for the first time that great desideratum, namely, seven or eight battalions at home, always ready for despatch at a moment's notice without calling out the Reserve.

Lastly, it is said that the depot system interferes with territorial recruiting. It does nothing of the kind. Imagine a depot at Chichester for eight South Coast regiments. A recruit at the end of his six or eight months' training at the depot will, if he has done well, be given the choice of three battalions in the group, to be named by him in his order of preference. He elects for the 35th, and is told it is full; he then names the 107th; that is full also. His third selection is the 37th, and to this he is accordingly sent. This is precisely what takes place now. At this very moment there are several districts which are 'closed' for recruiting purposes to the territorial regiments. If a battalion, like a public school, be full, the recruit, like the schoolboy, has to go where there is a vacancy. The recruit will no more lose his individuality by passing through a depot than does a West-country Marine who is trained at Walmer and returns to serve in the Plymouth division. In a word, the depot system stands condemned, not by facts, common-sense, experience or

probability, but solely by false analogies and misleading precedents adduced by men who do not desire that it should be tried and succeed.

### THE CAVALRY 'TRICK'

On one other point the War Office still remains recalcitrant. Not satisfied with reducing the Infantry battalions to a state of hopeless inefficiency, disheartening the officers and disgusting the men, the authorities thought it necessary to try their hand upon the demoralisation of the Cavalry. The Cavalry hitherto has had no difficulty in getting recruits because of the marked individuality of the regiments, their special uniforms, their special traditions, and the prestige which they possessed. In 1893, however, the War Office struck its first blow at the efficiency of the Cavalry. In Section 83 of the Army Act of 1881 it is enacted that

soldiers of the regular forces, whether enlisted for general service or not, when once appointed to a corps, shall serve in that corps for the period of his Army service, or during the period of such re-engagement as is in the Act mentioned, unless within three months after the date of his attestation he is transferred to any corps of the regular force of the same arm or rank of the Service by order of the competent military authority.

This section has always meant, and has always been understood to mean, that no man can be transferred from one regiment to another against his will. That such was the accepted meaning of the Act is proved by the definition which declares that a 'corps' means *any such military body, whether known as a territorial regiment or by any different name, as may be from time to time declared by Royal Warrant to be a corps for the purposes of this Act*. Acting on the letter but not in the spirit of this permission, the War Office has actually had the effrontery to take three groups, each of them containing seven or eight perfectly independent Cavalry regiments, to lump them together, and to call each group 'a corps.' They are not military bodies, they have no organisation as such, and never had; they are not territorial regiments, nor do they in the slightest degree resemble territorial regiments. The whole contrivance is a mere trick to enable the officials to shift men against their will from the regiment to which they are attached, to which their loyalty and devotion are due and are justly given, and from the comrades with whom they are proud to serve, to another regiment to which they owe neither duty nor affection. It is hard to conceive a more unjustifiable use of the prerogative, a more unfair wresting of the plain meaning of an enactment, than that just referred to. Sanctioned some years ago, the new plan, by reason of the abolition of the Cavalry depot at Canterbury, has now come into active operation. Adopted, as Mr. Brodrick has been forced to admit, without any consultation with the officers commanding the Cavalry regiments; adopted, as every soldier knows, in



direct defiance of their views, the plan is, as might have been anticipated, causing infinite irritation, is interfering with the recruiting of the Cavalry regiments, and is keeping out, or driving out, the very men whom, in the interests of the Army, it is desirable to attract or to retain.

#### THE ORGANISATION OF THE WAR OFFICE

Lastly, the War Office, as might have been anticipated, is absolutely incorrigible in the matter of a reform of its own constitution. That such a reform is required, scarcely any sane person outside the War Office can be found to deny. Costly, inefficient, neither deserving nor receiving the confidence of the Army or the country, the War Office proceeds doggedly on its way, trusting only to one protection—that of darkness. During the present Session the procedure of Parliament will make it practically impossible to have any effective discussion upon Army questions. A discussion on vote A tends to become academic only, for to vote 'No' means to abolish the Army. A man like Lord Cromer at the head of the department might make it efficient. A blast of public indignation may some day clear it out, but these are happy accidents hardly to be hoped for. Meanwhile, there is one definite point upon which the public and Parliament may insist, not without advantage. The contention that the principal officers of the department should have some regimental experience as commanding officers is a reasonable one. In no army save our own, and in no branch of our Army save that at home, would it be possible that so many officers should rise to the highest rank without having had any regimental experience, save perhaps as a captain, and even that experience gained under conditions totally dissimilar to those which now exist.

That the War Office is conscious of the absurdity of the position and feels the sting of the charge is apparent from the shifts to which it has been put to stop inquiry and avert criticism. The extraordinarily inept defence raised by General Bulwer, a War Office *pur sang*, bears evidence to the fact. It is absolutely true that 'the men who hold the British Army in their hand,' who have made, and who are now the only maintainers of, the existing system, have never had one day's experience in command of a battalion. To reply that a number of subordinates, who have had nothing whatever to do with the framing of the system, some of whom cordially detest it, and none of whom have the least power to alter it, have had regimental experience is mere trifling. And the want of such experience is not a mere fancy defect. It is the want of sympathy with the feelings, ambitions, and hopes of officers and men that is at the root of the present trouble. Regimental officers, non-commissioned officers and men are not banded together in one great conspiracy of disaffection; they simply think and speak as they are

led to think and speak by the experience of their daily life, and it is as certain as anything in this world can be that, take the Army anywhere, at home or abroad, any branch, in any rank, and with the exception of a few staff officers, there is but one sentiment entertained towards the present administration of the War Office, and that is a sentiment of profound distrust and dislike. It is impossible for any one who has moved much among soldiers, and who is aware of the perpetual vexation, the pointless indignities, to which commanding officers and those under them are exposed at the hands of the War Office, to wonder at or to blame those who actually feel the neglect and the wrong, for the sentiments which they entertain.

### THE PRESENT SITUATION

Enough has been said to show what are the principal features of the present situation. Under the double pressure of sheer necessity on the one hand, and a strong expression of public opinion on the other, the War Office is at long last about to take certain measures with the object of saving the Army from utter demoralisation. The fact that every one of these measures is a tardy concession to common-sense, a long-denied compliance with demands which have been made year after year by outside critics, does not of course detract from their value. We shall be asked in a few days to extol the courage and wisdom of a Minister who has decided to pay the soldier what has been promised him in the Queen's name. We shall stand amazed at the candour with which the deficiencies in the Infantry and Artillery are admitted now that it has become impossible by any subterfuge to conceal them a day longer. We shall be humbly grateful for the abandonment of the craze in pursuance of which it was sought to link together the batteries in the same fashion which has already proved ruinous to the battalions, and in our joy we shall be expected to forget that those who are now compelled to put a stop to this foolish proceeding are the same gentlemen who a few months ago, without rhyme or reason and in defiance of the opinion of the Service, invented the scheme and inflicted it upon the Artillery. We shall be expected to be thankful for the reduction of deferred pay, for the increase in the effective strength of the home battalions, for the promise of greater employment for discharged soldiers, for the revival of the twelve years' term, for the bounties to be given for re-engagement, and for the partial destruction of the Reserve in order to strengthen the first line. But it would be well if we do not allow our gratitude to blind us to the simple fact that these are the very things which the War Office has over and over again denounced as the suggestion of ignorant and ill-disposed amateurs and has refused at any price to permit.

Bearing these facts in mind, it would be wise to keep cool and to

ask whether official refusals and denial in 1898 are of much more value than similar refusals and denials in 1878, 1888, or in any other year. The authority which a year or two ago was for the maintaining of the Reserve at any price, looked on re-engagement as the curse of the Army, regarded deferred pay as the salvation of the soldier, or, at any rate, of the system, now dogmatisés with equal vigour and assurance in favour of the contrary proposition in every case. Is it not, at any rate, conceivable that when we meet with the same inspired dogmatism defending and shielding the remaining abuses and justifying the surviving fads of the War Office, there may be no more justification for it than we now know there was when it was invoked to justify those other abuses and fads which have been at last surrendered?

The battalion depot system will be defended by the same men who defended deferred pay, stoppages, and many other illogical and dangerous practices, and it will be defended in the same way. 'The Highest Military Authority' will be invoked as usual to justify the wrecking of the Cavalry, the ignoring of regimental feeling, the extension of sham territorialism and the maintenance of the existing organisation of the War Office. Will it be considered the duty of all good men to sit open-mouthed in awe-struck admiration and to swallow all that they are told because 'The Highest Military Authority' has chosen to stick to this particular set of shams after abandoning so many others?

#### SCANDALUM MAGNATUM!

We shall be told, of course, that the decisions arrived at are 'the decisions of the Cabinet.' A solemn thought! As a matter of fact they will be nothing of the kind, they will merely represent the views of a certain section of the War Office endorsed by Ministers in Parliament. The members of the Cabinet have other matters to attend to than the principles of Army organisation—matters no doubt of great importance. It may be said without impertinence that the members of the present Cabinet have earned distinction in researches other than those of a military kind, and that the knowledge they possess of the military problems which are now under discussion comes to them to a certain extent at second hand. It is natural, and indeed almost inevitable, that this should be so, but the admission of the fact should be sufficient to put us on our guard. Ministers are instructed by their professional advisers—a just and reasonable procedure no doubt—but in this case it is precisely the wisdom and competence of those professional advisers which is called in question. If due account be not taken of this circumstance we shall merely move round and round in a vicious circle, the Cabinet sheltering itself under the authority of its professional advisers, while the pro-

fessional advisers will decline all responsibility on the ground that the views expressed are those of the Cabinet. All real criticism and examination of facts as they are will thus become impossible?

Lastly, one word must be said about the War Office itself. It is impossible for any one to study the peculiarities of that institution without discovering that there is a sort of perpetual circulation of criticism and self-excuse going on among its members. The military members are always anxious and ready to point out that if there be error or shortcoming in any direction it is not their fault, but must be attributed to one or other of the civil branches. The civil branches reply, with equal animation, that it is the military men who are the defaulters. That such questions should interest, and even agitate, the War Office officials it is not hard to understand; but it is extremely difficult to comprehend why the officials should cherish the belief that the public takes the slightest interest in their controversy. The failure stands confessed, and as far as the taxpayer is concerned it does not matter two straws whether General A. or Mr. B., the Right Hon. So-and-so or Sir Somebody Else, C.B., was or is responsible for any particular act or omission. The public want an efficient army with the money they pay, they do not get it, and their sole interest in the matter is that so scandalous a state of things should come to an end, and that their public servants, instead of wasting their time and making excuses and shifting blame on to each other's shoulders, should do the work for which they are responsible, and should produce a result which will enable the country to face its foes without fear, and to hold its own in confidence.

NOTE.—Since the above was written Lord Lansdowne's memorandum accompanying the Army Estimates has been issued. Its appearance, however, does not necessitate the alteration of a single word that has been written. The document does, however, give official notice of the intention of the War Office to compel Parliament to indulge in a lamentable waste of public money; and of their determination to refuse at any cost to reform either the system which has failed or the Office which has produced the failure.

H. O. ARNOLD-FORSTER.

## THE NAVY AND THE ENGINEERING DISPUTE

THE country will probably never know with any degree of exactitude how dearly it has had to pay for the engineering dispute. But without doubt a most important item in the bill of costs of this labour war has been the ruin of the naval programme sketched by the First Lord of the Admiralty in his usual 'Statement' to Parliament in introducing the Navy Estimates. He was then able to refer in optimistic terms to the progress of the work of building up the British navy so as to keep pace with other Powers. He congratulated the country on the fact that in the case of the battleships *Mars* and *Jupiter* and the cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible*, to quote only four notable cases of expeditious construction, the contractors had completed the vessels from five to six months before the contract dates, and that the naval programme had to that extent been anticipated. Encouraged by these signs of healthy activity, Mr. Goschen announced that the battleships *Cæsar*, *Illustrious*, and *Hannibal*—three powerful vessels of the *Majestic* type, with a displacement of 14,900 tons each, and an indicated horse-power of 10,000 under natural draught—would be completed towards the autumn. Turning to cruisers, he anticipated a large accession of new and effective vessels, and prophesied that seven cruisers of the *Talbot* class would be ready for sea by April last; that four vessels of the *Diadem* type then under construction would be completed before the present financial year closed; that three vessels of the *Arrogant* type building in the dockyards would be ready for service before the end of the present official year; and that the *Arrogant* herself would be flying the pennant during the summer. Mr. Goschen also felt justified by the healthy industrial outlook in promising the completion of all the eight cruisers of the *Pelorus* type. Turning to new construction, he stated: 'In the coming financial year it is proposed to commence four battleships, three third-class cruisers, two sloops, four twin-screw gunboats, two torpedo-boat destroyers, and a new royal yacht.' These were the official promises which were held out, and careful calculations showed that

if the programme were carried out in its entirety there would be some improvement in the balance of naval power in favour of Great Britain, but that under the most favourable circumstances the measure of superiority over any probable alliance would be slight. The Navy League, indeed, refused to accept the programme as adequate.

What have been the realisations of the financial year that is fast drawing to a close? Nearly twelve months have elapsed since Mr. Goschen made his optimistic forecasts, and in almost every important particular the intentions of the Admiralty have been frustrated by the six months' dispute in the engineering trade, and, as a result, the anticipated balance of naval power in Europe has been upset.

It is not generally known how dependent the royal dockyards are, and must be under the present circumstances, upon private firms. Large shipbuilders in this country can—and do—build, arm, engine, and complete in every detail ships for foreign Powers—such as the Japanese battleships *Fuji* and *Yushima*, recently built in this country. The private firms are entirely independent of the dockyards, but the dockyards have never been similarly independent of the great outside firms. The officials look to private firms for engines, boilers, and all sorts of castings which can be manufactured more economically outside the yards by contractors who make such products their speciality. Apart from the direct effect of the dispute in bringing to a standstill the construction of warships given out to contract, the production of such castings as the stems and sterns of ships and of engines, and the etceteras of a war vessel, has practically ceased, and the disorganisation of the 20,000 skilled mechanics employed at Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, Sheerness, and Pembroke dockyards has resulted. Though all these men have been kept employed, the officials have been at their wits' ends at times to ward off the necessity of discharging in some departments, and to keep the great armies of men under their charge employed. Work has been found, but at what an expenditure in added cost of production probably the public will never know. Plain facts bearing on the promises and realisation of the present year's new construction tell a sad tale of work undone.

As has been stated already, the *Cæsar*, *Illustrious*, and *Hannibal* were to be completed 'towards the autumn' of last year. This is the beginning of March. The *Cæsar* hoisted the pennant as recently as the 13th of January last for the Mediterranean station, and the best that the Chatham officials can promise as to the *Illustrious* is that she shall be completed by the end of this current March, while the *Hannibal* did not undergo her gun trials at Portsmouth until the second week in February, and will not be ready for the pennant until the next financial year.

There is a similar tale of unfulfilled hopes if we turn to the

battleship construction. On the 4th of January 1897 the *Canopus* and *Goliath* were commenced at Portsmouth and Chatham respectively. On the 15th of February, when the *Ocean's* keel-plates were laid, Devonport joined in this battleship construction race. From these three dockyards came the assurance that all previous records would be beaten. These hopes were soon damped by delays that occurred almost directly the dispute in the engineering trade commenced, and soon the race was abandoned owing to the contractors' inability to supply the stem and sternpost castings. By a fortunate coincidence Portsmouth managed to get her huge product off the slip on the 13th of October last, but at Chatham and Devonport the progress of the two vessels has been sadly delayed. It is hoped that the *Goliath* will be launched before the end of the present financial year, but it is certain that no such qualified good fortune will attend the *Ocean*, and neither of these three ships will be completed and ready for sea in eighteen months from the date of the laying of the first keel-plates as was hoped, nor probably in two years. As a matter of fact, the *Canopus* is the only one of the six new vessels of this class—the *Albion*, *Glory*, and *Vengeance* being under construction in private yards at Blackwall, Birkenhead, and Barrow-in-Furness—that has been launched. But for the strike all these six powerful vessels, each of 12,950 tons displacement, would have already left the slips and probably would have been ready for the pennant by next autumn.

The result of this delay in the construction of the three warships building in the royal dockyards is that the laying of the keel-plates of three of the four new ironclads mentioned by Mr. Goschen last March has had to be postponed. The *Formidable*, *Implacable*, and *Irresistible* were the names of the new battleships to be built at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham. The financial year is fast drawing to a close, and it is uncertain when the keel-plates of either of these leviathans, which we sadly need to equalise the rapid new construction of Russia and France, will be laid down. The fourth battleship of this type which is to be built by private contract also exists only on paper. The net result of the year's battleship construction has therefore been the completion of one of three first-class battleships, all of which should have been ready for the pennant many months ago, and the launch of one of six battleships, which should now be completing for sea; while neither of the four battleships included in this year's programme has been commenced. What bearing such a state of affairs might have on our naval forces in case of war next year is plain. It is unnecessary to attempt to picture the possible influence of these delays on our national interests if the gauntlet were thrown down by this country early next year. Were the Navy then called upon 'to clear for action,' the British fleet would be without the assistance of six first-class battleships of

the most modern type, powerful for offence and defence, with an aggregate displacement of 77,700 tons and main armaments of ninety-six guns. It is hardly possible to exaggerate the influence which the presence of these warships might have on any action. Even if peace is maintained—as we must all devoutly desire—the British fleet in comparison with the naval forces of the other great Powers will be six battleships short of the standard of strength which the Admiralty consider necessary for our national safety. And there are not wanting critics—all the most active members of the Navy League, for example—who have never concealed their belief that this standard is too low.

It is not only in battleship construction that delay has been occasioned by the engineering dispute. Mr. Goschen held out the hope that, of the nine cruisers of the *Talbot* class—vessels of 5,600 tons displacement, a speed of eighteen or nineteen knots under natural draught, with main armaments of eleven guns each—seven would be completed before the close of the last financial year, and that the remainder would be completed by last April. Four of these vessels are flying the pennant, but the other five have only quite recently reached that stage when they are labelled ‘Fleet Reserve,’ which usually means everything except that they are ready for immediate service. None of these five ships has been commissioned. All the four second-class cruisers of the *Arrogant* class were to have been ready for service by the end of March. The parent ship, the *Arrogant*, has at last been completed, and hoisted the pennant on the 27th of January, while the other three vessels, the *Gladiator*, *Furious*, and *Vindictive*, are still incomplete at Portsmouth, Devonport, and Chatham. Of the eight first-class cruisers of 11,000 tons displacement each, the *Andromeda*, *Amphitrite*, *Argonaut*, *Ariadne*, *Diadem*, *Europa*, *Niobe*, and *Spartiate*, the *Diadem* and *Andromeda* are practically completed, but the *Argonaut* was launched as recently as the 24th of January last, and the *Ariadne*, *Amphitrite*, *Europa*, and *Niobe* are locked up, mere skeletons, in the contractors’ yards, while the *Spartiate* is similarly useless at Pembroke. Of these eight vessels, four of which were laid down in 1895, not one is fit for service.

As to third-class cruisers, the First Lord of the Admiralty promised that all the eight ships of the *Pelorus* type, with a displacement of 2,135 tons each, would be completed during the financial year now drawing to a close. By dint of great effort the leading ship of this class, the *Pelorus*, which was laid down as long ago as May 1895, was completed and commissioned for service in the Channel Squadron on the 30th of March last. None of her sister vessels is complete, much less in commission, though the *Proserpine*, which is still notified as ‘building,’ is in an advanced stage at Sheerness. The *Pomona*, on the other hand, was only launched as recently as the 25th



of November last, and will not be ready for service for nine months at least. The remaining five cruisers of this type are 'hung up' in various stages of incompleteness.

Turning to the three third-class cruisers and two sloops which were included in the building programme of 1897-98, the news is of a more satisfactory character. Though only quite recently commenced, it is gratifying that all these five vessels are in course of construction at Portsmouth, Devonport, Chatham, and Sheerness.

These facts regarding the stages at which the various ships have arrived reveal this somewhat startling situation—as a result mainly of the engineering strike, we are at the present moment short of two battleships, four first-class cruisers of the *Diadem* class, three second-class cruisers of the *Arrogant* type, seven cruisers similar to the *Pelorus*; and, moreover, all the other work of construction, both in the dockyards and in private shipbuilding yards, is lamentably behind-hand. However anxious Mr. Goschen may be to continue the energetic policy of construction that Lord George Hamilton initiated, he will find himself unable to make any heroic effort, unless he decides to put a larger proportion of the new ships out to contract than has been usual, and at the same time enlarges the list of private firms who are permitted to tender. In view of the increased speed with which French and Russian warships are being built, and the keen rivalry that exists between these two Powers and this country, the delay in the carrying out of the naval programme of 1897-98 is nothing short of a national calamity.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

## *A BRIEF NOTE ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER POLICY*

WITHIN the last few years the boundaries of Russia, Afghanistan, and British India have been mutually delimited with the definite purpose of removing causes of possible conflict. Both Russia and Afghanistan at once moved up to the new boundary lines, and since they had become responsible for those living within them, it was the natural course and the right course to take.

For Russia, the process of absorption was easy, for the mountain ranges bordering India and Afghanistan to the north and west, turn all their more severe features towards India; on the further side they decline gradually into almost level uplands and plain, over which the Cossack cavalry could work right up to the new border.

The Afghans in the same manner were favoured by the nature of the country, all the more difficult portions of the ranges of mountains to the east falling within the line demarcated to British India. Furthermore, they were dealing with co-religionists, with whom fusion was natural.

When these frontiers were thus marked out, it would have been just as natural and as right for us to have moved our frontier posts to the new boundary, since we also became responsible for the people living within it, and for the freedom of the several important passes through the mountains. Had our new frontier line been as easy of access as in the case of our neighbours, there would probably have been no question but that it would have been right and proper in the interests of peace and civilisation to have moved up to it.

Unfortunately, the nature of the country and the hostility of the people—a hostility nurtured by a differing and intolerant religion and by the restriction of their sacred rights of plunder—combined to make the task very difficult and costly, and we have hitherto refused to recognise the duties that have, without doubt, fallen to us. Whatever may be said now as to the wisdom of thus extending our responsibilities, the thing was done, and it was done deliberately, with the view of diminishing the chances of conflicts of authority, and in the interests of peace.

We might have continued for some time longer to evade these responsibilities, although sooner or later the question would have been forced upon us by some conflict between the tribes within our sphere and those within the Afghan border, or, as in the present case, by the closing of the Khyber Pass; but the situation that was blinked has now been forced into the light of day. If we are to have peace on our borders, and if we are to maintain our credit in the eyes of our neighbours, we cannot permit the growth of a series of independent, well-armed, inaccessible Alsatias within our borders, and on the borders of our neighbours, who have on their part carried law and order, though in one case of a rude kind, up to their frontier lines.

Objection may be raised that we ought not, for our own ends, to mark out boundaries in this way, and then deprive people who have not been consulted of their independence. This, however, is an objection that would rule us out of India and Africa altogether, and would rule Russia out of the sinks of iniquity of Bokhara and Samarkand that she has swept clean. Moreover, in the case of the North-West frontier, some tribes now included within our sphere openly expressed their preference for our 'King Log' rather than for the Afghan 'King Stork,' and begged us to save them. The 'independence' of these tribes implies merely the freedom from all control cherished by predatory races. How much they value it may be realised from the fact that large numbers of them have from time to time crossed into our settled borderland to make homes where they might perchance lead quiet lives, and many clans have at various times petitioned to be annexed and protected. It is out of the question that at this time of day important passes and trade routes, and the peace of frontiers, should be at the mercy of a few handfuls of lawless savages. In such a case the mild control that is desired need not excite compassion.

Looking, then, at the main features of the problem—the responsibility that is already ours in the eyes of our neighbours; the nature of the frontier country, which lends itself to the formation of a series of strongholds of disorder; the increasing tendency of the tribes to acquire military efficiency and the most modern weapons—it seems clear that some control up to the Afghan frontier should be arrived at. The alternative is a return to the recent very dangerous situation—the tribes, left to themselves except when they become intolerable, daily becoming stronger and better armed, daily becoming more liable to influences from without hostile to us, and looking always at their interests as opposed to ours. Well armed, they would be secure in their fastnesses, and would be masters of our frontier; the result of all the recent expenditure of life and treasure being a last state worse than the first.

As to the steps to be taken to secure the desired control, Sir

Robert Sandeman has given us a very clear lead, and the condition into which he has brought the southern portion of the frontier may equally be realised on the north. In his own words, 'We must knit the frontier tribes into our Imperial system in time of peace and make their interests ours,' and a policy of indifference varied by punitive expeditions and blockades will not achieve this end.

In the first place, the chain of tribes along the frontier should, as far as possible, be disconnected. Nature in some way lends itself to this, for the tribes in the north between the Khyber Pass and the Indus are almost entirely separated from the Afridis by a stretch of plain country, and the Kuram valley separates the tribes of Tirah from the more southern Waziris.

The divisions thus indicated by nature might be emphasised, and this consideration brings us to the conclusion that the key of the whole matter lies with the Afridis; the tribe that dominates the Khyber Pass (which our engagements oblige us to keep open), that inhabits the most difficult piece of country on the frontier, is the best armed, and is the connecting link between the tribes of the north and those of the south.

For the present, therefore, it seems that the whole attention of those responsible should be turned to that tribe, and that at all costs they should be brought under control. It is not reasonable that 20,000 uncivilised lawless tribesmen should be permitted to obstruct the peaceful policy of a great empire.

The task of bringing them into submission should not, however, be very difficult, now that they have seen their country penetrated and overrun. Already some thousands of them are in our service, and the numbers might be increased. These needy mountaineers have their price, and it would be an economical policy to induce as many of them as possible to find occupation and profit away from their mountains. The Khyber Rifles, who are Afridis, might be recruited up to two or three battalions, and induced to serve in other parts of India. At all costs, however, this tribe should be brought into absolute submission. They should be told that Tirah will be permanently occupied unless they submit; and if still defiant, a sufficient force to prevent all resumption of cultivation, without which they cannot exist, should be quartered for the ensuing summer in their higher and more productive valleys.

There is no doubt whatever that a determined policy such as this would bring about the submission of this clan, and the opportunity should then be taken to secure a summer station for the British troops within easy reach of Peshawur, a measure that in itself would soon save more lives than the present campaign has cost us. Of course the owners of the ground thus occupied should be compensated, and the Afridi valleys generally should be left absolutely to

the government of their tribal councils, whose influence we should endeavour to increase by every possible means.

It is to be deplored that it has become necessary to treat thus roughly a people many of whom have served us and still serve us loyally, and the cause that induced them to throw away the heavy subsidy that they received for keeping open the Khyber Pass, and to break agreements which they had faithfully observed for many years, should be ascertained. But whatever the cause may have been, our own engagements, formally entered into by a Liberal Government, and endorsed by its successors, require that the Pass should be kept open; and we cannot, with regard to the credit and dignity on which our rule in India is founded, again permit that it should be thus wilfully closed.

The remaining tribes, thus to some extent isolated, may well be left for the present to such civilising influences as can be brought to bear upon them. The Afridis once subdued, they will be quick to realise the inevitable. The ideal for this frontier would be a series of protected states, such as Kashmir and the small hill states in the more eastern Himalayas, each governed by its own chiefs or councils, and as far as possible detached from each other. The right to trade with the lowlands should be made contingent on good behaviour, and each tribe should be induced to raise a levy, such as the Afridi Khyber Rifles, these in course of time being induced to serve out of their states. Paid and armed by us, they might be useful, and would give employment to the more restless spirits. It seems important that each tribe or group of tribes should have special officers detailed to conduct relations with them, to ascertain their special wants, to gain their confidence, and above all to watch their armaments. Such measures as these, however, can be more properly indicated by the present frontier officers.

Keeping in view merely freedom from what may be termed 'domestic' disturbances on our frontier, it seems undoubted that the 'Sandeman' policy of the southern portion of the frontier should be introduced into the more northern; but looking also to the farther question of defence against a foreign invasion, the necessity for bringing the tribes into line with us seems almost as pressing. It has been urged that the tribes, if left to their present savage independence, would oppose an invader of their valleys from whichever quarter he might come. It is difficult to see why they should do so, when the invader would have so much to offer them. His agents would pave his way with prospects of the plunder of rich cities and with offers of lands on the plains, while it is difficult on the other hand to see what we could offer them for their alliance. Their probable attitude, however, towards the invader of India is a matter of pure conjecture, and can afford no foundation for a policy.

As to the financial difficulties that have been raised, the policy

that would make frontier wars impossible in the future must surely in the end be the most economical.

There is no doubt whatever that, although the tribes may at first resent control and may be suspicious of our purposes, in course of time they will learn that we mean them no harm, and that we have no wish to interfere with their internal affairs. Once assured of this, they will throw in their lot with us.

British influence and authority, exercised however strictly through local means, would then be conterminous with the frontier that is recognised by our neighbours as ours, and for which, in their view at any rate, we are responsible.

NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

MILLAIS'S WORKS  
AT BURLINGTON HOUSE

THE exhibition of John Everett Millais's life-work, which commenced with the New Year at the Royal Academy, and is still open there, has produced everywhere a profound, an indelible impression. Not, indeed, that the chorus has been one of absolute harmony in praise throughout, or that criticism has in every case been synonymous with laudatory comment and sympathetic appreciation. There have been plenty of discords and 'unpleasing sharps' to season the praise, and it is well perhaps that this should be. Millais's art is robust enough—robustness is indeed the dominant characteristic of its maturity—to stand such treatment, and to emerge from it purified and the stronger. The *de mortuis nil nisi bonum* is not for artists of his calibre, but for the smaller men, whom, dismissing with a word of indulgent praise and brotherly sympathy, we put away and forget. We honour Millais more by judging him according to Voltaire's dictum: 'On doit des égards aux vivants; on ne doit aux morts que la vérité.' The best of the English master's art is for all time. Why, then, should we not have and seize the opportunity of passing it through the sieve, which shall leave to us enough and to spare that is precious, suffering to sink into their proper place the too numerous specimens of accomplished mediocrity which characterise, though by no means exclusively, his period of maturity and of too great vogue with the less artistic section of the general public?

It has been said, and said with much truth, that Millais's fame would stand even higher than it does at the present moment—both with his critics and with that larger class of admirers who care not so much to reason as to the precise quality of what they enjoy—had this sifting been done by the Royal Academy before the present exhibition was definitively constituted. On the other hand, it is well to bear in mind that we have here unrolled before our eyes not only what is practically the life-work of the great English painter, but, for those who know how to read, the very man himself.

We see how naturally, and in some respects how unfortunately, the developments of his art followed the developments of his career; how his unexampled popularity imposed upon him certain formulas,

and those not the most significant or the most representative that might be extracted from his works, but rather the cheaper and the more obvious. We should be able to perceive, however, at the same time, that his genius, though it inevitably suffered transformation and gave forth less light and heat than in those radiant early days, was not dead, but only dormant. Let the shock be but strong enough, and it shone forth again, served by a more masterly and decisive power of execution than had ever been at its command before. And it will be felt, too, that in the last sad period of physical suffering and decay it took a new colour, a new beauty, bursting through the upper crust formed by the commonplace and the prosaically literal, and standing forth again, fresh and undimmed, with an added touch of almost childlike pathos.

Fashion, not only to-day but in past times, has had much to answer for. By which, of course, is meant not the just fame accorded to and worn by commanding genius, but that persistent and unwise *engouement* for one particular artist, and one particular style of that artist, which forces him to repeat, with or without variation, that which has won applause, and repeating to turn what was once invention into facile repetition of mere formula. Raphael himself suffered terribly from fashion—from the fashion of his own day, which was the lavish favour of potentates and cities competing for his works. His fame would have stood far higher still than it actually does, had his own brush, instead of that of pupils, realised those supreme creations of his latest period, which we now see dimmed even less by time than by the harsh, unsubtle technique of his interpreters. Titian, too, in the zenith of his powers, in the full splendour of his worldly success, had his moment when the flame of genius burnt low, and the highest mastery of technique that the world had yet seen did not make full amends for a marked diminution of the true artistic passion.

Van Dyck, who had passed not unscathed through the ordeal of the artist's life in Genoa and Rome, and of increased popularity after his return to Antwerp, succumbed to the tremendous demands made upon him by the fashionable world of England, following the lead of Charles and his court. The splendid and charming Fleming was not only, beyond any possibility of rivalry or even of competition, the first painter in England; he would be, nay, he was to the life, the country gentleman, the magnificent and generous courtier, the artist-prince, like his master and friend Rubens. Had it been otherwise, he might have been spared to art another score years or more; the museums and palaces of Europe might have been even better filled than they are now with the masterpieces of aristocratic portraiture.

For how many 'pot boilers,' for how many weak and washy productions in the life-work of even such masters as Sir Joshua Reynolds



and Gainsborough, is not the insistent clamour of fashion answerable? For how much that is pompous, frigid, and conventional in that of Sir Thomas Lawrence?

But we are wandering into side paths and away from our main subject—Millais at the present exhibition of the Royal Academy. Note has been taken of the depth and reality of the impression made on all unprejudiced observers by this extraordinarily varied and powerful display. Some are completely subjugated by the candid simplicity and the intense sincerity of the standpoint, by the patient truthfulness first, and then the breadth, vigour, and accomplishment of the technique; the typically and nobly British aspect of the whole; others are half recalcitrant still, and yearn for a grace, for a musical rhythm and flow that are not, save exceptionally, there; for a more captivating truth in the presentment of the essentially feminine element in female portraiture; for certain happy audacities, certain refreshing and consoling harmonies of line and colour to which the modern schools, radiating from France, have now accustomed us.

Still those who approach our master without *parti pris*—putting aside the spirit of the arch-scoffer, who to all things said Nay—must own him the most essentially English figure, the greatest English painter on the whole, that the latter half of the century has seen. We must not expect from him, after the first happy time when youthful ardour went hand in hand with an accomplishment extraordinary already of its kind, the romantic passion, the transmuting power that marked even the most imperfect productions of Rossetti. Mr. Watts soars easily, even in his less happy efforts, into regions where Millais but seldom attempted to gain a footing, and in his interpretative portraiture sums up with the higher truth the noblest qualities of mankind. Frederick Walker, with that tremulous tenderness of his, finds his way straighter to our hearts; George Mason within the comparative narrow limits of his art, as we know it in its late and exquisite maturity, is perhaps the most completely satisfying of our modern British painters. Of two other English-speaking artists whose names naturally suggest themselves when the front line of contemporaries is being discussed—we refer to Mr. Whistler and Mr. J. S. Sargent—nothing need be said in this connection. Neither the exquisite subtleties of the one, nor the stimulating audacities of the other, have about them anything that is characteristically English. Here America has been the mother, France, however, the foster mother, to whom the greater debt is owing. Yet, though it is quite conceivable that one should find oneself drawn by bonds of a warmer and more loving sympathy towards all or any of the masters just now enumerated—seeing that they on occasion rise higher, lift the veil from more secret beauties, or penetrate deeper into the very heart of things—it would be much less conceivable that the attempt should seriously be

made to give to any one among them artistic precedence of Millais. He, as we see him here in the series of masterly achievements which stand forth solid and enduring, amidst other performances less noble and less enduring, on the walls of the Royal Academy, has brought forth more that is complete and satisfying of its kind, and excelled more variously than any one of his contemporaries. He has been more useful, in the highest sense of the word, to his generation; he has more comprehensively, if less profoundly, and with a less delicate intuition, expressed certain essential aspects of his own time and his own country.

Passing over the boyish productions, of which the Etty-like 'Cymon and Iphigenia' is the most important, we may come at once to the famous 'Lorenzo and Isabella,' painted when Millais was but a boy of twenty, and as such unique in the history of English art. There is about this piece a grotesqueness so obvious as to need no discussion; but it is a grotesqueness so sincere that we need no more resent it than we do that of the great Netherlanders of the fifteenth century, whose legitimate successor the young Millais here, without imitation, shows himself. Still, the penetrating truth of the delineation, the capacity for the individual statement of fact, is already extraordinary. Moreover, there is a sly unction, a kind of Shakespearean mingling of grave and gay in the conception, which is not easily discoverable in any production of the later time. In the 'Ferdinand lured by Ariel' of the same year, Millais, preserving this rare quality, soars yet for once into those realms of the imagination, the threshold of which his spirit has so rarely crossed.

In these works, and far more strongly still in the 'Christ in the House of His Parents' ('The Carpenter's Shop') of 1850, and the 'Ophelia' of 1852, he shows already an independence, a capacity for the most complete self-expression in a style adopted with conviction and deliberately worked out, such as in the youth and earliest manhood of the creative artist are so rare as to be almost unique. He was barely twenty-three when the last of these famous canvases was painted, and save for the encouragement that he derived from the stimulating contact with the other members of the Brotherhood, he could not be said to show descent from or community with any predecessor or elder contemporary. This peculiarity may in part be traced to the system which obtained, and still obtains, in England, of teaching by precept rather than by personal example; it must also in a great measure be accounted for by the strength of the painter's personality and by his incapacity for submitting to or assimilating outside influences. At this age of twenty-three we find even the greatest masters dominated by their teachers. Raphael at twenty-four produced the beautiful 'Sposalizio' of the Brera, one of the masterpieces of the Umbrian school; yet in it he clearly marked his descent from Timoteo Viti, Perugino, and Pinturicchio. Van Dyck,

when at the same age he started upon his Italian tour, had already standing to his credit such splendid performances as the 'Pren-dimiento,' and 'The Brazen Serpent' of Madrid, the 'Christ crowned with Thorns' of Berlin, and the 'St. Martin dividing his Cloak with the Beggar' of Windsor—still in the Royal gallery ascribed to Rubens. Still he could not be deemed to have in any degree emancipated himself from the all-powerful influence of his master.

And again, thoroughly as the subject has been threshed out, it cannot be too often repeated, that the whole movement of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was of a kind for which it would be hard to find an exact parallel, whether in ancient or modern times. It was a genuine return, not indeed to the methods, but to the freshness and naïveté of the primitives, to their wide-eyed and delighted surprise in the close and loving contact with Nature. It is for this reason that we cannot be otherwise than indulgent to their awkwardnesses, their stumblings, which are far asunder as the poles from the archaistic affectations of the Pre-Raphaelite school in its second development. In their strenuous and sustained efforts to see the world's appearances for themselves, and not through the discoloured glasses of others, the members of the Brotherhood were the precursors of the foreign *pleinairistes* and *luminaristes* of the most pronounced type, though it is highly probable that they would have shrunk from any such designation. Remarkable observer as Millais shows himself of atmospheric phenomena in 'The Carpenter's Shop' and especially in 'The Blind Girl,' he is on this particular ground not so manifestly a pioneer as Rossetti and Mr. Holman Hunt. The poet-painter of the group starts as a veritable *pleinairiste* in the 'Girlhood of the Virgin,' and as such, too, manifests himself in many a drawing of that golden early time, now at the New Gallery. Mr. Holman Hunt, with all his over-insistence and his incomplete suggestion of atmospheric environment, goes even farther in the search for undiluted truth when he ventures upon such studies of true sunlight and coloured shadow as 'The Strayed Sheep.' Many a night scene of his—such as the beautiful 'Florence' of the South Kensington Museum—is nothing more or less than a subtle and pathetic 'impression,' less aggressive but not less faithfully observed than those with which we are to-day familiar.

Millais in 'The Carpenter's Shop'—in all probability without any deliberate reasoning out with himself of the standpoint—made at one bound, or rebound, a return to that true evangelical simplicity in the treatment of sacred history and legend, which Europe had not known since Rembrandt ceased to paint. There is no pose, no self-consciousness, in this seemingly audacious adoption of modern British types to express the Divine personages. It was thus, and thus only, that Millais found he could express the essence of what he sought to convey. The critics and the public of the time, shocked by these rough

unidealised types taken straight from the people, and unmindful of the wonderfully precise and expressive drawing, of the pure if too crude radiance of the colour, broke out into a chorus of execration. Unluckily, as the writer ventures to hold, the young painter worked this vein of virgin ore no more. Within the last ten years, however, a German artist, Herr Fritz von Uhde, bred in the open-air school of modern France, has made his artistic fortune by a quite independent return to this point of view, if not to these particular methods. He has been followed on this ground by many a French and many a Scandinavian painter, the former showing themselves on this ground too self-conscious, too evidently desirous of 'astonishing the citizen,' to be wholly convincing.

The 'Ophelia' is in many ways Millais's most beautiful picture. No Memling could paint more exquisitely or with a more heart-piercing truth than the Englishman has done in the drowning figure of the distraught maiden, who fades gently out of life, breathing forth her swan-song as she is borne along by the clear waters so soon to overwhelm her. Millais will, after this effort, infinitely broaden and mature his style; but rarely, indeed, if ever, will he rise so high, or show creative power of the same rare order. True to the principles of the Brotherhood, he has laboriously and exquisitely painted the woman, the tangle of underwood and herbage, the water, just as he has seen these main elements of his picture; yet with the vivifying power of his own genius he has coloured the whole, and made of what began as accurate representation a genuine creation. The popular and ever-touching picture of the same year, 'The Huguenot'—of which, by the way, no reproduction gives a thoroughly adequate idea—needs no new praise.

In the 'Portrait of John Ruskin, Esq.' (1854), which the poet-critic so enthusiastically admired, the landscape may possibly have botanical and geological correctness; it has to our eyes of to-day no charm, no atmosphere. The portrait itself, notwithstanding its curious formality and its entire disaccord with the landscape, is an admirable piece of modelling, as well as a conception of rare tenderness and beauty. 'The Rescue' (1855), showing a fireman as he carries three children down the staircase of a burning house to the half-distraught mother who stands holding out her arms to receive them, is notable in more ways than one. We see already signs of that too prosaic literalness which will be the rule rather than the exception in Millais's middle time. The most remarkable feature is the contrast, both bold and subtle, between the artificial light of the blaze and the faint light of oncoming dawn which steals through the window. This contrast, like all the most striking effects of the young Pre-Raphaelites, arises naturally out of the subject. When French artists, with M. Besnard at their head, many years after this period, made of this contrast, deliberately worked out and worked up,

one of their most piquant decorative effects, they went to work otherwise and less legitimately—choosing their effect first, and making their subject match it as best it could. Among modern *tours de force* of this type, none perhaps is so admirable as Mr. J. S. Sargent's 'Carnation Lily, Lily Rose,' now at the Tate Gallery. This, it is true, is much more than a brilliant exercise, since it shows that the most successful daring in experiment may go hand in hand with delicate truth and poetic simplicity.

Let not those who are startled at the almost aggressive force of the painting in 'The Blind Girl' (1856) pass on disconcerted. The figures of the two girls, so pathetic in their blooming youth and their helplessness, as they are revealed in the hot, lurid sungleam, between two showers, are among the most remarkable things in the whole range of modern British art. 'Autumn Leaves' (1856) and the much-discussed 'Sir Isumbras at the Ford' (1857) may well be classed together as showing another onward stage in the first or Pre-Raphaelite period. It is here that Millais's landscape attains to a poetic significance, to an interpretative power in connection with the figures, which it will never again reach. When in the middle time he becomes a landscape painter in the popular acceptation of the term, he no longer—save in the exceptional instances to be pointed out later on—uses Nature as a vehicle for the expression of artistic emotion, but for the accurate statement of picturesque fact. 'Autumn Leaves' has been praised by Mr. Ruskin with such splendid exaggeration that any fainter or more qualified appreciation would appear colourless. The chief attraction is, perhaps the wistful tenderness which it seems to breathe forth, the curious sense of misgiving felt in the contemplation of the weird group of children, and the mist-enwreathed autumn landscape, so suggestive of winter to come. In 'Sir Isumbras,' which Mr. Ruskin abused as excessively as he had praised 'Autumn Leaves,' our master comes nearer to the true romanticism of his brother in art, Rossetti, than he ever did except in the 'Ophelia,' remaining withal the ardent, unabashed realist that he was by nature. Of the rare and intensely suggestive beauty of the landscape a word has already been said. What we have, however, is not Sir Isumbras crossing the ford, but Sir Isumbras halting deliberately in mid-stream, with his burden of rosy-cheeked children, in order that he may be seen and painted. The splendid old warrior in the golden armour dimmed with dust is a portrait-figure, but one in whose eyes constancy and strenuous endeavour burn with a steady flame, giving to the time-worn face the aspect of the true hero.

'The golden days of the Pre-Raphaelite period close worthily with the beautiful 'Vale of Rest,' to which the slight hardness of the crystalline evening air, the slight excess of incisiveness in the dominant lines of the composition, lend, it may be, an additional

charm of wholesome vigour happily married to the most profound because the least demonstrative pathos. The keynote of the conception is renouncement, melancholy yet uncomplaining acquiescence in the decline of all things beautiful, in the decline of fair day into evening, in the decline of fair life into death; the renouncement of love which makes all other renouncements easy. Millais has done nothing so noble of its kind as the powerful figure of the digging sister, so strong, so genuinely and naturally classic in its adherence to truth, and so finely contrasting with the quiescence of the nun who sits calmly expectant in the waning light of evening.

And then, all at once, the flame of youth and genius becomes dimmer, although there is no pause, but on the contrary an expansion of technical resource, and a steady progress towards maturity. 'The Black Brunswicker' (1860) cannot be considered as more than a coldly precise repetition, or rather variation, infinitely more bourgeois in spirit, of the 'Huguenot'; and a variation with most of the thrill and the romance left out. 'My First Sermon' (1863) gives well the touching bewilderment of childhood brought face to face with new sides of life, but sins like its companion, 'My Second Sermon,' in a too prosaic and literal transcription of things commonplace and insignificant in their ugliness. One notes with surprise that to the same year (1863) dates back what is with little doubt the master's most triumphant and most thoroughly satisfying technical achievement, 'The Eve of St. Agnes.' Let this wonderful, and at the time of its execution unique, moonlight piece be judged, however, altogether on its own merits, and without reference to Keats's exquisite fantasy. Else must one find oneself constrained to own that all the glamour of the poetry has evaporated in the translation, that the enwrapping atmosphere of romance has been dispelled. The Millais of ten years before would naturally have shown himself a far less matured and consummate executant, but might have found himself more intimately in sympathy with the subject. Yet the true 'Eve of St. Agnes' could, if the truth must be told, have been rendered by Rossetti alone.

In 1865 we again light upon an exceptional work which even Millais's most faithful admirers do not appear to have rated at its true value. 'The Parable of the Tares' or 'The Enemy sowing Tares' is conceived and expressed with a sweeping breadth and a tragic force for which it would be vain to seek any parallel among our master's paintings. To find any other creation of his that is lighted from within with the same sombre glow of passion, one must turn to the woodcuts, out of which the Academicians should surely have made a representative selection. Something of the same tragic force gives colour and intensity to 'Limerick Bells' and 'The Plague of Elliant.' This conception of the Evil One as a hideous old Shylock, superhuman only in the supreme intensity of his malignity, is one of absolute originality.

There is no temptation to dwell upon such half successes or complete failures as 'The Romans leaving Britain' (1865) and 'Jephthah' (1867), unless it be to mark out the weak places in Millais's armour. The 'Stella' and 'Vanessa' of 1868 are superb examples of the painter's power in wielding a rich, generous brush, as well as of his instinct as a colourist when he chose to give himself up unreservedly to this side of his art. The dexterity shown in the painting of the quaint eighteenth-century dresses is not that supreme mastery, that felicity of suggestion in the rendering of costume, that we look for and find in a Velazquez or a Frans • Hals. Nor is it the patient accuracy that marks a Rigaud, a Largillière, a Carle Vanloo, a Tocqué. It is a style of handling less consummate than that of the former masters, less frigid than that of the latter—and entirely the English painter's own. How imposing a result he can attain to in this fashion is again proved in the sumptuous 'Portrait of Mrs. Bischoffsheim' (1873). To 1869 belong that wholly delightful and satisfactory piece of genre, 'The Gambler's Wife,' and the brilliant bravura 'Portrait of Nina, daughter of F. Lehmann, Esq.,' the latter a daring harmony in white, both snowy and pinky, and peacock blue-green, relieved by the brightness of pink camellia buds. Excellent and sympathetic prose, but not more, is the finely painted life-size study 'The Widow's Mite;' the scale on which this genre-like motive is carried out is excessive in relation to its true significance.

The famous landscape, 'Chill October,' brings us at once to the much debated question of Millais's position as a landscape painter. To the writer it has always appeared that when he takes up a position as what may be called a professional landscapist, his work loses, in a great measure, the charm and significance of the earlier time. The effort is now not so much to record the depth and emotional intensity of the impression made by Nature when she is held in passionate embrace, as to state, as pictorially as may be, yet, it must be owned, with a weighty literalness which is not that of the poet-painter, the body of natural fact observed during such communion. Claude, Watteau, Wilson, Turner, Corot, Rousseau, Millet, Troyon, Daubigny—to take the names that come at once under the pen—were such poet-painters of landscape, and their truth was the higher and the more comprehensive because they set themselves to interpret their own moods and Nature's at one and the same time.

'Chill October' here is an accurate and beautiful study, but not much more. It does not carry us back into ourselves by any natural suggestion that the spirit of man has been in communion with that of Nature; it does not take us beyond this particular corner of the world, this particular sky, this particular earth; it suggests little or nothing that it does not actually present to the eye. What is true of this fine picture is true in a much greater degree of such popular canvases as

'Flowing to the River,' 'The Fringe of the Moor,' 'The Deserted Garden,' 'Over the Hills and Far Away,' and 'Blow, Blow, thou Winter Wind!' In 'Scotch Firs' Nature herself has provided a subject of monumental grandeur, and the painter has seen its bigness and allowed it to speak for itself. It is when Millais's pulses are stirred, when his subject speaks to him of home and all that he most dearly loves on this fair earth, that in landscape he attains to that spiritual beauty without which it has no true place in art. Such subjects are the winter sunset scene 'Christmas Eve' (1887); the serenely beautiful 'Murthly Water' (1888), a little hard, it may be, in its pellucid clearness; the tender twilight study, 'The Moon is up, and yet it is not Night' (1889); above all 'The Old Garden' (1888). This last is surely the artist's masterpiece in this branch of his practice. Not only are the rich and beautiful motives, so difficult in their very richness to combine into an harmonious whole, handled with consummate skill; not only is the point of view chosen with a rare and admirable intuition, but the scene in its simple homely beauty is bathed in an atmosphere of peace and love, indefinitely yet none the less surely enveloping and spiritualising that which is presented with a charm so unaffected and yet so penetrating.

It is, however, as the painter of men, and especially of men still vigorous in late maturity or old age, that Millais shows himself supreme, and it is on this ground alone, in his middle time, that he can be called great. He loves to depict the intellectually and physically strong, who, battling hard with the world and showing its scars in the furrows on brow and cheek, have arisen victorious from the fight, and hold it firmly in their grasp. Here no painter of the century can be said to have surpassed him. And this statement is deliberately made remembering Sir Thomas Lawrence, David and Ingres, our own Watts, Franz von Lenbach, Elie-Delaunay, Emile Wauters, Bonnat, Carolus-Duran. If Mr. Watts sums up the intellectual, the emotional personality, as no other painter of the time save perhaps Lenbach has done, Millais gives us the whole man, with mind and body in perfect balance, with breath in his nostrils as well as speculation in his eyes. The 'Portrait of George Grote' is, in its subdued golden glow, veracious and pathetic as a Rembrandt, a true presentment of serene and dignified old age. The great 'Mr. Gladstone' of 1879 is so masterly a piece of painting in its concentrated force and simplicity that the supreme fineness of the technique may at first sight escape the casual observer. Perfect as a portrait, the picture is, moreover, the very personification of elastic force, of watchful untiring vigour not less physical than intellectual. The 'Alfred, first Lord Tennyson' is surely, in its rugged realism, the greatest portrait ever painted of the late Laureate. There is, quite naturally and without pose or pretence, a Michelangelesque grandeur about the figure that stands facing the spectator wrapped in its long loose cloak of black. It



calls up the musings, the doubts and wrestlings of the philosopher-poet rather than the love-poems, the rustic idylls, the sunlight and shadow of the Arthurian romance. This is the Tennyson for whom it was possible to feel reverence and awe—nay, almost fear—as well as love. The well-known 'Portrait of J. C. Hook, Esq., R.A.,' is a performance of monumental power, for all the unpretentious simplicity of the rendering; British manliness and the beauty of hale, lovable old age could not be more finely conveyed. In the same category of noble works may be placed, though somewhat lower down in the scale, the 'John Bright,' the 'Sir James Paget,' the 'Ornithologist,' the 'Earl of Shaftesbury,' the 'Luther Holden,' and, one of the very last portraits, the 'Sir Richard Quain.' A portrait-study, too, and a most moving representation of green old age, upheld by firm resolve, is 'The Yeoman of the Guard.' It is at the same time a magnificent study, a trumpet-toned harmony in flaming scarlet, deep purple, and gold.

It is as a painter of women that it is least possible to consider Millais as the legitimate successor of our greatest British masters. He had too little sympathy with the physical graces of woman, with natural elegance and distinction, with the ultra-refinements of civilisation; moreover, he was not in the highest sense a painter of flesh, that is, of youthful supple flesh, with its semi-transparencies, through which the flush of the blood is seen. Stolid, and as uninteresting to us as they must have been to the painter, are all too many of these so-called 'fashionable' portraits; and these are the things, if any, which might, without serious diminution of completeness in the exhibition as a whole, have been excluded. Among the best paintings of this class should be cited the charming 'No!' (portrait of Miss Dorothy Tennant, now Mrs. Stanley), the 'Miss Eveleen Tennant' (Mrs. F. H. Myers), the 'Portraits of the twin daughters of T. R. Hoare, Esq.,' the 'Mrs. Stibbard,' the 'Mrs. Jopling,' the 'Mrs. Perugini.'

Millais has been as popular as a painter of children as of women, and far more deservedly so. He brought to this portion of his task—without doubt a labour of love—many qualities: breadth of execution, brilliancy of colour, variety, a never-failing sympathy; all but fancy and that freakish charm, that happy audacity, which belong to Sir Joshua Reynolds when he is on his chosen ground. Space is lacking to describe the most remarkable of these canvases, and it is only possible to name 'A Souvenir of Velazquez,' 'Sisters,' 'Portraits of the Children of Octavius Moulton Barrett, Esq.,' 'Lilacs,' 'In Perfect Bliss,' 'Lady Peggy Primrose,' and 'Little Speedwell's Darling Blue.'

In the last two sad years of suffering and foreboding a startling change is to be observed. It is as if the doomed master had at this supreme crisis sought solace in his own genius, communing with it again without intermediary, seeking for consolation and appeasement

in its youth renewed, throwing off those bonds in which he had been held by a public too faithful to certain manifestations of his art, and those the least significant, the most superficial. Whatever view we may, from the purely technical standpoint, take of 'Speak! Speak!' 'St. Stephen,' and 'A Forerunner,' we cannot fail to recognise the exquisite pathos, almost childlike in unquestioning *naïveté*, which gives to these works a unique character, a strange power to move. The old strenuousness, the youthful passion are no longer there, but they are replaced by an infinite tenderness and a perfect trust. In 'Speak! Speak!' there are passages of the artist's very finest work—as, for instance, the figure of the awakened sleeper, who, starting from his couch, beholds, gazing at him with a yearning love, the apparition of a lost consort, jewel-crowned and clothed in diaphanous garments of white. Even here, however, true to his idiosyncrasy to the very end, he shows himself a realist. In the very upheaval of his imaginative passion renewed, he is better able to depict the thing still of earth than to conceive that which must be evoked with the vision of the poet-painter looking within rather than without.

In the course of these remarks it has been sought to point out—it is hoped with all possible reverence and sympathy—where Millais more greatly and where less excelled. And yet, take it as a whole, and see how great, how true in its absolute candour and simplicity, how solid and enduring his life-work is! How strong in artistic individuality, how various, how wide in accomplishment, is the man who can thus, in youth, found a school not merely archaistic and imitative but absolutely new in modern times; then excel in *genre*, in romantic art, in sacred history and legend, in all branches of portraiture, in landscape, in illustration. Only monumental and purely decorative art would appear to have been beyond his powers. And it would not be safe even to assume as much as this, having before us here the important and truly inspired 'Design for a Gothic Window,' which belongs to the great days of early manhood.

'He was a man, take him for all in all, I shall not look upon his like again.' We may yet have painters more imaginative, more subtle, more daring, as various in aim and accomplishment. We cannot well in these days, when national landmarks and local characteristics are so fast disappearing, have one as thoroughly English, as truly characteristic, in the higher sense, of the time and the country in which he occupied so commanding a place. In another quarter of a century, we shall no doubt have a host of flexible and accomplished artists; but shall we have, in the truer meaning of the word, an English school of art? A vast wave starting from France as a centre is now more or less rapidly spreading itself over the whole expanse of the civilised globe, enveloping even us, who have with a wise obstinacy most strenuously interposed our barriers of race and position as a defence. If it continue to advance, steady and resistless as heretofore,

will there not, before the next century has spent half its course, be practically but one art? Will this not be an art corresponding in its sub-variations to the races and nationalities who practise it, but yet one in its general aspect as in its general principles? Is it to be and remain permanently victorious over the national schools which have been developed in each land upon a normal basis of national temperament and national idiosyncrasies? Our English school has far more to lose than to gain by such a surrender, whether complete or partial. But it may well be that the conditions of modern existence, the effacing influences of unrestrained intercourse between the nations, may render it unavailable, even to those who have fought the valiant fight. If this be so, it will be the worse for art—for English art above all.

CLAUDE PHILLIPS.

## THE METHODS OF THE INQUISITION

OF late years a great deal of attention has been directed to the subject of the Inquisition. This, no doubt, is due in some degree to the appearance of Dr. Lea's learned but desultory and ill-arranged work, which has been very widely read, and not, upon the whole, perhaps, very judiciously criticised. But Dr. Lea deals with the medieval Inquisition only. The modern Inquisition seems to me of more interest and importance, for several reasons. I will mention here merely two. One is that it is so much nearer to us. Until towards the close of the last century, it was in good working order throughout Southern Europe. Nay, even in our own century, after the Congress of Vienna, it was re-established, though with attenuated attributes, in Spain, Portugal, Bavaria, and the Papal States. Its new career in the first three mentioned countries was, indeed, brief. But in Rome it lingered as a spiritual tribunal, with power to inflict temporal penalties, until the downfall of the Pope's Civil Principedom in 1870. Another reason why the modern Inquisition—which we may date from the issue in 1542 of Paul the Third's Bull *Licet ab initio*—deserves more attention than the medieval, is because its practice was more regular, more settled, more, if I may use the word, scientific. And perhaps Italy is the country in which its working may be best studied. In Spain, it was to a great extent a political engine, and to this fact many writers impute its unscrupulous savagery<sup>1</sup> for which no one, so far as I know, except De Maistre, has in these latter days attempted to apologise. The same may be said of it as organised in Portugal. But in Italy, where it was a purely ecclesiastical court, it was certainly less sanguinary. And there can be no doubt of its popularity in that country during the seventeenth century and, at all events, the early part of the eighteenth; a popularity due not only to its congruousness with the religious sentiment of the population, who regarded heresy as the worst crime any man could commit, but also to the high character of its officials.

Now, what I propose to do in the present paper is to give some

<sup>1</sup> During the reign of Philip the Fifth (1700–1745), 1,500 persons are stated to have been burnt by it.

account of the practice (*la prattica*) of the Inquisition in Italy during the last century. And in doing this I shall found myself entirely upon a somewhat scarce volume in my possession, the *Sacro Arsenale* of Father Elisha Masini, a *vade mecum*, so to speak, of Inquisitorial procedure, very much valued and very widely used by officials of the Holy Office. Its compiler, a religious of the Order of St. Domenic, was for many years a highly esteemed Inquisitor at Bologna, where he made full proof of his ministry, wielding with much effect the weapons which he has, so to speak, collected and arranged for the use of his brethren. The edition which I possess is the third, and is dated Rome and Bologna, 1716. It is enriched by the insertion of several rules made by Father Thomas Menghini, of the same religion, also a famous Inquisitor in his day, first at Ancona and then at Ferrara; and by copious notes from the authoritative pen of Dr. John Pasqualone, Fiscal of the Supreme General Inquisition of Rome. It was, of course, published with proper authorisation—*Con Licenza de' Superiori*—and bears due episcopal *Imprimatur* and *Reimprimatur*. It is written chiefly in Italian, with a not unpleasing admixture of Latin. Thus, in the specimens which it gives of the examinations of accused persons and witnesses, the interrogatories are in the learned tongue, and the replies in the vernacular. It is a practical book for practical men; and unquestionably merits the praise which it obtained as a complete and admirably arranged manual. If, as certain teachers of the present day assert, the test of goodness is adjustment of means to ends, the *Sacred Arsenal* must be esteemed a superlatively good book. It is most admirably adjusted to its end—the formation of a perfect and complete Inquisitor, lacking nothing necessary to the effective discharge of the work of the Holy Office. That commendation cannot honestly be withheld from it.

The keynote of the work, so to speak, is struck in Father Masini's Dedication of it to 'Peter, the Great Martyr, the most unconquered Champion and most firm Rock of the Holy Faith, the Honour and Glory of the Domenican Order, and the Egregious Captain (*Capitano Egregio*) of Apostolic Inquisitors.' This Peter, it may not be amiss to explain for the benefit of those unversed in Catholic hagiology, is the St. Peter Martyr so often represented by Italian painters with an axe in his head. He was born in Verona about the beginning of the thirteenth century, and, in early youth, was a convert to Catholicism from the sect of the Cathari, whom, after he had become a Domenican and an Inquisitor, he did his best to exterminate. He was murdered on the 7th of April, 1252, at the bidding of certain Venetian gentlemen who had suffered many things of him; and was canonised within a year by Pope Innocent the Fourth. He soon became one of the most popular saints in Italy. I suppose most of my readers will remember the wonderful Titian at Venice, of which his

martyrdom is the subject: 'the most perfect scenic picture in the world,' it has been called—perhaps justly.

The *Sacred Arsenal* is introduced by an excellent summary of contents, and concludes with an index copious enough to have satisfied even Carlyle. And what renders it of peculiar value is that it gives us the actual text of the documents used in the Holy Office: Forms of Citation, of Caption, of Abjuration, of Canonical Purgation, of Decrees of Torture, of Confiscation, of Final Sentence, and the like, together with several important Papal Constitutions and Decrees of the Roman Inquisition: all finding their proper place in one or other of the ten parts into which the work is symmetrically divided. The space at my command will not allow of my going into detail upon all this. I mention it merely to show the claims which the work has upon our confidence. What I propose to do is to use the copious and authoritative materials provided in it, in order to describe the course of a trial before the Holy Office in the last century, when I suppose its practice had been brought most nearly to perfection. But first let us see what the learned and pious author has to tell us regarding the functions of the Inquisitor and the persons against whom they are exercised: topics to which is devoted Part I. of the *Sacred Arsenal*.

'Great,' he tells us, 'is the dignity, sovereign the authority, and eminent the office of the Inquisitor.' And he gives three reasons why this is so. The first is because 'the Inquisitor is immediately delegated by the Holy Apostolic See<sup>2</sup> to take cognisance of, and to determine, causes concerning the faith and religion, and holds the place of the Sovereign Pontiff, and represents the person of His Blessedness.' The second reason is because of the excellence, majesty, and number (*dall' eccellenza, e dalla maestà, e dalla copia*) of the great personages who, from the beginning of the world to our own times, have followed that calling; conspicuous among them being Almighty God himself—a marvellous and astonishing Inquisitor (*Inquisitore maraviglioso fu Iddio benedetto*), as Adam and Eve, the people of Israel, and many others experienced—David, Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, Christ our Redeemer, the First and Supreme Inquisitor of the Evangelical Law, St. John Evangelist, St. John the Baptist, St. Peter, who condemned to death Ananias and his wife, St. Peter Martyr, and St. Pius the Fifth. The third reason is because of the ample jurisdiction of the Holy Office, extending, as it does, over all sorts and conditions of men, living and dead, and conferring, as it does, the power to command, prohibit, cite, examine, torture, decree, sentence, absolve, and condemn, and also to confiscate temporal goods and to deprive of honours and dignities: to the great

<sup>2</sup> The Sacred Congregation of the Inquisition, founded by Paul the Third in 1542, ranks first among the Roman Congregations. The Pope himself is its Prefect, and the Senior Cardinal is its Secretary.

terror of the wicked (*huomini cattivi*) and the inestimable consolation of the good. Such is the divine, the heavenly occupation followed by the Inquisitor (*divino e celeste è il carico ch' egli tiene*) for the conservation of the doctrine of Christ, the maintenance of the Catholic faith, and the increase of the glory of God.

Five classes of persons against whom the Holy Office proceeds are enumerated in the *Sacred Arsenal*. (1) Heretics and Suspected Heretics; (2) Fautors of Heresy; (3) Magicians, Wizards, and Enchanters; (4) Blasphemers; (5) Persons who oppose the Holy Office or its officials.<sup>3</sup> A few words of explanation may be necessary with regard to the first, second, and fourth of these classes. The difference between Formal Heretics and Suspected Heretics is this: Formal Heretics are those who impugn, in terms, whether by speech, signs, or writing, some tenet of Catholicism; and 'those who deny the Holy Faith, making themselves Turks or Hebrews' (*quelli che rinegano la Santa Fede, facendosi Turchi, ò Hebrei*). A Suspected Heretic is one who, by his words or actions, gives reason to suppose that he is no good Catholic: who, for example, uses language concerning matters of faith which offends pious ears; or who abuses any Sacrament of the Church, or sacramental things, such as Holy Water or Blessed Candles; or who possesses or gives to others books prohibited by the Index; or who does not make his Easter Communion, or observe days of fasting and abstinence; or who listens—even once—to heretical sermons; or who is on terms of amity with heretics; or who, when cited to appear before the Holy Office, contumaciously disobeys. Among Fautors of Heresy are such as defend, favour, or aid those against whom the Holy Office proceeds, and such as knowing any person to be a Heretic, or Suspected Heretic, do not denounce him to the Holy Office. Not all Blasphemers are within its jurisdiction, although, as the pious compiler of the *Sacred Arsenal* observes, all blasphemy is worthy of grave punishment. The Holy Office takes cognisance of only one kind of blasphemy, namely, *heretical*: by which is meant blasphemy that impugns some article of the faith: for example, any of the attributes of God—say His Sanctity. It may be noted that Jews, Idolaters, Mohammedans and other sects of Infidels, are not ordinarily subject to the jurisdiction of the Inquisition, although they may bring themselves within it in various ways, as by blasphemous speeches, or by the possession of prohibited books, such as the Talmud.

And now, having thus cleared the ground by these explanations, let us go on, with the *'Sacred Arsenal'* as our guide, to our immediate subject: the Methods of the Inquisition. A trial before it may

<sup>3</sup> F. Masini points out that if a secular judge does not immediately comply with a requisition of Bishops or Inquisitors in causes of faith, he incurs *ipso jure* excommunication; and if he continues in it for a year, he may be condemned as a heretic.

be instituted in two ways:<sup>4</sup> first by Denunciation, when anyone appears before an Inquisitor, and, whether for the relief of his own conscience, or out of zeal for religion, or in obedience to his confessor, or through fear of himself getting into trouble as a Fautor of Heresy, denounces a man or woman as guilty of some offence of which the Holy Office takes cognisance. In the absence of such Denunciation, the Inquisitor may himself proceed by way of Inquisition, rumour (*fama o voce publica*) having reached him of the perpetration of some offence against the Holy Faith within his jurisdiction. But the way of Denunciation was the commonest, and for the sake of brevity we will confine ourselves to that, and follow the course of proceedings so instituted.

Let us picture to ourselves, then, the Inquisitor sitting on the judgment seat in the Examination Hall of the Holy Office, a Notary by his side, and the Denunciator appearing before him, as the formal opening of the Process duly records:

Die 5 mensis Junii anni 1710 comparuit personaliter sponte coram M. R. P. F. N. Inquisitore N. sedente in Aula Sancti Officii N. in meique Notarii, &c.

The first thing, of course, was to swear the Denunciator to tell the whole truth. The next to take down his story in his own words. Then 'Particular Interrogatories' were put to him to elicit whether he spoke of his own knowledge or from hearsay, who else were acquainted with the circumstances narrated by him, and other necessary particulars. After these followed 'General Interrogatories,' questions as to his relations with the Accused, as to his own fulfilment of the duties of the Catholic religion, and the like. But it will be best to avail ourselves here of the model or skeleton of a Process drawn up by Father Masini for the instruction of his Vicarii Foranei in a case of Blasphemy. The Denunciator, Titio Cerari, all particulars about him being duly noted, deposes as follows:—

'About a year ago, I don't remember the precise day, nor the month, but it was a little before or after Whitsuntide (*Pasqua Rosata*), I chanced to be in the Piazza, near the City Gate, called the "Great Gate," and there, on the left side of the gate, Martio Belloni, Florido Gellanti, and Beltramo Agosti, all shoemakers, were playing at dice. And Beltramo, because he lost, said in anger four or five times, *Puttana di Dio*.<sup>5</sup> And I know it, because I was present, and heard him with my own ears. Beltramo was reproved by Martio; but instead of correcting himself, said, "Don't bother me (*non me rompere la Testa*), unless you want me to hit you." And I have come here to ease my conscience by order of my confessor.'

<sup>4</sup> There is also the way of Accusation, the *Sacred Arsenale* informs us; but the object of the volume being practical, that way is not dwelt upon, as it was very rarely followed, and did not materially differ from the way of Denunciation.

<sup>5</sup> A shocking expression, which I must be excused from translating.



*The Inquisitor.* Do you know, or have you heard, that the said Beltramo has blasphemed upon other occasions ?

*The Denunciator.* Father, I do not know, and have not heard, that Beltramo has, at any other time, blasphemed.

*The Inquisitor.* Why have you so long delayed to denounce the said Beltramo to the Holy Office ?

*The Denunciator.* I did not come before because I did not think I was obliged to ; but my Confessor having opened my eyes, I have come to fulfil my duty.

*The Inquisitor.* What sort of a character does the said Beltramo bear ?

*The Denunciator.* He is a passionate man ; but I know nothing else against him.

This ends the Particular Interrogatories. Then the General Interrogatories follow, viz. : Whether the Denunciator is at enmity with Beltramo, because in that case, as Dr. Pasqualone observes in a note, his allegations will be entitled to less credence, but still must be received for what they may be worth—unless indeed the enmity is of a deadly kind—inquiry being made into the cause of it, and whether there has been a reconciliation. If enmity be denied by the Denunciator, he must be asked whether he is actuated by regard—*per amore*—for the Accused,<sup>6</sup> or by a wish to serve anyone at his expense. Another General Interrogatory is whether the Denunciator confessed and communicated during the past year, at least once, viz. at Easter, as Holy Church requires. These Interrogatories and such others as are judged necessary, being put and satisfactorily answered, the deposition is read over to the Denunciator, and corrected if he desires it, and then his signature is taken, and he is dismissed, having made oath of silence. (*Quibus habitis et acceptatis dimissus fuit, juratus de silentio, et perlecto ei suo examine, se subscripsit.*) The signature of the Notary follows the signature of the Denunciator, and the Denunciation is complete.

The next step is to summon the witnesses. This might be done by formal citation. But the course usually adopted, for the sake of secrecy, was to despatch to each witness the mandatory of the Holy Office with a verbal message that the Father Vicar wanted to say a word to him (*che il Padre Vicario del Santo Ufficio gli vuol dire una parola*). And now I will give, in a somewhat compressed state, the examination of the First Witness, Martio Belloni. The usual oath being administered, and the usual questions as to his name, occupation, and so forth, being asked, the Inquisitor proceeds :

*The Inquisitor.* Do you know, or imagine, the reason of your summons here, and of your present examination ?

<sup>6</sup> Such regard, I suppose, exhibiting itself in a desire for his chastisement, to his spiritual profit, by the Inquisition.

*The First Witness.* No: I do not know or imagine why your Reverence has sent for me, and now wishes to examine me.

*The Inquisitor.* Are you acquainted with any Heretic, Magician, Blasphemer, Polygamist, or with any one in any way suspected of heresy?

*The First Witness.* I don't know any person of that sort.

*The Inquisitor.* What were you doing last year? How were you occupied? With whom were you intimate?

*The First Witness.* I was in this city the whole of last year. I am a shoemaker by trade, and have been occupied in making shoes. In the evening, I amuse myself with my companions. •

*The Inquisitor.* State your amusements, and the place and hour of them, and name your companions.

*The First Witness.* Sometimes I play at ball (*palla*), sometimes at cards, sometimes at dice. We play at ball from one end to the other of the Piazza, and at cards and dice the other side of a big stone set up on the left of the gate of the city called the 'Great Gate.' I have a good many companions, but my special intimates are Beltramo Agosti and Florido Gellanti, and I am in the habit of playing with them about twenty-three o'clock.

*The Inquisitor.* Do you remember playing last year at Whitsuntide, at the hour you mention, at dice, by the stone of which you speak; and who were your companions? •

*The First Witness.* I do not remember precisely what you are asking me about. But I do remember that one day, last year, towards evening, I was playing at dice with my two companions, when a woman, by name Marfisa, passed with a bunch of roses, and I took them out of her hand, and helped myself to one, giving her back the rest. And from that I guess that it might be a little before or after Whitsuntide (*Pasqua Rosata*). Who my companions were, I don't for certain remember, but I feel pretty sure that they were Florido and Beltramo, with whom I am in the habit of playing most frequently, they being of my trade.

*The Inquisitor.* At the place and time in question did any one, having lost at play, blaspheme? <sup>7</sup>

*The First Witness.* I don't recollect.

*The Inquisitor.* At the time and place in question did any one, having lost his temper, blaspheme against God?

<sup>7</sup> Dr. Pasqualone, whose running commentary on the Process—I am sorry my space does not allow me to reproduce it—is most interesting, and must have been extremely helpful to neophytes of the Holy Office, points out that the interrogation, now coming to the capital point of the alleged blasphemy, begins with the *genus*, proceeds to the *species*, and ends with the *individual*. First, on the occasion in question, did any one blaspheme? Then, did any one blaspheme against God? (The blasphemy might have been against the Blessed Virgin or the Saints, which, though bad enough, would have been less grave.) And lastly, did any one blaspheme, using the words *Puttana di Dio*?

*The First Witness.* Not that I know of.

*The Inquisitor.* At the time and place in question did any one, having lost at play, in his anger, *blaspheme against God, saying Puttana di Dio*, four or five times, and then, when one present rebuked him, reply, Don't bother me or I'll hit you?

*The First Witness.* I don't recollect.

*The Inquisitor.* We have it in the Process (*in Processu*) that this was so. Why don't you candidly tell the truth?

*The First Witness.* I say that I heard nothing of the kind.

*The Inquisitor.* You had better tell the truth, for should the Holy Office discover that you have concealed the truth, it will punish you as a perjurer, and you will, moreover, incur excommunication, from which only the Holy Office itself can absolve you.

*The First Witness.* Now I do remember<sup>\*</sup> that last year—it must have been about Whitsuntide, by token of the rose I took from the hands of that woman—while I was playing in the place I have mentioned at dice with Beltramo and Florido, Beltramo, on account of his great ill luck in losing, began to blaspheme against God, saying several times, but how often I don't remember, *Puttana di Dio*.

*The Inquisitor.* Was Beltramo, at the said place and time, and on the said occasion, reproved by any person or persons?

*The First Witness.* I cried out to Beltramo, but that made him all the more angry, and he threatened to hit me.

*The Inquisitor.* Who was present besides Florido when Beltramo uttered the said blasphemies?

*The First Witness.* There were many standing by to look at the play; but I don't remember who they were.

The First Witness is then interrogated as to Beltramo's character, and the terms he is on with him, and as to his own fulfilment of his Easter duties, just as the Denunciator was, and the oath of silence being administered to him, his Deposition closes in the same way.

It is not necessary to follow in detail the evidence of the Second Witness, Florido, who, when called, corroborates the testimony of Martio. The witnesses, it must be remembered, were very seldom examined in the presence of the Accused—although that course might be adopted if the Inquisitor saw fit—the reason given being that 'such a procedure is not fitting for so sacred a tribunal' (*ciò non si conviene a così santo Tribunale*). The next step is to secure the presence of the person denounced by writ of citation or caption, although, if the Holy Office thought fit, he might have been arrested

<sup>\*</sup> It will be seen that The First Witness prudently gives in to the Inquisitor's threat. Had he not done so, he might have been subjected to the Torture, which the Holy Office had the power to employ against a recusant witness presumed to be well informed (*Testimonio che si presume verisimilmente informato, e nega*). At page 263 of the *Sacred Arsenal* the form of a Decree of Torture against such a witness is given.

at an earlier stage. Let us suppose Beltramo taken into custody by the familiars of the Inquisition, and lodged in its secret prison. In course of time—it was sometimes rather a long time—he is brought up for examination. His name and all other particulars being taken down by the Notary, an oath to speak the truth, and to keep the proceedings secret, is administered to him. And then his interrogation begins. The first question put to him is whether he knows or suspects the cause of his incarceration, and of the present examination. If he answers affirmatively, he is asked to explain himself further; and if he acknowledges the commission of the blasphemy alleged against him, his confession is minutely recorded. Then, as heretical words<sup>9</sup> raise a presumption of heretical intention—which suspicion may be light, vehement, or violent—Beltramo is examined about his theological views; and this examination may be of the kind called *rigorous*, that is, under torture, concerning which I shall have to speak presently. If, however, Beltramo does not confess, he is solemnly exhorted by the Inquisitor to speak the truth and relieve his conscience; since it does not seem probable that witnesses would have sworn they had heard him blaspheme unless they really had. He is further admonished that otherwise he will be kept longer in confinement, and his cause protracted, and that he will be more severely punished if convicted on the mere evidence of the witnesses, without his own penitent confession. Should he continue obstinate in his denial, he is conducted back to prison.

Special care is taken in the examination of the Accused that he does not get to know who his Denunciator is, or who are the witnesses against him. Should he affirm that the charge has been got up against him by his enemies, and should the persons on whose information the Holy Office has, in fact, proceeded be among those whom he specifies as such, the Inquisitor and Notary are warned to be on their guard against any word, act, or gesture which might lead him to guess that this is so. And all his demeanour while he is under examination is to be carefully noted: whether he is pale, or trembles, or is involved in speech, or is proud, or arrogant, or angry, or disdainful.

We left Beltramo remitted to his prison. At such time as the Inquisitor thinks fit, he may again be brought before the Tribunal and re-examined. The Inquisitor asks him whether he has more carefully examined his conscience—*an melius cogitavit super conscientiam suam*—and is in better dispositions to speak the truth. The depositions of the Denunciator and the witnesses may be read over to him, their names, and all that would give a clue to them, being left out—*suppressis suppressendis* is the technical phrase—and he may

<sup>9</sup> The jurists of the Holy Office were strict logicians. 'Evil words,' they held, 'raise a presumption of evil premeditation' ('Le parole malamente dette, e scritte, si presumono anco malamente premeditate. Che perciò ben dice quel dottissimo Giurisconsulto: "Nemo credendus est dixisse quod non prius mente agitaverit."')

be significantly threatened that the resources of the Holy Office are not exhausted. If Beltramo still persists in his denial—and we will take it that he does—he is sent back to prison. Or, in the words of the Process, ‘Et cum nihil aliud ab ipso posset haberi, demissum fuit examen, et ipse Constitutus remissus fuit ad locum suum.’

But it may be said, Has the Accused no power of defending himself? The Holy Office, we read in the *Sacred Arsenal*,<sup>10</sup> fully recognises that the accused person is entitled by natural right to make a defence, and, should he think well to make one, will provide him with an Advocate—the *Advocatus Reorum Sancti Officii*—unless he prefers to choose an Advocate of his own. And the Advocate is furnished with a copy of the Process *suppressis suppressendis*. He is bound over by oath to secrecy as to the cause; he is bound also, in case he thinks the Accused culpable, to urge him to confess and sue for penance; and he has to walk very warily in defending his client, lest he should himself incur suspicion of heresy, or render himself culpable as a Fautor of Heresy.<sup>11</sup> Of course nothing in the nature of cross-examination of the Denunciator and witnesses against the Accused can take place. The principal functions of the Advocate are to procure evidence rebutting that of the Process as to the alleged criminous fact—*corpus delicti*—alleged against his client, and in favour of his character as a good Catholic. He may also serve his client by showing who are his enemies, and what their machinations and threats against him have been; and if the Denunciator and the witnesses who corroborate him are among these, their credit will of course be shaken, in greater or less degree.

The Holy Office has for its object not only the eradication of heresy, and the punishment of heretics and their fautors, but also the salvation of the souls of heretics. This is one reason why it attaches so much importance to the confession of his heresy by a heretic. And if there is a case against him, and he makes no defence or an insufficient defence, and will not confess, he may be tortured in order to make him confess; the Torture being, when applied by the Holy Office, ‘not a punishment, but a remedy for getting out the truth’ (*non pœna ma remédio ad eruendum veritatem*). The sixth part of the *Sacred Arsenal* is devoted to the methods of interrogating in torture; and begins with an Apology for that mode of examination—*Rigorous Examination* it is termed—which I will translate.

<sup>10</sup> Father Masini finds here a signal proof of the compassionateness and just dealing of the Holy Office. ‘Tanta, e così segnalata è la pietà, e integrità del Santo Tribunale dell’ Inquisitione, che al Reo non pienamente convinto, nè confesso, non solamente non si negano avanti la Tortura giammai le difese, ove egli le domandi, ma spontaneamente anche gli si offeriscono.’

<sup>11</sup> Or even as a heretic. ‘An Advocate who tries to make out that not to be heresy which is really such, must be esteemed a heretic,’ we are told: ‘L’ Avvocato, che piglia a difendere, non esser eresia quella che veramente è eresia, deve essere stimato Eretico.’

If the Accused denies the offences laid to his charge, and they are not fully proved, and if within the time assigned him for making his defence he has not stated anything in his exculpation, or, having attempted a defence, has not in any way cleared himself from the charge which results against him from the Process, it is necessary, in order to have the truth of it, to subject him to *Rigorous Examination*, the Torture having been expressly devised to supplement the oral testimony of the witnesses when they cannot bring complete proof against the Accused. Nor is that at all inconsistent with ecclesiastical mildness and benignity. Even when the proof is legitimate, clear, and, as the phrase is, conclusive *in suo genere*; the Inquisitor may, and ought, without in any way incurring blame, to employ it, in order that the Accused, confessing their crimes, may be converted to God, and, by means of this chastisement, may save their souls. It would be an unbecoming and unjust thing, repugnant to all laws, human and divine, to subject any one to torments save in a lawful way and upon evidence; and besides that, the confession so obtained would be invalid and of no account, even though the Accused should persist in it,<sup>12</sup> for we must never begin with torture but with evidence. And even if subsequently evidence should be forthcoming, such confession would not be validated. But since in a matter of so great importance errors may easily be committed, either to the notable prejudice of justice, if crimes remain unpunished, or to the most serious and irreparable loss of the Accused, the Inquisitor, in order to proceed cautiously, should put before the Consultors of the Holy Office the case for the accusation and for the defence, and be guided by their learned and wise opinion—although they have only a consultative, not a decisive voice. Or, if the matter be grave, let him put it before the Sacred and Supreme Tribunal of the Holy and Universal Roman Inquisition.

The learned Inquisitor then proceeds to consider the various forms of *Rigorous Examination* according to the variety of cases which may occur in the Holy Tribunal. Thus the Torture may be given merely to ascertain the criminal fact—*sopra il fatto*; or *pro ulteriori veritate et super intentionem*, when the Accused confesses only one portion of the things laid to his charge and denies heretical opinions (*la mala credenza*). It may be given to make the Accused disclose his accomplices; it may be given to witnesses who vary, vacillate, or contradict themselves, or who have extra-judicially affirmed what they deny when examined by the Holy Office. It might be repeated after a proper interval, and, in some cases, it might be given a third time. There is an interesting section of the *Sacred Arsenal* in which the process of confronting in Torture the Accused with an alleged accomplice is described—*Modo di confrontare un Complice con l'altro Complice Reo in Tortura*. B., the Accused, in the course of his examination, has confessed, and has named N. as an accomplice. The Inquisitor orders N. to be brought and confronted with B., who is then asked whether, upon the oath administered to him, he is ready to maintain, under Torture if necessary, in the face of N. here present, what he has laid to that person's charge. If he replies affirmatively, he is taken at his word, and is conducted to the Torture

<sup>12</sup> But if, after a considerable interval of time (*doppo qualche notabile intervallo di tempo*), he is summoned by the Judge and questioned concerning the confession thus wrongfully obtained, and repeats it, the renewed confession will be esteemed voluntary and spontaneous (*libera e spontanea*).

Chamber, as is also N. Thither the Inquisitor also proceeds, together with the Bishop or his Vicar, whose presence is always required when the Torture is administered.

Then [the Process continues], in order to remove all doubt which might arise concerning the person and utterances of the said B. and the alleged complicity, as also all stain (*maculam*) which might thereby attach to his person, and to make a greater impression (*ad magis afficiendum*) upon the said N., and for every other better end and effect (*ac ad omnem alium meliorem finem et effectum*), and also to the effect of getting from the said B. the truth concerning his intention and belief, the said Judges commanded the said B. to be led to the place of Torture. Who, being brought thither, was benignly admonished by the Judges, and advised to have the fear of God before his eyes, and to confess the pure and simple truth, and to take great care not to inculcate unduly any person, because he would have to answer for that in this world and in the next.

And was then tortured.

The Strappado was the Torture specially affected by the Italian Inquisition in the last century. The hands of the person to be tortured were fastened behind his back, and he was attached by his wrists to a cord, and elevated by means of a pulley almost to the roof of the Torture Chamber, and was then let fall, with all the weight of his body, to within a short distance of the floor. Sometimes plummets were attached to his feet, to increase the severity of this Torture. The Torture of Fire had its admirers. It consisted in exposing the feet of the Accused, well anointed with lard and securely fastened, to fierce heat. But, although persuasive of confession, it was found to be very dangerous (*molto pericoloso*), and on that account was seldom used, as repugnant to the mildness and benignity of an ecclesiastical tribunal. The Boot and the Thumb Screw were occasionally employed for those who were medically or surgically declared to be unfit subjects for the Strappado. But fancy Tortures—if one may so speak—were disallowed. And a wise provision enjoined that no Torture should be given until nine or ten hours after food. Of course, all confessions made under Torture would not receive equal credence. If the Accused confessed things wildly improbable—*maria et montes* was the cant phrase in the Holy Office<sup>13</sup>—a judicious Inquisitor would receive them with prudent scepticism. And any confession obtained by *Rigorous Examination* must be subsequently ratified in cold blood, if the expression may be allowed. Refusal to ratify would expose the recusant to a repetition of the Torture. It may here be noted with what pains the jurists of the Holy Office applied themselves to determine equitably nice points which arose from time to time in their practice. Take, for example, the question: 'If the Judge in the Tribunal of Examination—not in the Torture Chamber—should say

<sup>13</sup> Because, as Father Masini wisely observes, the Accused might perhaps, through the force of the torments, have confessed things which he never even thought of doing: 'potendo essere, che il Reo per forza di tormenti habbia confessato quelle cose che non hebbe mai in pensiero d'operare.'

to the Accused, "Confess, or I will give you the Strappado," and the Accused accordingly confesses, should such a confession be regarded as extorted by fear of the Strappado?" "No," answers Father Masini, "for it is a light menace (*e lieve territione*), and seems rather a bit of bragging by the Judge than anything else (*e sembra più tosto una cotal giattanza del Giudice che altro*), always provided that the Judge is not a person of terrible aspect, and accustomed to say such things and to do them; for in that case the confession *should* be regarded as obtained by fear of torments (*metu tormentorum*)."

But we have no time to linger over these niceties of Inquisitorial jurisprudence, interesting and important as they are. Let us return to Beltramo. We left him consigned to prison a second time, on his denial of the blasphemy alleged against him, with a threat of further proceedings—that is to say, of the Torture. The threat is now to be carried out, and he is to be examined on the Strappado as to the alleged criminal fact (*sopra il fatto*). He is brought into the Judgment Hall, where the Inquisitor and the Bishop, or the Bishop's Vicar, are seated; the usual oaths to speak the truth and to observe secrecy are administered to him, and his examination begins and is duly recorded by the Notary. His Advocate, it should be observed, is not allowed to be present at this stage of the proceedings. The interrogation is now of a much simpler character, the circumlocutions used in the former examinations being avoided. Let us follow the graphic sketch of it given in the *Sacred Arsenal*.

*The Judges.* Does it occur to you to say anything further about your case?

*The Accused.* No, I have nothing more to say.

*The Judges.* Did you blaspheme, using the words *Puttana di Dio*?

*The Accused.* I did not.

*The Judges.* You had better tell the truth, and at last withdraw from your numerous falsehoods, for you must yourself see that there is no room for denial left to you.

*The Accused.* I have nothing more to say.

*The Judges.* Unless you make up your mind to tell the truth, we must take further proceedings against you.

*The Accused.* I have told the truth.

*The Judges.* We shall have to torture you.

Then [proceeds the *Sacred Arsenal*] their Lordships on the Seat of Judgment (*D. D. Sedentes*), considering the pertinacity and obstinacy of the Accused, and having seen and maturely considered the whole tenour of the Process, and all and everything contained in it, perceiving that it exhibits sufficient evidence why the Accused may be, and ought to be, tortured (*quæstionibus exponi*), decreed—the Procurator Fiscal of the Holy Office so demanding—that the said Accused should be tortured in order to arrive at the truth concerning the alleged blasphemy, and further ordered that he should be conducted to the place of torture and there stripped, bound, and fastened to the rope. And while the Accused, duly conducted



to the place of torture, was being stripped, bound and fastened to the rope, their Lordships benignly and paternally admonished him at last to tell the truth, and to recede from his obstinacy, and not to wait until he is elevated on the rope, as he assuredly will be if he persist in his obstinacy (*nec expectet quod in funem elevetur, prout elevabitur, quatenus adhuc in ejus obstinatione persistat*). And seeing that he altogether refused to confess the truth, they ordered the executioners to proceed, and during the Torture they interrogated him from time to time whether he uttered the blasphemy alleged.

The replies of the Accused were, of course, carefully recorded by the Notary, whose business it was also—as we read in the *Sacred Arsenal*—not only to note any speeches and gestures (*ragionamenti e moti*) which he might make while on the Torture, but also all his sighs, cries, laments, and tears (*anzi tutti i sospiri, tutte le grida, tutti i lamenti, e le lagrime, che manderà*). As for example :

Qui, sic elevatus, cœpit dicere, Ohimè, Ohimè, O Sancta Maria. Deinceps tacuit.

If the Accused promises to confess, the Judges order him to be taken gently off the Torture and put upon a wooden bench (*leviter de Tortura deponi et super scamno ligneo deponi*), and if he fulfils his promise, his confession is duly written down. If he does not fulfil his promise, he is put back on the Torture. Should he persist in denial, the examination concludes as follows: 'And since nothing more could be got from him, their Lordships ordered the said prisoner to be gently taken down from the Torture, to be unbound, to have his arms put in joint (*brachia reaptari*), to be reclothed and taken away to his place [*i.e.* his prison], after he had been on the Torture for half an hour.'

It should be noted that if Beltramo confessed, whether in *Ordinary* or *Rigorous Examination*, the criminal fact—the blasphemous words—but denied heretical intention in uttering them, he might be subjected to *Rigorous Examination* to make him confess such intention.

And now let us come to the last stage. The learned author of the *Sacred Arsenal* enumerates twelve ways in which a Process in the Holy Office may be ended. It will not be necessary, for our present purpose, to follow him here in detail. One way, of course, is by acquittal. If it should appear that the witnesses against Beltramo—to return to that concrete instance—were false, and were animated merely by deadly enmity against him, he will be released. If the case against him as to the fact alleged—the utterance of the blasphemy—is too weak for a conviction, but strong enough for suspicion, whether light, vehement, or violent, he may be admitted to Canonical Purgation. This consists in his making oath of his innocence and orthodoxy, in his providing unimpeachable witnesses to aver that they believe him, and in his receiving Absolution from the Inquisitor with the caution to be more careful in future: '*Sis cautior in futurum et ab iis omnibus maxime abstine unde hæresis suspicio possit oriri*.' But if it be clearly established that Beltramo

did use the heretically blasphemous words alleged, the case will be much graver. 'Heretical words,' Father Masini lays down, 'are of such a nature and kind that they induce the suspicion of heretical intention. And although the Accused confessing this fact denies, even in Torture, such intention, he does not clear himself from suspicion of heresy, but only from formal heresy': 'Sua negativa altro effetto non opera giammai, se non ch'egli non si hà per Eretico formale.' The suspicion again may be light, vehement, or violent, and the sentence will vary accordingly. In the first case, Abjuration, and a more or less severe penance, would suffice; in the second, seven years of the galleys (*servire per remigante alla Galera per sett' anni*) is mentioned as an appropriate punishment which might be added to this; in the third, perpetual imprisonment.<sup>14</sup> The best that Beltramo could reasonably hope for would, perhaps, be a conviction and sentence *de Vehementi*. M. Dellon, in his extremely interesting narrative of his own experiences of the Inquisition at Goa, tells us of a case in point. 'At the *Act of Faith* I observed one who had a gag in his mouth fastened to his ears with a packthread. I learned from the reading of his Process that this punishment was inflicted upon him for having used divers blasphemies in play. This blasphemer, besides the shame of appearing in that equipage, was moreover condemned to a banishment of five years.' Of course Beltramo might console himself for figuring at the *Act of Faith* in such an equipage, by the reflection that he might conceivably have been condemned to appear in a still more disagreeable one—namely, the *sanbenito* of, say, a pertinacious heretic delivered over to the secular arm to be burnt 'all alive,' as the *Sacred Arsenal* emphatically puts it. 'L' Eretico pertinace, cui non havra uffitio alcuno di Christiana pietà potuto indurre a convertirsi, dovra non solamente al Braccio Secolare rilasciarsi, ma anche vivo vivo abbruciarsi.'

So much as to the practice of the Holy Office in the lifetime, we may say, of the fathers of some men still living. It fills us with shuddering wonder when we picture to ourselves the shoemaker Beltramo on the Torture, and the Judges—the Inquisitor and the Bishop—benignly admonishing him to confess the alleged blasphemy, or interrogating him as to his theological intention in uttering it. We realise with difficulty that we are so near an era in which such things were still possible throughout a not inconsiderable part of Europe. Perhaps this difficulty is one of the most satisfactory proofs of the real advance which European society has made since 'in ruins fell that outworn world,' overthrown by the French Revolution. I

<sup>14</sup> Violent suspicion of heresy is defined as a most strong presumption, called by the learned *juris et de jure*, which forces and constrains the Judge to believe that the Accused is a heretic: 'una gagliardissima presuntione chiamata da i Dottori *juris et de jure* che sforza et costringe il Giudice à credere che il Reo sia Eretico.'

am not of those who are constantly raising pæans over the glories of the nineteenth century. Surely, however, the disappearance from Europe—for ever as we may believe—of that savage jurisprudence, does indicate a progress in man himself: does denote a rise in the moral level of humanity: does lead us to recognise the truth that the world, with whatever retrogressions, moves upwards and onwards: *e pur si muove*. But before I close this paper, there are two remarks which it is only fair to make.

First, then, let it not be supposed that the practice of the Inquisition was peculiarly severe if judged by the standard of the times in which it existed as a coercive tribunal. Beltramo would probably have fared worse in a French secular court. Let my readers consider the case of the Chevalier de la Barre. And to assist them in doing that, I will quote Voltaire's perfectly accurate account of it.

Lorsque le Chevalier de la Barre, petit-fils d'un lieutenant général des armées, jeune homme de beaucoup d'esprit, mais ayant toute l'étourderie d'une jeunesse effrénée, fut convaincu d'avoir chanté des chansons impies, et même d'avoir passé devant une procession de capucins sans avoir ôté son chapeau, les juges d'Abbeville, gens comparables aux sénateurs romains, ordonnèrent, non-seulement qu'on lui arrachât la langue, qu'on lui coupât la main, et qu'on brûlât son corps à petit feu; mais qu'ils l'appliqueraient encore à la torture pour savoir précisément combien de chansons il avait chantées, et combien de processions il avait vues passer, le chapeau sur la tête. Ce n'est pas dans le treizième ou dans le quatorzième siècle que cette aventure est arrivée, c'est dans le dix-huitième. . . . Au fond il n'y a pas de nation plus cruelle que la française.

Voltaire's concluding reflection brings me to my second observation. I am far from denying vast differences of national character. But I am not sure whether he is warranted in regarding the French nation as exceptionally cruel. There is an element of cruelty in all of us. We may all discover within us, if we search carefully enough, that *insani leonis vim* of which Horace speaks. It would be a mistake to suppose that ecclesiastics who discharged Inquisitorial functions must have been abnormally hardhearted. St. Peter Martyr, their 'egregious captain,' who achieved fame as one of the most relentless exterminators of heresy the world has ever seen, is described in the Bull of his canonisation as being of 'sweet benignity, of exhaustless compassion, of wonderful charity.' There is no sort of reason for questioning the accuracy of the description. No doubt an Inquisitor's sensibility to suffering was blunted by the constant sight of it in the torture chamber. I can the more readily understand that this was so, from the comparative indifference with which, as a young man, I soon came to view the execution of sentences of hanging and flogging at which it was my duty to be present when an assistant magistrate in India. For myself, I do not hold the person of the Inquisitor in admiration. But we must be just—even to an Inquisitor. And the present age supplies a parallel which may, perhaps, help us to be so. Science is to the Vivisector what

orthodoxy was to the Inquisitor. Indeed, I remember a physician, much famed for the ferocity of his feats in physiological laboratories, remarking to me, 'Science is my religion.' Well, this gentleman, for the advance of his religion, did not shrink from causing to multitudes of dogs and horses, physical sufferings as intense as any Inquisitor ever inflicted on heretics or suspected heretics. But 'it may be said, 'The Vivisector's victims are animals lower than man in the scale of being: the Inquisitor's were men.' Of course, that is, as a rule, true. The Vivisector is obliged—at all events usually—to content himself with animals lower than man, in default of the human subjects upon whom, if his experiments are to possess any real scientific value, they should be performed. And, of course, every metaphysician knows that rights<sup>15</sup> cannot, in the strict sense, be predicated of the lower animals, who are not *persons*. But if not persons, they assuredly are not mere things. They possess what Trendelenburg calls *ein Stück persönliches*. They are 'our poor relations.' Hence, as it appears to me, to torture them is much more cowardly than to torture men. Anyhow, torture is torture. And familiarity with it engenders callousness concerning it—nay, too often, a taste for it. The Vivisector is, to say the least, as indifferent to the sufferings of his victims as was the Inquisitor. Curiosity as to the attainment of the desired result, not pity, is the emotion produced in his mind by the agonies and cries which, like the officials of the Holy Office, he carefully, perhaps complacently, notes. We are not justified in attributing to him, any more than to the Inquisitor, abnormal hardheartedness. But, like the Inquisitor, he illustrates a tendency in human nature to shrink from no savagery towards others *ad eruendam veritatem*—in the attempt to elicit truth.

That tendency I, for one, hold to be evil in itself. The doctrine so ignorantly imputed to certain schools of casuists, that a good end will justify any means, is simply false, and inconsistent with the first principles of morals. We have no right to employ physical torture in order to elicit truth, whether in judicial or scientific investigation. It is an unethical means; and that is the true objection to it in both cases.

W. S. LILLY.

<sup>15</sup> It is much to be regretted that sentimental ladies and emotional clergymen, without the least conception of the philosophical import of the word 'right,' should darken counsel by words without knowledge concerning 'the rights of animals.' In attempting, with no tincture of metaphysics, to discuss a metaphysical question by the light of what they call common sense, they usually write uncommon nonsense.

## THE SHORT STORY

ONE of the most engaging of the wits of our day wrote lately in a weekly newspaper that it is, for the most part, only those who are not good enough actors to act successfully in life who are compelled to act at the theatre. Under the influence of such an amiable paradox it is possible that we may ask ourselves, in regard to story-writing, whether the people singled out to practise it are those, chiefly, to whose personal history Romance has been denied : so that the greatest qualification even for the production of a lady's love-tale, is—that the lady shall never have experienced a love-affair. Eminent precedents might be cited in support of the contention. A great editor once comfortably declared that the ideal journalist was a writer who did not know too much about his subject. The public did not want much knowledge, he said. The literary criticism in your paper would be perfect if you handed it over to the critic of Music ; and the musical criticism would want for nothing if you assigned it to an expert in Art. And Mr. Thackeray, speaking of love-tales, said something that pointed the same way. He protested, no one should write a love-story after he was fifty. And why ? Because he knew too much about it.

But it was a personal application I was going to have given to the statement with which this paper begins. If the actor we see upon the boards be only there because more capable comedians fill the stage of the world, I am presumably invited by the editor of this Review to hold forth on the short story because I am not a popular writer. The editor, in the gentle exercise of his humour, bids me to fill the place which should be filled by the man of countless editions. It is true that in the matter of short stories, such a writer is not easy to find ; and this too at a time when, if one is correctly informed, full many a lady, not of necessity of any remarkable gifts, maintains an honourable independence by the annual production of an improper novel. Small as my personal claims might be, were they based only on my books—*Renunciations*, for example, or *Pastorals of France*—I may say my say as one who, with production somewhat scanty, has for twenty years been profoundly interested in the artistic treatment of the Short Story ; who believes in the short story, not as a ready means of hitting the

big public, but as a medium for the exercise of the finer art—as a medium, moreover, adapted peculiarly to that alert intelligence, on the part of the reader, which rebels sometimes at the *longueurs* of the conventional novel: the old three volumes or the new fat book. Nothing is so mysterious, for nothing is so instinctive, as the method of a writer. I cannot communicate the incommunicable. But at all events I will not express opinions aimed at the approval of the moment: convictions based on the necessity for epigram.

In the first place, then, what is, and what is *not*, a short story? Many things a short story may be. It may be an episode, like Miss Ella Hepworth Dixon's or like Miss Bertha Thomas's; a *fairy tale*, like Miss Evelyn Sharp's; the presentation of a single character with the stage to himself (Mr. George Gissing); a tale of the uncanny (Mr. Rudyard Kipling); a dialogue of comedy (Mr. Pett Ridge); a *panorama* of selected landscape, a vision of the sordid street, a record of heroism, a remote tradition or an old belief vitalised by its bearing on our lives to-day, an analysis of an obscure calling, a glimpse at a forgotten quarter. A short story—I mean a short imaginative work in the difficult medium of prose; for plot, or story proper, is no essential part of it, though in work like Conan Doyle's or Rudyard Kipling's it may be a very delightful part—a short story may be any one of the things that have been named, or it may be something besides; but one thing it can never be—it can never be 'a novel in a nutshell.' That is a favourite definition, but not a definition that holds. It is a definition for the kind of public that asks for a convenient inexactness, and resents the subtlety which is inseparable from precise truth. Writers and serious readers know that a good short story cannot possibly be a *précis*, a synopsis, a *scenario*, as it were, of a novel. It is a separate thing—as separate, almost, as the Sonnet is from the Epic—it involves the exercise almost of a different art.

That, perhaps, is one reason why it is generally—in spite of temporary vogue as pleasant pastime—a little underrated as an intellectual performance. That is why great novelists succeed in it so seldom—or at all events fail in it sometimes—even great novelists like Mr. Hardy, the stretch of whose canvas has never led him into carelessness of detail. Yet with *him*, even, in his short stories, the inequality is greater than befits the work of such an artist, and greater than is to be accounted for wholly by mood; so that by the side of *The Three Strangers*, or, yet better, that delightful thing, the *Interlopers at the Knap*, you have short tales tossed off with momentary indifference—as you can imagine Sheridan, with his braced language of comedy, stooping once to a charade. And if a *master* nods sometimes—a master like Hardy—does it not almost follow that, by the public at least, the conditions of the short story are not understood, and so, in the estimate of the criticism of the dinner-table, and by the criticism of the academic, the tale is made

to suffer by its brevity? But if it is well done, it has done this amazing thing: it has become quintessence; it has eliminated the superfluous; and it has taken *time* to be brief. Then—amongst readers whose judgments are perfunctory—who have not thought the thing out—it is rewarded by being spoken of as an ‘agreeable sketch,’ ‘a promising little effort,’ an ‘earnest of better things.’ So—not to talk of any other instance—one imagines the big public rewarding the completed charm of *The Author of Beltraffio* and of *A Day of Days*, though pregnant brevity is not generally Mr. Henry James’s strength. And then Mr. James works away at the long novel, and, of course, is clever in it, because with him, *not* to be clever might require more than American passiveness. Very good; but I go back from the record of all that ‘Maisie’ ought not to have known to *The Author of Beltraffio* and to *A Day of Days*—‘promising little efforts,’ ‘earnests of better things.’

Well, then, the Short Story is wont to be estimated, not by its quality, but by its size, a mode of appraisal under which the passion of Schumann, with his wistful questionings—in *Warum*, say, or in *Der Dichter spricht*—would be esteemed less seriously than the amiable score of *Maritana*! And a dry point by Mr. Whistler, two dozen lines laid with the last refinement of charm, would be held inferior to a panorama by Philopoteau, or to the backgrounds of the contemporary theatre. One would have thought that this was obvious. But in our latest stage of civilisation it is sometimes only the obvious that requires to be pointed out.

While we are upon the subject of hindrances to the appreciation of this particular form of imaginative work, we may remind ourselves of one drawback in regard to which the short story must make common cause with the voluminous novel: I mean the inability of the mass of readers to do justice to the seriousness of any artistic, as opposed to any moral, or political, or pretentiously regenerative fiction. For the man in the street, for the inhabitant of Peckham Rye, for many prosperous people on the north side of the Park, perhaps even for the very cream of up-to-date persons whose duty it is to abide somewhere where Knightsbridge melts invisibly into Chelsea, Fiction is but a *délassement*, and the artists who practise it, in its higher forms, are a little apt to be estimated as contributors to public entertainment—like the Carangeot Troupe, and Alexia, at the Palace Theatre. The view is something of *this* nature—I read it so expressed only the other day: ‘The tired clergyman, after a day’s work; what book shall he take up? Fiction, perhaps, would seem too trivial; history, too solid.’

The serious writer of novel or short story brings no balm for the ‘tired clergyman’—other than such balm as is afforded by the delight of serious Art. At high tension he has delivered himself of his performance, and if his work is to be properly enjoyed, it must

be met by those only who are ready to receive it ; it must be met by the alert, not the fatigued, reader ; and with the short story in particular, with its omissions, with the brevity of its allusiveness, it must be met half way. Do not let us expect it to be 'solid,' like Mill, or Lightfoot, or Westcott—or even like A.B.C. Railway Guides. You must condone the 'triviality' which put its finger on the pulse of life and says, 'Thou ailest *here* and *here*'—which exposes, not a political movement, like the historian of the outward fact, but the secrets of the heart, rather, and human weakness, and the courage which in strait places comes somehow to the sons of men, and the beauty and the strength of affection—and which *does* this by intuition as much as by science.

But to go back to considerations not common in some degree to all Fiction, but proper more absolutely to the Short Story. I have suggested briefly what the short story may be ; we have seen briefly the one thing it *cannot* be—which is, a novel told within restricted space. Let us ask what methods it may adopt—what are some of the varieties of its form.

The Short Story admits of greater variety of form than does the long novel, and the number of these forms will be found to be increasing and we must not reject conventionally (as we are terribly apt to do) the new form because we are unfamiliar with it. The forms that are open to the novel are open to the short imaginative piece, and, to boot, very many besides. Common to both, of course, is the most customary form of all—that in which the writer narrates as from outside the drama, yet with internal knowledge of it—what is called the 'narrative form,' which includes within its compass, in a single work, narrative proper and a moderate share of dialogue. Common again to both short and long stories, obviously, is a form which, in skilled hands, and used only for those subjects to which it is most appropriate, may give strange reality to the matter presented—the form, I mean, in which the story is told in the first person, as the experience and the sentiment of one character who runs throughout the whole. The short story, though it should use this form very charily, adopts it more conveniently than does the long novel ; for the novel has many more characters than the short story, and for the impartial presentation of many characters this form is a fetter. It gives of a large group a prejudiced and partial view. It commended itself once or twice only to Dickens. *David Copperfield* is the conspicuous example. Never once, I think, did it commend itself to Balzac. It is better adapted, no doubt, to adventure than to analysis, and better to the expression of humour than to the realisation of tragedy. As far as the presentation of *character* is concerned, what it is usual for it to achieve—in hands, I mean, much smaller than those of the great Dickens—is this : a life size, full length, generally too flattering portraif of the hero of the story—a personage who has the



limelight all to himself—on whom no inconvenient shadows are ever thrown—the hero as beheld by Sant, shall I say? rather than as beheld by Sargent—and then a further graceful idealisation, an attractive pastel, you may call it, the lady he most frequently admired, and, of the remainder, two or three Kit-Cat portraits, a head and shoulders here, and there a stray face.

The third and only other form that I can call to mind as common to both novel and short story, though not equally *convenient* to both, is the rare *form of Letters*. That again, like any other that will not bear a prolonged strain, is oftener available for short story than for big romance. The most consummate instance of its employment, in very lengthy work, is one in which with slow progression it serves above all things the purpose of minute and searching analysis—I have named the book in this line of description of it: I have named *Clarissa*. For the short story it is used very happily by Balzac—who, though not at first a master of sentences, is an instinctive master of methods—it is used by him in the *Mémoires de Deux Jeunes Mariées*. And in a much lighter way, of bright portraiture, of neat characterisation, it is used by an ingenious, sometimes seductive, writer of our period, Marcel Prévost, in *Lettres de Femmes*. It is possible, of course, to *mix* these different forms; but for such mixture we shall conclude, I fancy, that prolonged fiction offers the best opportunity. Such mixture has its dangers for the short story; you risk, perhaps, unity of effect. But there are short stories in which monotony is avoided, and the force of the narrative in reality emphasised, by some telling lines from a letter, whose end or whose beginning may be otherwise imparted to us.

I devote a few lines to but two or three of the forms which by common consent are for the short story only. One of them is simple dialogue. For our generation, that has had the fascination of an experiment—an experiment made perhaps with best success after all in the candid and brilliant fragments of that genuine humorist, Mr. Pett Ridge. The method in most hands has the appearance of a difficult feat. It is one often—and so is walking on the slack-wire, and the back-spring in acrobatic dance. Of course a writer must enjoy grappling with difficulties. We understand that. But the more serious artist reflects, after a while, that the unnecessary difficulty is an inartistic encumbrance. ‘Why,’ he will ask, ‘should the story-teller put on himself the fetters of the drama, to be denied the drama’s opportunities?’ Pure dialogue, we may be sure, is apt to be an inefficient means of telling a story; of presenting a character. There may be cited one great English Classic who has employed the method—the author of *Pericles and Aspasia*, of that little gem of conversation between Henry the Eighth and Anne Boleyn. But then, with Walter Savage Landor, austere and perfect, the character existed already, and there was no story to tell. Pure dialogue, under the conditions of the modern writer, leaves

almost necessarily the problem unsolved, the work a fragment. It can scarcely be a means to an end; though it may, if we like, be a permissible little end in itself, a little social chatter, pitched in a high key, in which one has known tartness to be mistaken for wit. Thus does 'Gyp' skim airily over the deep, great sea of life. All are shallows to her vision. And as she skims you feel her lightness. I prefer the adventure of the diver, who knows what 'he depths are, who plunges, and who rescues the pearl.

Then, again, possible, though not often desirable for the short story, is the diary form—extracts from a diary, rather. Applied to work on an extensive scale, your result—since you would necessarily lack concentrated theme—your result would be a chronicle, not a story. Applied to the shorter fiction, it must be used charily, and may then, I should suppose, be used well. But I, who used the form in 'The New Marienbad Elegy' in *English Episodes*, what right have I to say that the form, in the hands of a master, allows a subtle presentation of the character of the diarist—allows, in self-revelation, an irony, along with earnestness, a wayward and involved humour, not excluding sympathy? It is a form not easily received, not suffered gladly. It is for the industrious, who read a good thing twice, and for the enlightened, who read it three times.

I throw out these things only as hints; we may apply them where we will, as we think about stories. But something has yet to be said. Of the two forms already named as generally unfitted for the long novel, and fitted only now and again for the short story, one, it will be noticed, is all dialogue; the other, necessarily, a form in which there is no dialogue at all. And I think we find, upon reflection, the lighter work leans oftenest on the one form; the graver work leans oftenest on the other.

Indeed, from this we might go on to notice that as far as the short story is concerned, most of the finer and more lasting work, though cast in forms which quite *permit* of the dialogue, has, as a matter of fact, but little dialogue in it. Balzac's *La Grenadière*—it is years since I read it; but has it any dialogue at all? Balzac's *L'Interdiction*—an extraordinary presentation of a quaint functionary, fossiliferous and secluded, suddenly brought into contact with people of the world, and with the utmost ability baffling their financial intrigue—this is certainly the most remarkable short story ever written about money—*L'Interdiction* has not much dialogue. In the *Atheist's Mass*, again—the short story of such a nameless pathos—the piece which, more even than *Eugénie Grandet* itself, should be everybody's introduction, and especially every woman's introduction, to the genius of Balzac: *La Messe de l'Athée* has no dialogue. Coming to our actual contemporaries in France, of whom Zola and Daudet must still, it is possible, be accounted the foremost, it is natural that the more finished and minute worker—the worker lately lamented—

should be the one who has made the most of the short story. And in this order of his work—thus leaving out his larger and most brilliant canvas, *Froment Jeune et Risler Aîné*—what do we more lastingly remember than the brief and sombre narrative of *Les Deux Auberges*?—a little piece that has no story at all; but a ‘situation’ depicted, and when depicted, *left*. There is an open country; leagues of Provence; a long stretching road; and on the roadside opposite each other, two inns. The older one is silent, melancholy; the other, noisy and prosperous. And the landlord of the older inn spends all his time in the newer; taking his pleasure there with guests who were once his own, and with a handsome landlady, who makes amends for his departed business. And in his own inn, opposite, a deserted woman sits solitary. That is all. But the art of the master!

Now this particular instance of a pregnant brevity reminds me that in descriptions of landscape the very obligations of the short story are an advantage to its art. Nature in fiction requires to be seen, not in endless detail, as a botanical or geographical study, but, as in Classic Landscape Composition, a noble glimpse of it, over a man’s shoulder, under a man’s arm. I know, of course, that is not the popular view. There are novels which have owed their popularity to landscape written by the ream. Coaches have been named after them; steamboats have been named after them. I am not sure that, in their honour, inaccessible heights have not been scaled and virgin forests broken in upon, so that somewhere in picturesque districts the front of a gigantic hotel shall have inscribed on it the title of a diffuse novel.

But that is not the great way. The great way, from Virgil’s to Browning’s, is the way of pregnant brevity. And where dialogue is employed in the finer short story, every line of it is bound to be significant. The short story has no room for the reply that is only *near* to being appropriate, and it deserves no pardon for the word that would not have been certainly employed. It is believed generally, and one can well suppose that it is true, that the average dialogue of the diffuse novel is written quickly. That is in part because so little of it is really dramatic—is really at all the inevitable word. But the limited sentences in which, when the narrator must narrate no more, the persons who have been described in the short story express themselves on their restricted stage, need, if I dare assert it, to be written slowly, or, what is better, re-read a score of times, and pruned, and looked at from without, and surveyed on every side.

But, indeed, of the *long* story, as well as of the short, may it not be agreed that on the whole the dialogue is apt to be the least successful thing? The ordinary reader, of course, will not be dramatic enough to notice its deficiencies. In humorous dialogue, these are seen least. Humorous dialogue has a legitimate license. You do not ask from it exactitude; you do not nail it

down. But in serious dialogue, the dialogue of the critical moment, when the fire of a little word will kindle how great a matter, how needful then, and how *rare*, that the word be the true one! We do not want laxity, inappropriateness, on the one hand; nor, on the other, the tortured phraseology of a too resolute cleverness. And those of us who have a preference—derived, it may be, from the simpler generation of Dickens—for an unbending when it is a question of *little* matters, and, when it is a question of great ones, for ‘a sincere large accent, nobly plain’—well! there is much of modern finessing we are hardly privileged to understand. But if one wants an instance, in a long novel, in which the sentence now said at a white heat is the result, inevitable, burningly true to life, of the sentence that was said just before, one condones the obscurity that has had its imitators, and pays one’s tribute of admiration to the insight of *Diana of the Crossways*.

One of the difficulties of the short story, the short story shares with the acted drama, and that is the indispensableness of compression—the need that every sentence shall tell—the difference being, that in the acted drama it must tell for the moment, it must tell till it is found out, and in the short story it must tell for at least a *modest* eternity, and something more, if that be possible—for if a ‘Fortnight is eternity’ upon the Stock Exchange, a literary eternity is, perhaps, forty years.

Of course the short story, like all other fiction to be read, does not share the other difficulties of the acted drama—above all, the disadvantage which drags the acted drama down—the disadvantage of appealing to, at all events of having to give sops to, at one and the same moment, gallery and stalls: an audience so incongruous that it lies outside the power of Literature to weld it really together. In the contemporary theatre, in some of the very cleverest of our acted dramas, the characters are frequently doing, not what the man of intuition, and the man who remembers life, *knows* that they would do, but that which they must do to conciliate the Dress Circle, to entertain the Pit, to defer not too long the gentle chuckle with which the ‘average sensual man’ receives the assurance that it is a delusion to suppose our world contains any soul, even a woman’s soul, that is higher and purer than his. To such temptations the writer of the short story is not even exposed, if he be willing to conceive of his art upon exalted lines, to offer carefully the best of his reflection, in a form of durable and chosen grace, or, by a less conscious, perhaps, but not less fruitful, husbanding of his resources, to give us, sooner or later, some first-hand study of human emotion, ‘gotten,’ as William Watson says, ‘of the immediate soul.’ But again, contrasting his fortunes with those of his brother, the dramatist, the writer of short stories must, even at the best, know himself denied the dramatist’s crowning advantage—which is the thrill of actual human presence.

I have not presumed, except incidentally and by way of illustration, to sit in rapid judgment, and award impertinently blame or praise to the most or the least prominent of those who are writing short stories to-day. Even an occasional grappler with the difficulties of a task is not generally its best critic. He will criticise from the inside, now and then, and so, although you ought to have from him, now and again, at least—what I know, nevertheless, that *I* may not have given—illuminating commentary—you cannot have final judgment. Of the art of Painting, where skill of hand and sense of colour count for so much more than intellect, this is especially true. It is true, more or less, of Music—in spite of exceptions as notable as Schumann and Berlioz : almost perfect critics of the very art that they produced. It is true—though in a less degree—of creative Literature. We leave this point, to write down, before stopping, one word about *tendencies*.

Among the better writers, one tendency of the day is to devote a greater care to the art of expression—to an unbroken continuity of excellent and varied style. The short story, much more than the long one, makes this thing possible to men who may not claim to be geniuses, but who, if we are to respect them at all, must claim to be artists. And yet, in face of the indifference of so much of our public here, to anything we can call Style—in face, actually, of a strange insensibility to it—the attempt, wherever made, is a courageous one. This insensibility—how does it come about ?

In comes about, in honest truth, partly because that instrument of Art, our English tongue, in which the verse of Gray was written, and the prose of Landor and Sterne, is likewise the necessary vehicle in which, every morning of our lives, we ask for something at breakfast. If we all of us had to demand breakfast by making a rude drawing of a coffee-pot, we should understand, before long—the quickness of the French intelligence on that matter being unfortunately denied us—the man in the street would understand that Writing, as much as Painting, is an art to be acquired, and an art in whose technical processes one is bound to take pleasure. And, perhaps, another reason is the immense diffusion nowadays of superficial education ; so that the election of a book to the honours of quick popularity is decided by those, precisely, whose minds are least trained for the exercise of that suffrage. What *is* elected is too often the work which presents at a first reading everything that it presents at all. I remember Mr. Browning once saying, *à propos* of such a matter, ‘What has a cow to do with nutmegs ?’ He explained it was a German proverb. Is it ? Or is it German only in the way of ‘Sonnets from the Portuguese’ ? Anyhow, things being as they are, all the more honour to such younger people as, in the face of indifference, remember that their instrument of English language is a quite unequalled instrument of art.

Against this happy tendency one has to set—in regard at least to some of them—tendencies less admirable. For, whilst the only kind of work that has a chance of engaging the attention of Sainte-Beuve's 'severe To-morrow' is work that is original, individual, sincere, is it not a pity, because of another's sudden success, to be unremittingly occupied with the exploitation of one particular world—to paint for ever, say, in violent and garish hue, or in deep shades through which no light can struggle, the life of the gutter?—to paint it, too, with that distorted 'realism' which witnesses upon the part of its practitioners to *one thing only*, a profound conviction of the ugly! I talk, of course, not of the short stories of the penetrating observer, but of those of the dyspeptic pessimist, whose pessimism, where it is not the *pose* of the contortionist—adopted with an eye to a sensational success of journalism, to a commercial effect—is hysteria, an imitative malady, a malady of the mind. The profession of the literary pessimist is already overcrowded; and if I name two writers who, though in different degrees, have avoided the temptation to join it—if I name one who knows familiarly the cheery as well as the more sombre side of Cockney character and life, Mr. Henry Nevinson, the author of the remarkable short stories *Neighbours of Ours*, and then again a more accepted student of a sordid existence—Mr. George Gissing, in *Human Odds and Ends* especially—I name them but as such instances as I am privileged to *know*, of a profoundly observant and relatively an unbiassed treatment of the subjects with which they have elected to deal.

In France, in the short story, we may easily notice, the uglier forms of 'Realism' are wearing themselves out. 'Le soleil de France,' said Gluck to Marie Antoinette, 'le soleil de France donne du génie.' And the genius that it gives cannot long be hopeless and sombre. It leaves the obscure wood and tangled by-path; it makes for the open road: 'la route claire et droite'—the phrase is M. Poincaré's—'la route claire et droite où marche le génie Français.' Straight and clear, generally, was the road followed—the road sometimes actually cut—by the unresting talent of Guy de Maupassant, the writer of a hundred short stories, which, for the world of his day at least, went far beyond Charles Nodier's earlier delicacy and Champfleury's wit. But somehow, upon De Maupassant's whole nature and temperament the curse of pessimism lay. To deviate into cheeriness he must deal with the virtues of the *déclassés*—undoubtedly an interesting theme—he must deal with them as in the famous *Maison Tellier*, an ebullition of scartely cynical comedy, fuller much of real humanity than De Goncourt's sordid document, *La Fille Elisa*. But that was an exception. De Maupassant was pessimist generally, because, master of an amazing talent, he refreshed himself never in any rarefied air; and the vista of the Spirit was denied him. His reputation he should more or less keep; but his

school—the school in which a few even of our own juvenile and imitative writers prattled the accents of a hopeless materialism—his school, I fancy, will be crowded no more. For, with an observation scarcely less keen, and infinitely more judicial, M. René Bazin treats, to-day, themes, we need not say more ‘legitimate’—since much may be legitimate—but at least more acceptable. And then again with a style of which De Maupassant, direct and vigorous as was his own, must have envied even the clarity, and, of course, the subtler charm, a master draughtsman of ecclesiastic, and bookworm, of the neglected genius of the provincial town (some poor devil of a small professor), and of the soldier, and the shopkeeper, and the Sous-Préfet’s wife—I hope I am describing M. Anatole France—looks out on the contemporary world with a vision humane and genial, sane and wide. Pessimism, as it seems to me, is only natural—can only be excusable—to those who are still bowed down by the immense responsibility of youth. It was a great poet who, writing of one of his peers—a man of mature life—declared of him, *not* ‘he mopes picturesquely,’ but ‘he knows the world, firm, quiet, and gay.’ To such a writer—only to such a writer—is possible a happy comedy; and possible, besides, a true and an august vision of profounder things! And *that* is the spirit to which the Short Story, at its best, will certainly return.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

## *WHITE SLAVES*

### *A TRUE TALE*

MAN in all ages has suffered much from the hands of his fellow-man, and it would be hard to say whether greed for power, gold, or territory has roused his worst passions, or whether love, or that strange form of religion which consists in saying, 'Share my faith or I will kill you,' should bear away the palm. Certainly, however, when to any or all of these is added race-hatred, when the contempt of the white for his natural inferior clashes with the envy of the coloured man, or the black, for one whom he resentfully suspects to be his natural master, the result is graven with steel and written in blood.

The dark-skinned aboriginal, left to himself, is probably barbarous, he is undeniably ignorant and idle, and is apt to consider prisoners of war an agreeable addition to his bill of fare; brought under white dominion he is forced to work, and certain restraints are placed on his barbarous tendencies; but he learns other lessons than those intended for his edification—lessons in white man's vices and white man's cruelty—and these he stores up for use on some future day, when the yoke of compulsory civilisation shall be shaken off.

Without dwelling on the darker pages of history, which give rise to such reflections as these, it is only here proposed to tell the true story of two young girls, innocent victims of revenge, treachery, and cupidity, which they at least had done nothing to arouse.

As is well known, the island called by the Spaniards Hispaniola was the first land in the New World on which Columbus established a settlement; he gave to his colony the name of San Domingo; and, here, after almost exterminating the original inhabitants by their cruelties, the Spaniards introduced the African negroes whose descendants still predominate in the land.

French adventurers, however, began, a hundred years later, to spread themselves through the western part of Hispaniola, and they called the territory which they occupied by the native name for the country, Haïti, or the 'mountainous land;' while the central and eastern portions remained under Spanish control as San Domingo, a name also commonly used by Europeans for the whole island.

The counterblast of the French Revolution was felt in the colonial



possessions of France, and the whole island soon became the scene of violent conflict. The whites of Haïti were divided into Royalists and Republicans; the free blacks and mulattoes thought this a favourable time to claim political and social privileges hitherto denied them, while the slaves soon rose in revolt, calling themselves 'Gens du Roi,' not because they cared about the king, but because they perceived that most of their masters were opposed to monarchy.

The Spaniards of San Domingo and the English cruisers in those waters fought the French Republicans until, by the peace made between France and Spain, in 1795, San Domingo was ceded to France, after which the internecine war became mainly a struggle of the black and coloured populations to throw off the dominion of the white planters, varied by jealousies and massacres among themselves, and occasional brave but ill-supported British incursions. Two names emerge from the confused story of the times. First, that of Toussaint L'Ouverture, the one negro who seems to have been endowed with the qualities of a general and the honourable principles commonly found only in a dominant race. His after-fate is one of the deep stains on the memory of Napoleon. The other is the execrated name of Dessalines, a true African barbarian, said to have spared no man in his anger and no woman in his lust, and who, during a tour through the departments of Haïti, massacred every French man, woman, and child who came in his way. This black tyrant first had himself proclaimed Governor-General of Haïti, and then, with the childish conceit of a negro, crowned Emperor, in imitation of Napoleon. His elevation to the throne was promptly followed by an insurrection, and in the struggle which ensued he fell into an ambushade and was soon afterwards shot—in 1805.

This hasty sketch will suffice to explain the scenes which our little heroines were fated to traverse; their adventures were taken down from their own lips by a French lady, and published in Paris in 1812. Hortense de Saint-Janvier was born in 1793, and her sister, Marie Louise Augustine, commonly called Augustine, in 1797; their parents being French-Americans, possessed of a considerable property in Haïti. When the children were respectively eight and four years old, Monsieur and Madame de Saint-Janvier spent eighteen months in France on business, and then returned to Haïti, probably unaware, in those days of slow communication, of the dangerous state of the island, or confident in the power of the French forces lately despatched by Bonaparte to put a speedy end to all disorder. The temporary successes, however, of Generals Leclerc and Rochambeau only aggravated the subsequent fate of the unhappy whites.

Leclerc broke his plighted word to Toussaint—the only negro who might be trusted to treat his foes with generosity—and sent him prisoner to France; and Rochambeau, brave and skilful as he was, distinguished himself even more by his cruelty, for he shot

every prisoner who fell into his hands, an example which the Haïtians were not slow to follow when their turn came.

The French army was attacked by a fearful epidemic of yellow fever, besieged on land by the blacks, and blockaded at sea by the English. Leclerc having died of the fever, Rochambeau surrendered to the fleet, and embarked for Europe in 1803, leaving Dessalines and his negro generals masters of the island.

During this temporary occupancy of the French, Monsieur de Saint-Janvier had resided at Cap Haïtien, the French headquarters, and at that time capital of the Island. He seems to have been rather a time-server, for he is reported to have remained shut up in his house, helping the negroes as much as he could without compromising himself with the French army. This availed him little, for no sooner had Rochambeau evacuated the town than he and several other whites received a command to wait upon Dessalines at Saint-Marc, another seaport, where the general was then residing. The pretext was an arrangement to be made about the tenure of their houses; but though they suspected some evil intention towards them, they dared not show their uneasiness, and arranged to set off next day. Just before the hour settled for departure a message was brought that some one wanted to speak to Monsieur de Saint-Janvier, and, going downstairs, he found the courtyard full of soldiers and his white companions prisoners. He and his friends were led off and kept in captivity, first at Cap Haïtien and afterwards at Saint-Marc. At first Madame de Saint-Janvier was able to visit her husband accompanied by her daughters, and for a week after his removal she received daily letters, and was in hourly expectation of his release and return. Then came a month of complete silence and agonising suspense, broken by the arrival of a negro called Jean-Baptiste who had formerly lived in her service as coachman.

Knowing that he came from Saint-Marc, she eagerly asked: 'Have you brought me any letters from Monsieur de Saint-Janvier?'

'From your husband? Oh, he is dead,' was the brutal answer, 'and I gave him the first blow. I did it so well, I assure you, that he never moved. He told me to give you and his children all sorts of messages, and to see if the little one is still like him.' In vain did the broken-hearted mother overwhelm the wretch with reproaches: quite unmoved he continued to boast, 'I—yes—I killed him!'

To crown the terror of the unfortunate family, news came that the Fourth Division of the black army, renowned as the most blood-thirsty, was on its way to the Cape.

Madame de Saint-Janvier was now lodged on the ground floor, but a friend, Madame Georges, who with her three daughters occupied the first floor in the same house, suggested that the two families should share the upper apartments, and afford each other mutual

help in case of necessity, a proposal to which the poor widow gladly acceded.

Twenty-four hours passed tranquilly, and a rumour began to circulate that the intention of the dreaded 'Fourth' was not massacre, but embarkation. Vain hope! The second night agonised cries arose in the streets, and voices demanded, 'What have I done that you should treat me thus?' The poor ladies, peeping through a little window, too soon perceived that the massacre had begun. Now Madame de Saint-Janvier had in her service two young negresses, both named Marie, but very different in disposition. One, though the daughter of the coachman who had killed his master, was faithful and deeply attached to her employers; the other, gentle in appearance, and received into the household through charity, was entirely devoid of fidelity and gratitude.

The coachman's daughter, conscious of the dangerous predicament in which the ladies were placed, suggested that they should take refuge in a garret, which could only be entered through a trap-door reached by means of a ladder, and the two families caught at the idea, and climbed into the hiding-place, carrying with them their jewels and a small supply of money.

Three days were thus passed in terror and obscurity, the good Marie bringing them food in the night time. Already the report arose that the blacks were only killing men, and that women and children were passed over. Encouraged by such unexpected clemency, the ladies prepared to leave their retreat, when Marie rushed up with the news that orders were issued for the massacre of women. Too true; that very evening 'The Fourth' entered the house, pillaged right and left, and demanded where were the inhabitants. Marie replied that they had been already put to death. Her father, who was amongst the butchers, threatened to kill his own daughter if she did not reveal their hiding-place. The poor girl, falling on her knees, swore that she had spoken the truth. Jean Baptiste, rightly suspecting that fidelity had carried the day against veracity, raised his sword above her head and again ordered her to speak. 'Kill me,' she replied, 'if needs be; but since my mistresses are dead I can tell you no more.'

The other soldiers, either admiring her courage or impatient of delay, bade him desist, completed the plunder of the house, and made off.

The poor ladies were already congratulating themselves on their escape; but, alas! they had reckoned without the other Marie. This treacherous girl, probably in hopes of sharing the spoils, betrayed the secret of the trap-door, and the terror of the captives may be imagined when it was opened to admit an armed negro.

Nevertheless, this man contrived to soothe them, and to decoy them out under false pretences.

'Don't be afraid,' said he, 'I bring you good news; the massacres are over, and since you have been clever enough to escape them, our General grants you life and liberty. He has sent me to invite you to come down, and to say that he will be delighted to see you.'

The ladies and children accordingly descended into the house, only to find it crowded with black assassins, and to be received with taunts and threatening gestures.

They were torn apart from each other, and dragged to a public roadway, called La Fossette, which the barbarians used as a place of execution.

Night had now fallen, so the infamous Jean Baptiste declared that they had better postpone the massacre of these new victims till the morrow, lest they should be spared public humiliation; and his worthy companions acclaimed his disgraceful proposition. Accordingly, the ladies and children were imprisoned for the night in the hall of one of the principal houses of the town, and here they received a visit from one of the black leaders, who came on an unlooked-for errand of mercy.

His good feelings had been enlisted on their behalf in a rather singular manner.

Monsieur de Saint-Janvier, in happier days, had owed some civility to a certain Diakua, who had fulfilled a commission for him in Jamaica. Hearing that his correspondent had returned to the island, the gentleman went to see him, intending to thank him and ask him to breakfast. Close to Diakua's residence, however, was that of the black General Diakué, and Monsieur de Saint-Janvier, misled by the similar names, found himself in the presence of the latter. With natural courtesy he mingled his apologies with an expression of the pleasure he felt in making the commander's acquaintance, and extended to him the invitation to breakfast; and the lowly born black was not a little flattered by the attentions of the white gentleman.

In the hour of peril Diakué did not forget the kindness formerly shown him, and it was he who paid so unexpected a visit to the poor widow and children, with a view of rendering them some assistance. He invited Madame de Saint-Janvier and her children to come to supper at his house, but she refused to leave Madame Georges and her family, while it was impossible to transport the whole party to his house without exciting suspicion. He then proposed to take charge of the two little girls, but they would not be parted from their mother, and the good-natured General was obliged, at all events for a time, to abandon the devoted friends to their fate. That fate was not long deferred; at eight o'clock next morning the seven victims were brought out to hear the sentences passed upon them without trial by the villanous Dessalines, and confided to Diakué himself for execution. First came poor Madame Georges: she was to be hung up head downwards, and her three daughters killed with sword-cuts;

these four were promptly put out of their misery. It then became Diakué's duty to announce the manner of death reserved for Madame de Saint-Janvier, but indignation choked his utterance, and he tore the paper across. The executioners impatiently asked in what variety of homicide they were to have the pleasure of indulging. He remained silent. Madame de Saint-Janvier soon perceived that, despite the General's good-will, she could not escape death, and, throwing herself at his feet, she exclaimed: 'Since, as a white woman, I must die, at least save my children!'

Hardly had she spoken when a soldier cut off her head, which fell back into the arms of her children and bathed them with her blood. Thereupon Diakué roused himself, and with great presence of mind claimed the orphans as his personal prey, they being the only whites left alive. 'Soldiers,' said he, 'you have had the satisfaction of killing plenty of white people; it is only fair that your General should have his turn;' and he dragged off the children with an air of great ferocity, exclaiming that he would find a way of putting them to death which would not let them easily come to life again.

Having thus put his comrades off the scent, Diakué took the little girls home, and intrusted them to his wife Judith, who was as kind-hearted as himself. She hid them under a bed, and fed them there for a fortnight, and it was not until the end of that time that they were allowed to lift the covering and come out of their uncomfortable refuge to stretch their poor little legs for a few minutes. Even then all the doors were carefully fastened, and Judith kept the strictest watch during their times of respite. Unfortunately, a day arrived when one of the girls, becoming very thirsty, issued from her hiding-place before the appointed time to seek a little water. A certain General Soudry, who was a colleague of Diakué's without being his friend, happened to enter the room where the child was drinking. He instantly drew his sword, and was about to run her through, when Diakué came in, seized the arm of Soudry (who was very drunk), and, after giving her time to disappear, tried to persuade him that the child whom he had seen was not a white at all.

Diakué and his wife nourished the hope that Soudry sober would forget the experiences of Soudry drunk. They were soon undeceived; Diakué received, the same evening, orders to report himself at Saint-Marc the following morning, and no sooner was he out of the way than Soudry presented himself with a body of men, declaring that there were whites concealed in the house. Judith thrust the children into their hiding-place, and closed, in front of it, a door so arranged as to be invisible from outside. Probably this further precaution with regard to its construction had been taken since Diakué had sheltered the little refugees. Judith then, placing a chair before the door, seated herself upon it, and appeared to be occupied with her needlework. The blacks searched everywhere, carried off every-

thing on which they could lay hands, even to the saucepans (which perhaps they found more satisfactory loot than children), and seeing no whites finally retired.

Diakué, when he came home, demanded, and strange to say obtained, reparation for the pillage of his goods.

After another month of close concealment, the massacres appearing to be at an end, the girls were allowed to go freely about the house, though not out of doors, nothing being said as to the manner of their rescue for fear of giving umbrage to the authorities. Finally, several months later, Diakué being stationed on duty at Saint-Marc, Judith ventured to place her little charges at a school, where they were taught reading, writing, and the duties of religion.

Considering the accounts given in our own days of *Haïtian* schools, it is impossible to refrain from speculating on the nature of the establishment in which the poor orphans found a temporary home; since, however, the progress of civilisation in a black community bereft of white guidance is generally crab-like, it is possible that the schools at the beginning of the century were no worse than they are now in the 'Black Republic.'

In any case, Hortense and Augustine did not long benefit by whatever instruction was offered.

Poor Judith, who had fallen into ill-health, sent for them, and told them that a charitable lady who had known their father had arranged to send them to New York, and to pay their expenses there until they could be restored to their family. The luckless girls, who had imagined that the summons from school meant a summons to execution, were overjoyed at this prospect. They hastened to thank their benefactress; it was then Saturday, and their small belongings were on the Sunday carried on board the ship, which was to start next day.

On Monday morning, accordingly, the girls went down to the port, only to meet with a bitter disappointment. Their ship had sailed during the night in order to avoid some pirate vessels in the neighbourhood; as a small consolation, their luggage had been left on shore, and all they could do was to return in melancholy plight to the school, which, as they realised, could not offer them a permanent shelter. The death of their good friend Judith soon plunged them into fresh grief, and they wrote a despairing letter to Diakué imploring him not to abandon them. Their faithful protector did the best he could by handing them over to his mother, and though she was not nearly so amiable as Judith, she at all events supplied the girls, now about twelve and eight years old, with food and clothing.

A new friend appears on the scene in the shape of Dessalines' wife. She did not share her husband's cruel tendencies, and having known Monsieur de Saint-Janvier, had unsuccessfully endeavoured to obtain mercy, first for him and afterwards for his family.

She now visited Cap Haïtien, sent for the orphans, loaded them with caresses and presents, and, what was still more to the purpose, obtained a passport for them from Christophe, the rival and subsequent successor of Dessalines, with a view to shipping them off before her ogre-like husband should lay hands upon them.

She was very nearly too late in the execution of her good intentions. Dessalines, hearing that four whites (including Hortense and Augustine) were still alive in his dominions, flew into a passion, and proclaimed his heroic determination to kill these dangerous aliens with his own hands. At this moment occurred the insurrection already mentioned, when Dessalines and his aide-de-camp were shot in a cabriolet by a party of mulattoes under General Pétion—an event followed by universal rejoicing. No one can have rejoiced more than our heroines. Diakué's mother, hearing of the tyrant's approach, had thrust them out of her house for fear of being compromised herself, and, abandoning all hope, they had seated themselves weeping on a bench outside the door, awaiting the fate which descended upon the oppressor instead of on his victims.

Madame Dessalines continued her good offices, Diakué's mother, relieved from terror, offered to take back her lodgers, and even Christophe extended to them a certain amount of protection, probably from satisfaction in favouring any one specially obnoxious to his predecessor. So four years passed of which we are given no details. Of Diakué himself we hear no more.

Now the black ladies of Haïti were not by any means indifferent to their personal appearance, and despite wars and revolutions still found means to obtain objects of adornment. As soon as the actual dread of massacre passed away white traders began to touch again at the island ports, and amongst them came a certain 'Madame Beuze,' a dressmaker and milliner, from the newly formed United States.

This woman's nationality is nowhere specified; she seems to have been of English parentage, possibly she had possessed, once upon a time, a French husband, but her married name was evidently taken down phonetically from the children's dictation. In any case, she was endowed with plausible manners and troubled with few scruples. Madame Dessalines, good soul, imagining that her young orphans would be safer in the hands of a white woman than in any other's, gave Madame Beuze a handsome present and promised to defray all costs if only she would take them back with her to America and find relatives willing to give them a home. To this the *marchande de modes* willingly agreed, a ship was found, and the captain received a large consignment of coffee in payment for the safe convoy of Madame Beuze and the two Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Janvier. On the 20th of August 1809, the sorely tried girls bade a final farewell to the scene of their six years' misfortunes, and departed, accompanied by many

good wishes from the better-disposed islanders, and the memory of many tears shed by the kind-hearted widow of their chief persecutor.

No doubt Hortense and Augustine, as they felt the warm sea-breeze, imagined that they were at last on the high-road to happiness and freedom. Alas ! they had still to traverse many bypaths of tribulation.

Madame Beuze began by persuading them that it was necessary that they should pass as her sisters, and call themselves the Misses Wichard ; to reveal their real name might, she assured them, result in some terrible disaster. For the first few days she treated them kindly, but then, throwing off the mask, became harsh and even cruel, particularly to poor little Augustine, whom she did not hesitate to beat, and on whom she imposed every kind of disagreeable task.

Nor were the elements more favourable to the poor outcasts—such a tempest arose that they several times gave themselves up for lost ; and the captain himself was thankful, when morning came, to take refuge at a little island called Belnève (?) belonging to the United States.

This captain, himself an Anglo-American, induced the ladies to land and accompany him to the house of a relative some two miles from the port, where they spent a few days, constantly asking when he would resume the voyage. At last he confessed that his own destination was not New York, but said that a friend of his had promised to take them thither. To the argument that he had been well paid for their passages he replied that it would be all right next day, but that now it was bedtime. Next day the ladies discovered that he had set sail during the night, and inquiries made in all quarters during several days respecting the friend to whom he had confided his passengers proved that there existed no such person, and that no other vessel was lying off the island.

Once more deserted and nearly destitute, the girls spent three most uncomfortable weeks in their new quarters. At length, in the course of an aimless ramble, they were accosted by a Frenchman, who asked if they had not been passengers on Captain Wailey's ship. They assented, and he continued, ' Well, he has been rightly served for the trick he played you, for as he left the port his ship was captured and he made prisoner.' The tender-hearted girls regretted his fate ; not so Madame Beuze. Captain Wailey knew the secret of their parentage, and was alone capable of interfering with her plans.

A vessel of some kind finally touched at the island, bound for Baltimore, and on her the exiles were conveyed to that town, this time in splendid weather. The girls knew that a sister of their mother's had resided in the States, but, finding that she was unknown at Baltimore, they proceeded to New York, only to learn that she had left eight years previously.

Madame Beuze seized the opportunity to deliver a cautionary



lecture to this effect—‘My dears, you know how fond I am of you, and it is on this account that I feel it imperative to give you a piece of advice necessary to your freedom and happiness. As you have neither father nor mother, nor any relations to whom you can refer, the French Consul has the power of shutting you up in an Orphanage. To prevent such a misfortune you must sign an agreement to stay with me until I can hand you over to your relations. You must continue to call yourselves Wichard, and take care not to let any one know your real name; this is most important to your safety. Further, in order to make the agreement legal, we must have it registered at the Poor Asylum.’

This, adds the narrator, was the place at which unfortunate slaves were kept for sale; but, as by this time the Northern States had either abolished slavery within their borders or taken measures for its gradual abolition, doubtless the transaction carried on at the asylum was really apprenticeship, either for a term of years or for life. This survival of slavery lingered long in America. New Jersey, for instance, arranged for emancipation in 1804, but so late as 1860 there were in that State eighteen apprentices for life; and those who have read accounts of the treatment of apprentices by harsh masters in England in bygone years can imagine that such a bondage was in many cases little preferable to slavery.

The helpless girls were in no position to distinguish between those imaginary bugbears, the French Consul and an Orphanage, and the very real dangers of the Poor Asylum and a deed of apprenticeship. Madame Beuze, severe as she was, seemed to be their sole protectress, and the outer world must have appeared to them a place full of comparatively powerful oppressors who wished to kill them, and comparatively weak friends who tried to hide them.

They therefore consented to sign anything required, and, with two witnesses little better than herself, Madame Beuze carried off her victims to the Poor Asylum. A deed was shown them purporting to promise that the signatories would remain with Madame Beuze till reclaimed by their relatives, but the treacherous woman managed adroitly to substitute another previous to signature, and in this they promised to spend their lives in her service, and even empowered her to sell them to other masters should she so desire. This is, again, the account given by the biographer; but we can imagine that the change of documents was hardly necessary. With their scanty education, and in their terrified condition, Hortense and Augustine were surely prepared to believe any account given them of the contents of the paper, both before and after writing their names. It is clear, however, that whatever they signed placed them completely in the power of this wicked woman, who immediately threw off all disguise, and treated them as if they were actually slaves. Hortense was made to act as housemaid, and Augustine as

kitchenmaid and errand-girl, and both were constantly beaten with a scourge of knotted cords.

Yet Providence again befriended the orphans, and this time their protector had power as well as goodwill to help them effectually.

The French Consul in New York, who bore the fortunate name of Monsieur Félix Beaujour, lodged at an inn kept by a Mrs. Collet, who, in serving her customers, had paid sufficient attention to their gossip to become somehow informed of the real names of Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Janvier, and she furthermore asserted to whomever would listen that these were the last survivors of the massacres of Haïti, or of San Domingo, as they were more commonly termed.

The customers were pleased at the idea of so romantic a tale, and one after another began to recall their acquaintance with the parents in past days; naturally they observed a strong family likeness in the children, and then the ages of Madame Beuze's apprentices exactly corresponded with those of Hortense and Augustine de Saint-Janvier had they been alive. All these reports and speculations soon came to the Consul's ears. He sent for his young fellow-countrywomen; their mistress would not let them go, so, not to be beaten, he called at the house.

Hortense opened the door, and was much perplexed when Monsieur Beaujour asked for Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Janvier. Here was the dreaded Consul come to arrest her in the name of the law!

'Monsieur,' she replied with some hesitation, 'Mesdemoiselles de Saint-Janvier do not live here.'

'Oh! Mademoiselle,' replied the polite Frenchman, 'you are mistaken, I know that they live here. Further mystery is useless, for I have full information. I know also,' he added, turning to Madame Beuze, who had hastened up on hearing the name Saint-Janvier—'I know, madame, that you are rendering their lives a burden to them, and I have come expressly to warn you to deal more kindly with these young people, over whom you have no rights, and whom I take under my protection.' After this official caution, worthy of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the excellent Consul turned on his heel and walked away.

A gleam of hope, mingled with much surprise, awoke in the hearts of the poor girls, when they found their imagined enemy acting as a friend. Madame Beuze, on the contrary, had complete confidence in her legal rights, and was not in the least disturbed by his threats; she did not even think it necessary to keep her servants indoors, but sent them out to sell waistcoats and petticoats which she knitted.

Encouraged by the kindness of Mrs. Collet, they often enlisted her aid in disposing of their wares, and she in turn never ceased to urge on Monsieur Beaujour further interference on their behalf.

A Monsieur de B., who was passing through New York on his return journey to France, now joined the ranks of the champions of maidens in distress. He had known their Aunt Madame de Saint-Aulaire, and his warm advocacy induced the Consul to promise serious and immediate investigation of the case. Unfortunately, investigation brought to light the cunning precautions which Madame Beuze had taken to render her rights over her captives unalienable, and when Monsieur Beaujour next met Hortense he could only assure her, with expressions of sincere regret, that all efforts were futile, that Madame Beuze had played her cards too well, and that she and her sister were reduced to hopeless slavery.

The broken-hearted girl hastened to pour her sorrows into the bosom of the sympathising Mrs. Collet, who did her best to reassure her, and still declared that some way of circumventing their tyrant could and should be found. It suddenly struck this acute landlady that the Poor Asylum had only been established to provide for Anglo-Americans and their subject races, and that no Frenchwoman could sign away her liberty by any of its formulæ. She ran off to communicate her idea to the Consul, who, much impressed, consulted the magistrate, and begged his assistance in obtaining justice; at the same time he sent a message to the girls, telling them to keep cool when questioned, not to be frightened, and, above all things, to assert their French nationality. Messages, however, did not satisfy Monsieur de B. and another friend of the Saint-Aulaires, Monsieur de N.; these gentlemen insisted on accompanying the Consul to interrogate the girls privately, before any public investigation should take place, and found them busy house-cleaning.

Madame Beuze at last received a summons to attend with her apprentices at the Poor Asylum, and, becoming alarmed at so much publicity, retained counsel for her defence, and took with her Mr. Fraser, one of the witnesses to the signed agreement.

The hall in which the inquiry was held was crowded, for the case was of much personal as well as legal interest. Hortense was first called, and asked: 'What is your name?' 'Hortense de Saint-Janvier.' 'Your age?' 'Sixteen years and a half.' 'It is false,' interrupted Madame Beuze: 'these are not the daughters of Madame de Saint-Janvier—their name is Wichard—they are little thieves.' 'Silence!' cried the judge, and proceeded to address the same questions to Augustine, receiving similar answers. Madame Beuze renewed her interruptions, accompanying them with threats and insults.

To avoid intimidation, the girls were taken into another room, together with the necessary counsel and witnesses, for it was evident that they had great difficulty in speaking freely in the presence of their mistress.

'Now,' said the judge, 'did you intend to bind yourselves as slaves to Madame Beuze?' 'No, Sir.'

'Are you here as French or English? (Americans). This was the crucial point, and Hortense answered with perfect simplicity, 'Sir, we are French.'

It is natural to wonder why the girls' language, or at least accent, was not invoked to decide their nationality. Their biographer never touches on this question, but we must remember that for six years they can have heard nothing, and spoken little, save the Franco-négro patois still prevalent in Haïti. Six months subsequently spent with Anglo-Americans must have rendered their English almost as intelligible (or unintelligible) as their French, and in any case it would have been easy for Madame Beuze to account for their deficiencies in either tongue by a prolonged sojourn in 'the Islands.' It is, however, very probable that a tendency to 'drop into French' did gain a readier acceptance of Hortense's statement. The judge now demanded of Madame Beuze's counsel whether the girls were speaking the truth. He, apparently, was either unwilling to perjure himself on his client's behalf when out of her sight, or thought it unnecessary, for he answered: 'Yes, by birth they are French; but by agreement their servitude is undoubted; they have signed the paper, which is legal and binding.' 'You are quite mistaken,' replied the judge: 'this asylum is intended for persons of English descent, and for the coloured inhabitants of the country; but no provision is made for aliens. As these young ladies are French, the agreement signed there is valueless.'

The triumphant Monsieur Beaujour hereupon seized the papers (which it is evident that nobody wished or intended to find valid, if any loophole could be discovered), and, returning into the hall, tore them in pieces and threw them at Madame Beuze's feet, declaring that, after the judgment given, she had no more rights over the young ladies, and that he took them under his protection. They were then confided to Mrs. Collet pending a favourable opportunity for sending them to France; and we can imagine how their excellent friend kissed and cried over 'the poor dear innocents.'

Monsieur de B. now claimed the privilege of acting as escort on the voyage, and of restoring the rescued girls to their kindred; he was anxious also to advance their passage money. The Consul was determined, however, to have no more tricks played by sea captains, for he interviewed the captain of the Atlantic vessel, and agreed that he was not to be paid until his charges were duly and safely delivered on the other side, and then only at Government rate.

Once more, then, in March 1810, our heroines set sail, full of joy in leaving a country where they had been almost as unhappy as in Haïti, though their term of captivity there had been shorter. Monsieur B. treated them with most delicate attention, and commended them to the good offices of a lady who was a fellow-passenger. A

favourable transit landed them at Lorient on the 23rd of April, and they reached Paris a fortnight later.

Hortense, who must really have been a remarkable girl, remembered the abode of her grandfather De Saint-Janvier. He, unfortunately, had lately died ; but their paternal and maternal aunts were alive, and both Madame de Saint-Aulaire and Madame Pothenot gave them a warm and tender welcome, and secured for them the remnants of their fortune.

The orphans spent some months at the Château of Courbeton, near Montereau, which belonged to Monsieur de Saint-Aulaire ; and it was here that their biographer, Mademoiselle de Palaiseau, made their acquaintance, and learnt the story of their adventures. So much interest was excited by the publication of this narrative that the first edition was sold out in a fortnight, a second had to be hurried through the press, and a third was demanded. The tale, as a whole, bears a singular impress of truth. Even the palpable mistakes, such as the sale of slaves, to which we have already drawn attention, and the somewhat irregular nature of the trial or inquiry held at the asylum, are exactly such as would be made by young girls telling merely what they had seen or learnt from ignorant or interested companions. There is absolutely no attempt at fine writing or local colour. We are given facts and short conversations, but sentiments and feelings are barely alluded to and never dwelt upon. We are even left to guess the children's sorrow at their parents' death. Scenery is never mentioned, nor is a single animal or flower introduced into the story, still less details as to climate or native dwellings and costume. The various characters are clear and distinct, but when they have played their parts they disappear, and we hear no more about them.

We leave the girls themselves, however, happy and good. The worthy ex-Bishop of Châlons-sur-Marne visited Courbeton, and impressed upon their young minds due gratitude to Divine Providence for their marvellous deliverance from so many perils. Having further instructed them in the tenets of their faith, he administered to both the rite of Confirmation, and admitted Augustine to her first communion ; probably Hortense had partaken of the sacrament on some former occasion.

We may conclude with the text of the sermon preached by the Bishop at the solemn service which made our young exiles full members of their ancient Church : ' I am the Lord your God which brought you out of the land of Egypt.' He might well have added : ' Out of the house of bondage.'

M. E. JERSEY.

## *PARISH LIFE IN ENGLAND BEFORE THE GREAT PILLAGE*

### II

THEY who have done me the honour of reading the article I contributed to the January number of this Review have a right to expect that I should not leave the subject of which that article treated without entering into some details in support of the general assertions to which I committed myself.

When it is remembered that at the beginning of the sixteenth century there was not a parish in England which was not an organised community, having for centuries managed its own affairs according to a financial system that was in the main identical through the length and breadth of the land, it becomes obvious that at the time referred to there must have existed thousands, and probably tens of thousands, of records containing important evidences of the social and religious life of the parishes during ages past.

These records consisted chiefly of those balance sheets laid before the parishioners in open meeting at the annual audit, and known as the churchwardens' accounts. It will be sufficient for the present to confine our attention to these accounts, though it may be as well to warn my readers that there are other documents besides these which inquirers who set themselves to make a thorough study of parochial antiquities will have to reckon with.

Down to within quite recent times so utterly was the corporate life of our parishes neglected, overlooked, and forgotten that it is only during the last thirty years or so that the very existence of the churchwardens' accounts has been noticed even by county historians. It may safely be said that up to the present moment hardly fifty of these collections of parish balance sheets have been printed; though, after all the wanton destruction and ignorant neglect that has for so long characterised our treatment of local records, it will probably be proved that in hundreds of parishes some fragments, more or less complete, may be still hidden away in old corners and mouldering in our village and town chests. These are the drift and salvage of unnumbered books and memoranda utilised for generations to light the vestry fire on Sundays, or even for less honourable purpose. Yet

when we come to look into these old-world story books—at first sight so dull and monotonous—what a new light begins to shine upon a condition of affairs which has now passed away, upon the old order which has changed for ever, upon a phase of our national life which helped so powerfully in the evolution of the new order under which we live, and which itself in its turn must pass and change into we know not what.<sup>1</sup>

The first question that people ask when they are told that our churches were built, kept in repair, and furnished with a profusion of ornaments in the old days is, Where did they get the money from? To answer this question it is necessary to deal with the financial system in our parishes anterior to the *great pillage*.

Let me, however, at this point explain what I do *not* mean when I talk about the pillage. I have little or nothing to say in these papers about the suppression of the monasteries; I do not touch upon that; I am very little concerned with that. When I talk about the *great pillage*, I mean that horrible and outrageous looting of our churches other than conventual, and the robbing of the people of this country of property in land and movables, which property had actually been inherited by them as members of those organised religious communities known as parishes. It is necessary to emphasise the fact that in the general scramble of the *Terror* under Henry the Eighth, and of the *anarchy* in the days of Edward the Sixth, there was only one class that was permitted to retain any large portion of its endowments. The monasteries were plundered even to their very pots and pans. The almshouses in which old men and women were fed and clothed were robbed to the last pound, the poor almsfolk being turned out in the cold at an hour's warning to beg their bread. The splendid hospitals for the sick and needy, sometimes magnificently provided with nurses and chaplains, whose very *raison d'être* was that they were to look after and care for those who were past caring for themselves, these were stripped of all their belongings, the inmates sent out to hobble into some convenient dry ditch to lie down and die in, or to crawl into some barn or hovel, there to be tended, not without

<sup>1</sup> The most important collection of churchwardens' accounts which has yet been published is that issued by the Somerset Record Society in 1890, under the very able editorship of that veteran scholar and antiquary Bishop Hobhouse. The volume contains transcripts and full analyses of the accounts of six parishes in Somerset ranging over a period of two hundred years, the earliest beginning as far back as A.D. 1349, the latest concerned with 1560. The Bishop's preface furnishes an admirable introduction to the whole subject, and it is hardly too much to say that its appearance marks an era in a new branch of historical investigation.

fear of consequences, by some kindly man or woman who could not bear to see a suffering fellow-creature drop down and die at their own doorposts.<sup>2</sup>

We talk with a great deal of indignation of the *Tammany ring*. The day will come when some one will write the story of two other *rings*: the ring of the miscreants who robbed the monasteries in the reign of Henry the Eighth was the first; but the ring of the robbers who robbed the poor and helpless in the reign of Edward the Sixth was ten times worse than the first.

The Universities only just escaped the general confiscation; the friendly societies and benefit clubs and the gilds did not escape. The accumulated wealth of centuries, their houses and lands, their money, their vessels of silver and their vessels of gold, their ancient cups and goblets and salvers, even to their very chairs and tables, were all set down in inventories and catalogues, and all swept into the great robbers' hoard. Last, not least, the immense treasures in the churches, the joy and boast of every man and woman and child in England, who day by day and week by week assembled to worship in the old houses of God, which they and their fathers had built, and whose every vestment and chalice, and candlestick and banner, organs and bells, and picture and image, and altar and shrine they looked upon as their own, and part of their birthright—all these were torn away by the rudest spoilers, carted off, they knew not whither, with jeers and scoffs and ribald shoutings, while none dared raise a hand or let his voice be heard above the whisper of a prayer of bitter grief and agony.

One class was spared. The clergy of this Church of England of ours managed to retain some of their endowments; but if the boy king had lived another three years there is good reason for believing that these too would have gone.

All this monstrous and incalculable havoc, *lasting hardly more than six years*, is what I mean when I talk about The Great Pillage.

The income of the *Parish* community was administered, as we have seen, by the churchwardens, who had annually to give an

<sup>2</sup> Men and brethren, you doubtless think this mere exaggeration. If you do, and if you have the will to learn the plain unvarnished truth and the means to pay an expert duly equipped for the task, give that expert a commission to write a history of the Grand Hospital of St. Mary's, Newark (one among many such hospitals), an account of what it was, and what it was doing say in 1540, and of its utter desolation and ruin less than ten years after, when the lust of gain in the spirit of Cain was master of the situation, and men in high places, of high birth, and even of high culture, found the spirit of the age strong for them.



account of receipts and expenditure. The wardens were not usually the *collectors* of the revenues, two or more receivers (*receptores*) being appointed for getting in the various contributions or dues from the parishioners. The sources of this annual income were very various.

(1) To begin with, most parishes—perhaps all parishes—had some real property in land, and occasionally in houses too. The land usually consisted of a number of small and scattered parcels, which had been left to the community from time to time, or made over to them by well-disposed parishioners, and were sometimes held under conditions of providing for some special services in the Church. Besides this it was not at all uncommon for a parish to be possessed of a small flock of sheep; and many parishes owned a herd of cows, usually let out to farm, and doubtless to the highest bidder. Thus, as late as 1552, the wardens of Stanford-in-the-Vale, Berks, set down ‘the hire of eight sheep that belongeth to the Church.’ At Elmscote, in Essex, in 1543, there was a herd of fifteen cows let out to provide for the lights at the various altars. Twenty years later the fifteen had been reduced to nine, the rent now being distributed among *the poor*. We country folk know what that means, and we note, too, that in the old days there was no such thing as a Poor Rate, the poor in the old days having no need for any special tax or rate or tribute to insure their being kept from starvation.

(2) The legacies bequeathed by the people in their wills; money, jewellery, silver goblets, and other valuables, rings, and ‘pairs of beads,’ or *rosaries*. I have already mentioned that these ornaments were sometimes, but not always, turned into money. Sometimes they were utilised to adorn the images, especially of the Blessed Virgin, or some favourite saint; sometimes they were kept as *stock*—*i.e.* as a ‘reserved fund,’ to be drawn upon in some financial crisis.

(3) In many parishes the ‘upper classes,’ or those who were well-to-do, were expected to submit to a kind of assessment or voluntary rate, according to methods which we cannot now explain. Thus, in the wardens’ accounts of Swaffham in Norfolk, and in those of Walberswick and Blyburgh in Suffolk, we meet with lists of *proferers* who are somewhat large contributors to the Church funds. In the two Suffolk parishes the *proferers* were evidently owners of fishing boats, and their *profers* appear to have been regulated according to the amount of fish taken during the season.

(4) The collections in the churches—generally designated as *gatherings*—seem to have been made as occasion required. There seems to have been no rule in making these gatherings, and it is probable that they were resorted to when the funds in the hands of the wardens were low. I have found as many as ten *gatherings* in a single year.

(5) Another source of revenue was the fees exacted *by the parish* for the burial of ‘people of importance’ who desired to be laid in the

church itself. The significance of this must not be passed over. It should be remembered that the surface of the soil of the churchyard was part of the parson's freehold. Any parishioner had a right of sepulture in *God's acre*; but the parson could always claim his fee for 'breaking the soil,' and this was a source of income to him. So with the chancel—that too was the parson's freehold—and for burial there, in the most holy part of the church, very considerable fees were from time to time claimed and paid. But the church itself—i.e. the nave—was the property of the *parish*, and when a local magnate specially desired to be buried there, he, or his executors, had to make his bargain with the churchwardens, and with them alone. This will explain the following entries in the 'Walberswick Accounts' (1498): 'Received for the soul of Sir Harry Barbour, 6s. 8d.'; and again, in 1466: 'Mem. Nicholas Browne granted to the church 20s. for bringing of his wife in the church. And a gravestone to be laid upon the grave.'

(6) Among the most profitable sources of revenue known to the wardens were the great festive entertainments called the *church ales*. They have almost their exact counterparts in our modern *public dinners* for charitable (?) purposes, such as the annual dinner for the Literary Fund or for the Corporation of the Sons of the Clergy; and the *public teas* so common among the Nonconformist bodies. They were held in the church houses, which were well furnished with all the necessary appliances for cooking, brewing, and for giving accommodation for a large company. Often a generous parishioner would provide a bullock or a sheep or two for the entertainment, and another good-natured man would offer a quarter of malt to be brewed for the occasion. The skins of the slaughtered sheep are often entered on the credit side of the accounts, and occasionally smaller contributions of spices and other condiments were offered. Of course the inevitable collection followed; and, according to the goodness of the feast, the number of the guests, or their satisfaction with the arrangements made, the amount of donations was large or small.

(7) Supplementary to all these ordinary sources of income there came in the continual subsidiary loans without interest, and liberal *levies* which the gilds were continually affording to the parish funds. I do not yet feel that I am qualified to speak with any confidence or anything approaching authority on the subject of the gilds. Indeed, I must confess that the many difficulties which beset the financial arrangements of these bodies remain hitherto, for me, unexplained. They were benefit clubs, they were savings banks, they were social unions, and, like every other association in the Middle Ages, they were *religious* bodies, so religious that they were continually building special chapels for themselves, and they had chaplains of their own who received a regular stipend. Frequently they were splendidly provided with magnificent copes, and banners, and hangings, and

large stores of costly chalices and jewelled service books used on festive occasions in the worship of the gild chapel ; and I have never met with the least indication that the gilds were at any moment other than solvent. So far from this, the gilds appear to have always had money in hand ; and I suspect that in many cases they must have done some banking business on a small scale by taking care of thrifty people's savings, and by lending money in small sums on security. That is, I suspect, they did a little in the way of pawn-broking, guarding, however, against the risk of lending ' upon *usury* ' by charging not for the loan of *money*, but perhaps charging fees for the custody of the deposits on which advances were made. Be that as it may, however, it is abundantly clear that the gilds are very powerful supporters of the needs of the parish. One meets with them continually making large loans to the churchwardens when any extraordinary expenses were being incurred. In fact, when the parish was in a difficulty for money to carry on any improvements or repairs, the gilds were always to be relied on to afford the necessary aid.

Over and above these regular sources of income the wardens had other ways and means to trust to. Certainly in the fifteenth century, and how much earlier I cannot say, seats in the churches were appropriated to ' the better sort,' and an annual rent charged for them. These seats were assigned apparently to women almost exclusively. The practice, however, seems to have been by no means common, and in the country churches was probably very rare.

So entirely was the life of the parish saturated with religious sentiment and with religious observances that even the most frivolous or the most boisterous amusements of the people were, directly or indirectly, under the supervision of the churchwardens. And this brings us to the dramatic entertainments so popular among all classes in the Middle Ages. As in Pagan Greece and Pagan Rome the origin of dramatic performances and dramatic literature must be sought in the rude religious mummeries which formed part of the worship of some heathen god, so our own theatrical representations, with all their modern splendour and artistic display, are but the survivals—or must we say they exhibit the evolution?—of the pageants, mysteries, or religious plays of the Middle Ages. There is reason for believing that the performance of these curious dramas to large assemblies of ignorant Christian people dates back from very early times. This is, however, not the place to plunge into so obscure a subject as the history of the drama, whether in England or elsewhere. There is no need to try and get behind the twelfth century, when, as Thomas of Walsingham tells us, a very learned and otherwise estimable clergyman named Geoffrey of Gorham, who afterwards became sixteenth abbot of St. Albans, distinguished himself by writing a certain play—*quem 'Miracula' vulgariter appellamus*—on Saint Catharine. Geoffrey

was at the time head master of the school at Dunstable, and, wishing to make the first representation of his play conspicuously magnificent, he sent to St. Albans to borrow certain very precious copes, and possibly other vestments, from his friend the Abbot there. By ill luck a fearful fire broke out in poor Geoffrey's house, and all the copes, together with his own books, were burnt, which so affected the poor man that nothing would satisfy his anguished mind but that then and there he must offer himself as a monk to the great Abbey and give himself to the strict service of God—*seipsum reddidit in holocaustum Deo*. In process of time he became Abbot, and so was able to make good the loss which had been sustained. From this time notices of these sacred dramas become frequent; and if any one wants to know more about them there are 'lots of jolly books' which he may refer to in the Chester Plays, and the Coventry Plays, and the Townely Mysteries, and a great deal more on which I cannot dwell here. Let me, however, suggest to any one interested in such matters that if he can pick up a copy of *A Collection of English Miracle Plays*, published with a valuable introduction at Basle in 1838, by William Marriott, Ph.D., he should use his opportunity and buy that book, for it is a scarce one.

It is commonly believed that these plays were acted in the churches. I have a strong suspicion that instances of the church being used for such representations except in very early times were very rare. Ecclesiastical feeling was soon opposed to such desecration, and there were many orders issued against the practice, and some against even using the churchyard for such performances. I have met, indeed, with one instance where the church porch was fitted up with seats or benches for the spectators to sit on, the stage being evidently set up outside in the churchyard. But it is difficult to believe that as the churches became more and more crowded with monuments, ornaments, altars, and religious furniture of all kinds, the naves could have lent themselves for scenic performance, and moreover the sentiment of reverence for the church as a place of worship was always growing, and the clergy and religious orders set their faces against this desecration of the house of God. Nor is this all. The concourse of people attending these plays was sometimes very large, the players many, and the scenery and stage demanded a considerable space. In the accounts of the churchwardens of Basingbourne, in Cambridgeshire, there is a notice of the performance of the miracle play of St. George. It was evidently a monster performance, for no fewer than twenty-seven neighbouring parishes contributed towards the expenses. Obviously such an audience could not have been accommodated in any village church, and accordingly a charge for the hire of a field in which the performance took place is duly entered. Similar entries for rent of a meadow or piece of ground occur now and then elsewhere. The attractions of these

miracle plays went on steadily increasing as the scenery and dresses became more elaborate, and they continued to be acted in the towns long after they had quite ceased to be represented in the country; for this very good reason—if for no other—that in the towns here and there the gilds managed to keep some portions of their possessions, and among them their ‘stage properties’ and the buildings in which the plays were acted.

The actors in these parish dramas appear to have received no wages for their acting except the meat and drink which was the inevitable concomitant of all public gatherings; the honour of representing St. George or St. Catherine, Balaam or John the Baptist, an angel or a demon, was its own reward. As, they tell me, *was* the case at Ober Ammergau till lately, so it was among us, a man who had taken the part of Judas, or Moses, or Pharaoh seems to have often retained the name of the character in which he had appeared on the stage for some time after the performance. Hence we get such grotesque charges as the following: ‘for Adam to make a pair of hosen,’ ‘for a coat to Robin Hood,’ ‘for 5 ells of canvas for a coat for Maid Marian,’ ‘for a coat for God (!)’ ‘for a pair of shoes for the devil (!)’

This part of my subject is so full of interest, and there is so much that might be said upon it, that I have been tempted to dwell upon it at greater length than I had intended. The point to be kept in view, however, is that these plays were a considerable source of revenue to the parishes in which they were acted. The profits accrued to the parish funds, and when one parish was fortunate enough to have a large stock of dresses or other stage apparatus, it was not uncommon for these to be let out on hire to another parish which was less well provided with such necessities.

So far we have been dealing with the regular income of the parishes. But, over and above these, there was, as I have already noticed, an enormous aggregate of *dead capital* which was always going on growing, and which, while it was a source of pride and delight to the members of the parish communities—exactly as family jewels or other heirlooms are to those who claim, during life, the exclusive use of them—so it was now and then a source of expense too to the parishes, which were bound to keep these *heirlooms* in serviceable repair, and from time to time to renew them. Edward the Third (A.D. 1327–1377) is said to have taken great interest in clocks, and to have given a great stimulus to their general introduction in England. At the beginning of the fifteenth century there seems to have been quite a mania for setting up parish clocks. They were, doubtless, clumsy affairs, and they were certainly very expensive luxuries. It is rare to find any parish accounts of the fifteenth century without finding a clock mentioned. It was always wanting

mending, and it required a functionary to look after it, who usually took a contract for a year, but it was the joy and pride of the parish. After the middle of the sixteenth century one rarely or ever meets with any allusion to the clock in the country parishes. Why? Not only because the parish funds had been stolen and the parish income had disappeared, but because in the *Pillage* the parish bells had been among the first things to pull down and sell. That is, in Queen Elizabeth's days, there were no bells for the clocks to strike on!

The bells, too, were a constant expense to the parish in the old days. They were always being rung, and always wanting new bell-ropes, new clappers, and new hanging. Not only so, but by the incessant use to which they were put day and night the bells were always getting cracked. Then there was a new bell to be provided, or it might be a new peal; but so self-supporting were the parishes, even in 'the very country,' that there was never any difficulty in casting a new bell. There were no great bell-founders in great centres of industry, as is the case now. The constant demand for this or that skilled artificer went far to create the supply; the bell was wanted, and somehow—somehow—it was made on the spot, or by some cunning man a few miles off. To carry a big bell, say twenty or thirty miles, over such roads as existed in the fifteenth century would be a very serious expense indeed. To the craftsmen of those days it was a much easier matter to make the bell where it was going to be hung than to drag it along up hill and down dale at the serious risk of breaking it in transit.

So with the church books. They were in constant use, and though they were written on vellum or parchment the wear and tear was always heavy. When the archdeacon, or his official, made his visitation to a church—and in the time we are dealing with the visitations were very serious inquests and sometimes much dreaded—the first thing he looked into was the condition of the service books. They were brought before him for inspection, and every flaw or defect was noted. 'Mr. Churchwarden, I cannot let this missal pass or that lectionary. You will provide new copies before I come next, or the parish will, &c. &c.' We actually hear of churchwardens, in dread of what was hanging over them, *borrowing* books and vestments from a neighbouring parish and presenting them as their own. The trick must have been practised pretty often, for special pains and penalties were pronounced upon such as should be guilty of such a fraud. But when a service book was ordered to be bound, or repaired, or condemned, the writing of a new one or the mending of the old ones had to be submitted to with the best grace possible, and no time was to be lost. Very frequently we find a charge on the accounts for the writing of a new book; and frequently the parish priest or one of the chaplains has the job—he glad enough to get it—and he is paid by the parish—observe again by *the parish*—for his work.

Entries of money paid for 'repairing of the church books' and for 'mending of vestments' are constantly occurring. There seems to have been a class of itinerant workmen who went from place to place patching up the shabby vestments and rebinding the books. Thus, in the accounts of the parish of Denton, in Norfolk, we have (A.D. 1520) charges 'for mending of vestments' . . . for linen cloth and buckram and satin of Cyprus and ribbon bought for the said vestments' . . . and 'for boarding of the said vestment-maker.' Again, in the wardens' accounts (A.D. 1525) of Bungay, in Suffolk, we find . . . 'paid to the bookbinder for 2 days and a half . . . for his board . . . and for parchment for to mend the said book.' Two years later there occurs ' . . . paid to the embroiderer [*browder*] for his work and for his boarding.' Two years later again the charges for binding the service books and repairing vestments are so unusually heavy that one can hardly help guessing that the Arch-deacon had come down very severely upon the parishioners of St. Mary in Bungay. One Gerrard was paid for '3 calf skins for the reparacion of the books'; another worthy named Gyrling had furnished '3 skins [query sheepskins] to the reparacion of the books' . . . and '4 red skins for the books'; while the bookbinder, whose name is not given, and the *writer* had received liberal wages besides being boarded for five weeks and an extra allowance for 'certain skins, glue, vellum, and for mending certain books' which had not been included in the original contract. In the same account William Bode is paid 'for mending certain copes and vestments and mending the best Banner,' the wardens providing 'sewing silk for the vestments.' Eighty years earlier one of the parish chaplains of Southwold, in Suffolk, Sir Edmund by name, receives a sum equal to 7*l.* or 8*l.* in our time 'for making a Manual'—one of the smaller service books—which I think must have been somewhat liberally illuminated by the worthy scribe. The *organs*—they are always named in the plural—were another source of expense to the parishes. They too were always requiring mending or tuning and otherwise looking to; and though they did not cost as much as the articles above named, yet they were an ecclesiastical luxury which, like all other luxuries in daily use, entailed a frequent outlay upon their proud possessors.

The real wealth of the churches, however, consisted in the vast accumulations of gold and silver vessels of various kinds, and the gorgeous vestments only used on special occasions, which were kept in the Sacristies or Treasuries of the parish churches. No one who has not had his attention drawn to the old inventories of such splendid churches as the cathedrals of Exeter or St. Paul's can have anything like an adequate idea of the prodigious accumulations of wealth which some of our more important churches in England boasted of in the fifteenth century. I am not dealing with these instances, however; I confine myself to such parish churches as were

to be found all over the land ; and if I had not so strong a desire, as I have, to rescue the word *parish* from the grip of ignorant blunderers who have gone so far as to make us forget what that word connotes, I should have spoken of *village* churches rather than parish churches. My wish is, however, to draw attention to the country parishes and their churches rather than to the town parishes, though, of course, on this subject what is true of the country parishes was much more true of town parishes. The more thriving the people were the more they spent upon their churches, and the strong feeling of proprietorship in those churches led to great rivalry among contiguous parishes in the towns as well as in the rural districts. Happily, the inventories of the contents of churches which were from time to time handed in to the bishops or archdeacons on their periodical visitation have been preserved in larger numbers than the churchwardens' accounts.

Many of them have been printed, and many more are readily accessible to those who can read them. The inventories of St. Lawrence, Reading, from which Mr. Kerry has given some copious extracts, show that the church plate of that parish—let alone the vestments—was extremely magnificent, and he estimates that its total weight must have exceeded 700 ounces when the inventory was made in 1523. Much of this was of parcel gilt, and some of the chalices, basins, crosses, and candlesticks were of exquisite and priceless workmanship. Even more remarkable than the Reading treasures, however, were those which are set down in the inventory of Long Melford church in 1529, from which it appears that the gold and silver vessels alone almost weighed 900 ounces, exclusive of jewels, rings, enamelled girdles, buckles, and the like, some of them studded with precious stones. The value of the vestments of cloth of gold, and other costly materials, miracles of daintiest needlework, is incalculable. Long Melford was at this time a flourishing little Suffolk town, in which the *clothiers* were carrying on a large trade and money was being made by employers and employed.

The *Black Book* of Swaffham, in Norfolk, contains an earlier inventory of the church goods of this parish ; unfortunately it is a mere fragment. Even so, the list of vestments and ornaments fills seven small folio pages, though some of the pages which contained the lists of the church plate are missing. It may be asked if all these vast accumulations of treasure did not tempt the cupidity of robbers to break in upon the sacristies of the churches, or the 'strong rooms'—the term occurs in the old writings—of the gilds. Of course they did. In large and important churches, where it was well known that there were great hoards stored up, it was no uncommon practice for a watchman to sleep in a chamber constructed for him in the church, and in the articles of inquiry at the bishop's visitations we find it asked : Whether such a watchman regularly slept in the church, as his duty was? Ecclesiastical censures were frightfully severe upon



those guilty of the crime of sacrilege; but they were not terrible enough to prevent church robbers from breaking open the sacristies when so much was to be gained by a burglary. Thus in the Swaffham list of plate—so provokingly defective—we are told that on the night of Easter Sunday, 1475, three chalices had been stolen and carried off. The thieves seem to have been disturbed in their work, for a great chalice of silver gilt, *magni ponderis*, a pix, and two silver basins for the high altar had been left behind, and how much more we shall never know. At Long Melford, on the 13th of January, 1531, there appears to have been a great robbery of plate from the treasury, which we learn was in a room over the vestry, and the thieves got off with a large amount of plunder. There is no need to multiply instances, for we are continually finding mention of such robberies of church property, and I am sorry to say the parsons did not always show an example of strict honesty in these matters, as when one of them appropriated a valuable cushion to his own use, and another—I forget where—had filched an old but handsomely brodered cloth from the church which he served and used it as a coverlet for his own bed. The poor man may have been cold, but he need not have denied the theft when he was charged with it, as it seems he did, for one witness came forward and testified that he had himself seen the brodered cloth upon the reverend gentleman's bed with his own eyes!

I fear I have taxed my readers' patience more than enough; for most people hate details, and on details they will not dwell for long. Having got thus far in an inquiry which has been really of a very superficial character, it must suffice to state my conviction, which becomes stronger and stronger the further that inquiry is carried, that the property of one kind or another owned by the parish communities throughout England in the first half of the fifteenth century must have amounted to an aggregate which represented millions of money. It remains to inquire what became of it, and how it vanished as it did.

The ninth and last Parliament of King Henry the Eighth assembled at Westminster on the 23rd of November, 1545. The great Act of the session was 'An Act for the dissolution of charities, hospitals, and free chapels,' in which were included those remarkable foundations known as secular *colleges* or collegiate churches about which so little has hitherto been written and about which much remains to be written by some one qualified to treat of them. It was enacted that all these foundations with all that belonged to them should be forthwith surrendered to the King *during the term of his natural life*, without inquest before a jury or any other circumstance, and, before the end of the year, colleges, hospitals, charities, and free chapels were falling rapidly to the King. Mr. Dixon, in his

very able *History of the Church of England from the Abolition of the Roman Jurisdiction*, has given a brief—too brief—account of these institutions.<sup>3</sup> They had long been threatened, and it had long been felt that now that the vast possessions of the monasteries great and small had been squandered and nothing remained of them, the colleges and charities must be confiscated next. The plundering went on apace. ‘For all that, the King’s purse remained as empty as ever, and his mysterious beggary was unappeased still.’ But though the Court of Augmentation did its work with unparalleled expedition—or, as one may say, with the most shameless haste—the hundreds of hospitals and colleges that were waiting for the spoilers could not be abolished without some legal formalities, and when Henry the Eighth died, in January 1547, there were hundreds of them still standing, and the King’s *life interest* (!) in them had come to an end. That little difficulty was soon got over, and what had been granted to King Henry was soon granted to his son, now upon the throne. It makes one sick to read the hateful story! Proclamations, injunctions, orders of the council, and what not came out in swarms, all having the same object, the plundering of all corporate property—charities and chapels of ease, hospitals, colleges, gilds—‘all were handed over to the Crown.’ *To the Crown*, forsooth! the crown that weighed so heavily upon the brows of the sad boy king, now scarce twelve years old.

I am not qualified to tell the story of those three or four years which were chiefly taken up with the plunder of the poor by the rich. It is an unwritten chapter of English history, and has long been waiting to be told. But let one caution be offered to those who may set themselves to this great task. Let them beware how they fall into the old mistake which has led us all astray for so long. Let them get rid of the old assumption that this monstrous robbery was a necessary part of what we call the Reformation. Religion had just about as much to do with this business as religion had to do with the September massacres at Paris in 1792. In the latter case, the mob went raving mad with the lust of blood; in the former case, the richer classes went raving mad with the lust of gain.

The most startling fact in the long series of surprises which meets us, as the events of the first two years of King Edward’s reign pass before our view, is that during all this time the old ritual was still kept up in all our churches. The *Mass* was still said or sung, prayers for the dead were still offered up, and in an unknown tongue; and Henry the Eighth in his last will left vast sums to be spent in ‘masses for his own soul. The church formularies and church ritual had all this time been subjected to very insignificant changes indeed. It was not till May 1549 that the first Prayer Book of Edward the Sixth was issued. After its publication no other form of

<sup>3</sup> Vol. ii. p. 379.

prayer was allowed. The old service books were at once doomed. Then, for the first time, the people found themselves actually forbidden to use those sacred vessels, ornaments, vestments, and the like which they and their forefathers had delighted in for centuries, which had been for them integral parts of their religious observances, and had been in their ignorance not only signs and symbols of the faith they professed and had been taught, but their helps and supports in every act of adoration, of prayer and praise.

‘But was it not all a mere mass of superstitious and gross credulity, and were not these benighted creatures grovelling in the mire and groping—if they were groping—in a darkness that might be felt?’

Well, suppose I say yes! and say it with a sigh. Does that prevent me from calling to mind a profound saying that Coleridge taught me, say, fifty years ago? ‘My friends, a clothing even of withered leaves is better than bareness.’

‘Why, this man is a renegade. He wants all the abominations of the scarlet woman brought back again!’

Does he? How little you know him!

‘He’s a Crypto Papist! a mummer—a man who scrapes and bows up and down the aisles, and kisses the pavement, and is given over to antics.

‘He’s a traitor, blasphemer, and what’s wuss’n those,  
He puts all his atheism in drefful bad prose!’

Nevertheless, my friends, or my foes—if I have any—truth has an awkward way of getting a hearing sooner or later, and, while some yell and bawl ‘Question,’ others wait and listen.

The plunderers were astute men in that age of systematic plunder. Doubtless they had foreseen what was coming. The spoil of the charities and hospitals and gilds had given them a grand haul; but if there was more to get, why should not they have it? So an Act was passed that all such books heretofore used or still preserved in the churches, and all images, pictures, and other ornaments as being ‘things corrupt. . . vain, and superstitious, and, as it were, a preparation to superstition,’ should be destroyed, burnt, or otherwise defaced. But the scramble had begun long before this. Why should people wait for the clumsy machinery of Parliament to be set in motion? There was such a general and widespread anticipation of what was coming that almost immediately after the death of King Henry men of all classes began to fall upon the spoil. Sometimes the churchwardens themselves were authorised to lay hands on the church goods, and were not slow to use their opportunities; sometimes commissioners were sent down to the parishes from the council; sometimes emissaries from the bishops themselves appear to have taken

part in the confiscation. In three years it may be said that almost all the parish churches in England had been looted; before the end of the King's reign there had been a clean sweep of all that was worth stealing from the parish chests, or the church walls, or the church treasuries. In the next generation there were churches by the score that possessed not even a surplice; there were others that had not even a chalice; and others again in considerable numbers which were described as 'ruinated'; and when the *Second Book of Homilies* was issued in 1562 already we find the homilist indignantly exclaiming: 'It is a sin and shame to see so many churches so ruinous and so foully decayed, almost in every corner. . . Suffer them not,' he adds, 'to be defiled with rain and weather, with dung of doves and owls, stares and choughs. and other filthiness, as it is foul and lamentable to behold in many places of this country.' And yet what else could have been looked for? The great pillage was nothing less than this—the *Disendowment of all the Parishes in England*. Nothing was left to the parish community but the bare walls of the church fabric, stripped of every 'thing of beauty' on which the eyes had delighted to rest. No church was allowed to retain more than a single bell. The beautiful art of campanology almost died out. The organs were sold for the price of the pipes; the old music, the old melodies, were hushed, for praising God in an unknown tongue was prohibited. The old gatherings in the gildhalls came to an end.

It is nonsense, it is absolutely contrary to fact, to say that it was owing to the suppression of the monasteries that new devices were resorted to to save the poor from starving. Pauperism came in, not by the Suppression of the Monasteries, but by the *Disendowment of the Parishes*.

Compare the churchwardens' accounts of any county parish in the fifteenth century with those of the same parish in the seventeenth or eighteenth, and what a change has come over the scene. In the earlier documents, when we have learnt to read them aright, there is interest and liveliness in every line. In the later ones there are everywhere indications that the parishioners are only vying with one another to keep down the rates: the lead is sold off the roof and replaced by thatch; there is higgling between one party and another party as to whether twopence or threepence a dozen shall be paid for sparrows or their eggs; there is a division, decided in the negative, as to whether there shall be a new rope to ring the solitary bell; there is a squabble about the fences of the churchyard; there is a presentiment that hogs were rooting up the graves; the parish meeting is attended by threes and fours, there is an atmosphere of meanness and squalor pervading the shrivelled assemblies. The one piece of property that remains to the parishioners is the parish church: only the ghost of the old parish community survived.

Then came a time when some cunning parishioners here and

there began to see a chance of getting rid of their liabilities as parishioners, and began to feel 'conscientious objections' to contribute to the maintenance of the fabric in which they seldom or ever appeared. The Quakers showed the first example: it was soon followed. Thus far the parishes were only *disendowed*, it remained for them to be *disestablished*. That began when, as the phrase is, church rates were abolished—*i.e.* when no one who objected to contribute to the maintenance of the church could be compelled to pay for the use of it. As I read, that Act was a bribe to people not to belong to the old parish community.

But the end came when the Local Government Act of 1894 became the law of the land. By that Act the old parish communities were formally *disestablished*. The parish was defined to be 'a place for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed.' In the new parish council or parish meeting the parish priest as such has no *locus standi*, nor have the churchwardens: the old constitution of the parish community has gone.

Meanwhile, the parish churches remain. Again I ask, as I have often asked before, To whom do the churches belong? There are some at any rate in every 'place for which a separate overseer is or can be appointed' who still are joyfully willing to take upon themselves the liability to keep the church in repair; some who gladly avail themselves of the privilege of worshipping in the old houses of God where generations of their fathers worshipped during centuries gone by; some who have no wish to interfere with the liberty of conscience and the freedom of worship which others so strongly claim. But these men and women have their rights too, and one of these rights is that they shall not be liable to be interfered with, or their liberty be restricted by every noisy brawler who may object, or choose to protest, against the ritual sanctioned by ecclesiastical authority, or the doctrine wisely or unwisely preached in the churches maintained at the 'worshippers' cost.

Some of us seeing things as they are, and accepting the logic of facts, are not afraid of their *parishes* being *disestablished*, any more than they are scared when compelled to confess that they were *disendowed* three centuries ago. Some of us are quite awake to the fact that the disestablishment of *the Church* is one thing, and that the disestablishment of the *parish* is quite another. But we who take up this position do think strongly that the time has come when the ownership of the churches up and down the land should be handed over to somebody, and they count it an outrage and a monstrous injustice that every religious body in this land of ours should be able to claim its place of worship as its own, whether that body be Jew or Gentile, Roman, Greek, or Mormonite, Quaker, Wesleyan, Muggletonian, or Independent, but that they who for the present have the use of the, say, 20,000 parish churches in England

should be enjoying that use on little more than sufferance, and should not be able to call their churches their own.

‘Why can’t we get the Bishops to move?’ asks one and another. ‘They are our leaders, they ought to know their own mind!’ Alas! only once in the history of the Reformed Church of England have the Bishops as a body known their own mind; then, when those seven were thrown into the Tower—and then the hearts of Englishmen throbbed with a mighty burst of enthusiastic loyalty—the nation rose up as one man to acknowledge with gratitude the heroism of their episcopal leaders. Alas! again I say alas! there was another occasion when the Bishops as a body knew their own minds.’ It was when twenty Bishops in the House of Lords voted solid against Lord Grey’s second Reform Bill. There was only one dissentient! The Bill was thrown out for that time: but what next?

The Anglican Bishops never have started any forward movement: they have followed public opinion, not led it. The Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, the Church Missionary Society did not enter upon their several magnificent careers at the suggestion of our Bishops. Even in that glorious war against the accursed horrors of slavery were they the Bishops who led the van? Of late years things have gone from bad to worse; we expect from ‘our leaders’ such restless activity (if that is the word) as leaves no time for serious thought—such perpetual ‘serving of tables’ as, according to the Twelve, was asserted to be inconsistent with the exercise of the higher Apostolic functions. We need statesmanship, and we look for it in vain.

Now, as heretofore, the hope of the future of the Anglican Church in this crisis that we all have to face is to be sought elsewhere than in the leadership of those whom we should all be glad and proud to follow, if they would or could lead us.

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.

## SPECIMEN OF A TRANSLATION OF THE GEORGICS IN BLANK VERSE

GEORGIC I. 311-314

THE following lines form part of a complete translation of the Georgics on which the writer is engaged.

It is not easy to fix the exact date at which the Georgics were written, but it is generally supposed that they were commenced about B.C. 37, and completed in a period of some seven or eight years. If this surmise be correct, Publius Vergilius Maro (whom we call Virgil) must have been between thirty and forty years old—in the full vigour of his intellectual and physical manhood—whilst employed upon these unique poems.

It is said that in our modern work-a-day existence there is commonly no place for Virgil and his Georgics; that the desultory reader of the nineteenth century—the best customer the booksellers ever had—lays aside his Latin once and for all with his cricket bat and his Eton jacket. True it is, perhaps, that whilst the language of Shakespeare is slowly but surely winning an empire over the greater part of the globe, the realm of Virgil's tongue diminishes and disappears. But it is difficult to believe that there is any absolute indifference to the Georgics and their author amongst the 'great reading public of the Anglo-Saxon race. The poet over whose grave St. Paul is reported to have shed tears; the singer whose spirit inspired Dante and Milton; the intimate friend of Horace; the idol of the Roman people—surely this is a personality that commands remembrance even in an unclassical age.

The Georgics, as their Greek name, *γεωργικά*, implies, mainly treat of matters pertaining to husbandry and the cultivation of the soil. The prosaic science of the farmyard would not at first sight seem to present a promising basis for the poet's art. Yet Virgil undertook the task with evident pleasure, and accomplished it with an ease that is the despair of his translators. Nor can it be said that he shrinks in any way from the difficulties in his path. He attacks the commonplaces of the subject with equal courage and success. He deals with the ordinary methods of tillage and forestry, of cattle-

breeding and bee-keeping, with an abundant detail and an almost scientific precision. And never once does his verse lose its exalted character; never once does his style sink from the grand into the grandiose. He uses that most perfect of poetical instruments, the Latin hexameter, with consummate art. He makes it discourse melody with the skill of a master musician. In one passage its rolling harmonies conjure up the clang and crash of the mountain storm, the rush and roar of the flooding torrent, the thunders of Jove himself. In another the nymphs and woodland gods trip across sunny lawns and forest glades to the fairy lilt of its fascinating metre. In nothing is he common, in nothing is he incomplete. Everywhere the sense is attuned to the rhythm--the rhythm to the sense. Truly is he, as the late Poet Laureate sang, a 'Lord of Language' in whose marvellous verse-pictures we find

*All the charm of all the Muses  
Often flowering in a lonely word.*

---

And haply must I sing  
Of Autumn stars and Autumn's fitful mood,  
And what our husbandmen must watch and ward  
When the days shorten and hot summer wanes?  
Or when the Spring pours down her wealth of showers  
On fields of tremulous wheat, or grass-green corn  
That burgeons with the milky grain?

How oft,

Just as the farmer calls his men afield  
To reap his golden acres and begins  
Himself to lop the brittle barley haulm,  
Have I not seen the embattled winds arise  
And surge and clash in universal war,  
Uproot wide stretches of the ripened grain  
And toss them to the sky; whilst round and round  
In the black eddies of the storm there whirls  
Swift flight of stalks and straws.

And oft again

The floods of heaven in endless squadrons come,  
Muster the clouds from far and near, and mass  
In one grim tempest all the murky rains:  
Down falls the deluge: down the firmament  
Tumbles its torrent-streams, and sweeps away  
All our glad harvest, all our oxen's toil.  
The dykes fill up, the rivers in their beds  
Roar as they rise, and every creek of the sea  
Frets with the angry panting of the waves.



And He, the Father, girt in midnight clouds,  
Hurls with an arm of fire his thunderbolts ;  
And the great world doth quake ; and wild beasts flee  
And hearts of human folk sink low with fear.  
And when with flaming brand He strikes the peak  
Of Athos, Rhodope, or high Ceraun,  
The winds redouble and the storm apace  
Thickens ; and now the woodland, now the shore  
Wails with each giant blast in agony.

And since this dread is ever thine, watch well  
The seasons of the heavens and their signs ;  
What coign of space cold Saturn's star affects :  
Along what orbit fiery Mercury roams.  
And most of all adore the gods ; and, when  
Late winter wanes and gentle spring is here,  
Haste in some pleasant mead to celebrate  
Those yearly rites which mighty Ceres claims.  
For wine is ripest then, and lambs are fat ;  
And sweet is sleep amidst well-shaded hills.

So call thy country youth and bid them pray  
To Ceres for thee ; blending to her joy  
Milk and the honeycomb and mellow wine.  
And three times let the kindly victim go  
Round the green corn, and all thy merry band  
Shout as they follow, calling Ceres down  
To dwell with us.

Nor when the harvest comes  
Let any put his sickle to the awn,  
Ere crowned with oaken leaves he join in song  
And rustic dance to do our Ceres grace.

And that we might foretell by certain signs,  
Or heat, or rain, or winds that speed the frost,  
The mighty Father has himself ordained  
The warnings of the moon month after month :  
What tokens mark the lull of southern blasts ;  
And what the signals—noted oft—that bid  
The farmer keep his cattle nigh the byre.

See, when a gale springs up, how on the nonce  
The instant anger of the troubled deep  
Foams in the friths and all the mountains ring  
With clang and crash ; meanwhile the distant shore  
Throbs with tumultuous echoes, and anon

A murmurous crowd of voices fills the woods.  
 And now the billows scarce can stay their dash  
 On hull and keel, what time the speedy gulls  
 Wing screaming from mid-ocean to the shore,  
 The sea-fowl make a playground of the glebe,  
 The herons flying from their fenny haunts  
 Float high above the clouds.

And you shall see  
 Full often, when the wind is close at hand,  
 The stars themselves shoot headlong from the sky,  
 And as they trail their long-drawn tracks of flame •  
 Silver the sable night. Often again  
 Dead leaf and flimsy chaff fly here and there,  
 Or frolic feathers skim across the wave.

But when the region of the truculent North  
 Blazes with lightning, and the thunder shakes  
 Æurus' and Zephyr's dwelling-place alike,  
 Then dykes are full and all the country-side  
 Swims with the flood, and mariners at sea  
 Furl their wet sails.

For never yet did rain  
 Strike any man unwarned : or he might note  
 Cloud-loving cranes, when storms begin to brew,  
 Swoop to the abysmal shelter of the vale,  
 Or mark the heifer gazing at the sky  
 With broadening nostrils scent the troubled air.  
 Or flashing swallow flit around the mere,  
 Or in the marsh frogs chant their ancient plaint.

And many a time the thrifty emmet bears  
 Out of her secret store-houses her eggs  
 By narrow well-worn pathways, or on high  
 A giant rainbow drinks the dew, or now  
 The army of the rooks with serried wings  
 Jangle and jar as in a long array  
 They quit their feeding-grounds.

Anon there come  
 Tribes of the sea-fowl (such as quest for food  
 In Asian fields near Cayster's pleasant pools),  
 And jostle one another as they crowd  
 To toss the dewdrop water plenteously  
 Over their feathered sides, and now they dip  
 Their heads beneath the waves, and now they run  
 Into the tide, and revel in their bath  
 For very wantonness.

And you shall mark  
The impish raven stalk the shore apart  
And with a mighty caw invoke the rain.

Even the maidens working round the lamp  
O' nights foretell the tempest, when the oil  
Sputters and sparkles and great mushroom growths  
Gather along the wick.

Nor are less clear  
The signs of cloudless calms and sunny skies  
Than the storm heralds : for the stars shall show  
Like chiselled discs, and the moon rise unstained  
By any borrowed splendour of the sun,  
Nor lank cloud-fleeces float across the sky ;  
Nor Thetis' darling fowl, the Halcyons,<sup>1</sup>  
Towards the waning sunlight on the shore  
Unfurl their wings, and the uncleanly swine  
Forget to toss their litter to and fro.  
The mist descends and broods along the plain,  
The owl on the gable keeps her sunset watch  
And plagues the night with ineffectual hoot.

And on the crystal air there soars in sight  
Nisus,<sup>2</sup> and she who chastisement must reap,  
Scylla, for rapine of the purple lock ;  
And wheresoever with her fugitive wings  
She cleaves the breeze, lo ! on the wind there sails  
With shrilly clamour close upon her track  
Nisus the foe, Nisus the terrible ;  
And wheresoever Nisus mounts the wind,  
Lo ! Scylla flutters as with fugitive wings  
She cleaves the breeze.

The rooks in bated tones  
Thrice and again repeat a softened note,

<sup>1</sup> The Halcyons or kingfishers were, according to the ancients, sea-birds : hence they might well be called the darlings of Thetis, who was a daughter of Nereus, and one of the sea deities herself.

<sup>2</sup> Nisus was King of Megara, to which place Minos laid siege ; Scylla, the daughter of Nisus, having fallen in love with Minos, determined to assist his cause by cutting off from her father's head a certain purple lock of hair, which was his charm against death. This she accomplished as he slept, and accordingly Nisus died and Megara was taken. The conqueror Minos, however, refused to reward the crime of the treacherous Scylla, and caused her to be drowned. Nisus was changed into an osprey or sea-eagle, and Scylla became a small hawk known as Ciris. The fable is told by Ovid in his *Metamorphoses*. Whether Virgil meant by this passage to emphasise allegorically the fact that at this season the larger birds chase their smaller and weaker brethren, or whether he intends simply to introduce the personalities of the metamorphosed father and daughter, does not seem quite clear.

And you shall hear them in their roost above  
 Chattering to one another in the leaves,  
 Thrilled with I know not what mysterious charm.  
 And the storm spent, how gleefully they hie  
 Home to their callow youngsters in the nests.

And this they do, methinks, not that the gods  
 Have portioned them some special gift, or fate .  
 Bestowed a deeper sense of things to be :  
 But, when the storm and fitful mists of heaven  
 Shift in their course and Jove with gale and shower  
 Contracts the rarer atoms and makes rare  
 The dense, then do their spirits suffer change,  
 And other pulses stir their hearts awhile,  
 Other than when the wind-tost clouds were rife.  
 And thence the wild birds' chorus in the fields,  
 And thence the gladness of the kine, and thence  
 The Pæan of the rooks.

But the swift suns  
 And the procession of the moons watch well,  
 So shall the moon not fool you, nor the night  
 Trap with her tranquil snares.

For if the moon  
 With a blurred crescent frame the darkling air,  
 Ploughmen and mariners, be warned in time :  
 A mighty rain is nigh ; but if her face  
 Maidenlike mantles with a blush, the wind  
 Is near ; since always Phœbe's tender gold  
 Turns ruby in the wind. Ye well may trust  
 The counsel her fourth birthday brings, and if  
 Pure and unstained she sail across the sky  
 With flawless crescent, lo ! that live-long day,  
 Ay, and the days that it begets, shall pass  
 Windless and rainless till the month be gone,  
 And sailors safe on shore to Panope,  
 Glaucus<sup>3</sup> and Melicertes, Ino's son,  
 Shall pay their vows.

And signs the sun shall give .  
 Orient, and when he plunges in the waves ;  
 The surest signs attend the sun, or those  
 He brings with early morn or with the stars.

When, shrouded in the mist, a demi-orb,

\* Glaucus, a son of Neptune, was a fisherman ; Panope was a Nereid ; Melicertes was the son of Athamas, King of Thebes, and Ino, daughter of Cadmus. Glaucus, Panope, and Melicertes all subsequently became sea deities.

He flecks with dappled hues the birth of day,  
 Beware the rain ; for speeding from the sea,  
 Comes Notus,<sup>4</sup> foe to branch and blade and beast.  
 Or when his morning rays loom through a mass  
 Of riven cloud, or when the dawn appears  
 Pale from the saffron chamber of her lord,  
 Lo ! sorry safeguard shall your vine leaves prove  
 To the ripe grape ; so fierce the clattering hail  
 Shall dance upon the roofs.

But even more,  
 Methinks, than all of these, his journey done,  
 It boots to mark the fashion of his flight ;  
 For often then do variant colours pass  
 Across his face ; whereof a scarlet flame  
 Warns us of wind, and purple dusk of rain.  
 But if the dusk and crimson fire be blent,  
 Then rain and wind and storm alike shall rage  
 In universal broil ; let no man say  
 That I should put to sea on such a night,  
 Or loose my cable from its anchorage.

But if, whene'er he gives us back the day  
 Or veils the gift again, his orb shine clear,  
 Then of a truth the clouds shall frown in vain,  
 And tree tops rustle in the bright north wind.  
 And so, in fine, what tale the twilight tells,  
 Or what fair breeze shall blow the clouds away,  
 Or what the purpose of the wet south wind,  
 All these the sun shall show. And who dare call  
 The sun false seer ?

Nay, more, he oft proclaims  
 The march of black revolt, and the ferment  
 Of underground rebellion.

Who but he,  
 In pity for dead Cæsar<sup>5</sup> and for Rome,  
 Shrouded his splendour in a lurid gloom,  
 Whilst an apostate race looked on aghast  
 Dreading eternal night !

Those were the days  
 Of direful portents both from land and sea,  
 Ill-omened dogs, and birds of doom.

And oft

Did we not view the riven furnaces

<sup>4</sup> Notus was the south wind.

<sup>5</sup> This refers to the assassination of Julius Cæsar, 15th of March, B.C. 44. It appears that there was an eclipse of the sun in the subsequent November.

Of Etna roll their seething waves along  
 The country of the Cyclops, flooding forth  
 In streams of molten rock and spheres of flame !  
 And all the sky of Germany was filled  
 With noise of battle ; and strange shudders shook  
 The mountain Alps.

And up and down the land,  
 Cleaving the silence of the sacred groves,  
 Sounded a voice of marvel, and there came  
 In the dusk twilight shadows of the dead  
 Wondrously pale ; and Oh ! the horror of it !  
 Beasts spake like men.

The rivers ceased to flow,  
 And the earth opened, and great drops of sweat  
 Gathered upon the bronzes in the fanes,  
 And sculptured ivory shed grievous tears.  
 Whilst with his frenzied flood Eridanus,<sup>6</sup>  
 The prince of rivers, whirled the woods away  
 And swept the cattle and their byres alike  
 Across the vasty plain.

And in those days  
 The ominous entrails of the sacrifice  
 Ceased not to threaten, and the wells ran blood,  
 And in the city street there rang o' nights  
 The howl of the wolf.

And down a fleckless heaven  
 Streamed untold thunderbolts, and doomful stars  
 Past numbering.

Then twice Philippi<sup>7</sup> saw  
 In most unnatural combat Rome meet Rome  
 And heard the clash of kindred swords ; and twice  
 The plains of Thrace and Macedon drank deep  
 Of Roman blood : and the gods deemed it just.

So in those regions shall it come to pass,  
 That ploughmen, as they till the massy earth,  
 May light on Roman spears time-worn with rust,  
 Or with a clumsy mattock strike perchance  
 Some dead man's morion, and then view aghast  
 The giant bones within their cloven tomb.

<sup>6</sup> Afterwards Padus or the Po.

<sup>7</sup> This passage apparently relates to the celebrated battle of Philippi, when Brutus and Cassius were defeated by Antony and Octavian, B.C. 42. ' *Twice Philippi saw* ' may be explained by the previous battle between Cæsar and Pompey, B.C. 48 which was fought near another town called Philippi, on the plains of Pharsalia.

Gods of our fatherland ! Gods of our homes !  
 O Romulus and Mother Vesta, hear !  
 Guardians of Tiber and the Palatine,  
 Grant that this royal youth,<sup>8</sup> who still is ours,  
 Become the saviour of a stricken world !  
 Forbid it not ! For surely long ago—  
 Ay, to the full—our blood has washed away  
 The guilt of Troy and false Laomedon ;<sup>9</sup>  
 And long ago the envious halls of heaven  
 Have pined for Cæsar, making as their plaint  
 That he should heed the triumphs of this world,  
 A world forsooth where wrong and right are blent,  
 A world that teems with war, a world that reeks  
 With countless crime, where evermore the plough  
 Lacks its due honour, and the hind is forced  
 Far from his desolate fields, and reaping hooks  
 Are straightened into swords.

Lo ! to the east

The tumult of Euphrates, to the west  
 Germania cries for war, and close at hand  
 Our neighbour cities break their leaguèd troth  
 And rush to battle ! Fratricidal Mars  
 Rages from pole to pole.

So chariots

Bound from the bars and dash along the course :  
 Vainly the driver draws the bit ; his steeds  
 Whirl him where'er they will ; and thus the car  
 Speeds to its goal unheedful of the rein.

BURGHCLERE.

<sup>8</sup> The royal youth is, of course, Augustus.

<sup>9</sup> Laomedon, King of Troy, the father of Priam. He incurred the vengeance of Apollo and Neptune, by seeking their assistance to build the walls of Troy and then refusing their promised rewards. The Romans, claiming to spring from a Trojan origin, were supposed to have inherited the displeasure of the Gods for their ancestor's treachery.

## *THE RECONSTRUCTION OF THE DIOCESE OF ROCHESTER .*

CERTAINLY the conservative methods of Englishmen lead them into some oddities. Nearly half of the greatest city of the world has been forced by whimsical legislation to take as its title for church purposes, and to use for cathedral ones, the city of Rochester at the other end of Kent.

One day a speaker was descanting on the theory of a cathedral being the heart of the diocese, from which and to which its life blood would flow ; ‘ very well,’ was the rejoinder of a South Londoner, ‘ our diocese is like a man with his heart in his boot.’ And this is fairly true ; the heart is a good one, Rochester has been gallant, but the zeal of Thorold and his successors has so stirred diocesan life and self-respect that South London demands a diocese and centre of its own.

The idea has, no doubt, occupied public attention for some while, but the Bishop of Rochester has believed that it would now be useful to focus some of the current thoughts, and he has desired me to do this in an article, not, however, in order to express any final opinion of his own, but to evoke discussion upon a topic which concerns a large number of interests.

It is for this reason that the article is cast into brief paragraphs and headings for reference.

### SOME REASONS WHICH MAKE RECONSTRUCTION DESIRABLE.

The objections to the present condition of the diocese of Rochester, both in respect to its geography and its population, may be summed up as follows :

(a) The enormous population, now estimated at 2,000,000, and increasing yearly by many thousand souls.

(b) Its disjointed area: the two deaneries of Dartford coming in between the London and Rochester ends, and forming the diocese into a couple of islands.

(c) The fact that the cathedral city does not stand in the centre of interest for the larger part of the population ; consequently



cathedral and diocesan ideas are almost unknown in South London as applied to Rochester.

(*d*) Further, there are now two real centres of interest, each with its own natural surrounding—namely, South London and Rochester—and this latter, having an important sphere of its own in Chatham, Rochester, Strood, and Gravesend, is now overshadowed by London, and suffers from coming second in importance as well as from not having a resident Bishop; and this is the case, however much the recent occupants of the see have by sympathy and activity laboured to make it otherwise.

(*e*) The overwhelming burden which such a charge must be to any Bishop, however gifted.

(*f*) The difficulty of finance: because, although the suburbs with their many wealthy residents are really more fruitful sources of financial help for diocesan affairs than a few very wealthy persons who may be found in the more rural dioceses, yet these sources have never been fully used, because such persons must be personally known to and by their Bishop before they will give in their adhesion. One who knows the suburban residents well, by reason of many years' work among them, can bear witness that their independence is as great as their generosity, and that they desire to know the person who asks for their support. When this is done great results follow. But no Bishop, whatever his activity, can be in such relation to the residents of the suburbs in the present diocese.

(*g*) The present system makes a Suffragan necessary. Without here discussing the question whether the Suffragan plan is according to the idea and consecration of a Bishop, or fair to the sense of responsibility of the man so consecrated, it is tolerably certain that merchants and professional men who largely live in this diocese prefer to deal with the head man, and that no Suffragan can or should effectively take his place.

These are some of the reasons which make the division and re-arrangement of the diocese an urgent question, and are altogether independent of the personality of those who hold or have held office therein.

#### VARIOUS PROPOSALS.

Four main proposals have been put forth :

(A)—A Surrey diocese pure and simple, with Southwark as the cathedral; leaving to Rochester the Kentish portion of the diocese, possibly with the addition of the deaneries of Dartford regained from Canterbury. This proposal is varied by the plan of cutting off Farnham and its deanery, and leaving them still in the Winchester diocese.

(B)—An Archbishopric of London with four or five Suffragans,

two of which should be south of the Thames, and take charge of the London part of the present diocese.

(C)—A diocese composed of that part of the metropolitan area south of the Thames comprised in the county of London and the postal district, together with a fringe of country occupied by those persons who make or have made their living in London as merchants, or in professions, or otherwise. Leaving a smaller diocese of Rochester, containing Rochester, Chatham, Strood, Gravesend, together with some portions of the diocese of Canterbury.

(D)—The same as (C), only dividing such metropolitan area into two dioceses, with a cathedral at Southwark and another at Croydon.

#### DISCUSSION OF THESE FOUR PROPOSALS.

##### (A)

There is much which is attractive in this scheme, and it has, in times past, been advocated by some of the best friends of the Church; but there is no doubt that the population would be very huge if Surrey were one diocese, for the increase of recent years has made unwieldy what some while ago would have been a more reasonable charge. Those, therefore, who look forward to a permanent settlement of diocesan area must note that while Surrey already contains a population of more than a million and three-quarters, this crowd of souls is increasing, and there would be little relief to the Bishop in such a change.

Besides which, the cathedral at Southwark would be at an extreme corner of the diocese, and its influence would hardly be felt in such places as Godalming or Bagshot. In fact, both with regard to population and configuration, a diocese as inconvenient as the present Rochester would be re-created.

Added to these difficulties, it must be remembered that there are now practically two Surreys, one in the south-west, occupied still mainly by the old country element, the other having different interests, which cluster round London; and this is accentuated by the growing idea of the County of London, which is bound to make the divergence from old Surrey more distinct as time goes on, whatever the composition of municipal government may prove to be. These considerations are particularly forcible to those who desire to see in a diocese a growing unity of interests.

The Surrey proposal is also complicated by the existence of Farnham Castle. Some persons would probably like to see this old historic place abandoned, in which case it would be easier to consider a diocese composed of *Surrey as a whole*. Others, and they seem to be an increasing number, are recovering from that cry, and seeing a great future still for Farnham Castle, would regret to let it be lost either to the Church or to the old diocese of Winchester;

if so, the theory of a Surrey *county* diocese must be abandoned. The fiction has, indeed, been suggested of leaving a single Surrey deanery, containing the Castle, and attaching to it the Winchester diocese. But if this were done, Farnham would be at the outside edge of its diocese, and practical men would certainly agitate presently for a change.

Whether, therefore, the historic interest of Farnham causes the county to be cut up, or whether the idea of a *whole* county is pressed and Farnham is made to give place to it, it can hardly be felt that a Surrey diocese with Southwark as its cathedral would be permanently workable.

(B)

The next suggestion is that of a third archbishopric, with its see at St. Paul's and its province all London—north, south, east, and west. There is much which appeals to magnificence of idea and centralisation in this, so much so that the practical mind is forced to contemplate also in it a diminished influence at Canterbury. The argument in favour is the gain in centralisation, and the possibility of obtaining for the Metropolis one line of Church policy—an advantage which, however, must depend on who, from time to time, the occupier of the see may be. He would, however, be aided by some four or five Suffragans. But such Bishops must either be dependent on the Archbishop for policy, or independent, as other Suffragan Diocesans are, practically, of their Archbishop. If the latter, which is the English fashion, there is an end of this centralisation and of the maintenance of one policy for the whole capital. If the former, then these Bishops would not have a strong influence with their own people. Londoners are very independent, and it is inconceivable that a Bishop could gather his laity about him in boards and councils if it were possible that the decisions of those councils were to be inspired or upset at important junctures by the Archbishop; the corporate diocesan idea would be broken, and the Bishop to that extent undervalued; the irritation, also, to the English mind would be considerable at the appearance on the scene at some critical moment of one who in ordinary affairs was practically unknown. Moreover, the population would be huge and the rush of life furious. No man, short of Hildebrand, certainly not a succession of men, could hold such reins with strength and delicacy too. Those who know South London can hardly conceive the clergy or people consenting now to be appended to North London. In any case, such a scheme would meet with such opposition, and need so much re-arrangement of thought as well as area, that it would put back the relief of this diocese to the far distance.

## (C)

The third suggestion is, perhaps, the boldest and the truest to men's wants, if only the size of the undertaking were manageable.

It is, that, viewing London south of the Thames as a whole, a body of persons with similar interests should be gathered into one diocese, and that the area, therefore, should embrace those who live in or by means of London. Here would be one reversal, at least, of the evils of segregation of classes, for such a diocese would combine both capital and labour, and the sympathies and money of the rich employer would be brought to bear on the needs of the labourer and artisan. It would run, too, on the lines which must more and more become marked in a county of London, whether that county be a collection of boroughs or not, and which those who legislate now for the future diocese must needs observe, however much they may regret a passing order of things.

The diocese then would contain the whole Metropolitan area south of the Thames, together with a fringe of country occupied by people who make their living or have their main interests in London. The northern boundary would be the river Thames, and might go as far eastward as the Dartford Marshes, and westward as Weybridge. Going southward from the east, it might add the deaneries of East and West Dartford and Croydon, and then continue the present Rochester boundary by Tatsfield as far as Sussex. Going southwards from the west, it would follow some such line as the river Wey to Byfleet, and take from the diocese of Winchester the eastern portion of the deanery of Emly and the whole of the deaneries of Leatherhead and Dorking, or the parliamentary divisions of Epsom and Reigate; leaving the purely Rochester portion of the present diocese to the new diocese of Rochester, together with the deaneries of Shoreham, Tonbridge, and the two Mallings.

Such a diocese of South London and its suburbs would be self-contained and easily understood, but its population would be larger than the present diocese—namely, 2,112,000—and rapidly increasing; while the diocese left to Rochester would still be as large as some of our English dioceses, and would contain within it such important places as Chatham, Gillingham, Strood, Gravesend, and Tonbridge.

## (D)

The fourth proposal arises from the consideration of (C). However symmetrical (C) would be, it would, nevertheless, repeat many of the present difficulties, and as the population increased would only again urgently call for re-arrangement.

The proposal, then, is to cut the area so sketched [see (C)] in half, following in the main the S.E. and S.W. postal districts, with Southwark as the cathedral of one and Croydon as the cathedral

of the other. The boundary should be drawn so as to give each of these two new dioceses a share of the poverty along the river, and each a share of the better houses and rich districts which lie behind them. This would be accomplished by a line drawn from Vauxhall Bridge, between the deaneries of Battersea and Kennington, and including the deanery of Croydon in the new diocese, so that the Croydon diocese would have the deaneries of Battersea, Clapham, Croydon, and the whole archdeaconry of Kingston, together with the deaneries of Dorking, Leatherhead, and part of Emly; while the diocese of Southwark would have the deaneries of Lambeth, Kennington, Camberwell, Southwark, Newington, Greenwich, Lewisham, Woolwich, and West and East Dartford.

The population of the diocese of Croydon would be an increasing 900,000, that of Southwark an increasing 1,212,000.

Here it may be convenient to observe that the proposal once made to put all the Kentish portion of South London in the Rochester diocese would have the effect of leaving Southwark Cathedral at the edge of its diocese; it would also leave the important localities of Woolwich, Greenwich, Deptford, Lewisham, and Sydenham in the same unworkable condition as now, for they would still be linked to remote Rochester, while the vocations and sympathies of their population would be with the Metropolis. This is best explained by the fact that Greenwich is fifteen minutes from Southwark Church by trains which run every twenty minutes, and by frequent trams.

The only way in which South Londoners can be made to feel their diocese and its cathedral is, in the arrangement, to forget the *counties*, and to consider the Metropolis.

This seems the place, too, to give reasons for the choice of Croydon as a see. First, it is a first-rate railway centre. Second, it is a town of city rank, now having a population of 130,000 souls, which is rapidly increasing. Third, it is a most convenient centre for large portions of the archdeaconry of Kingston, and readily accessible for others. Fourth, it contains a stately church, and its historic connection with the Archbishops of Canterbury has given it no little ecclesiastical status. Lastly, its civic rights, which have been already granted by the Crown, would make it easy for it to assume the rank of a cathedral city.

#### FINANCE.

The foundation of these sees, probably, cannot be accomplished without recognising that the extraordinary needs which have sprung up in consequence of an extraordinary development of the capital of the empire make it not unreasonable that they should be met by extraordinary efforts. The Church has seldom been called to face, in the field of organisation, so tremendous a problem as the spiritual government of London; and it would be indeed unfortunate if its

solution were thwarted by adhering too sternly to former ideas of area or income, however historic they may be.

If, therefore, with regard specially to finance, the division of an impossible diocese cannot be compassed so as to give the Bishops the usual income, it seems plain that the exigencies of the dioceses must have first claim. Supposing, then, a minimum income of 2,500*l.* be set apart for the small diocese of Rochester, and 3,500*l.* for the two South London dioceses: a total of 9,500*l.* would be required. Towards this there exists the present Rochester income of 4,500*l.*, and the Suffragan endowment of 300*l.*, leaving 4,700*l.* a year to be found.

Now, it would not be unreasonable to ask that from the proceeds of the sale of Addington 1,000*l.* a year should be set apart for the part endowment of its neighbour, Croydon. If so, there would only be 3,700*l.* a year to be found—a large sum indeed in itself, but a very small one if, by providing it, the diocesan arrangements of this vast area and important population could be put into a lasting condition. A capital of somewhat over 120,000*l.* is not too much for earnest Churchmen to endeavour to raise for such a cause.

From a purely financial point of view, such an expenditure would be well rewarded by the great increase in money help which would come from the suburban area as soon as the size of the dioceses enabled the Bishop to come into more personal relations with the professional and business men of his flock.

But if this scheme should seem too large for immediate action, then it might be prudent to ask for an Act of Parliament enabling the thing to be done when the money was provided, but also enabling the promoters to found the Croydon diocese first alone, leaving the future dioceses of Rochester and Southwark delineated and prepared for, but temporarily combined, until such time as money was forthcoming. If this were done, and the Addington money were allotted to Croydon, 2,500*l.* a year would be all that would be required to found the first of the three sees, and a subsequent collection of 1,200*l.* a year would enable Southwark to be separated from Rochester.

It would, however, be right that any diminution of the income of Rochester should be delayed until the next avoidance of the see; the Bishop of Rochester, at the time of the formation of the diocese of Southwark, should also have the option of translation, as in the case of the creation of St. Albans.

#### FINALE.

In making the above suggestions, there are many details of finance, boundary, population, &c., which can only be accurately set out after the issue of a commission; it is to be hoped, therefore,

that discussion on the main principles may not be diverted into questions of detail, which should obviously be left open for the present. Neither do these suggestions profess to be more than the opinion of one who for twenty years has had singular opportunities of knowing both the official and the unofficial working of the diocese, but who has no right to speak from authority. In fairness to his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, and to the Bishops of Winchester and Rochester, it should be stated that there has been no sort of attempt to anticipate their opinion—indeed, it would be premature to do so—the more respectful course is plainly to collect evidence first, and then to ask for judgment.

HUYSHE SOUTHWARK.

#### TABLE OF POPULATIONS.

Present diocese . . . . .	2,000,000
Diocese as suggested in (A) . . . .	1,740,830
Or, adding the normal increase since the census . . . . .	2,000,000
Archdiocese as suggested in (B) . . .	4,500,000
Diocese as suggested in (C) . . . .	2,112,000
„ of Southwark as suggested in (D) .	1,212,000
„ of Croydon „ „ . . . . .	900,000
New diocese of Rochester as suggested .	276,000
Population withdrawn from Canterbury .	228,000
Population withdrawn from Winchester .	67,000

#### TABLE OF PARISHES AND CLERGY.

N.B.—By parish is meant any self-governing cure of souls.

##### A. (The whole Surrey Diocese.)

	Parishes	Clergy
Derived from Winchester . . . .	120	188
„ „ Rochester . . . . .	314	518
„ „ Canterbury . . . . .	18	51
	<u>452</u>	<u>757</u>
or, subtracting Farnham . . . .	441	741

##### C. (The South London Diocese.)

Derived from Winchester . . . .	44	68
„ „ Canterbury . . . . .	65	144
„ „ Rochester . . . . .	387	648
Total	<u>496</u>	<u>860</u>

##### D. (The Croydon Diocese.)

Derived from Winchester . . . .	44	68
„ „ Canterbury . . . . .	19	53
„ „ Rochester . . . . .	190	283
	<u>253</u>	<u>404</u>

D. (The Southwark Diocese.)		Parishes	Clergy
Derived from Canterbury	. .	46	91
„ „ Rochester	. .	165	365
		<u>211</u>	<u>456</u>
D. (The New Diocese of Rochester.)			
Derived from Rochester	. .	58	87
„ „ Canterbury	. .	83	128
		<u>141</u>	<u>215</u>

*Summary*

	Parishes	Clergy	Pop. •
Surrey . . .	452	757	2,000,000
Whole South London	496	860	2,112,000
Southwark . .	211	456	1,212,000
Croydon . . .	253	404	900,000
Rochester . .	141	215	278,000



*AUSTRIA-HUNGARY AND THE AUSGLEICH*

## I

THE parliamentary troubles in Austria proper, and the difficulty of settling the *Ausgleich* between Austria and Hungary, have given widespread credence to the sinister predictions of numerous publicists and journalists as to the imminent downfall of the 'Austrian Empire.' We must, as in former articles, start with taking exceptions, not only to the 'downfall' or its imminency, but first of all to the name of 'Austrian Empire.' There is no 'Austrian Empire.' In objecting to such a nomenclature, no idle quibbling is meant. What is meant, is the pointing out of a vital error which, like all errors of principle, misguides the research and discolours the complexion of facts. There is an Austro-Hungarian Empire; and unless this, the bottom basis of all questions concerning the monarchy governed by Francis Joseph the First be clearly and definitely seized and retained, there can be no discussion of such questions at all. The 'Austrian Empire' has long disappeared; and nobody need waste his time with proving elaborately its near 'breaking up.' The Austro-Hungarian Empire, on the other hand, will break up within no period of time discernible by the sages of our day. It is an Empire solidly rooted in the most imperative needs both of the peoples and 'races' who go to form it, and of the rest of Europe which, without that Empire, would soon lose its present configuration. The troubles and difficulties of that Empire must, on the contrary, be welcomed as the unmistakable symptoms of a real public life awakening amongst peoples who have hitherto been ignorant of and callous to the most important of all national activities: to political strife. In doing their citizens' duty as these people do, for the first time, they, no doubt, do many an awkward or ugly thing. So have done the English under Charles the Second and William the Third; and so do the French still. They will, however, soon grow out of that infantine gawkiness and naughtiness. They will necessarily feel, grope, or batter their way through the darkness and lumber of inherited prejudices and false notions, and unfailingly come to a mutual understanding. For, the strongest cements of History are knitting them together. A tenfold secular past has riveted them into one imposing fabric of polity. It is here our in-

tention, not only to prove this hopeful view of the present Austrian crisis, but chiefly to indicate as far as possible the requisite points by a calm consideration of which a right insight into the nature and drift of Austro-Hungarian affairs may be obtained. Such points cannot consist in a summary of the latest news from Vienna, Prague, or Budapest. The crisis in Austria-Hungary—and undoubtedly there is a crisis—as it has not been brought about by chance and superficial incidents, but by the eruption of basal currents of lava, so it cannot be understood unless we care to risk a descent into the volcano full of débris, ashes, and smoke obstructing the view of the student and deterring the general run of news-readers. In this country—and, for the matter of that, in no other country either, not excluding Austria-Hungary itself—the peculiar nature of the polity called Austria-Hungary has never been made the subject of a serious work, such as Mr. Bryce's *American Commonwealth*, or Mr. Bodley's recent work on France. Yet even with all the Austrian newspapers and pamphlets at one's disposal, one cannot possibly find the way through the maze of that crisis, before penetrating into the true character of the Austro-Hungarian polity. This then will be one of our main objects; and having defined the true character of the Austro-Hungarian Empire, we shall essay to view and appreciate the events of the year ending this month in the light of our clearer conception of the factors, needs, and prospects of that Empire. •

The Austro-Hungarian Empire is a polity *sui generis*. The formula covering its peculiarity cannot be found either in Aristotle's *Politics* or in the text-books of modern teachers of state lore. To the superficial observer, it is true, Austria-Hungary appears of a kind with Sweden and Norway; or again like the German Empire. For, there is confederation in Austria-Hungary, as there is home rule. There is centralisation and local self-government. There is a national state, and there is a territorial state. Hungary, or more than one half of the Empire, is a national state; the other half is a cluster of 'lands' and 'kingdoms,' connected and disconnected, at once centripetal and centrifugal. Three or more careful jurists studying the fundamental laws of Austria proper, or the so-called 'December-Constitution' (given in December 1867), will arrive at three or more different formulations of the political nature of the polity formed by the 'lands' and 'kingdoms' of Austria proper. The fact is, that a merely legal construction of the constitution of the *cis-leithan* or Austrian polity, based on an analysis of the texts of the fundamental laws of 1867 and the following years, will never enable anyone to know the true political constitution of that *ensemble* of countries. Hence the failure of all Austrian publicists in their attempts to settle the ever-increasing difficulties of political life in Austria. They try hard to smooth or remove such difficulties by sticking fast to the letter or sense of those fundamental laws, which were passed at a

time when neither their framers nor those for whom they were framed had, or could have, a clear conception of the new Austrian polity. In 1867 the current doctrine of the publicists of Germany or Austria—a doctrine which exercised great influence on the legislators—was still moving within the circles of the various types of state, called by the Germans '*Verfassungsstaat*,' '*Rechtsstaat*,' '*Polizeistaat*,' &c. respectively; and for which no equally short equivalents can be given in English. That the new Austrian polity must be housed under one of these academic headings, or not be framed at all, nobody doubted. However, as reality generally does, the new Austrian polity developed on lines obstinately diverging from those laid down by the theorists.

Accordingly, it is not through a study of the 'fundamental laws' of 1867 that we can obtain a true conception of the real nature of the cis-leithan polity. Nor need we wonder at the inability of the modern Austrian jurists and legislators to discover fitting legal formulæ for the peculiar political life of Austria. No part of the study of law had been, up to within a few years, so completely neglected in Austria proper, as had constitutional law. At the universities it was no subject of instruction at all before 1890; and scarcely any treatises or monographs were published on it. To one work, great or small, written in Austria on the constitution of that country, there were at least twenty-five written in Hungary on the Hungarian constitution. During the last six or seven years, a number of authors has appeared, attempting to spread some historic and juristic light on the cis-leithan polity. Their works, however, are hastily made-up text-books for the newly created needs of university students. They excel neither in constructive power nor in force of initiative or suggestion. Tame and colourless, as they are, they fight shy of the real problems; and, in the best case, read like dull consular reports on the strange events of Austria. If, then, so little light may be gained on Austrian politics from Austrian jurists and publicists, how shall we expect the public opinion of the rest of Europe to have a just and correct appreciation either of the present troubles or of the near development in Austria?

When in a state the conflicts of the parties have reached a stage of animosity as intense as that of the Slavs and 'Germans' in Austria, we can gain nothing by adverting to what that state ought to be according to the law of the country. We must advert to what that state really is. King James the First, there can be no doubt about it, had in point of law a position far more defensible than was that of his parliaments. In point of reality, that is, in point of the actual nature of the country and its people in his time, his position was untenable. In point of law, there is a central Diet, the *Reichsrath* in Austria, which embraces the legislation over an immense range of interests and rights affecting all the vital elements in the life of the

peoples of cis-leithania; see paragraph eleven in the law of the 21st of December, 1867. In point of fact, however, that *Reichsrath* does not and cannot embrace all these interests and rights; and if it tries to do so, all opposition notwithstanding, it does so at the risk of its very existence. Just as in King James's time, the Crown having, as it had, lost the omnipotence it wielded in the times of the Tudors, risked its existence by insisting on a law that had ceased to be realisable. The *Reichsrath* in Austria was framed by men who had been taught to consider the modern English Parliament as the model and type of all constitutional government. The English Parliament is practically omnipotent; so was the *Reichsrath* to be. In England there is a Cabinet proper; so there was to be one in Austria. It occurred to no one that the English Cabinet was the final and latest organ in the long evolution of parliamentary government; and that no cabinet can be seriously thought of unless compact and consistent political parties had been formed previously. To establish a cabinet in Parliament, without having established solid and great political parties amongst the citizens of the country, is to put the cart before the horses. Since 1867 all descriptions of cabinets have been tried in Austria, and all of them failed. For in Austria, no less than in France, the chief condition of steadiness and efficiency in cabinet-government—that is, large parties—have not been forthcoming. This alone would suffice to prove that a close imitation of the English model is impossible in Austria. Large and consistent political parties cannot be formed in Austria. The Slavs, comprising the Bohemians (Czechs), Poles, Moravians, Ruthenians, Slovenians, &c., are far from being at one even with regard to a few of the vital issues of cis-leithan home policy. The 'Germans,' or rather German-speaking citizens, again are split up in endless fractions and groups. It is, therefore, impossible to establish large political parties on national lines. On lines of class-interest, such as landed gentry, urban population, and rural population, such party formations are, at present, still less feasible, in that the members of these classes are now hopelessly lost in the struggle for national aspirations thwarting all other modes of grouping them. An English Parliament in Austria is, moreover, impossible, for the simple reason that large portions of the business of government, which in England are performed by the two Houses, are in Austria still left in the hands of that vast organisation for which there is no English term, the *Verwaltung*—in French, *administration*. We said that Austria had, up to 1890, a very poor literature on her constitutional law. On her *administrative* law, on the other hand, it always had a literature rich in elaborate works covering every phase of that immense *administration* which forms the very essence of the Austrian polity. When, in 1875, one central court of *administration* (*Verwaltungsgerichtshof*) was established, where any citizen might have his '*quo warranto*' suit against

any state official of the *administration*, the colossal activity of that court soon showed that citizens in Cis-leithania felt their relation to the state most keenly in matters of *administration*. The other central court, established in 1867, for the decision of claims of a more political character, the *Reichsgericht* (literally: Imperial Court), was resorted to by the citizens, on an average, only twenty-seven times a year in the period from 1870 to 1892. Nothing can show the real nature of the cis-leithan polity with greater clearness. The court of *administration*, which in Prussia is based on the denial, *in thesi*, of the citizen's right to any claim against the state, is in Austria the great patron and defender of the citizen against the ubiquitous and ever-meddlesome *administration*. It is in that court where the pulse of the public life of Cis-leithania beats strongest. When the bulk of the burghers of a town do not want their children to be taught in the public schools in a language other than that of their forefathers, whether German or Czech, they appeal, in case of opposition on the part of other burghers, to the court of *administration*. Just as the two Houses of Parliament are the chief characteristics of this kingdom; so the court of *administration* and the 'Imperial Court' or *Reichsgericht*, are the specific features of the cis-leithan state. To shift much of the business of these two courts to the *Reichsrath*; to endow the latter with powers which, from the nature of the Austrian state, cannot be vested in a legislative organism, is to misunderstand the true needs and forces of Austria. This Hellenic Europe of ours, with its profound diversity of polities, with its utter repudiation of the Roman idea of one immense and uniform empire, possesses in Austria a state of a unique kind, a state different from all the rest of the European states. It is now necessary to express that specific peculiarity of the cis-leithan state as definitely as possible.

## II

Cis-leithania, or Austria proper, in contradistinction from Hungary, is neither a national state nor a territorial; it is neither a state engaged chiefly in police functions (*Polizeistaat*) nor one meant mainly for the maintenance of justice (*Rechtsstaat*); it is a state destined to superintend and promote the tangible and material interests of its inhabitants in all matters of home policy (*Sachstaat*). All interests of an ideal character, such as education, religion, nationality, or constitutional rights, must be left in the first place to the various nations and peoples inhabiting Cis-leithania. It is only in case of conflicts that the common state must step in through the exercise of the judicial functions of the court of *administration*, and the 'Imperial Court.' The latter court was originally meant to serve in Austria the ends which in the United States are met by the federal Supreme Court. This the Imperial Court has not done at

all; and chiefly because in many of its most important functions it was shorn of the right of final decision. Yet it is evident that, in curtailing the powers of the Imperial Court, the Austrian legislators were acting on a total miscomprehension of the real nature of their polity. Take, for instance, the greatest of the present difficulties in Austria: the well-known language-ordinance of the ex-minister Count Badeni. That ordinance, apparently full of surprising novelties, does, in reality, go but little beyond the 'court decrees' and laws passed far over seventy years ago. Thus the decree of the Imperial Board of Education, dated the 23rd of August, 1816, enforces the study of Czech in all the higher colleges of such districts in Bohemia where both German and Czech are commonly spoken by the people. The ordinance of Count Badeni (dated the 5th of April, 1897, for Bohemia and the 22nd of April, 1897, for Moravia) does not enforce the introduction of the Czech language into all the departments of the Bohemian Government, nor, in all cases, into every district of that country. In districts, for instance, where German is the current language, official announcements need not be made in Czech (II. 1, *alinea* 5). Likewise a large number of government offices in Bohemia, such as the officials of the Imperial Exchequer, of the post and telegraph offices, the *gendarmerie* and the military, are not affected by that ordinance (II. 5, 6, 7). The novelty contained in that ordinance, and which has alone given rise to all the exasperation now raging amongst the 'Germans' of Austria, is the enforcement of the knowledge of both German and Czech on the part of every civil service official of the whole of Bohemia whose functions do not fall within the exemptions of the said paragraph II. 5, 6, 7. Nor does that ordinance touch on the rights of 'Germans' in Bohemia to have their children in the public schools taught in German. Yet, as is well known, the existence of the whole state seems, as most outsiders think, to be in imminent jeopardy on account of the terrible conflicts raised by that very ordinance. The latest news informs us that the 'German' students of nearly all universities and colleges in Cisleithania have unanimously decided to strike, and that consequently these homes of learning have been temporarily closed. Both 'Germans' and Slavs appear to be absolutely determined to abate not a tittle of their claims, the 'Germans' insisting on an unequivocal repeal of the ordinance, and the Czechs on an equally unequivocal confirmation thereof. The *Reichsrath* had to be closed, the fierce obstruction of the 'Germans' proving too strong even for the considerable majority of Badeni, and that premier had to resign his post. Mr. Gautsch, the present chief of the cabinet, is trying all the resources of a trained and gifted statesman to discover a *modus vivendi*, but he has so far been quite unsuccessful.

These are the chief facts brought to the surface by the present crisis. What strikes the student of Austrian home-policy most

forcibly in examining that crisis in the light of the above view of the true nature of Cis-leithania is the initial vice in the attitude of both Czechs and 'Germans.' The latter want the absolute repeal of the ordinance, adding that the language-question in Bohemia shall be settled by a law passed in the *Reichsrath*. The Czechs, on the other hand, desperately stick to the ordinance, abhorring the idea of a law proper on that subject passed by the *Reichsrath*. It is, however, quite evident that neither the *Reichsrath* nor the minister has a right to pass, the former a law, the latter an ordinance, settling the language-question in Bohemia in general terms. By denying that right, we do not mean to say that both *Reichsrath* and minister can by legal deductions from extant laws be proved to have no right for so acting. The proper limits of the competency of ordinances is a very doubtful matter in Austria, as in so many other countries. What we mean to say is, that neither *Reichsrath* nor minister is justified in passing a legal rule which, from the very nature of the social and political state of the country to which it applies, can never be carried into execution without seriously violating the vested rights of thousands of 'Germans' or Czechs in Bohemia. As Prince George Lobkowitz has well expressed it lately, the language-question in Bohemia is of so very complicated a nature; the competency of providing measures for its regulation is distributed amongst so many different organs of Government, imperial, provincial, districtual, and municipal, that a satisfactory settlement of that vexed question could be obtained only by issuing a whole series of laws, by-laws, ordinances, and local statutes. If, then, a real and lasting solution of that language-question cannot, in the nature of things Austrian, be obtained by either the *Reichsrath* or the minister, what remains of the 'right' claimed by the 'Germans,' or the 'right' insisted upon by the Czechs? There is no right in matters of impossibility. What the ultra-Czechs are striving for is not only autonomy, but independence. They want to be to Austria proper in a relation identical with that of Hungary. Nay, since Moravia and Silesia were formerly feudal dependencies of the Crown of Bohemia, the Czechs want Bohemia, Moravia, and Silesia to be constituted as an independent kingdom, with a parliament of its own, and a central representation by means of a delegation in Vienna. The 'Germans' again want to be the ruling race in Cis-leithania, absolutely rejecting the autonomous and political claims for imperial influence of any other race. These are the real claims underlying all the violent agitations of the two races with regard to the language-question; and even if that question should be solved by the adoption of the proposal of Prince Lobkowitz, the critical state of Cis-leithania would by no means be removed. There would still remain the fierce ambitions of the two races, and new agitations would soon crop up *à propos* of any other measure taken by the central Government.

And now first as to the pretensions of the 'Germans.' Their absolute lack of foundation in either the past or the present is manifest already in the name of the party. Who can in sober truth speak of 'Germans' in Austria? There are no Germans in the *polity* of Austria. There are only German-speaking Austrian citizens. The German element is active in Austria only as a means of cultivating certain intellectual and artistic aspects of the life of the nations in that country, which these nations have as yet not been able to cultivate in the spirit and in the language of their own nationality. In this sense the German element is a recognised force in Magyar Hungary too, where German is taught as an 'obligatory' subject in all the schools and colleges of the crown of St. Stephen. The 'Germans' in Austria have done much, very much, for the intellectual and artistic development of Austria; although Mozart, the greatest genius of Austrian, and probably of any other, art, was a Salzburger by birth, and a Bavarian by descent, neither Salzburg nor Bavaria belonging to Austria at that time. In the present crisis, however, the question is not one of powers promoting intellectual and artistic culture, but of powers fit to rule complex nationalities. In this, the vital respect, the 'Germans' of Austria have at no time shown any ability at all. They have proved good *administrative* bureaucrats indeed; but this very fitness for bureaucratic *administration* incapacitated them for the tasks of the political rule over nations other than themselves. This incapacity for political rule seems to be inherent in the Germans generally; at least in the United States with her ten millions of Germans the powers of political rule are almost entirely in the hands of the Anglo-Americans. Worse than that: the Austrian 'Germans' have previous to 1870 never so much as cared to rule over the Slavs in Austria. They were not, like the Magyars, seriously intent on maintaining their political supremacy over other nationalities. Suddenly they begin to appeal to Schiller and Goethe, to Luther and Arminius, in order to prove that Austria must be a German state. The gentlemen just named are very great personalities indeed; but in what way do they help to convince anyone that Cis-leithania can be no other than a German state? Cis-leithania is not a national state; and if the Germans want to prove that it is so all the same, they must imitate Cromwell, who did not appeal to Shakespeare, but to Dunbar and Worcester. In saying that Cis-leithania is not a state which can pretend to embody, represent, or further all the interests and aspirations of its citizens, the tangible and material ones just as well as the national, religious, and intellectual, we have only resumed in the shape of a term (*Sachstaat*) and a short definition, the entire *home* history of that state. With greater truth still than of Nature, we may say of History: *in historia non datur saltus*—there is no growth in History by sudden leaps and bounds. The 'Germans' in Austria have



never shown any serious desire or ability to impress their nationality on all the rest of the nations in Austria. And now on a sudden they have acquired that ability in a degree so high as to justify any measure, fair or foul, likely to establish their political supremacy in Cis-leithania? Have the 'Germans' in Austria manifested a force of assimilating non-German elements in any way similar to that shown by the Hungarians in that vast process of the Magyarisation of Hungary during the last twenty-five years, the better portion of which is owing exclusively to the captivating political personality of the Magyar?

As to the pretensions of the Czechs, they are, if possible, more unfounded still. There was a time when the Czechs might have played first fiddle on the continent. In the fifteenth century, in the age of the Hussites and the great Lithuanian statesman and hero Vitovt, the Czechs allied with the Poles might have reduced the historic rôle of the Germans to comparative insignificance. That time, however, is long over. The Czechs were completely defeated and subjected by the Habsburgs in 1620, and since that year none but blind and ignorant fanatics can speak of a 'Bohemian constitution.' One might just as well speak now of the 'estates' of Brittany. In the Bohemian provincial diet (*Landtag*), consisting of 242 members recruited from all the classes of the inhabitants (church, landed gentry, towns and boroughs, chambers of commerce, and rural population),<sup>1</sup> there are sixty-nine 'Germans' as against ninety-seven Czechs; and since many of the seventy representatives of the feudal nobility are siding with the Czechs, it is certain that the present Bohemian diet has a Czech majority. Yet it would be a grievous mistake to assume that the feudal gentry, or the proprietors of entailed *latifundia* in Bohemia, whose estates comprised over one twentieth of the Bohemian territory already in 1884 (see Sitting of the *Reichsrath* on the 6th of December 1884, speech of Professor Herbst), and have constantly grown since, will go with the Czechs through thick and thin. *We have it on the most competent authority, that the feudal gentry of Bohemia do not think of crushing the German element in favour of the Czech.* And as to the apprehension, nay prediction, of Mr. Prorok, that in the eventuality of such a suppression of the Germans in Bohemia the German Empire would at once annex Bohemia, we beg to offer Mr. Prorok our advice not to alarm himself about that. Germany has good reasons to abstain most carefully from any friction with Austria-Hungary, and not a single Austrian outhouse on the *Erzgebirge* of Bohemia will be

<sup>1</sup> Mr N. E. Prorok in his article in the *Contemp. Rev.* of February last, p. 168, commits a grave error in stating that the Diet of Bohemia does not represent the people. The *Landgemeinden* or rural population have seventy-nine representatives in the Diet.

annexed by whosoever should covet it without a continental earthquake of the most formidable dimensions.

The pretensions of the Czechs and the 'Germans' are therefore alike unrealisable. Ministers may fall every fortnight, and street-brawls may render life a nuisance in ever so many towns of Austria for a time. The end will be inevitably that of all attempts running against the natural condition of things. The language difficulties, being of a strongly technical character, will be set at rest by a series of technical legal measures, issued by various organs of the state. The *Reichsrath* which is now proceeding after models of parliaments, totally unfit for the peculiar state of Cis-leithania, will be relieved of much of its business, and restricted to the legislation on subjects touching mostly on the common tangible and material interests of the people. The functions of the *Reichsgericht* or Imperial Court will be increased and intensified, and will thus act as a regulator of the autonomy of the several 'lands' and 'kingdoms.' The balance of the difficulties and frictions sure to arise in future too amongst nations and races so antagonistic to each other, will be set at rest by the international position of Austria to Hungary and to Europe.

### III

The centre of gravity of Austria proper has nearly always been without and abroad. For centuries her *raison d'être* was her international position. Her dominions were scattered all over the continent, and no inner cohesion knit together her numerous peoples. She formerly neither disposed of a well-filled treasury, nor of insurmountable natural bulwarks. Yet so predominant was the international over the national factor in European history down to 1789 and practically to 1830, that Austria was never seriously disturbed by home troubles ever so well prepared by ever so great patriots. This force of her international position has scarcely been diminished yet, and since 1867, when Austria removed the only possible source of serious home-troubles by acknowledging the full independence of Hungary, Austria has added a new international factor to the old ones. The relation of Austria to Hungary is international. A Hungarian citizen must be formally naturalised just like any other foreigner in order that he may be legally considered as an Austrian citizen. In the treaty of 1867, by virtue of which the countries of the crown of St. Stephen were united into one independent self-governing kingdom called Hungary, an immense force was added to the other forces maintaining Austria. Not only was that international *raison d'être* which had carried her through secular struggles increased and intensified by a new and signally abiding international

relation, but also the real complement and counteracting agency was thereby found for the lack of inner cohesion amongst the nations and peoples of Austria proper. In Cis-leithania, as we have seen, a homogeneous national state is impossible. Hungary, on the other hand, may, with a few allowances, be called a thoroughly united national state, with one and the same kind of national aspirations and ideals. In this union of two states showing numerous and essential contrasts lies, in addition to her international position, the great strength of Austria-Hungary. It is a strength and vital force which ensures the existence of very many small nationalities which otherwise would have been merged and submerged in other and hostile states. Hungary, being instinct with forces, and formed by groups in many ways radically different from the forces and groups of Austria, her home troubles are seldom of the kind of those in the sister state; and *vice versâ*. Thus the failings of one half of the monarchy will, as a rule, be met by remedies, direct or indirect, from the resources of the other. The present crisis in Austria, if checked by none of the measures mentioned above, must finally be abated by that powerful *non possumus* which the Hungarians have explicitly inserted in the original contract of 1867, to the effect that their union with Cis-leithania is concluded with that state as an undivided whole, and not with that state as an agglomeration of federal units. Hence the *Ausgleich* or compromise with Hungary is a matter so irresistibly urgent for Cis-leithania, that no momentary exaltation of passion can in the end repudiate it. In reality, that compromise is not one with Hungary, but one amongst the Austrian 'lands' and 'kingdoms' themselves. A short consideration of the nature of the *Ausgleich* will show that clearly.

By *Ausgleich* is not meant a treaty between Austria and Hungary, in which the former acknowledges the independence of the latter. This independence is based not on an *Ausgleich*, but on the imperial rescript dated the 17th of February 1867, on the Austrian statute dated the 17th of August 1867, and on the secular constitution of Hungary. There is no means of any kind to call the independence of Hungary in question, save by a victorious war. The union between Austria and Hungary being that of two sovereign states, the slightest attempt on the part of Austria to impair the independence of Hungary would, according to international law, be regarded as a *casus belli*. The *Ausgleich* refers exclusively to the regulation of such financial questions as entail common expenses to both Austria and Hungary. In paragraph 12 of the Hungarian statute XII. *ex* 1867, the Hungarians declared that, although they do nowise acknowledge any liability of theirs for the state debt of Austria, they would yet from political motives undertake to contribute to its reduction according to a scale to be subse-

quently agreed upon. They were, of course, ready to contribute their share to the financial needs common to both states, such as the army and navy, the foreign policy of Austria-Hungary, the consulates, &c.. These expenses are naturally varying. In 1872 they amounted to nearly five shillings per head of the population of Austria; in 1878 to eleven shillings and three pence; in 1895 again to five shillings. The question naturally arose, what percentage of these common expenses shall be paid by Hungary, which, although larger than Austria, is less populous? After long and intricate debates between the two Delegations, or two committees selected from the Austrian and the Hungarian parliaments respectively, the statute of the 24th of December 1867 was passed, by virtue of which Cis-leithania was to contribute 70 per cent. and Hungary 30 per cent. of the funds for the common expenses. This law represents the first *Ausgleich*, which was in force for ten years. After the lapse of that period a new *Ausgleich* had to be made, and likewise in 1887, and in 1897; the *Ausgleich* being always concluded for a period of ten years. The complicated and highly technical discussions referred mainly to the basis to be chosen for a fair determination of the quota. The Austrians insisted, as a rule, to base the computation of the quota on the amount of direct taxes paid by the population of the two states. This the Hungarians resolutely opposed; but when the amount of the indirect taxes was suggested as a basis, a fair distribution of the quota seemed equally difficult, indirect taxes being in Austria and in Hungary of the most involved character. In 1897, however, the chief difficulty was not the unwillingness of the two Delegations to come to an understanding, but the absolute impossibility to obtain a ratification of the *Ausgleich* in the Austrian *Reichsrath*. The *Ausgleich*, being a treaty between two states, must necessarily be ratified by the Parliaments of these two states. This the Austrian Parliament would do under no circumstances. Its motives were taken from no particular animosity against Hungary, but from a desperate attempt to force the hand of the Austrian ministry in the matter of the language difficulty. The Hungarians promptly declared that unless the *Ausgleich*, which lapsed on the 31st of December 1897, be renewed no later than the 1st of May 1898, they would find their own quota. Thereby the union between Austria and Hungary would be considerably loosened. Now, Austria, there can be little doubt, would in such a case lose considerably more of its very *raison d'être* than could Hungary. For, by being shorn of the Union with Hungary, it must needs be most seriously impaired in its abiding basis as a state: in its international position. The pivot of the Hungarian state is not, in the first place, its international position. The vitality of that state is anchored in its strong, historic, and

homogeneous nationality. The quota for the expenses necessary to keep up, after the 1st of May 1898, the loose personal union with Austria, would quickly be obtained in the Parliament at Budapest. How the Austrian Parliament, freed from the pressure of Hungary, should ever arrive at a peaceable settlement of the Austrian quota—one simply shudders to think of. Supposing, now, that the ill-advised and perverse obstinacy of the parties in the Austrian *Reichsrath* should continue to baffle all attempts at a ratification of the financial compromise or the *Ausgleich* with Hungary even after the 1st of May 1898, the result, the inevitable result, would be a loosening if not a cessation of the alliance now in force between Germany and Austria-Hungary. In fact, the international value of Austria-Hungary as an ally would under such circumstances be so seriously impaired that her international position, that is the real basis of her existence, would become problematic. No sooner will that consequence be brought home to the minds of the obstreperous parties, than they will at once come to an agreement at home and with Hungary. For it must, in studying Austrian affairs, never for a moment be assumed that the Czechs or the 'Germans,' or any other nationality of Cis-leithania, considers incorporation with any other state with anything like a real desire. The Austrian 'Germans' as a body positively abhor the idea of being made a mere section of Germany. The fact of their speaking German, and the further fact that their writers consider their works part and parcel of German literature, does not in the least imply the desire of the 'Germans' in Austria to be annexed by Germany. Germany, like ancient Hellas, is twofold: there is the German Empire, and there is an ideal Germany, or, as the Germans call it, a 'Germandom.' The latter is to many a nation outside Germany what French culture was to numerous nationalities in the first half of the eighteenth century, when 10 per cent. of the books printed in Germany were in French. The Czechs, on the other hand, cannot for a moment dream of being annexed by either Germany or Russia. In both cases, far from obtaining their desire for absolute independence, they would be mercilessly crushed down to the level of an insignificant province, and so be far worse off than at present.

All this will soon become clear to the conflicting parties in Austria. Nations do not learn from books; knowledge is hammered into them by the engines of disaster. The people of Austria are just now learning their apprentice's lessons. They cannot be expected to commit no mistake, nor to avoid all excesses. But what any fair-minded student of Austrian affairs cannot fail to notice, is that the present crisis, which will undoubtedly be followed by similar crises in 1907 and 1917, far from being a symptom of the lessened vitality of Austria-Hungary, is in reality the most welcome sign of an im-

measurably heightened and quickened revival of that Empire. The worst of all shortcomings in a nation is indifference to the political life of its state. Of this indifference the peoples of Austria have been guilty for several centuries. This indifference caused that stagnation of their inner life, that slow development of the forces of the various nations of Austria, which gave undue ascendancy to the foreign policy of the Empire. This made and created that peculiar eccentricity of the Austrian polity owing to which its centre of gravity is still outside its periphery. When now we see that the peoples of Austria are rapidly awakening to the urgency of political action; when we learn that they, profiting by the lesson of Hungary, are betaking themselves to the business of everyday politics, striving and fighting for ideas and rights which, some forty years ago, no Viennese would have deemed worth fighting for at all; then we cannot but recognise in all that the unmistakable symptoms of a great revival. Now at last there is hope for a final remedy of that secular false position of the Empire. Now through the intensified life of each nationality there is prospect of an intellectual renaissance of peoples who have hitherto been slumbering on the pillows of sloth. The Czechs, stung to the quick by their political antagonists, will still more advance their national literature, which even now is considerable, *page* Professor Mommsen. Already in music the Czechs have embodied their national gifts in the very remarkable works of Dvořák. The Poles of Galicia are a very gifted race, and great things may be expected from them both in science, literature, and art. Through the inevitable competition the Germans of Austria will be induced to multiply their efforts at intellectual supremacy in Austria. The vast progress made by Hungary in all the departments of life, political and intellectual, in the last forty years, owing to the burning ambition of the Magyars, is a sure guarantee of similar results amongst the nationalities of Cis-leithania. It is incalculable how much commerce and trade and industry will be benefited by that revival of all the mental and moral energies of the Empire. Already the material progress of both halves of the monarchy during the last fifteen years has been very considerable. It will, aided by the immense natural wealth of the Empire, be increasing at a rate distancing that of all former periods. The enemy of a nation is not to be found in great civil disturbances and commotions. Woe to the nation that knows of no inner conflicts! Poland fell because nine-tenths of its population, the peasantry, took no interest in her existence. Had Poland but had conflicts like those that now lacerate Austria-Hungary! The lesson of history is clear: Peace means stagnation, and life and vigour can be obtained only by hard struggle. The venerable monarch now at the head of Austria-Hungary may, at the celebration of his jubilee in December next, cherish the magnifi-

cent conviction, that under his wise and manly reign the vast 'lands' and 'kingdoms' bequeathed to him by his ancestors have received impulses so strong and varied as to ensure the existence of Austria-Hungary for a great many more generations, not only as the indispensable international complement to the rest of Europe, but as a realm firmly rooted in a vitality of its own.

EMIL REICH.

## *THE FUTURE OF MANCHURIA*

AWAY on the extremely opposite end to ours of the great Eurasian continent is a country to which only too little attention has as yet been paid, and which, on account of its wealth, its favourable natural position, and the intelligence of its inhabitants, will attract to itself a yearly-increasing notice from Europe, and play no insignificant part in the history of the next few decades. The recent march of events has shown two rising Powers pressing round Manchuria, and threatening to contest its possession with the seemingly dormant Chinese. And here in distant India short scraps of stirring news from the rich and promising country which, with Mr. James, I had explored a dozen years ago, bring forward in flashes of startling clearness the changes which that short interval of time have brought about.

First came the astonishing intelligence that the Japanese had occupied Port Arthur, the principal harbour in the country, and afterwards established their control over all the southern coast of the province. Then the Japanese had withdrawn to one small point upon the coast, and the Russians were next heard of. The former had gained a temporary footing in Manchuria by the arts of war; the Russians had gained a permanent footing in the country by the devices of diplomacy. That which the country most needed—a railway—was to be constructed from Russian territory by Russians and with Russian money. Kirin, the central point of Manchuria, which when Messrs. James, Fulford, and I visited it in 1886 was almost unknown to Europeans, was in 1897 the head-quarters of thirty Russian officers of the railway staff. And lastly comes the news that Port Arthur, the principal harbour in the country, is to be used by the Russians as a winter port for their fleet; and that Russian officers are to be used for the instruction of the Chinese army.

If Manchuria were such a wretchedly poor country as, for instance, Khiva, Merv and Turkestan, and others which have fallen to the lot of the Russians, comparatively little attention need be paid to the progress of events in that distant quarter of the world. It would matter but little to other European nations whether the Russian or Japanese did or did not take the country. But Manchuria is no



such desert country. It is, on the contrary, a country of exceeding richness, and of promise scarcely less than that of the Transvaal itself, and compared to which the whole of Central Africa, from Uganda to Khartoum, is of paltry insignificance. Its soil is not barren, but of surpassing fertility. Its inhabitants are not listless semi-nomads, nor fanatical barbarians, but the most industrious agriculturists in the world. And they do not number a few hundreds of thousands, but a score of millions.

Whether, therefore, this country remains practically closed to European enterprise, as at present, or partially opened, as it might be expected to become under Russian or Japanese control, or fully open, as most European nations would hope for, is a matter of interest to all who realise the importance to their country of acquiring a footing in those markets of the world which offer the best promise for the future.

I propose then, in the first place, to establish the physical advantages, not omitting to mention the corresponding disadvantages, which the country affords. I will then shortly describe the leading characteristics of the inhabitants, and show how these physical surroundings, together with the pressure of neighbouring peoples, have affected their welfare and tended towards their advancement. I will, with these data upon which to found my calculations, estimate the probability of the country maintaining its integrity; and, lastly, will attempt a forecast of its future development.

The climate of Manchuria has often been compared to that of Eastern Canada, which lies at approximately the same latitude. Situated, like the provinces of Quebec and Ontario, at the extremity of a continent, and exposed to those great changes of temperature caused by the action of the sun's rays on vast expanses of land, and unmodified by any alleviating breaths of wind wafted from temperate ocean currents, the climate of Manchuria is one of extremes, ranging in the northern districts from 40° to 45° below zero Fahrenheit in winter to 90° F. in the summer, and in the southern part from 15° to 20° below zero F. in winter to 95° to 100° F. in the summer. Yet the cold is dry and clear, and the summer heat not oppressive. The rainfall is plentiful but not too abundant. In the winter the country is covered deep in snow, and in the summer rain falls in sufficient quantity to mature the crops. I will not delay here to point out the effects of such a climate upon the physique and temperament of the inhabitants, or upon the natural productions of the soil, but I will pass on to rapidly delineate the leading features in the configuration of the country.

And first I would draw attention to the favourable juxtaposition of land and water. The Russians have already in 1860 lopped off that part of Manchuria which had a coast line on the north, and the ports of Vladivostock and Possiet Bay legitimately belong to

Manchuria. But besides this Manchuria still possesses a coast line on the south not less than 600 miles in length, and including ports such as Newchwang, Port Arthur, and Ta-lien-hoang Bay, of which the two latter are open all the year round. And the country is still further favoured by possessing large navigable rivers running far into the heart of the land, as well as along its northern boundary. The greater part is hilly, and in one case these hills reach the height of 8,000 feet above sea-level; but for the most part they do not attain a greater altitude than 3,000 or 4,000 feet, and in the south and central portion there are vast fertile plains. The fertility of the soil in every part can, indeed, scarcely be equalled in any other part of the world.

With so rich a soil, protected as it is in winter from the severe cold by a deep blanketing of snow, and favoured in summer alternately by gleams of life-producing sunshine and by showers of refreshing rain, one need not be astonished at seeing the magnificent forests of pine, and oak, and elm, and the marvellous crops of wheat, millet, barley, rice, and hemp which are produced in every part of Manchuria. The timber alone in the vast virgin forests which clothe the hill-sides over thousands of square miles must be worth many millions; for this timber is of the most valuable kind, and besides the ordinary pines, which are common all over the world, and which being fast-growing are easily replaced when cut down, there are immense quantities of *hard* timber—of oak, and elm, and walnut—to replace which a century is required, and the quantity of which in the world is rapidly diminishing. Moreover these forests are in hilly country, everywhere intersected with streams and rivers containing plenty of water, so that the timber may be easily floated down, first in separate logs and afterwards in rafts, to the sea. When I was in Delagoa Bay a short time ago an American timber merchant, who had imported to the Transvaal hundreds of thousands of tons of timber from so distant parts as British Columbia and Puget Sound, asked me if I knew of any place where there were forests of hard-wood timber still remaining. I naturally at once referred him to those great forests of Manchuria in which we had spent so many dreary weeks, and I spoke of the view I had had from the summit of the Ever White Mountain, where I had looked down from a height of 8,000 feet upon unbroken forest extending away as far as the eye could reach in every direction. And I told my American friend how, from the slopes of that central mountain, there radiated three great rivers on which I had seen huge rafts of timber gliding noiselessly towards the sea. With political obstacles removed Manchuria could compete with British Columbia in the timber trade of the world.

Manchuria is equally rich in its production of cereals, and in the southern portion of such crops as indigo and tobacco. The shortness of the season prevents two crops being raised, but the single harvest

that is reaped is exceptionally heavy, and an autumn crop of vegetables is often produced on land planted earlier in the year. Beans are grown in immense quantities, and the oil extracted from them carried to the coast for export.

With ample pasture on the neighbouring plains of Mongolia, and with an abundant supply of grain and fodder in the agricultural districts of Manchuria, it is possible for the people to raise and keep domestic animals in more than requisite numbers. Ponies, donkeys, and mules, of a strong, hardy stamp, are freely obtainable for transport and agricultural purposes. I estimate that on a single day in the height of the traffic season I passed from 3,000 to 3,500 transport animals. The pack mules carry a load of 300 lbs. from twenty to twenty-five miles a day; and a light travelling cart, carrying a load of 1,300 lbs., is drawn by three mules at the rate of thirty miles a day. Oxen are plentiful. Sheep are reared in vast numbers. Pigs and fowls as big as English fowls are found in every farmyard.

Again, the mineral resources are such as furnish adequate hope that by these also its development may be not less furthered than by its magnificent vegetable and animal productions. Until mining on some considerable scale is actually commenced estimates of the mineral wealth must necessarily be hazardous and vague; but this much may be said with certainty, that gold, copper, iron, and coal are found in several separate districts of the country. In one place we found gold, silver, coal, and iron within a few miles of one another. There was scarcely a part which we visited where we did not hear of gold; and we found coal obtained from the neighbourhood exclusively used in the native arsenal at Kirin. That little has so far been heard of the mineral production of Manchuria is due to the fact that the Chinese Government absolutely prohibit mining by private individuals.

Such being the climate, the nature of the country, its soil and productions, the inhabitants, as might be expected, are a strong, hardy, vigorous race, and from the glens of Manchuria have issued three successive waves of conquest which have overrun the whole of China. The numbers of the original inhabitants have been augmented by streams of immigrants from China proper, and these, though slightly less robust than the original Manchus, are yet of good and sound physique. They are the very reverse of impulsive—cool, calculating, provident, and so economical that not even the manure from off the roads is allowed to be wasted, and the heat of the fire required for cooking purposes is carefully utilised by means of flues to warm the whole house. Their industry is apparent in the care bestowed upon their fields. In the summer they work from dawn till sunset, with a brief interval for the midday meal, and in the winter they start hours before daybreak on their long carrying journeys. They are grave and little given to mirth; on the whole law-abiding, amenable

to control and to the restraints of social life; if not particularly warm in their devotion to their children and to their parents, at any rate not absolutely callous; and though any active benevolence is not very apparent there are, on the other hand, few symptoms of active malevolence. But the most important trait to notice is their strong conservatism. What was good enough for their fathers the present-day inhabitants think must be good enough for them.

They are intelligent and quick to grasp simple ideas, but superstitious and ignorant of natural causation; very lacking in imagination, with high powers of imitation, but no capacity for invention. They all dress alike, and in the same way in which they have dressed for centuries past; there is no difference between one house and another, and even their carts are all of the same pattern. The rigid fixity of ideas is a concomitant of their strong conservative proclivities.

They have, as a rule, little regard for truth, but in business matters once their word is given it may be relied on. Honesty is not a pronounced trait in their characters, nor are they remarkable for morality. And these defects must, therefore, be set against their striking industry and thrift.

Their religion seldom shows itself, and has little effect upon their practical conduct. It produces in them none of that fanaticism which impels other races of Asia to deeds of war, and it imposes upon the people of Manchuria few of those restrictions as to what they may or may not eat or do with which the people of India are so fettered. But, on the other hand, their superstitious beliefs, such as Feng-shui, often furnish impediments to progress, and their worship of ancestors increases their inherent conservatism.

With these characteristics of the people and of the country they live in before us, and bearing in mind the position of Manchuria, exposed to the pressure of the great Chinese Empire on the south-west, of Corea on the east, and now of Russia on the north and of Japan by sea, we can form some estimate of the stability of the State into which these people have formed themselves, and attempt a forecast of its future development.

Originally Manchuria extended far away to the mountain ranges on the northern side of the Amur, and, according to Chinese history, this country 3,000 years ago was inhabited by a congeries of petty nomad clans of Tartars, remnants of which survive to this day in the tribes that live by hunting or fishing in the north. But while for a long time the denizens of the mountain valley remained independent of each other and of any outside authority, the dwellers in the rich plain country of the south, more liable to attack and therefore under greater compulsion to weld themselves together, formed a kingdom about 1100 B.C., which shortly afterwards became tributary to China. So it lasted till the Coreans overran the country, but in the seventh

century A.D. the Chinese had again established their authority in this kingdom formed in the southern plain country. But meanwhile the tribes in the mountains on the north had been slowly constituting themselves into organised States, one of which, the Bohai, in the ninth century conquered not only the north but the whole of the south of Manchuria also, till it was in turn supplanted by another northern tribe, the Ketans, who succeeded in establishing themselves in Peking itself until they were overthrown by yet another northern tribe, the Nuchens, who founded the Chin dynasty and retained power till they were swept away by the Mongols in the thirteenth century. Whether the Mongols actually ruled Manchuria, or whether the country was independent, is uncertain, but the Ming dynasty of China, which followed the Mongols, held sway over the southern plains of Manchuria till, for the last time, a mountain tribe in the seventeenth century, first gaining control over the other hill-men and then over the settled plains, finally established its authority over the whole of China and formed the present Manchu dynasty.

But even while the successes of this bold mountain tribe, which issuing from its secluded glen had conquered the whole of China, were at their height the shadow of the Great Power which now so imminently threatens the country was first appearing on the north. Russian explorers were finding their way down the Amur, armed parties followed, then trading centres were established, the portion of Manchuria north of the Amur was first absorbed, then the whole of the coast line on the north as far as Corea, and now we hear of the Russians showing signs of establishing themselves even in the south.

This slight sketch of the history of Manchuria will have served to show how the country has grown up; how the incessant warfare of tribe against tribe has resulted in its final consolidation; and how the repeated streams of invaders from the mountain valleys have constantly been met by a reflex flood of immigrants from the plains of China, till at the present day the whole of Manchuria, with the exception of those distant northern tracts which have been absorbed by Russia, is bound together under one ruler, and its population may be calculated at twenty millions.

Yet, as we have just seen, there are already signs of disintegration setting in, and we have to examine on the one hand the bonds which hold this mass together, and on the other the influences which tend towards its disruption.

Those who have been impressed by the difficulties encountered in Klondike in winter, and by the horrors of sledge journeys in Siberia, will perhaps imagine from my descriptions of the cold in Manchuria that communication must be entirely impeded by snow for half the year, and that Government control and industrial development must

be in consequence seriously hindered. Yet the truth is precisely the reverse. The winter is the most favoured season for traffic. Traveling in December and January, when the roads were frozen hard and the rivers and morasses bridged by ice, we met upon the roads fully ten times the amount of traffic we had seen in the summer months. It was in the winter that the huge guns for the forts upon the Russian frontier and the great masses of machinery for the arsenal at Kirin were transported on sledges to their destination. And it was in the winter that the sable-hunters in the remote mountain valleys obtained their supplies up the course of the frozen rivers which traverse the forests. The heavy summer rains afford a greater impediment to communication, and consequent Governmental control and commercial intercourse, but they are not so severe but what proper draining of marshes, bridging of rivers, and metalling of roads might meet.

A greater obstacle than the climate to the due development and consolidation of the country is the mountainous character of a great part of it. In the plains communication from part to part is easy, and each town is bound to the other by commercial ties and adequately held under the control of Government. But the case is different in the hilly tracts which form the greater portion of Manchuria. These latter are difficult of access, and the result has been that they have given way to outside pressure, and all the northern part has been absorbed by Russia. Moreover, in that part which still remains to China, many valleys off the main lines of communication are practically independent of Governmental control, and, as we found in our exploration, are really administered by local guilds. This hilly country is in no way to be compared with that which borders our North-West frontier in India, than which it is far more accessible in every way. But still it is sufficiently hilly to retard progress, and its inhabitants for a long time yet to come will be more independent of control and less developed industrially than those of the smaller but more favoured portion of plain country.

Yet, detrimental as the hilly character of so much of Manchuria is to its progress, this disadvantage is more than made up for by its possessing a coast line with good harbours, and by the navigable rivers which run along its borders and traverse the heart of the country. Far away in the north-eastern extremities I was able to buy pine apples from Singapore at a shilling a tin, and this was because I was close to the harbour of Possiet Bay, which properly speaking belongs to Manchuria. In the south are still more suitable harbours, and all the cotton cloth which is in universal wear is imported through these harbours from China and Europe, and by the same way are exported both in European steamers and in native junks the beans, bean cake, and bean oil which at present form the

principal surplus products, but which may in future be augmented by timber, coal, and grain. By these southern ports also the overpopulated districts of China discharge their masses of surplus population, who, swarming into the fertile northern country, enrich it by their labour, and vastly increase its prosperity.

Similarly with the great Amur river flowing for hundreds of miles along the northern border, and the Usuri on the north-east, on both of which steamers ply regularly, and with the mighty Sungari, issuing from the heart of the land, and even at Kirin, in the very centre, twenty feet deep; and with the Liao and Yalu, in the south, both navigable for many miles from their mouths, access is gained to the country, which even in the present has furthered its development and which must have a yet more favourable effect in the future.

The variety of the soil and its extraordinary fertility furnish yet other elements of development. Some countries can grow but few kinds of crops, and others are destitute of timber. But Manchuria has so many different crops—millet, wheat, rice, beans, barley, &c.—as to be independent of the failure of any single one; and these crops are so abundant, and there is still so vast a quantity of cultivable land available, that the country can support a greatly increased population. And besides the crops of indigo and hemp, which furnish dyes, ropes, and paper, the magnificent forests supply an almost inexhaustible quantity of timber for the use of the people. Fuel for their fires, thatch for their houses, and fences for their gardens they appeared to obtain mostly from the long stalks of the millet crops. But for the construction of their houses, and the manufacture of waggons, carts, boats, household utensils, &c., timber in plenty is always available, and the result of this sufficiency is seen in the roominess of the houses and the consequent comfort of the inhabitants, and in the number of carts which they possess for the carriage of produce to suitable markets.

This abundance of agricultural produce, moreover, makes it possible for even poor farms and small carriers to support a number of domestic animals, both for the supply of meat and still more for draught and farming purposes. The inhabitants need not live on vegetable productions alone. There is an abundance of vigour-producing meat available, and another inducement is thus afforded to the direct increase of population. And the number of transport animals at hand gives the people an additional facility for communication, one part with another, for conveying the produce of their fields to the most suitable markets, and for carrying to their homes the imported necessities and luxuries from outside countries. In yet another way, therefore, is the knitting together of the people advanced.

Still more conducive to progress than either its vegetable or animal production might have been its mineral wealth. But this, as I have shown, is almost untouched, and it is therefore only necessary to point out that the gold might attract a still larger population than has already been attracted by agricultural advantages, and, of equal importance, might attract the capital so necessary for its development. And the coal and iron would furnish the people with means of progress of which they have at present scarcely dreamed.

But all this profusion of natural wealth would be useless were the people as ignorant and savage as the Zulus and Kaffirs of the Transvaal, who for centuries have possessed almost the richest country in the world, and yet to-day go about practically naked. Fortunately for Manchuria its inhabitants are far in advance of such barbarians.

They are full of superstitious beliefs, which when brought to bear upon conduct, as in their recent refusal to allow the proposed railway to run through Mukden, the capital, greatly impede progress. And their strong conservative feelings and rigid fixity of ideas, which not only prevent their introducing new methods on their own initiative, but even stand in the way of their freely adopting improvements which have been tried by others, may be thought to stamp them as a hopeless backward race, as yet unfitted mentally to hold themselves together in large aggregates. And the absence of any strong common religious feeling may also be considered a serious want in the process of consolidation. But the inhabitants of Manchuria have many compensating characteristics which surely tend to development and to combine them together for mutual advantage. Among these may be noted their physical capacity for hard continuous labour; their industry, thrift, and cool-headedness; their intelligence and ability to perceive the advantages of commercial co-operation, and their reliability in business transactions.

All these traits help to combine the people on industrial lines. And, in spite of brigandage being so rife in parts where the brigands can find easy escape to the mountains and forests, the people may certainly be called peace-loving and amenable to control, and consequently easily coerced for the purposes of Government. Nor are they divided into rival religious sects, as the Mohamedans and Hindus of India, nor by differences of language, nor by race antagonisms. The Manchus are as much merged with the Chinese as the Scotch are with the English, and for all intents and purposes the twenty million inhabitants of Manchuria are one people and use one language. They have similarity of dress, of customs, and of ideas; and though some call themselves Buddhists, others Confucianists, others again Taoists, and a few even Mohamedans, the religious



sentiment is so weak in these cold, unemotional people that they may be said to have practically the same religion.

Thus Manchuria has been welded by war from a mass of independent nomad clans of uncivilised barbarians into a united State whose inhabitants, partly under the influence of the binding pressure which these warlike operations have enforced, and partly under the influence of the more advanced peoples to the south, have acquired many of those cohesive traits of character which tend to permanently consolidate a State.

But is Manchuria yet strong enough to hold its own against the immense pressure now bearing upon it by the great civilised Power on the North? Parts of the country have already gone. Is more to follow? Is the whole one day to be swallowed up by Russia? By a master stroke the Russians cut off all the ports on the north, so that the sea bases in that quarter are now in their hands and not in the hands of the Chinese. And now they are gaining a footing at Port Arthur, in the south. The great Siberian railway, which will immensely strengthen the Russian position in the Far East, will soon be completed, and its extension into Manchuria appears to be in Russian hands. Russian drill instructors are, moreover, said to be engaged in training Chinese troops. If the present tendency continues, the lower part of Manchuria will follow the upper portion, and the whole becomes a Russian province, and the southern ports, like the northern, become naval harbours for Russian fleets. Are the Chinese capable of arresting this tendency?

Unaided I think it may be safely said they are not. The pressure is too great. The attractive force which draws the heavy northern mass downwards is too powerful, and the loadstone from which issues the attractive force lies in the extreme southern end of Manchuria—in Port Arthur—and therefore draws the mass across the entire length of the land. And combined and compact though the people are they have not yet attained that degree of military combination and discipline which is required to resist such a Power as Russia. They are not like the Boers, who at the first sign of danger rally, every single man of them, to the point of attack. They are sluggish and indifferent, and an invader would be well inside their country before they realised he was near. Again, their intense conservatism prevents their adopting with due efficiency those implements of modern warfare without which it would be impossible to stand against the Russians; and this same obstructive sentiment would similarly stand against their employing the system of tactics which the use of those implements necessitates. Want in the people of due military combination, and of the needful adaptability to the conditions of the times makes it certain that they will by themselves be unable to arrest that tendency which is leading to the eventual absorption of Manchuria by Russia.

And that this absorption should come about it is not necessary to suppose that China should enter directly into conflict with Russia. It is much more likely that Russia will absorb bit by bit of Manchuria while China is in difficulties elsewhere. This has been her policy in the past, and she is not likely to adopt any other in the future. But the ultimate result will be the same. Without foreign aid China will be unable to arrest that progress of Russia which is now tending to the complete annexation of Manchuria.

But it is equally certain that, whether the Russian does or does not absorb Manchuria, the industrial development of the country must advance. The very pressure of a powerful rival has been favourable for commercial progress. As long ago as 1886 we found the Chinese rapidly constructing a telegraph line purely for strategical reasons. But this, once constructed, was immensely useful for business purposes also. And it is simply under the pressure of a possible enemy that railways will be constructed. With these advantages, in addition to the great natural advantage the country affords, a people of such physique, intelligence, and business capacity must rapidly advance, and must further develop the wonderful resources of the country.

And this is the point of utmost importance to England. Here is a market as yet scarcely touched, but which will in the future yearly increase in value. For in Manchuria there is not only immense natural wealth, but, what is of equal—perhaps more—importance, an advanced and civilised people who do not need, like barbarians, to be educated to feel their wants, but have considerable wants already. They have not advanced sufficiently rapidly to compete with a great European Power, but they must not therefore be thought to be altogether at a standstill. At Kirin they had established, without any European supervision whatever, an arsenal which turned out breechloading rifles and machine guns. Close on the southern border of Manchuria was a coal mine and a railway owned entirely by Chinamen. Many of the steamers which trade to Manchuria are owned by a Chinese firm. Throughout the country there are large trading and banking establishments, with branches at all the principal places. New towns with well-built brick or masonry houses, good shops, and wide, open streets are springing up. And the forest is being cleared away and new tracts opened out with an energy their northern neighbours have not yet displayed. And if the military government of Manchuria is likely to pass into the hands of the Russians, its industrial development is no less likely to lie with the Chinese. The Russian soldier may oust the Chinese soldier. But the Russian peasant will not be able to compete with the Chinese peasant. And even the Russian business man will have a hard struggle to keep ahead of his Chinese rival.

Here, then, is a promising market for the sale of our cotton goods, implements, machinery, and other requirements of an advanced and thriving community. This market is as yet scarcely touched, and we have to bear in mind that the population will not only increase both by immigration and by natural growth till at the end of another half-century there will probably be 40,000,000 inhabitants in Manchuria, but that this population, once the railways which strategical reasons have forced upon the country have been completed, will find their requirements doubling and redoubling in amount. What they want from us to-day is no standard of the vastly increased amount they will require from us to-morrow.

Into this market we have a treaty right to partially enter. We may trade from one port in the south, and our traders who wish to travel through the country may stay up to six months at any place. Furthermore, we have the treaty right to demand from the Chinese the same privileges as they may grant to any other nation. In spite of the proximity of Russia and Japan to Manchuria, we certainly obtained the lead in the trade with the country. A few years ago the only firms at Newchwang, the one treaty port, were English firms. The construction of the railway from the south towards Manchuria was under the direction of an Englishman, the customs department was manned by Englishmen, and, of no slight importance in business matters, the telegraph system was conducted in English.

This lead which we have won it is all-important that we should maintain and develop. We have to look far into the future to the time when the rich portions of the earth have been partitioned off among the Powers of Europe; and we have to contemplate the probability that those portions once absorbed will be irrevocably closed to us. Recognising this, and recognising the benefits which this country must obtain from having access to a market like Manchuria, it behoves us to rigidly maintain every inch of advantage we have won; to never omit to claim what privileges may be granted to other Powers; and to take every single opportunity which offers itself of advancing our interests a step farther.

If the Russians acquire any advantages at Port Arthur we should claim similar advantages. If the Russians are granted special trading facilities in the north, we must demand similar facilities in the south by the opening of Ta-lien-hoang Bay as a treaty port; and if the Russians are granted any exclusive privileges in regard to the construction of railways on the one side, we must claim like privileges in regard to railway construction on the other.

For we are engaged in a keen struggle with the great civilised Powers of the world, and have to press and maintain our rights or fall behind in the race. We may console ourselves with the reflection that this pressing of our rights to trade is causing no evil, but

is, on the contrary, conferring a benefit upon those upon whom we press them, and that no people have the right, which the Chinese are assuming, to arrogate to their exclusive use so rich a portion of the earth's surface as Manchuria, by the due exploitation of which both they and the rest of mankind would be benefited.

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*SOME OF THE RESOURCES OF CANADA*

LAST summer I received from the Toronto organising committee the invitation to come out to Canada with the British Association. It is well known, but it gives me great pleasure to acknowledge it once more, that the members of the British Association, whether British or foreign, received from the Canadians—and those of us who went to the States from the Americans—the most friendly welcome, and were treated with the utmost cordiality and hospitality. Many a standing friendship between scientific men of the Old and the New World has grown up during that visit. After the meeting of the British Association was over a most instructive trip was organised by the Canadian Pacific Railway across the continent to Vancouver, and I had the privilege of belonging to the party of geologists and geographers who went out, and stopped to visit the main points of interest, under the guidance of the best two authorities in the geology and geography of Canada. Dr. G. Dawson, the Director of the Geological Survey, who knows that part of the Rocky Mountains and the coast ranges as his own garden, and Professor Coleman, who is equally well acquainted with the mining regions of Central Canada, conducted our party, all possible arrangements having been made by local committees to enable us to see the most of the country and its resources during our stops on the route.

At Victoria the party broke up, and on the back journey I devoted my chief attention to agriculture and to settlers in the North-west Provinces. Here, again, I met with the greatest cordiality and the greatest desire on behalf of all the local administrations—and, in fact, of every one I came in contact with—to enable me to judge by myself of what the new lands opened for settlement are worth. ‘Let us give them all possible facilities to know everything by themselves, but let us be careful not to prejudice them one way or another,’ seems to have been the watchword all over Canada. If time had permitted me to do so, I had only to avail myself of the facilities which were offered to me for seeing every settlement and town in the North-west and Manitoba.

Of my visits to the experimental farms of Canada in company

with Dr. W. Saunders I have already spoken elsewhere;<sup>1</sup> and when I returned to Toronto I found in my friend Professor J. Mavor a living encyclopædia of Canadian economics. To every question which I would ask him the reply appeared at once in the shape of statistical tables and economical works taken from the shelves of his library, and opened at the proper page, or in the shape of a heap of historical documents, old and new. However, it is not my intention to utilise now more than a trifle of the valuable materials which were put at my disposal. I simply intend to mention some of the points which chiefly occupied my thoughts during that most instructive and delightful journey.

As I was crossing Canada from east to west, travelling in succession through the woody regions of West Quebec and East Ontario, through the rocky and hilly mining region situated in the north of the great lakes, over the vast prairies, and finally across the highlands and the plateaus of the Pacific border, I was simply amazed at finding such a resemblance between the geographical features of these successive regions and the features, once familiar to me, which are met with in the Old World in crossing it from west to east in about the same latitude. The traveller who would land in Russia on the coast of the Baltic Sea, and proceed eastwards through Northern Middle Russia, across the hilly and mining regions of the middle Urals, over the vast prairies and plains of Southern Siberia, and finally across the highlands and the plateau in Eastern Siberia, would meet with exactly the same types of geographical regions, in the very same succession, as those which he meets with in crossing North America under the fiftieth degree of latitude, but in the opposite direction.

In the Eastern States of America, which would correspond under this view to Western Europe—both facing the Atlantic and both representing the main seat of our present civilisation—the analogy may be less apparent. But the woody tracts of Eastern Canada, which have been compared more than once to the woody tracts of Northern Middle Russia, are really the counterpart of that portion of Europe. Next come the hilly, rocky, and forest-clothed mining regions which rise in Canada in the north of Lake Superior, and they remind me in many respects of the Urals, which, by the way, are *not* the narrow worm-like chain of mountains that is traced on our small-scale maps, but represent a wide expansion of rivated plateaus of a moderate height and chains of hills, dotted with gold, copper, and iron mines. They also have in the south a great interior sea, the Caspian.

Proceeding further westwards through Canada, we entered, all of a sudden at Winnipeg, on the boundless low prairies of Manitoba; and here the illusion was complete. I might as well believe myself entering the low 'black-earth' prairies of South Tobolsk at the

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century*, November 1897.

foot of the Urals. Same general aspect, same soil, same desiccating lakes, same character of climate, same position with regard to the highlands, and, very probably, same lacustrine origin in both cases.

Further on, as the train rolled westwards, and, after having gently climbed over an escarpment, crossed the higher, sub-arid 'rolling prairie'—we should call it Steppe in Siberia—I could easily imagine myself amidst the higher level Steppes which the Siberian railway enters beyond Tomsk. The altitude of these Steppes in the two continents, the escarpments which separate them from the lower terrace, the general aspect of both the surface and the vegetation, all these are wonderfully similar; while the small East Siberian towns of Kainsk, Achinsk, and Krasnoyarsk could be described as sister-growths to Medicine Hat, Calgary, and Regina, were it not for the Americanised aspects of the Canadian towns. The 'barren lands' in the far north of Canada, which are similar in all respects to the sub-*tundras* and *tundras* of Siberia, and the deserts of the American plateau in the south, which correspond to the deserts of Mongolia, complete the analogy.

Finally comes the belt of parallel mountain ranges—the Rocky Mountains, the Selkirks, the Golden Range, and the Coast Range, with elevated plateaus lodged between them; and here again the analogy with the East Asian plateau and the parallel ranges of mountains which rise above its surface is nearly complete. The Siberian highlands are wider in the same latitude, and the stretches of high plateaus are broader than in Canada; but the similarity of the general aspect is such that, for instance, at Okanagan I really felt as if I were amidst the Transbaikalian Steppes, although the American ranges—namely, the Rocky Mountains—are of a more recent origin than the mountains bordering the East Siberian plateau. Same altitude of the plateau, same dry climate, same general aspect, same surface structure, and same character of erosion in geologically recent periods.

Fortuitous coincidences would not do to explain such a similarity of structure. It was known long since that there are certain analogies in the main outlines of the two great continental masses situated in the western and the eastern hemispheres. It now appears that the analogies in the surface-structure—in the orography—of North America and Eurasia are even more striking than the resemblances in their outlines. In fact, the dominant feature in the structure of North America is an elongated belt of highlands—plateaus and parallel mountain ranges—which runs in a north-western direction from Mexico to Alaska, gradually decreasing in height and in width as it enters higher latitudes. The Rocky Mountains fringe it along its eastern border; and at the foot of these mountains stretches an immense continental plain, divided into two, or rather three, distinct

terraces, which fills up the angular space between the great plateau and the Appalachian system of parallel chains.

The same structure is found in Asia. Only Asia and America are, so to say, the positive and the negative of each other—the right hand and the left hand. In Asia, too, a huge upheaval, made up of plateaus and highlands, diminishing in height and width as it enters higher latitudes, stretches from the Himalayas to the Chukchi peninsula—to meet by its narrow end the narrow end of the American plateau. This backbone of Asia occupies, however, the eastern portion of the continent instead of the western portion, and it runs north-eastwards instead of north-westwards. A girdle of high mountains, intersected by gigantic trenches (Tian Shan, Altai, Sayan, &c.), fringes the plateau along its continental border, thus corresponding to the Rocky Mountains; and an immense continental plain, also disposed in two or three distinct terraces, occupies the wide angular space between the great plateau and another succession of highlands which run through Persia, Caucasia, Asia Minor and the Balkan peninsula. The main lines of orographic structure are thus remarkably analogous. Regions of similar structure succeed each other in the same order, but in an opposite sense.

One difference must, however, be noted. In America, the highlands reach directly the coasts of the Pacific Ocean: there are no plains between the plateau and the coast; while in Asia we have, in the Amur region and Manchuria, a wide expansion of plains and lowlands (intersected by several parallel chains of mountains) which spreads between the outer border of the plateau and the coast of the Pacific. It is only in a higher latitude, on the coast of the Sea of Okhotsk, that the plateau faces directly the great ocean as it faces it at Vancouver. The mountain-building activity to which both the rows of islands bordering the Pacific coast of America and the coast ranges in Asia are due must have been greater in middle Asia, or it began at an earlier date, so as to add to the Asiatic continent the plains and the very young lowlands of the lower Sungari and the lower Amur, a counterpart of which we do not find in America. It must be remembered, however, that perfect similitude is never found in Nature. Analogies are all that we may expect to discover.

The Pacific Ocean thus appears encircled on both sides by two huge masses of plateaus, which assume in their outlines, and in the disposition of their outward slopes, very much the same character. The growth of these two very old continents proceeded chiefly on their outward slopes, so as to produce a repetition, in the same order, of the same geographical features. We must consequently infer that our globe is not an incoherent mass of plateaus, mountain, and plains, patched together in a haphazard way. Some force, quite general in its character, and consequently telluric, if not cosmic—a force which acted at an angle to the present axis of rotation of the earth—has



directed the growth of the mainland masses in the old and the new world. For ages it has acted symmetrically on both sides of the two chief plateaus of the globe; and through all vicissitudes of local contractions, upheavals, and depressions, it has resulted in producing a remarkably symmetric structure on the two sides of the abysses of the Pacific Ocean.

What a variety of landscapes, and what a number of distinct geographical regions are embodied in Canada, is already evident from what has just been said. The maritime provinces of the Atlantic border; the woody regions of the St. Lawrence river, with their extremely interesting French population, which maintains its language and national features amidst quite different surroundings; the settled and cultivated hills and plains of Ontario, with their thoroughly British population, and the Ontario 'peninsula,' which penetrates between the lakes Huron and Erie as far south as the latitude of Rome, and supplies Canada with southern fruit; the mining region of the Laurentian plateau in West Ontario; the boundless prairies, with their Indian population, slowly dying out as a mute reproach to our present civilisation; the plateau and the coast ranges, with their infinite variety of valleys and cañons, ragged peaks and elevated plateaus—such are, then, the main geographical divisions of that immense country which covers nearly one-half of the North-American continent. And then come! the great peninsula of Labrador—the Scandinavia of America; the 'barren lands' of the far north, the fur emporium of the North-west; and the Yukon district, which now spreads the gold fever in both hemispheres. Each of them is a world in itself; each has its history, full of dramatic events; each offers certain peculiarities in the character of its population, which are apparent even on a cursory inspection. Each of them is full of interest. However, of all these regions one interested me more than the others, and to it I will devote the following pages. I mean Manitoba and the North-west Territories. It is quite young yet: twenty-seven years ago it was almost unknown to geographers. It is full of potentialities, and, for me at least, there was a certain charm in studying a part of the world where men can still find a relatively free soil.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>2</sup> Of many excellent books on Canada let me name some. First of all, the admirable description of Elisée Reclus, in his *Géographie Universelle* (English translation by Mr. Keane), and the excellent 'Handbook of Canada,' compiled by the best Canadian authorities upon each separate subject for the British Association (Toronto, 1897); G. R. Parkin's 'The Great Dominion,' London, 1895; J. G. Bourinot's 'Canada,' in the *Story of the Nations* Series, London, 1897; Professor R. Wallace's 'Report on Agricultural Resources of Canada,' 1894; Frédéric Gerbié's *Le Canada et l'émigration française*, 6th edition, Québec, 1884; 'An Official Handbook of Information relating to the Dominion of Canada,' published by the Department of Interior, Ottawa, 1897; A. O. Legge's 'Sunny Manitoba,' London, 1893; John Macoun's 'Manitoba and the Great North-west,' London, 1883; Professor Bryce's 'Manitoba,' London, 1882; and a very considerable amount of excellent official publications (Geological Survey, Local Boards of Trade, Provincial Mining Administrations, and so on).

Our train had left Winnipeg, 'the capital of the prairies,' in the afternoon. We had dashed for an hour, full speed, in electrical tramcars, along the streets of the big and decidedly nice-looking prairie city, which had grown up with American rapidity in less than twenty-five years. Then we parted with our friends; the engine-bell began to ring as the train rolled heavily in the limits of the city, and all of a sudden we had entered the prairies. A straight line on the horizon, another straight line behind us, marked by the railway metals, which run over a ground so level that the last elevator of Winnipeg could be seen miles behind. A 'fat black-earth,' as our peasants would say, and no trees or shrubs for miles round. Only a glorious sunset to admire, such as I had not seen since I was last in a South Russian steppe. 'How monotonous!' was soon remarked by my West European friends, while I thought to myself: 'What an infinite variety of life in these Steppes!' The poetry of the Steppe is an unknown chapter to the West European, even to the middle Russian. It would be vainly sought for in most geographical works; one finds it only in the poetry of Koltsoff, in the novels of Oertel, in the soul of the man who was born in the Steppes. One must have lived in the Steppes, rambled over them on horseback about and after sunset, inhaled the perfume of the mowed grasses, spent the night in the open air, crossed the boundless spaces in sledges with galloping horses, to realise and to feel the beauty of the Steppes. He who was born in such surroundings feels homesick elsewhere; mountain valleys oppress him, make him feel as a bird in a cage.

We passed Brandon at night, seeing nothing of the busy villages of that populated district of Manitoba, and next morning we were already in the so-called sub-arid region. A few big farms belonging to big companies, a few small farms lost amidst the boundless rolling prairies, and insignificant market-towns, or administrative centres, such as Regina, was all that we saw from the train till we came, after a run of nearly 800 miles, to Calgary, in sight of the Rocky Mountains. Where was, then, the population of the prairies, of which we had heard so much?

The fact is that although Manitoba and the North-west Territories are often spoken of as a whole, containing so many hundred millions of acres fit for agriculture, the great continental plain covered by these provinces is not uniform at all. It consists of at least three distinct regions, which must be strictly separated in the very interests of colonisation. Dr. G. Dawson indicates their limits with his habitual lucidity. The most fertile and the easiest cultivable part of the great plain is its lowest, south-eastern portion, *i.e.* the valley of the Red River. It runs from the United States border (North Dakota) to the lakes Manitoba and Winnipeg, and represents the bottom of a glacial or post-glacial lake, now desiccated, to which American geologists gave the name of 'Lake Agassiz.' It is only eight hundred feet

above the sea. Marshes and swamps fringe the shores of the two just-named lakes, but in its southern parts the Red River valley contains nearly 7,000 square miles of most fertile wheat lands, where the main bulk of the population of Manitoba is now settled. The main line only touches this populated belt at Brandon.

An escarpment which is known as the Pembina, Riding, Duck and Pasqua Hills, borders the low plains on the west and separates them from the second, higher terrace, which has on the average an altitude of about 1,600 feet. Between the frontier of Canada, which is here the forty-ninth degree of latitude, and the fifty-fourth degree, which may be taken as the northern limit of profitable agriculture, this second terrace covers nearly 105,000 square miles—almost the size of the United Kingdom. Over considerable areas it is certainly excellent for agriculture, especially towards the east; but its surface, its soil, and its underground waters offer a great diversity, and the farmer who settles here may as well be on the road to prosperity as on the road to total ruin—all depends upon the precise spot he has chosen. Want of rain is the chief drawback. At Regina, for instance, the average annual rainfall (rain and snow together) during the last eleven years was only  $8\frac{1}{2}$  inches; and there were years (1885, 1886, and 1887) when the precipitation was only  $4\frac{9}{10}$ ,  $1\frac{9}{10}$ , and  $2\frac{4}{10}$  inches during each twelve months.<sup>3</sup> In these conditions grain-growing is quite impossible without irrigation, and, owing to the character of the rivers, no irrigation can be made unless such a big work as the projected diversion of the waters of the Saskatchewan towards the south is accomplished. Cattle-breeding is the only resource in the meantime, and even this is not possible everywhere.

Another escarpment, the Missouri Côteau, separates the second terrace of the great plain from the third terrace, which spreads westwards as far as the foothills of the Rocky Mountains, and attains an average altitude of about 3,000 feet. These plains, which are nearly as wide as the two others taken together, and cover nearly 134,000 square miles between the forty-ninth and the fifty-fourth degrees of latitude, mostly belong to the Province of Alberta, and partly to Assiniboia. They have again their own character. In South Alberta they are too much under the influence of the American desert to allow agriculture without irrigation.<sup>4</sup> But the soil is a fertile loam, covered with most nourishing grasses, which (as in Transbaikalia) are not scorched by the summer heat, but maintain their nourishing properties, while the snowfall is so small that cattle and horses can be left grazing in a semi-wild state all the winter

<sup>3</sup> 'General Report on Irrigation and Canadian Irrigation Surveys' for 1894, by J. S. Dennis, Ottawa, 1895.

<sup>4</sup> In the south-western part of this terrace, at Mapple Creek and Medicine Hat, the average annual rainfall is less than 12 inches, and there are years when the annual rainfall falls short of 7 inches. The rainfall slightly increases towards the Rocky Mountains, but at Calgary it still oscillates between  $17\frac{1}{2}$  and less than 8 inches (J. S. Dennis's *Report*).

through, small provisions of hay being only made to be used in case of emergency. Great facilities are offered here to the ranchmen for renting large areas of Dominion lands, and big ranches spread in this part of the territory, the live-stock being either exported as cattle, or killed on the spot and exported as meat, which reaches these isles in a good state, owing to a perfect system of cold storage that has been worked out in America.

Moreover, in the western parts of that terrace there are plenty of streams, running from the mountains, which can easily be utilised for irrigation. Many farmers construct ditches for their own use and irrigate their own fields—the Mormons, whose colony is settled near Macleod, taking the lead in that direction. Nearly 120,000 acres were irrigated in this way in 1897 with full success, and excellent crops were grown. Two companies are also engaged in the construction of waterworks for the same purpose, but on a larger scale, at Calgary.

As to Northern Alberta, the park-like and small-woods regions on the Saskatchewan offer so many advantages for mixed farming that the main stream of settlers is now directed that way; but of these settlers more will be said presently.

At the present time the differences of character of the three terraces of the great plain are well known, and they are very fairly stated in the recent official publications.<sup>5</sup> But in 1883, when this portion of the North-west Territories was first opened to settlers by the construction of the Canadian Pacific Railway, a number of immigrants were misled by the amount of water which they found in the small lakes and swamps after the exceptionally high rainfall of the preceding year. They settled about Regina and Moose Jaw and in the valley of the Qu'Appelle river. The summer of 1884 was exceptionally wet; the crops were very good, and more settlers were attracted, while the first comers began to grow grain on a large scale. But then came the dry seasons, when rain and snow supplied only from two to five inches of water in the twelve months, and the crops were lost for three years in succession.<sup>6</sup> Most of the settlers consequently removed northwards to better grounds, while fresh immigrants are now settled along or at the termini of the branch lines leading to Edmonton, Prince Albert, Yorkton, and Lake Dauphin. As to the lands along the main line between Indian Head and Calgary, they remain nearly waste up to the present date.

That South-eastern Manitoba is admirably well suited for wheat-growing, and that Manitoba wheat is one of the best in the world, has been fully proved by experience. Every year no less than one million acres are sown with wheat, and half as much more with oats

<sup>5</sup> 'Farming and Ranching in Western Canada;' 'Official Handbook of the Dominion of Canada,' August, 1897; 'Edmonton,' by I. Cowie, Edmonton, 1897.

<sup>6</sup> 'Official Handbook,' 'Irrigation Report,' 1895.

and barley. From fifteen to seventeen million bushels of wheat—the annual bread-food of two million people—are thus grown in Manitoba. Four lines of railways run parallel, at short distances from each other, through South Manitoba, and each of these lines, dotted with elevators, is busy in exporting the wheat crop during autumn and winter; while from three to four thousand men have to be brought every summer to Manitoba to aid the farmers with their crops. It is also worthy of remark that this quantity of cereals is not grown on mammoth farms, but by no less than 27,000 farmers, whose farms cover on the average no more than two ‘quarter sections,’ that is 320 acres.

The ‘fabulous fertility’ of the prairies, which is so often mentioned in this country in connection with American competition, is also no more than a myth. The prairies of Manitoba, like those of the States, give but modest crops of from 14 to 17 bushels to the acre; only occasionally the yield may be nearly doubled, as was the case in 1895, when the average was 27·9 bushels per acre, and the wheat crop alone attained 32,000,000 bushels.<sup>7</sup> The light consistence of the prairie-loam permits the farmer to plough and to sow wide areas, and the crop is cut and threshed with the aid of special machinery, rented or bought co-operatively by the farmers, while the thinness of population gives the possibility of leaving a considerable portion of the fields under summer fallow—the first condition of a good crop in Manitoba. It is also worthy of note that, although the hundreds of square miles of wheat-fields which one sees in Manitoba are very impressive, the small fields of the small farmers of Ontario, cleared from under the forest and possessed of a slightly greater fertility, produce every year even more wheat than Manitoba, and nearly three times as much of all cereals taken together, to say nothing of the large root crops which make of Ontario the chief dairy province of Canada.<sup>8</sup>

Of course the wheat-growing capacity of Manitoba is very far yet from being exhausted. It is estimated that less than one-fourth part only of the cultivable area in the Red River valley has been brought under culture (550,000 acres out of 2,800,000). But no free homesteads can be had in this region, except on its eastern and northern outskirts, and new settlers have to buy the land at from 16s. to 24s. the acre. Land-grabbing—that curse of the United States—has not been avoided in Canada either.

When I travelled over this stretch of the prairies last autumn, the crop was already in, and threshing began. All the day long streaks of smoke from the threshing engines could be seen in all directions; and when night came immense fires began to rise on all points of

<sup>7</sup> Besides 22,555,000 bushels of oats (46·7 bushels to the acre, as against an average of 28½ bushels) and 5,645,000 bushels of barley. See ‘Official Handbook.’

<sup>8</sup> Namely, 24,000,000 bushels of wheat, as the average for fourteen years (1882–96), 63,000,000 bushels of oats, and 18,000,000 bushels of barley and rye.

the compass. It was straw that was burnt on the spot after threshing was done. Everywhere farmers were carrying their heavy cartloads of wheat to the elevators, and the prices being high (up to 80 cents, *i.e.* 3s. 4d., per bushel), the population was in high spirits: the debts could be paid, and perhaps some more land could be bought for the rapidly growing young generation.

A number of different nationalities have settled side by side in Manitoba. There is a large Scotch colony at Deloraine; there are Germans, Galicians, Icelanders, and Russians; and there is a considerable number of Mennonites, originally Dutch, who came to Canada from South-east Russia in 1874-78, when obligatory military service was enforced upon them. Their main villages are in the south-eastern corner of Manitoba, about Gretna, but isolated groups are found all over the wheat belt, as far as Napinka.

Mennonites prosper everywhere. They were prosperous in Russia, and they prosper in Canada. If they are compelled to emigrate, they send first their delegates, who select the best spots—so they did in Manitoba; and they emigrate in whole villages. They settled in Canada on the distinct understanding that they should receive the land in a block, and be left entirely to themselves; otherwise, they would have gone to the States, to South America, or even to Greenland, to join the Moravian Brothers. They settled in villages, and in these villages they maintain the institutions of mutual support and peace, which they consider to be the essence of Christian religion—a practice for which they have been persecuted for three centuries in succession by Christian Churches and States.

On approaching a Mennonite village, one is at once transported to Russia. After some stay in Russia, the Mennonites adopted the institutions of the Russian village community, slightly modified, and they have transported them to Canada. Their villages consist of broad streets, bordered by houses, each of which is surrounded by young trees. Behind each house is a plot of manured land given to a sunflower plantation (it is usually given to hemp in Central Russia). Then the village has a large common, well fenced, to keep the cattle; and beyond the fence lie the fields, divided into strips allotted to each family in proportion to its working capacities. The community's cattle is kept on the common, or on the common meadow or on fallow land, under the watch of the communal shepherd. It was the same—one knows—in many parts of England, Scotland, and Ireland, at the end of the last century and partly at the beginning of the present century: the balks which used to mark the strips are still visible in several parts of this country.

The unanimous testimony of all Canadians is that the Mennonites are the wealthiest settlers in the neighbourhood. Their houses are spacious, and have an air of homeliness which is often missing in other hamlets; there are more trees in their villages than in all the

surrounding prairie, and these plantations protect the houses and the yards from the snowdrifts; and there are no signs of poverty, although the Mennonite population has multiplied in twenty years out of every reasonable proportion. They proceed as they proceeded in Russia—namely, a special communal fund is reserved for buying more land, when need is felt.

The Mennonites, as is known, refuse to take part in any functions of the State, and especially in military service. Tolstoi's name is, consequently, a subject of deep reverence among them. They also never have anything to do with justice or law. On the other side, they receive no subsidy from the State, and themselves keep their schools. They never pay their preachers, and live under what will be described as an illusion—that if a farmer has the gift to move the hearts of his hearers he may do it, and perform the preacher's duties without being paid for it. With all that, they are not Communists; they recognise private ownership, and those of them who take to trade make fortunes. They have communal mills, but have not yet come to the idea that they might keep communal stores as well.

It is extremely interesting to see these communities holding their own, surrounded as they are by a very different civilisation. It must be owned that one-third of the Mennonites have left the communities and carry on farming entirely for themselves. But it must also be said that this desertion is due chiefly to moral causes rather than to economical considerations. True that the temptation of buying a 'quarter section' of land and becoming a land owner, by means of ten yearly payments of 15*l.* or 20*l.* each, is for something in it; but the chief motive, I was told on all sides, is to get free from the control of the 'elders,' which grows only the more oppressive when the community has to live amidst uncongenial surroundings. To take one instance only—education. All teachings of modern civilisation being a glorification of unbridled egotism, the 'elders' cling only the more to the Bible as the sole foundation of all education, on account of the descriptions of communist life which they find in it. They look with suspicion upon all scientific education. Thus, I visited at Gretna a school for teachers which is conducted by Mr. Ewart. Its teachings are not opposed to the religious feelings of the Mennonites—far from that. And yet the school is bitterly opposed by the 'elders,' and is supported by a minority only of the young ones. Altogether, the authority of the 'elders' is nearly absolute, and, as always happens in religious communities, it is less directed towards the maintenance of the economical and social bases of life which have proved to be successful, or to a reasoned analysis of these fundamental principles, than to the maintenance of those traditional beliefs which are supposed to be the only possible sanction of the semi-communistic forms of life. Still, it is a remarkable fact that amidst that capitalist

civilisation some twenty thousand men should continue to live, and to thrive, under a system of partial communism and passive resistance to the State which they have maintained for more than three hundred years against all persecutions.

A much-discussed question of great importance for the future development of Canada may be mentioned in this place. I mean the village or hamlet systems of settlement *versus* the American homestead system. This last was adopted in Western Canada. The lands which are offered, either as free homesteads or for sale, are surveyed in townships, each of which is a square, six miles in length and width, its sides running north to south and west to east. The township is divided in its turn, like a chess-board, into thirty-six squares or 'sections,' one square mile each; and each 'section' is divided into four squares, each of which contains 160 acres. This is what is known as a 'quarter-section,' and what the *bona fide* settler is entitled to obtain free (on payment of a registration fee of 2*l.*) in those parts of the territory where free homesteads are still offered to immigrants.

Such a system would not prevent, after all, a number of settlers from taking a whole township, or half of it, and from settling in a village, but the distribution of the lands conceded to the Canadian Pacific Railway and to the Hudson Bay Company in each township destroys that possibility. Large grants of land were given, as is known, by the State to the Canadian Pacific Railway—namely, ten square miles of land for each mile of railway that was built; but as the main line passed through a large belt of sub-arid prairie and mountain tracts, the railway company—or 'the C.P.R.,' as is usually said in Canada—got the required amount of land in the fertile belt, where it sells it already at from 12*s.* to 16*s.* the acre, up to 24*s.* in Manitoba. However, these lands were not given to the company in a block; they were distributed, on the contrary, all over the fertile belt, in every township. The thirty-six squares of the township are numbered from 1 to 36. All even numbered squares (except Nos. 8 and 26) belong to the State, and are offered in quarter-sections as free homesteads, while all odd squares (except Nos. 11 and 29) belong to the C.P.R.<sup>9</sup> The squares 8 and 26 are the property of the Hudson Bay Company, while the squares 11 and 29 are reserved by the State for school grants. In other words, taking a chess-board for comparison, all white squares, with the exception of two, belong to the Government, and can be homesteaded (by four families each), while all black squares, with the exception of two, and two white ones, belong to railway and trade companies. If a group of sixty-four families intend to take free homesteads in one township, they must settle in sixteen groups of four families, each group being separated from the next by one square mile of land, which will remain unoc-

<sup>9</sup> Along the main line, between Winnipeg and Moose Jaw, they are owned by land speculators, i.e. by the Canada North-west Land Company.



cupied so long as it has not been sold. There never will be a hamlet. All the roads run, of course, along the boundaries of the square—never along diagonals.

Wherever I went in the North-west Provinces, I found this system very much discussed and sharply criticised. It offers, of course, certain advantages, one of which is the simplicity of surveying. Besides, under the prevailing conditions of farming, the quarter-section of 160 acres, being too small, as a rule, for a farm, the farmer has the possibility of grazing his cattle on the unoccupied lands; and if he is prosperous enough, he may buy one more quarter-section. As to the argument which may be heard in the towns, namely, that it was desirable to scatter the settlers, in order that they should be more rapidly assimilated by Canada, it is simply illusive. The American civilisation very rapidly absorbs all national elements, in Canada as well as in the States; while, on the other side, experience proves that the square miles of unoccupied land do not prevent the settlers from keeping together in distinct groups, whose national cohesion may last more or less, but surely is not affected by the unoccupied square miles. The less so as the Canadian Government very wisely lets school-teaching to be made in the mother language of the settlers.

As to the inconveniences of this system, they are many. 'The settlers are too scattered to be of effective use to each other; and in all those cases where combined effort is required, for building elevators or providing cold storage and creameries, as well as for the common ownership of male breeding stock and agricultural machinery, they are under a distinct disadvantage. In woody regions, the unoccupied square mile which intervenes in all directions, and remains under the forest, is decidedly a hindrance. All distances to the market or the mill are doubled; the children have often to walk full four or five miles to the school; and the settlers naturally grumble as they see that the sale price of the 'C.P.R.' or Hudson Bay squares grows in proportion as they work to render the country habitable. As for those regions where irrigation is necessary, the isolated homesteads are entirely unsuited to such conditions, the best results of colonisation with irrigation having been obtained under the village system, which has worked quite successfully in Colorado, Utah, Idaho, and California, as well as in Australia.<sup>10</sup> Altogether, the isolated homestead begins to be considered in Canada as a mistake, and it begins to be recognised that the village system, with plenty of free space between the villages, would have been preferable.

The main bulk of the settlers who come to the North-west Territories have lately been directed to the fertile belt of park-like lands which stretches from South-east Manitoba towards Lake Dauphin, and thence westwards, up the valley of the Saskatchewan

<sup>10</sup> J. S. Dennis's *Report* for 1895.

to Edmonton. Free homesteads are offered there, and settlers of different nationalities hasten to take possession of them. Four branch railways connect the main line with this fertile belt, which I visited at its western extremity, at Edmonton. Already, half-way between Calgary and Edmonton, the prairie changes its aspect: the soil becomes more productive and patches of meadows appear in the depressions. The country becomes more populated, more farms are seen at a distance, and the train passes by several busy small towns. On the banks of the Saskatchewan begins a belt of very fertile soil, covered with small aspen and birch woods, which have grown within the last fifteen years, after the virgin forest had been burned.

Edmonton is in the heart of that region, on the picturesque banks of the gold-bearing Saskatchewan.<sup>11</sup> I found it a lively little town of 1,300 inhabitants, which has grown entirely within the last fourteen years. It was formerly a Hudson Bay Company fort, and is still an emporium for trade in raw furs, but it has taken the aspect of a town provided with hotels, 'stores,' and schools. In Canada, a good school, erected by the municipality and supported by the Federal Government, which contributes about three-fourths of the teaching expenses (out of the revenue from the school lands), is a conspicuous feature of every little settlement. Round this little town are scattered a considerable number of farmers, whose ranks are continually increased by new-comers of various nationalities—Canadians, German-speaking Austrians from Galicia, Germans, Swedes (in the south of Edmonton), and so on. Some of them came from Ontario; others from French Canada, and these can be recognised at once by their preference for the clearing of woody districts; others from various parts of Europe. The Austrians whom I saw and spoke to had been previously settled on the main line, near Medicine Hat, and there they were quite miserable. 'Nothing would grow there: it was too dry.' After two years of fruitless struggles against drought, they migrated hither, with the aid of the Government, and now they are never tired to speak of the advantages of their new abodes, scattered amidst the small woods. 'Was not your wheat frozen this year?' 'Yes, some of it freezes sometimes,' but they hastened to add: 'That will not last; as soon as the land is settled, there will be no early frosts'—a remark which I have often heard, and seen confirmed, in Siberia.

There is not the slightest doubt that the settlers like this district. As I spoke to them in their mother tongue, they asked me to write home and to bring more people to this place: 'We want more people here.' It must also be said that these Galician peasants, whose wives and daughters, delicate though they may look, work like men, have accomplished wonders in their new abodes. Seeing what a

<sup>11</sup> Gold dust is washed out of the sands of that big river by a few individual workers.

family consisting of one man, his wife, and four children, all born on this homestead and the youngest only three weeks old—seeing what even such a family could make in five years out of a virgin spot, one realises what man is capable to achieve when no rent or tax collector is upon him to take the best fruit of his labour. After having worked all their life to no account, they are happy to name that homestead and its little cabin their own, and to know that after each good crop their live stock is increasing and some new machinery is bought (they do it mostly in small groups of four or five farmers). ‘Look at these carrots,’ ‘Look at these beautiful potatoes,’ they say with pride. ‘Everything grows well here, and the early frosts will go when the country is settled.’ But ‘gents’ have nothing to do in this region. Only such hard workers as these Galicians, French-Canadians, Little Russians, or Swedes are can succeed. Fertile as the soil is, it must be cleared from some forest growth before it is tilled; the first winter must often be passed in a sod hut; the house, the shed, the barn, have to be built out of wood that has been cut with their own hands, because timber, even though it is cheap enough, would have to be bought; the threshing engine has to be carried along a primitive road, or across some swampy brook; and every sack of wheat must be carted fifteen, twenty, and thirty miles to Edmonton, because in the neighbourhood of the town land is already in the hands of land speculators.

‘Don’t you feel lonely here?’ I asked a stout elderly woman who showed me her butter and her excellent rye-bread, which I could better appreciate than my Canadian friend. ‘No.’ ‘But in case of illness?’ ‘We are never ill,’ I got at once the reply; ‘and we women help each other: I have helped many since we are here.’ Happily, the climate is really very healthy, and, the settlers being scattered, there is not much danger from contagious disease. Otherwise, they would be ruined if they had to call the doctor. The fee is, I was told, one dollar for each mile up and down. Such fees are the best reply to the doubts which I heard expressed at Toronto—whether there is not too much University education in Canada? Too many lawyers, I gladly admit, but surely not too many doctors; and plenty of room for widening the education of the teachers, especially in natural sciences and hygiene. I must add, however, that the little town of Edmonton is provided with a good hospital.

It is evident that in the Edmonton region wheat growing is not the main resource. The farmers rely chiefly upon ‘mixed farming’—that is dairy produce, poultry, stock-raising, honey, and so on—everything, in short, that can be grown or produced on the farm. If fruit-growing were possible, they would grow plenty of fruit; but no apples, pears, or cherries can be grown in either Manitoba or the North-west Provinces,<sup>12</sup> and all attempts to create a variety of apple

<sup>12</sup> See *Nineteenth Century*, November 1897.

or cherry trees which would be capable of resisting the cold nights of the early spring have hitherto failed. On this virgin soil the yield of wheat per acre is superior to what it is in Manitoba; but the early frosts are a standing menace, and the distance and the railway freights must also be taken into account. Dairying consequently acquires a great importance, and the co-operative dairies which are being established in the district will prove most beneficial for its development.

Co-operative dairying in Canada offers so much interest that I must stop to say a few words about it. Canada is sometimes spoken of in this country as a granary and a meat store of Britain; but such a statement is quite misleading. Of the immense quantities of wheat and flour that are imported into this country, Canada supplies less than  $\frac{1}{30}$ th part; and  $\frac{1}{25}$ th part only of the dressed meat that reaches these shores is of Canadian origin. In the imports of butter Canada figures for the  $\frac{1}{81}$ st part, and only to the imports of live animals, which are not very great, she contributes  $\frac{1}{11}$ th part.<sup>13</sup> That it will take some time before Canada becomes a grain provider of importance for Great Britain is self-evident. The average wheat crop of Canada for the years 1891-96, as given in the *Official Handbook of Canada*, was 51,300,000 bushels, while the population, which attains nearly five millions, requires for its own food (at the usual ratio of  $8\frac{1}{2}$  bushels per head of population) more than 40,000,000 bushels. The disposable surplus would thus cover but a very small portion of the average 141,600,000 bushels of wheat which are imported into this country (average for the years 1895 and 1896). Out of the nearly 17,000,000 British who live on imported wheat, Canada could provide less than 2,000,000. That will surely change in time; but during the last fifteen years the increase of the total wheat crop of Canada was very slow; and what was gained in Manitoba was lost to some extent in Ontario—the Ontario farmers having been unable to compete in wheat-growing with Manitoba.

Quite the reverse is seen for cheese. Thirty years ago cheese was imported into Canada, but now Canada supplies nearly three-fourths of all cheese that is imported into this country;<sup>14</sup> and the result is entirely due to the rapid extension which co-operative cheese factories have lately taken in Canada. There are 800 such institutions in Ontario alone, and 97 per cent. of all the cheese that is made in the Dominion is fabricated in co-operative cheese factories. Butter, on the contrary, is chiefly made in the farmers' houses (only 3 per cent.

<sup>13</sup> Imports to the United Kingdom in 1895:—

	£		£
Grain and Flour	48,397,338	From Canada	1,467,198
Dressed meat	22,821,906	" "	921,780
Live animals	8,727,150	" "	1,610,458
Butter	13,865,757	" "	173,594

<sup>14</sup> 2,844,101 lb. out of 4,550,459 lb. in 1895.

of it is prepared in co-operative creameries), and this is why it is slow in finding a market in Europe.

The manifest success of the co-operative cheese factories in Ontario induced the Canadian Government to take the initiative of introducing them in other provinces of the Dominion as well, and a very reasonable plan was hit upon by Professor Robertson—the plan of taking the initiative of a cheese factory, and to operate it for a few years by a Government agent, but to withdraw as soon as the farmers had been initiated in the management of the factory.<sup>15</sup> This plan having admirably succeeded in Prince Edward Island, Professor Robertson and the Dairymen's Association of the North-west were busy last year in introducing the same system in Alberta, both for cheese-making and the fabrication of butter. I have visited one of their creameries on the Calgary-Edmonton Railway at Innisfail, and from what I saw of the machinery, the cold-storage room, and the keen intelligence of the young operator, I have no doubt that Canadian creamery butter will soon win a good reputation in Europe. It has already a good sale in British Columbia, and last year part of it was sold for export to Britain, at a price which made the farmers quite sanguine as regards the future.<sup>16</sup>

Last summer, several thousands of immigrants, chiefly German-speaking Austrians and partly Little Russians (Ruthenes), came again from Galicia, and they were directed in the eastern part of the fertile belt along the new Dauphin line. Many, if not most of them, had no money to start with, and worked on the railway line,

<sup>15</sup> The people of Prince Edward Island had failed in their attempt to make profitable cheese. Then the Government, or rather Professor Robertson, stepped in; they supplied the plant for a co-operative cheese factory, and the farmers supplied the building. A Government agent operated the creamery, charging the farmers 1½d. per pound of fabricated cheese. Next year eleven cheese factories were established, and they were operated at ¾d. per pound. Two years later, there were twenty-eight cheese factories and two creameries in existence. Then the Government withdrew, notwithstanding the loud protests of the farmers, from sixteen of the largest establishments, leaving them to be conducted by the farmers themselves. To quote Professor Robertson's own words from one of his speeches, the result was 'that the directors say these factories are conducted better than when he (Professor Robertson) conducted them. He could well believe it. In reality, local management should prove more economical than Government management.' (*Annual Report of the Dairymen's Association of the North-west Territories*, 1896-97.)

<sup>16</sup> That this country is the paradise of the middleman is well known; but the following is so pretty an illustration of that truth that I must quote it. A couple of years ago, a friend of mine who spent the winter in Bromley used to get his butter *by parcel post from Bavaria*. He used to send 10s. to the creamery, and to get in return about 10½ lbs. of excellent butter, superior to what could be got from the best London dealers for 1s. 6d. the lb., and certainly without the 10 to 15 per cent. of water which is now so often forced into butter by means of special machinery. The 10½ lbs. cost him 10s. 8½d. (10s., plus 6d. for the money order and 2½d. for the letter), and the creamery got 10s., minus 2s. 2d. for the 11 lbs. parcel—that is, a little over 9d. per lb. I am almost tempted to advise my lady readers to get their butter from Innisfail. The distance is about 5,200 miles, but the middleman is such a costly luxury!

earning from 3s. 5d. to 4s. a day (7½d. more if they provided their own food), and those who had succeeded in saving sixty or seventy dollars hastened to take a 'quarter-section.' Their wives were building in the meantime sod huts or cabins to spend the winter. With the little they had they did not hesitate to start as farmers; but the unanimous consensus of opinion is that every settler's family ought to have at least 100l. or more to start with. The 'farmers' testimonies' which are given in emigration pamphlets, and in which some farmers describe how, having begun with next to nothing, they became more or less prosperous, are undoubtedly genuine. But the emigration agencies themselves state the case quite fairly in one of their pamphlets (*Farming and Ranching in Western Canada.*) 'The country,' they write, 'affords a vast field for experienced farmers who can bring money with them to make the first improvements on the land, to provide themselves with stock and implements, and to carry their families through the first year.' The Swedes, who thrive very well at Wetaskiwin, and are held in the North-west in high esteem as farmers, add to their praises of the country that a small capital of '100l. clear to start with' is necessary. Many Little Russians, who never saw such a lot of money in their life, will certainly start with very much less than that: a hut, a Russian stove of beaten clay, a Galician plough, and a pair of oxen, and perhaps a horse which they will have broken themselves (they are admired in Canada for that art), will be all their capital; and many of them will succeed. But this cannot be taken as a rule. In addition to the travelling expenses, which are considerable, some money, which represents a lot for the European peasant, is the more necessary as there is little chance to earn much in the winter, while in the summer the settler has his hands full with his own work.

This necessity of having some money for the start, coupled with a fear of the cold Canadian winter, must have been the chief reason why the colonisation of the North-west was so slow—so much slower, at any rate, than was expected twenty years ago. The climate of Canada is certainly very healthy—a dry cold winter, with plenty of snow, being evidently preferable to the cold and moist winter of, let us say, Scotland. Russians would find it most enjoyable, the more so as the autumn lasts longer and is more beautiful than in Middle Russia. But men who were not born in Eastern or Northern Europe prefer a warmer climate, and the prospect of being buried in snow and of keeping their cattle indoors for four months, deters them; while on the other side the East European peasants who are accustomed to long winters are too poor, as a rule, to pay the expenses of a long journey and to save something to start with. It seems, therefore, that unless some system of aid to immigrants be organised, the current of emigration from Europe will continue to flow towards more congenial latitudes.

The dominant impression which Canada has left upon the members of the British Association is certainly one of vastness, of immensity, of unfathomable resources. Millions and millions of men could find their living in all parts of the country, and after a number of years of hard pioneer work they could find well-being. I mean, of course, millions of agriculturists; because—as the British Columbia Board of Trade puts it—workmen and artisans will only be required in proportion to the development of agriculture.<sup>17</sup> ‘More farmers’ is therefore the general outcry in Canada; and, in fact, in every province, there is no end of land which only waits for men’s labour and enterprise to be covered with corn-fields or orchards.

In British Columbia, in the very heart of the highlands, and along the Pacific coast, more and more settlers are wanted. Beautiful stretches of fertile arable land are enclosed between the parallel ranges of mountains, and, if each of them has some special inconveniences, it has, on the other side, its own special advantages.<sup>18</sup> The rich Steppeland about Vernon and on the shores of Lake Okanagan only requires some irrigation to secure beautiful cereal and fruit crops every year, without failure, and wealthy little towns already grow in that valley. In other places, such as the Kootenay district, or the Cariboo district, in which last the climatic conditions are less favourable than at Vernon, there is a continuous demand for all sorts of farm produce in the miners’ camps. In the valley of the Fraser River, where the land must be cleared at a considerable expense from under the virgin forest, all sorts of fruit are grown so well, up to an altitude of 1,000 feet on the southern hill-slopes (at the Agassiz experimental farm), that half-cleared land fetches European prices—15*l.* and 20*l.* per acre. Even along the sea-coast, whereto a Norwegian and a Danish colony immigrated last year, there are plenty of spots where agricultural settlements of several thousand men could easily become prosperous.

On the other side of the great plain, in West Ontario, there is again plenty of land which, after having been cleared from under the forest, could give prosperity. Behind the rocky, glaciated granite and gneiss hillocks which are seen as the train moves along the shores of Lake Superior, there are lots of spots and areas where farming is possible and is in great demand for supplying the needs of the mining population.<sup>19</sup> And so on.

<sup>17</sup> ‘Eighteenth Annual Report of the British Columbia Board of Trade,’ Victoria, 1897; ‘Fifth Report of the Department of Agriculture of British Columbia,’ 1895–96, Victoria, 1897.

<sup>18</sup> Both are fairly stated, I must say, in a description of the province issued by the Local Board of Trade, in its Eighteenth Annual Report, 1897. See also the Yearly Reports of the Department of Agriculture.

<sup>19</sup> See ‘Official Handbook of Canada,’ 1897; ‘Northern Districts of Ontario, Canada,’ 4th edition, prepared by J. M. Gibson, Commissioner of Crown Lands for Ontario, Toronto, 1897.

In Canada, contrary to Ricardo's theory, all sorts of lands, of all degrees of fertility and offering all possible gradations of difficulty for culture, are occupied at the very same time. While nearly two millions of acres remain untouched by the plough in South Manitoba, where grain may be sown, in case of need, even upon the simply overturned sod of the prairie, lands requiring infinitely more labour before they may be ploughed are eagerly occupied and cultivated. The thick forests of Quebec and Ontario are cleared, irrigation canals are dug in Alberta, the wood coppices of the Saskatchewan are burned and the soil ploughed, and even infinite pains are taken in clearing land in British Columbia from the gigantic trees which cover it. So varied are the tastes of men and their appreciations of the natural advantages of different regions, to say nothing of chance, which plays such a part in human decisions. But agriculture, cattle-breeding and dairying are not the only natural resources of Canada. There are inexhaustible resources everywhere: in the woods for transforming trees into boards, doors, windows and houses; in the rivers and the lakes for fishing; in the mountains for mining; and so on. In every direction, more men, more intelligence, more activity are required to utilise the resources offered by nature.

But here I must pause and ask: Is Canada alone in that condition? Without leaving the American continent, can we not say the same about immense portions of the States? of Mexico? of South America? In the eastern hemisphere, the geographical counterpart of Canada—Siberia—stands in exactly the same position. It has the same millions of acres of unoccupied prairies; the same rivers teaming with salmon on the Pacific border; the same inexhaustible mining resources. And those who know Africa would surely say the same about the Black Continent. The fact is that, after having roamed over big countries like Canada or Siberia, we begin to realise how uninhabited our globe is up to the present date: how rich mankind could be if social obstacles did not stand everywhere in the way of utilising the gifts of nature.

When I see, however, the tremendous and seldom realised amount of labour which the pioneer has to accomplish when he settles in a new land, be it even in the richest prairie; when I think of the fifteen to twenty years of hard work—the best part of the life of a generation—which must be given to bring a wilderness into a semi-civilised state; when I measure all the amount of labour—which is *immense*—that is applied to the soil in Canada, a great question rises before me: Surely it is desirable that mankind should spread all over the globe, that it should take possession of it and carry on its civilisation, such as it is, to the remotest parts of the earth. This expansion has widened the circle of ideas, it has opened to thought wider horizons, it has shattered many traditions of old. But, looking on the matter from the point



of view of economy—of well-being and means to attain it—would it not have been better to apply a considerable part of that energy at home? I take, as an instance, the results that a few hundred French peasants have obtained in a small village near Paris, where stone quarries were transformed into beautiful apricot-tree and cherry-tree gardens; or the marvellous utilisation for beautiful orchards of every inch of land which was made along the banks of the middle Rhône; I look next upon the uncultivated, waste fields which these isles and immense spaces all over Europe are so well provided with; and I ask myself, what would be England and Scotland like to if one-tenth part only of the energy that has been spent in conquering wild lands in Canada had been given to the land of these isles? What if the Galicians whom I saw at Edmonton had been allowed to work with the same energy upon the land of Galicia? I understand the Icelander who exchanges his polar island for a settlement in Manitoba, or the Norwegian who moves from his sub-polar fjord to a fjord in British Columbia. But what has driven the Mennonite from the South Russian Steppe to the Manitoba Steppe, where he sighs after the blossom and the fruit of his apple and cherry trees? What drives the Galician to Saskatchewan, the Swede to Alberta, and the Scotchman to Ontario? The social conditions alone drive them from lands which badly want the work of their hands, but to which they are not allowed to give it. If only Canada could avoid creating the same conditions! But I am afraid she also is making rapid strides towards the building up of the same land monopolies which now drive the European peasants out of Europe.

P. KROPOTKIN.

## DEATHS UNDER CHLOROFORM

'DEATH under Chloroform' is only too frequent a heading to a newspaper paragraph. The statement is usually appended that according to the medical evidence death was owing to failure of the heart's action, and the *cause* of such failure is always assumed by the public to have been the *chloroform acting directly upon a weak heart*.

This is undoubtedly the inference that the administrator desires should be drawn, and it is encouraged by the silence of the medical profession—an inexcusable silence for men who know what the facts are in such cases. The elaborate and painstaking labours of the Hyderabad Chloroform Commission in 1889, and of Drs. Gaskell and Hare in 1893, cannot be unknown to the members of the medical profession, though the public perhaps has rarely heard of them, and they have apparently borne little fruit in England. As I write, I have before me an article on the Report of the Chloroform Commission, written in January 1890, and the letter from the Prime Minister of Hyderabad, written in January 1894 to the four medical men—two of them English physicians and two American—who had subsequently made independent researches on behalf of the Nizam's Government with the view of further testing the conclusions arrived at by the Commission—conclusions which they emphatically endorsed.

The Report of the Commission is of the deepest interest to the public, as any one of us may have to take chloroform some day, and on the way it is administered will depend our ease or our suffering, and possibly our lives. I have myself been under chloroform twice in England, and yet oftener in India, and it is my own personal and painful experience of the difference in the manner in which it is administered in India and in England that impels me to write, in the hope of arousing sufficient interest to stir up a revolt against the method of administering chloroform too commonly practised in England, and thereby save others from suffering as I have done. Public feeling is curiously apathetic in the matter. It is too generally looked upon as a question for the medical profession only. This is a view I cannot take. To my mind it is a question so personally, so vitally affecting us all, that it seems to me the lay world has a

right to make its voice heard—the voice of those who have suffered. It is too late when they have been silenced for ever.

So far from being surprised at the number of deaths that occur in England from chloroform, I, like the Chloroform Commissioners, am only surprised that they are not far more numerous. The percentage, I am aware, is small, but the annual tale of victims is nevertheless large—far larger than is generally known—and, according to the report of the Medical Commissioners, it should be *nil*.

It is the custom of many practitioners in England (I speak only from my own experience) to administer chloroform in direct opposition to the principles laid down by the Hyderabad Commission, and to the way practised in India. There the primary consideration is that nothing shall in any way impede the patient's breathing, and the operator consequently takes care never to place the pad or handkerchief very close to the mouth, holding it invariably at a distance of some inches, so that the chloroform may be freely diluted with air. In this way I have taken it some half-dozen times, and, far from having experienced the slightest distress, I found the sensation exceedingly soothing and agreeable as long as consciousness lasted.

In England my experience has been far otherwise, and my dread of taking chloroform is now almost as great as the dread of being smothered or drowned. Having suffered great distress the first time, I entreated the administrator on the last occasion to allow me air the whole time, telling him how greatly I dreaded the feeling of suffocation I had experienced. He merely answered, somewhat testily, that I must allow him to act as he thought best, and those present assured me in chorus that he was one of the best-known chloroformists in London. I was helpless, and I submitted. At first he held the hollow pad some inches from my mouth, and I inhaled the fumes with perfect ease and comfort, drawing deep and regular inspirations; but no sooner was I half unconscious than he clapped the pad over my nose and mouth in the way I had so dreaded. I struggled furiously for breath, but could inhale nothing but the burning, choking fumes of the chloroform, that felt as if pure alcohol were being poured down my throat, and made me gasp and choke in an agonising manner. I became frantic in my efforts to obtain air, and the few moments that elapsed before unconsciousness came to my relief were to me a prolonged agony. I am perfectly certain that had I not been physically strong, and my heart and lungs sound, I must have succumbed, in which case I should have furnished another paragraph to be headed 'Death under Chloroform,' and the public would have heard that my death was owing to 'failure of the heart's action.' Dead men tell no tales, and my frantic and futile struggles for air would never have been known.

The memory of that struggle for life will never leave me; it sets

my heart beating violently at night sometimes when I merely recall it, and it is in the hope of saving others from such an experience that I now refer to it. That this is a common mode of administering chloroform seems certain, as it is improbable that I should have met with the only two men, both chloroformists of repute, who administer it in this way. I know also of another case in my own family in which it was given in a precisely similar manner to a young girl, whose terror and horror of chloroform are now as strong as my own. The memory of it is that of having been done to death by suffocation.

As to the medical view of the danger thus incurred, a few extracts may be quoted from the two sources previously mentioned. If any reader wishes to obtain the Report of the Hyderabad Chloroform Commission, I have no doubt it can be procured in England. If it were published in a cheap pamphlet form and widely disseminated, it would do much towards preventing the barbarous mode, too prevalent in England, of administering one of suffering humanity's greatest blessings.

The objects of the Chloroform Commissioners, kept in view throughout their experiments, were to test the safety of chloroform as an anæsthetic and compare it with ether, and with the mixture of alcohol, chloroform, and ether known as the A.C.E. mixture; to persevere with these anæsthetics till death resulted; to note the different effects produced by the drugs and by asphyxia; and to investigate especially the alleged liability of chloroform to produce stoppage of the heart. To this end no fewer than 588 experiments were made, principally on dogs and monkeys, who passed from unconsciousness to a painless death. The Report gives the fullest scientific details of each case, and embodies the results of the most lengthened and most carefully tested series of experiments with anæsthetics ever made. Its keynote, recurring over and over again with added emphasis, is that *chloroform anæsthesia is entirely free from risk as long as the breathing is in no way interfered with*; and that in death from chloroform *the respiration always stops before the heart does*.

Two conditions modify the effect of chloroform in the most important manner; *these are struggling and holding the breath*. The ultimate effect of struggling is to cause acceleration of the respiration and circulation, and therefore to increase the intake of chloroform into the system, especially if the administrator holds the cap or inhaler down tightly over the nose and mouth. . . . *When the inhaler is held close to the mouth, the patient involuntarily holds his breath; but when this is no longer possible, deep respirations follow, and the heart and circulation are violently accelerated*. If the chloroform is still held to the face by an ignorant administrator, an overdose is taken in and may destroy life with the greatest possible rapidity. As chloroform has been given on wrong principles for over forty years by an immense number of chloroformists, it is amazing that deaths have not been more numerous. . . . *When chloroform is given continuously by any means which ensures its free dilution with air, it causes a gradual fall in the mean blood pressure, provided the patient's respiration is not interfered with in any way, and*

he continues to breathe quietly without struggling or involuntary holding of the breath, as almost always happens when the chloroform is insufficiently diluted.

Those surgeons who, dreading heart failure, attend to the pulse and overlook the signs of approaching danger which are invariably given by the respiration, have deaths; while those who are guided entirely by the respiration and watch it in such a way as never to allow it to be interfered with, give chloroform with unbounded confidence and freedom, and such absolute safety as to preclude the possibility of doubt as to the soundness of their principles.

The Commission has been able to demonstrate conclusively *that chloroform has no direct action on the heart, . . . and has proved that the sudden effects on the heart's action are not really due to the chloroform at all, but are the result of asphyxia or suffocation.*

. . . . The pulse is never appreciably affected by chloroform except through interference with the breathing or by over-dosing, which is practically the same thing. . . . *The heart can only be affected under chloroform by interference with the breathing. . . .* It can make no difference as regards the direct effect of the anæsthetic whether the heart is sound or unsound, strong or feeble. *Provided the breathing is in no way interfered with,* chloroform renders a surgical operation in the case of a patient with heart disease infinitely safer than it would be if it were not employed.

The clinical statistics put forward by the late Professor Syme presented an unbroken record extending over forty-two years, from 1847 to 1889, and still unbroken in 1894, of chloroform administered on his principles in England and India *without a death.*

The researches of the Commission and the subsequent experiments devised by Drs. Gaskell and Shore *have placed the proofs that chloroform does not directly affect the heart on an unassailable basis.* At the Hyderabad Hospital, chloroform is given by students with uniform and perfect safety, *solely because the inhalation is never allowed to interfere with the patient's breathing,* and the heart is entirely disregarded as a factor in the administration.

I may refer those who wish for fuller information on the subject to the Report itself. Enough has here been quoted to show how absolutely at variance with the conclusions of the Medical Commission is the manner in which chloroform is often administered in England, and how full of danger it must be, not to speak of the terrible misery it inflicts on the patient.

When this paper was originally written I was not aware that the editor of the *Hospital* had been drawing attention to the frequency of deaths from chloroform, and had, since the beginning of 1897, been collecting and tabulating the newspaper reports of inquests held on persons who had died under the influence of anæsthetics. The result of his inquiry supports my own personal experience very strongly, and is sufficiently startling to rouse even the apathy of the lay world, since none of us can tell how soon we ourselves may be compelled to place our life in the hands of a chloroformist.

On the 27th of March the *Hospital* published its first article on the dangers of anæsthetics, and said: 'We find that already in this year, not a quarter of which has yet passed, twenty-two deaths from chloroform have been recorded. It is a ghastly list of catastrophes'

to happen from the same cause in the course of three months in a country the size of England.' On the 24th of April, and again in subsequent numbers of the *Hospital*, the editor gave lists of inquests collected from the general press; and he wishes it to be understood that these lists, having been drawn entirely from the published reports in newspapers, constitute, therefore, the very minimum of fatal cases. He adds that there are circumstances which make him feel somewhat doubtful if all the deaths that have occurred from this cause have ever obtained publicity. Even should there be no room for such a doubt, and if this list might be accepted as an exhaustive one, it is sufficiently terrible. *No fewer than eighty-eight inquests were held in the past year on persons who had died from anæsthetics, seventy-five of them from chloroform.* Nor does this constitute the whole mortality from this cause, as when the editor began to collect the data he confined his attention to chloroform alone, and only in the second half of the year included deaths from ether.

He points out a marked difference between the deaths under ether and those under chloroform. Most of the deaths under ether occurred some time after the anæsthetic had been administered, and in some cases were clearly due to the severity of the operation and not to the effects of the ether. In the deaths under chloroform it was very different. 'No single fact,' he says, 'is more striking than the frequency with which death took place at once, apparently as the direct result of the action of the drug. It seems impossible to avoid the conclusion that in these cases the dose was too great.'

Nowhere is any reference made to the Report of the Hyderabad Chloroform Commission, and the question is spoken of throughout as if it were quite an open one, and as if the Commissioners' patient investigations and weighty conclusions were unknown. If this were not so, a passage in their Report, already quoted, might have been mentioned as authoritatively confirming the editor's own conclusion. The heart can only be affected under chloroform *by interference with the breathing or by over-dosing, which is practically the same thing.*

He goes on to say :

Then comes the great question—Is this overdose the result of certain patients being peculiarly susceptible to the influence of chloroform, so that a very small dose becomes with them an overdose; *or is it the result of faulty methods of administration*, which allow the vapour to be administered in too concentrated a form? The experience of the laboratory, as well as the fact that in some of these cases the patients had previously taken chloroform without any difficulty, all points to the conclusion that it is the accidental absorption of too concentrated a vapour that is the cause of death.

Now, the Medical Commissioners assert distinctly that when chloroform is administered *without being freely diluted with air* it is accompanied with great danger. Those whose hearts are strong will live to battle through the struggle for air, but those with weak

hearts will succumb under the struggle, as they would to any other form of strong excitement and distress.

Most of the cases reported in the papers are very brief, but it is a significant and striking circumstance that out of the fifty-three cases recorded of death from chloroform of which details are given (none are given of the first twenty-two deaths), *no fewer than twenty-four deaths occurred before the operation took place*, corroborating in a horrible manner the assertion of the Hyderabad Commissioners that 'if the chloroform is insufficiently diluted with air, it causes involuntary holding of the breath and struggling . . . and, if still held to the face by an ignorant operator, an overdose is taken in that may destroy life with the greatest possible rapidity.'

It is unnecessary for me to add more. Doctors may dispute over the question from their own standpoint. My only object is to draw attention to the fact that there are two distinctly different methods used in administering chloroform: one on the principle laid down by the Hyderabad Commission and by Mr. Syme, in which the operator is guided entirely by the respiration, watching it in such a way as never to allow it to be interfered with; the other on the principle of attending only to the pulse; and to say that, having myself taken chloroform, more than once, under each system, I can from my own experience testify that under the one method there is nothing to excite or distress the patient, while under the other he is made to taste the very bitterness of death.

My own experience must be that of countless other victims, but they may perhaps have thought—having had no wider experience—that their suffering was unavoidable, possibly connected with their peculiar constitution, or at any rate a necessary effect of chloroform. If they will believe that this is not the case, that *the taking of chloroform should not be attended by the slightest distress if properly administered*, I shall not have suffered in vain.

Administrators would soon alter their method if they found no patient willing to take chloroform from them unless they are known to administer it on the principle of never allowing the freedom of respiration to be interfered with in any way. When this time comes, we may confidently hope to see no more paragraphs with the sad heading 'Death under Chloroform.'

E. A. KING.

# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

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No. CCLIV—APRIL 1898

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## FRANCE AND ENGLAND

### I

THE world just now is busy with a general resettling of its map. This operation had already begun long ago, but our generation seems to be making it its particular task. What gives to this, our present activity, its special originality, is that in it two apparently hostile influences meet and blend: the commercial spirit, so long held up as the most specific feature of this century, and the military spirit, so prematurely mourned by some as exhausted. To-day, curiously enough, we see at one and the same time that Cobden and the theorists of *peace and goodwill by Free Trade* were wrong in dreaming such fair and speedy dreams, and in decreeing so irreducible a contradiction between economical progress and war; though they were perfectly right in pointing out to our time, as its principal business, the partition of this globe and the working up of its unexploited resources.

I dare to say that this apparent self-contradiction has not been the least among the causes of a state of mind which greatly, and even sometimes dangerously, hinders the course of this operation. Just as, about the year 1851, after the triumph of Free Trade and of the Anti-Corn Law League, on the eve of the day of the first universal exhibition, there was immense hope, illusions nearly infinite, so now people seem to make it a point of honour to mingle with the strict, clear-headed practicality of commercialism aims, prepossessions, and susceptibilities formerly quite foreign to this temper.

There was a time when trade interests were looked upon as



absolutely at one with the maintenance of peace, and when it would have seemed absurd to charge a merchant with the suicidal desire of war. When Napoleon the First nicknamed—foolishly enough—the English people a nation of shopkeepers, he wanted, notwithstanding the memories of a struggle of twenty years and of the sole and heroical obstinacy of England, to affront her by denying her that military spirit he held the most glorious, godlike endowment of mankind. Tennyson, in *Maud*, does not scruple to contrast with the sordid, peace-at-any-price commercialism, the noble and wholesome manhood of a martial spirit, war being the purifier of atmosphere and the only means to save civilisation from materialism, the old trade honesty from the shameful tricks of shoddy-sellers, rubbish-dealers, and deceit-mongers. Finally, Saint-Simon, A. Comte, as well as the Manchesterians, fancied they were uttering a truism when they taught that the solidity of peace was always proportional to the extension and power of trade.

However, *we have changed all that ; the heart now is on the right side*. I mean we have to do in every country—in Berlin as in Rome, in Washington as in Madrid, in Paris as in London—with a school or a party which does not merely look upon war as the supreme security, the ultimate remedy, in order to defend or recover a right or to protect an interest, but which professes that the true means to develop trade, to enlarge interchange, to swell general prosperity, is to open by force of arms new markets, to conquer new customers. This maxim is not only theoretically fashionable ; it may safely be said it has regulated, since the Berlin Congress, the conduct of those of the European Powers who have got a colonial policy. My purpose is not here to investigate how much truth there may lurk in this doctrine, to inquire if it is really so perfectly in agreement with justice or well-understood interest to thus break the doors and to force upon unwilling customers the produce of our apparently over-producing workshops and the overflow of our apparently glutted markets. Let it suffice for this paper to note that, in Africa as in Asia, but chiefly in the first of these continents, it is the sword which has been used to open the oyster. Instead of beating it into a ploughshare, it has been drawn from the scabbard, and the scabbard thrown away, and all the great nations of old Europe, animated with an enthusiasm certainly less disinterested than that of the Crusaders of yore, have gone to the conquest of the Black Continent or of the Yellow World, to the cry of : ‘ God—the god of our exchanges, of our mints, of our banks and of our manufactories—orders it ! ’

How many things one could say about these campaigns ! Doubtless it is something, it is a great deal, and even rather grand, to have annexed in a few years nearly the whole of Africa to Europe ; to have reconnoitred, occupied, cleared those broad spaces

where the giraffe and the elephant roamed formerly at their pleasure, and where now the locomotive runs her appointed course—to have, too, made available these new sources of wealth. But, with all that, what a dark side to the picture! It is sometimes melancholy to reflect what the Livingstones, the Gordons, all the great friends of the natives would think about this hurly-burly. Truly a dreadful sequel to the already so heavy reckoning of the slave trade, of those millions of corpses rolled up in the waves of the Atlantic, of those millions of victims snatched away from their homes, sent, through the sufferings of the middle passage, to servitude and death in a remote country! Alcohol, spirits, chests of adulterated gin, whisky, or rum—those poisons European firms and great chartered companies pour out by the tun to these poor wretches, against the formal prohibition of treaties—the clearances too often dissembled under the name of wars, as in Manicaland and Matabeleland. All these sins, about which not one among all the Powers of Europe is able, without the most pharisaical hypocrisy, to plead *not guilty*, go to make a formidable indictment against conquering Christendom. Evidently all that is the result of this steeplechase of colonial aggrandisement, of this mad race for territory. The missionaries themselves—a bitter fact—are no longer the harbingers of peaceful civilisation, as they have sometimes been, or, at any rate, wanted to be; they are merely the forerunners, the spies and the quartermasters of an armed invasion.

And that is not all. We must take into account the effect of such habits, once contracted, on the public mind. Here I am reaching the very core of my subject-matter. An influence has been strengthened by the concurrence of this universal reaction, which has carried back some people to gross and coarse militarism, to the utmost contempt of justice, legality, freedom and humanity, and others to the vulgar enticements of Jingo Imperialism. Undoubtedly the tide runs strongly, since it has been felt even on the other side of the Atlantic, in the United States of America. Such a state of mind, created, rooted by so many different influences, is not very likely, it must be owned, to expedite the amicable settling of obscure and complex questions.

Here I must once more expressly repudiate any intent to charge the British public with a monopoly of bad temper or too easily ruffled susceptibilities in such businesses. Everybody knows—the present writer at least as well as any other—how the French people, for instance, have too often cultivated as a virtue a troublesome *chauvinism*; how they carefully nurse a foolish ignorance of facts and of the most essential data in problems; how, finally, they sometimes flatter themselves to make up for absent knowledge by sheer obstinacy and by the so-called patriotic assumption, that France can never be in the wrong. This admission once handsomely made, I feel myself more free to point out that in the present

case, on account of a thousand-and-one causes, French prejudices and prepossessions have been very much less on the rampage than on some other occasions. That is so very true that, from some quarters, exception has been taken to the coolness of the French press, held up to the resentment of England on account of a so-called conspiracy of silence and of a pretended insolent contempt for the rights of the United Kingdom.

Meanwhile, in England, public opinion reached a very high degree of excitement. I am ready to allow that everything is not unreasonable in such a state of mind. England finds herself suddenly confronted by a situation absolutely new. Some people hold—whether rightly or wrongly, I do not know and I do not at all presume to decide—that England had somewhat helped the advent of it; that she had to face the natural results of a development which began on the day when, before victorious Germany, restoring the barbarous right of might, and carving the flesh of France, Europe was no more; and which received a new impulse on the day when, after the Berlin Congress, the German Empire, satiated and digesting, started her rivals or her foes, with the cynical assent of Lord Beaconsfield, on the steeplechase of colonial undertakings. The fact is there, and is sufficient for me. The era of rivalry, of severe competition, of the struggle for life, has succeeded to the more comfortable era of monopoly.

Great Britain has henceforth to reckon with a universal scramble. At the same time she feels herself all alone. That is sometimes her boast, when she gives, proudly, notice to the whole world of her *splendid isolation*. It is sometimes, too, her anxiety, when she sees alliances formed or swords forged whose points seem to aim at her, or when she is suddenly, as two years ago, the mark for an explosion of enmity and even hate on the part of Germany, who owes her, at any rate, some thankfulness for the security of her birth. No doubt under such circumstances there is nothing to astonish, or, above all, to scandalise, in a little nervousness of the public. However, I should not tell the whole truth if I did not hasten to add that another and a more powerful influence has been put to use in order to overheat opinion.

Here I have to handle a very delicate matter. It is not one of the least whimsicalities of an eminently odd situation to see oneself constantly and sharply taken to task for daring to hint that there may be some internal wrangles in the happy family of the Cabinet by the correspondents in Paris of the very papers those particulars are culled from.

Such has been—if I may here hazard a personal recollection—very frequently my fate. I had ventured to say, following public writers of good repute, that Mr. Chamberlain was playing a dangerous game; that he was labouring underhand and in the dark to hurry on a

crisis; that, after having attempted to force on Toryism a new, unauthorised programme of social policy, and to push on prematurely the federation of the whole of South Africa under British supremacy, he had taken his stand in West Africa, had made himself the ally of Sir George Taubman-Goldie and of the Chartered Company of Nigeria, the adversary of Lord Salisbury, and had found in the public press and the country unexpected helpers. All this I drew, not from my inner consciousness or fancy, much less from a Mr. Labouchere—to whom I have never listened as to a Sir Oracle—but from reputable writers in such papers as the *Speaker*, the *Westminster Gazette*, even the *Daily Chronicle* or the *Daily News*. Well, it appears that I have been guilty thus not only of a sin against truth, but, what is perhaps more grievous, of a mistake very conducive to war.

Once more I do not understand. Is it true or untrue that Lord Salisbury, now again able to follow his own temper, comes back to his real principles of the time when he threw cold water on sensationalism and advised the perusal of large maps, and is striving with gallant reasonableness to find solutions acceptable by all; that he is defending the rights of his country without denying or trampling upon the rights of others; that he acts on the belief that it is the duty of a patriot and the privilege of a diplomat or a statesman to gain his ends without endangering peace? Is it true or not that these ways of the Prime Minister have raised censure and discontent in the party, in the House of Lords itself, even in the Cabinet? Is it true or not that somebody has blown on this dissatisfaction, has poured oil on the fire, has worked against these ways, has found powerful assistants in Parliament and in the press, and that to-day this politician, having turned his back on his whole past, wants to reap the fruits of his evolution, and believes himself sure to reach the summit of his ambition by riding the wave of Imperialism? Well, here is a great danger; here is what goes to mislead and to incense opinion and to increase difficulties. Such is the reason why, in all sincerity, we have deplored the illness which withdraws Lord Salisbury from the scene of action, and gives indisputably more rope to the Colonial Secretary.

However, in this melancholy occurrence there has been some ray of comfort, and it has been, first, the choice of Mr. Balfour, and not of Mr. Chamberlain or one of his men—among whom it appears we must reckon Lord Cromer himself—in order to make the *interim* at the Foreign Office; and last, but not least, the perfect coolness with which the country, and even the most select organs of Jingoism, have registered this wise proceeding. Doubtless we must continue to think the withdrawal, even temporary, of Lord Salisbury as a loss to the cause of peace; but Mr. Balfour is bound to be the trustee of his uncle and leader in this short *interim*, and we must hope to find in him a statesman above personal ends. If public opinion on both sides of the Channel preserves or regains its balance, and looks steadily

to the restoration of an understanding, as necessary to the well-being of both nations as it is to the highest interests of civilisation and progress, we may anticipate with some degree of confidence the adjustment of our difficulties in West Africa and the Far East. I have attempted to clear the ground, before proceeding to discuss in all charitableness and fair-mindedness these intricate, but not at all desperate, international lawsuits.

## II

Full statements of the West African question are not wanting. Unfortunately, they are generally *ex parte*: as much, I do confess it, on our side as on the other, and that, apparently, by a fatality of the case. I would attempt—if it is not too presumptuous—to give here a statement, the most objective possible, of the controversy—of its origin, history, present state; of the principles underlying the dispute, of the arguments respectively used; of those solutions which are not suggested to lawyers by the pleas, but which grow up, so to speak, from a careful consideration of rights and interests, and force themselves on the reason of statesmen. My deepest conviction is that such a temperate and impartial review will, more than any other well-meaning endeavour, prepare and hasten an amicable settlement. Something gives me great encouragement. It is the consciousness that in this way I shall not only help in some measure, together with the cause of civilisation, my own country; but that I shall help it exactly in the manner in which it wants to be helped, exactly in the manner the Government wishes it to be helped. If we have had to deal with any striking fact, it has been, to my mind, the perfect coolness, the imperturbable self-possession with which the head of the French Foreign Office has hitherto met the heated demands for explanation of British diplomatists, meeting sometimes the unreasonable and threatening language of the Press, the Parliament, or even some official spokesman, with the most reassuring, peaceful declarations, full at once of a quiet confidence in the good right of France and of a strong hope in the reasonableness of both suitors. Let us try and bring this truly statesmanlike temper to the study of the case.

One of the writers who have taken in hand the cause of England, Admiral Maxse, formerly so advantageously known for the generosity of his protest against the annexation of Alsace and Lorraine, has thought fit to begin his paper in the March number of the *National Review* by the declaration that ‘the attitude which the French Government has persistently assumed [in the West African question] . . . has dismayed the friends and delighted the enemies of France.’ He adds that ‘France has behaved to England in West Africa as if she were some barbarous Oriental Power that had no experience in international comity.’ I dare to say that such an exordium is not at all,

according to the rules of art, *ad captandum*; that such allegations, to begin with, wholly beg the question; and that they are bad policy as well as bad taste. It is much better to dispense entirely with bad words, which perhaps break no bones, but which undoubtedly breed bad blood.

The West African question is one of the first fruits of the European colonial overflow. As long as France and England—not to mention Spain and Portugal—were satisfied with single factories on the coast, destined to be of use as marts and warehouses for the exchange of the produce of the back-country and of the goods from outside, they had only to keep these strings of detached and disseminated possessions, and to remain in the atomical state. But the day came when the Powers understood what broad prospects of commerce and of empire the conquest of the inner land would open to them. The same thing came to pass in West Africa as last century in America, when France wanted to connect by the Mississippi valley and by a chain of fortified settlements, her possessions of Canada with her possessions of Louisiana. England then declined to let her American settlers be cooped up on the coast, cut from the inner continent, and shut out from any access to the wealth of the central part and the Pacific slope. It was already, under another name, the struggle for the Hinterland. We know too well the issue of the contention, and how France, under shameful mismanagement, lost almost at one and the same time that Indian empire Dupleix and Lally had so nearly added to the crown of Louis the Fifteenth and that New World our fathers had seemed fated to conquer. Thus was a dreadful blow struck at the France of yore, a blow she has never wholly shaken off the effect of, and which greatly contributed to the Revolution; though, by the Nemesis of history, England also had to pay in the revolt and the independency of the United States of America for the eviction of Frenchmen from the Western continent.

By degrees the disjoined colonies of Western Africa—*disjecta membra imperii*—began to try and meet each other, to form a compact and solid whole. France in Senegal had undertaken a work of time, all the more important because the conquest of Algeria and Tunisia brought within her reach the melting into one mass, under one flag, of the whole immense spaces between Northern and Western Africa. Every day made it more evident to the distinguished colonial and military statesmen who succeeded each other that the true road to the inner continent was the waterway. Shortly the Niger was reached. Its broad course offered—from and up to a certain point—that best of roads, a road that goes forward. Numerous expeditions, sometimes purely scientific and geographical, sometimes military, followed gloriously the steps of Barth, and found that the tribes on both sides of the banks belonged to a race already in touch with French authority. It is a very beautiful chapter in the history of the

pioneers of our influence—soldiers, navy men or civilians ; and every fair-minded Englishman, if only he has kept a little freedom of judgment, must pay, in the midst of the hardest censure, his sincere homage to this patient, persevering, successful heroism. At the same time, France, which long ago had already settlements in Guinea and the Ivory Coast, cut for herself a large slice of Congo, and was obliged to go and conquer Dahomey. Meanwhile England, mistress in whole or in part of Sierra Leone, Gambia, the Gold Coast, the Slave Coast, and the Bight of Benin, did not go to sleep. A company had been formed, according to British traditions, in order to play the part of a vanguard, to make an empire by all means, and to undertake responsibilities the State did not care to assume directly. After many arrangements, the Niger Company, endowed with a charter, presided over at first by Lord Aberdare, and then by Sir George Taubman-Goldie, was fairly launched on the road to success. On both sides up the river it has created vast domains, already a tolerably large empire. Not overmuch troubled with scruples, it has put together in harness a very practical commercialism and a very lofty imperialism. The complaints of a Frenchman in such a matter are unavoidably suspicious. Let me take my stand on the grievances of the West African section of the Liverpool Chamber of Commerce, which does not cease to denounce the behaviour of the Company nor to demand its requir-chase and suppression. Besides the numerous obstacles opposed to the free circulation of goods and men, the scandal of the importation of thousands of tuns of gin and other noxious alcohols and of the sale of prohibited arms has been very often thrown in the teeth of Sir George Goldie. Such is, if we may believe honest Liverpool merchants, the morality of a corporation which does not scruple to use France with a lofty haughtiness, and to push on with a light heart to the most dreadful of conflicts.

However, nothing would be more vexatious, to my mind, than to attribute too much importance to proceedings which, after all, have not been expressly ratified by the English people. It is much better to put aside the grievances—I mean the secondary ones of both parties—and to try and look upon the case with the utmost impartiality. What is the English contention? If I am not mistaken, it is that on three principles—and on three principles only—the West African question is to be settled. First we meet with the Hinterland theory, which gives prior claim on the back-land of the colony occupying the sea-coast. Secondly, we have to do with the Anglo-French agreements of 1889–1890, drawing a line from Say on the Niger up to Barua on the Lake Tchad. Thirdly, and last, we have to refer to treaties with native chiefs acknowledging the protectorate of one or the other Power, and the validity of which is to be judged by the priority of the date and the competency of the subscribers.

Nothing is further from my thought than to dispute these prin-

ciples. France, I am perfectly sure, does not at all dream of repudiating—I do not say her own sign-manual, but the maxims appealed to by her rivals. Nevertheless, the least good faith is sufficient to admit that everything depends on the application of such generalities to the facts of the case.

First, France is convinced it will be difficult to prove that a kind of common hunting-ground has not been reserved on the west of the Niger, in the triangular space between the Say-Barua line, the ninth parallel, and the Bight of Benin, when these limits have been drawn. Exactly because such pains have been taken to settle the limits of such a partition it seems perfectly reasonable to hold that, if such a regulation has not been extended further, it has been advisedly, in order to reserve for a final scramble the outside territory. As to the principle of Hinterland, everybody understands it cannot be decisive by itself, since the settlements on the sea-coast entangle themselves, and it is impossible to draw perpendiculars without crossing the lines of each other—not to mention the necessity, beyond a certain distance, to pay attention not only to geometrical measures, but to political facts. We have, finally, to deal with treaties. Here we are quite justified in professing the greatest respect for such conventions, and at the same time adding that we are unable to accept in good faith such documents without sufficient proofs—according to international law—of their authenticity, legitimacy, and priority. One thing we are absolutely unable to accept, and it is this most strange contention, which puts in some manner out of the debate the most extreme conclusions drawn by the special pleaders of the English case from their own premises. We hold there is ample matter for discussion. We hold it is not enough to set public opinion on fire by alluding to so-called French inroads on Sokoto or on Boussa. In many cases the exact truth is not at all known. In many others the French Government, without waiting for special reports, has disowned beforehand any irregularity. As long as such is the case, so-called irregularities are not. Much the less are they to be called to account, since a special jurisdiction is there to prevent any such result. We must not forget negotiations are on foot. They progress slowly. They are sometimes stopped—as just now—either by unpreventable accidents or by stupid delays. However, they are in course. France has never omitted to disown any undertaking ascribed to her agents against the rights of England. Suppose a subordinate should have done, in fact, something against the lawful state of things, what does it matter if the Government of the Republic does not sanction it? How many times have we acknowledged that Sokoto and Borghou were in the English sphere? After such admissions, what does it matter if local incidents—without any influence on the settlement of the general problem—do happen in Western Africa?

However, France is all the more authorised to watch carefully the



maintenance of the *status quo* in that she does not want to trouble it. *Pendente lite*, it is absolutely necessary to take conservatory measures. It would be self-forsaking for a country to act otherwise. The unpardonable thing would be to take this for a *casus belli*. I dare to say that France does not want, does not wish, would not understand a conflict. Public opinion is wholly against such a foolishness and such a sin. And in France there is nobody—not a statesman nor even a politician—to force upon her such a dreadful resolve. On the contrary, there are many voices raised to require, to demand a compromise.

If we look only on Western Africa, we have to try and get a local transaction. I am perfectly certain the elements of such a deal are not wanting. The commonest practical sense is perfectly sufficient to demonstrate that it is impossible to get everything, and at the same time peace. France would probably have to yield Boussa, other points too; England would have to look if the Chartered Company and Gambia, not to speak of Sierra Leone, could not offer some means of exchange. I am anxious not to be misunderstood as presenting a proposal. I allude simply to what occurs to the mind of the man in the street. Besides, why should I conceal it? I am perfectly convinced the broader the ground, the easier the understanding. Why should we not try? All the more that events seem to force us to such a consummation. Things everywhere are entangling, embroiling themselves. Questions are growing one from the other. The Western African problem is only one among many. After the Eastern Question, we have now to deal with the Far Eastern Question.

In the presence of so many differences, it is every day more evident to me that sincere friends of peace would gain every advantage from connecting and treating simultaneously questions apparently the most distinct, in order to find the broadest ground for an amicable settlement. The most dangerous thing of all would be to cover a parochial point of view under the pretence of imperialism. After all, is not the world wide enough; does it not offer openings enough to the most varied and even opposite activities, to make it perfectly legitimate and reasonable to believe it possible or even easy to agree—let us say rather to agree to differ—on a careful review of the concessions to make on one side in order to get compensations on the other? Such agreement is as much in the wishes as it is in the traditions of France. Far from us the guilty, the criminal idea of provoking or even suffering an irreparable conflict to happen between two Powers equally necessary to civilisation, and of which the good understanding is the greatest boon, the disagreement the greatest calamity for the progress of the world.

I do not scruple to say with all due emphasis that I cannot foresee any possible case in West Africa—always excepted, naturally, a systematic and prolonged provocation—in which France could find

against England a *casus belli* so imperative as to oblige or authorise her to pass above scruples, conscious or unconscious, material and moral interests, reciprocal duties and the necessities of Christendom. There have occurred many grievous misunderstandings between both countries : I cannot, for the life of me, now see fatal causes of conflict between them. France is ready, if she can get any pledge of reciprocity, to do all that is in her power to prevent the scandal and the calamity of a war. She is convinced there are means to arrive at a compromise in West Africa—much more so on the whole surface of the world. Just now things are in such a state that we may look on the Western African and the Far Eastern questions as individually connected, or rather on the whole complex mass of present difficulties as only, under diverse aspects, the great problem of the redistribution of power and of the remaking of the map of our globe. The great mistake, the great peril too, would be to deal singly with every one of those unavoidably interdepending questions.

I do not mean here to suggest the favourite nostrum of Napoleon the Third or of politicians in trouble, to wit, a congress or even a conference. By no means. Private, direct negotiations are much the best, only they must be taken up again with the sincere wish to see them come to a favourable end and with the firm resolve not to lend disproportionate importance to rumours purposely circulated or to local incidents—or accidents—chiefly when they are disowned by the responsible authorities.

It is self-evident, since I make bold to advise a broad, large understanding on the whole present difficulties, that France and England cannot arrange by themselves a general settlement. Russia by the force of things must be associated with our two countries. In fact, the Chinese question is principally raised between the Court of St. Petersburg and that of St. James. Assuredly nobody must forget it is Germany that has taken the lead in accelerating the process of the decomposition of the *yellow corpse*. England, perhaps, would be right in putting to one side of her reckoning with the young Emperor, the perfect carelessness about her rights and interests—as well as about those of the remainder of Europe—with which the German Emperor embarked in such an undertaking. The lease of Kiao-tcheou, the stipulations of exclusive rights in the neighbouring peninsula and country, the request for mining, industrial, commercial and railway privileges by Germany have greatly altered the balance of power in China.

After all, Russia in demanding from the Tsong-li-yamen the lease of Port Arthur and Ta-lien-wan and the extension of the Trans-Manchurian railway from Petuna, through Mukden, to Port Arthur, has not dealt in surprises. Everybody knew the northern region of China was the allotted portion of the White Tsar in the spoils of the Son of Heaven. Everybody knew—as a special correspondent

of the *Times* has excellently shown in the pages of that paper—that Northern Manchuria was already occupied by sotnias of Cossacks, by troops of engineers, and permeated by the influence of the neighbouring Empire. Was it not Mr. Arthur James Balfour himself who proclaimed, in his place in the House of Commons—that is to say, as its leader, as the First Lord of the Treasury, and the spokesman of the British Government—that Russia had a moral right to get a port ice-free in winter, on the Northern Pacific? It seems that we have got here all the materials of a fair compromise.

The case is not at all different in what concerns France. The Government of the Republic cannot forget that we have no less than 2,000 kilometres of frontier coterminous with that of China. Thence our preoccupation to obtain at once a pledge of security as to the eventual disposition of the territory of the three provinces bordering upon Tonkin, and the special economic privileges it has become the general custom to exact from China as well as a port in these waters.

I confess that, wholly convinced as I am of the necessity to proceed cautiously, and to spare not only the interests or the rights, but the susceptibilities of other parties, I cannot for the life of me see how these modest claims could interfere with the policy of England. Has not England asked the Celestials for a promise not to alienate any part or parcel of the Yang-tse-Kiang valley? Has she not, already mistress of Hong-Kong, thrown eyes of natural, perhaps legitimate, covetousness on the neighbouring land? Has she not stipulated for her own engineers special privileges? Is not the head of the great service of the Chinese customs to be perpetually, in succession to Sir Robert Hart, a subject of the Queen? Truly such requests—reasonable and even moderate as they may be—ought to reassure English opinion on the demands of others.

I know perfectly well English trade is more than three-fourths of the whole trade of the Far East, and makes a very important part in the volume of the commerce of Great Britain. Such a consideration must be given of course the greatest weight in assigning to each rival for influence and power in China his respective portion. Only it must be allowed in fairness, too, that such a preponderance in trade is by itself a great force and gives strong security to the United Kingdom. Nothing is more right for English statesmen than to watch vigilantly the interests of this great trade. English policy is perfectly respectable when it declares as its inviolable basis the necessity to maintain open and free the ways of international commerce. What unprejudiced people cannot understand is, why such a firm, immovable resolve should be inconsistent with the definition of certain spheres of influence, or even with the lease of some ports. What, in the name of all that is fair, is there to prevent, for instance, Port Arthur, or Ta-lien-wan, or Kiao-tcheou from remaining perfectly open, even free, according to treaty rights,

when they have been given under long leases either to Russia or Germany?

As a matter of fact, there is nothing in the nature of things to prevent the great European Powers from making a specific arrangement, in order to guarantee perfect freedom of access and of trade. It is, however, a vexatious incident when the House of Commons, under a too weak leadership, is allowed to vote for an abstract resolution introduced by Sir Ellis Ashmead-Bartlett and declaring the preservation of the integrity and independence of China a primary interest of the United Kingdom. Such a formula ought to be in bad odour among thoughtful men since the days when it was put to such a deplorable use with respect to Turkey. It is a question if for the *sick man* of the Far East as well as for that of the East, the integrity and the independence of their domains must not be in an inverse ratio each one to the other. In any case it is not a good beginning for delicate and complex negotiations to affirm at first such a general principle.

Let every one of us register a solemn vow to pursue first peace and all things of good report and of international good will, and to defend the interests of his own country with the firm resolve to make them respected, but to spare, too, in the same measure the interests or the rights of others. Diplomacy is not powerless. Our century, on the eve of giving up the ghost, is not condemned to the scandal of war. Doubtless our task is difficult. It is not easy to proceed to a redistribution of empire without going dangerously near so-called *casus belli*. However, specially in what concerns France and England, I am wholly unable to accept the shameful conclusion that, in order to make a new map of the world, we must paint with blood the lines of our new borders. It is not true, even if the prospect of new territorial gain were really so intoxicating, that it is always necessary to pass through the Red Sea in order to come to the Promised Land.

FRANCIS DE PRESSENSÉ.

## THE LATEST RECONSTRUCTION OF THE NAVY

DURING the sixty years of Her Majesty's reign, the Royal Navy has been continuously undergoing reconstruction. For two centuries previously, progress in the construction, armament, and equipment of war-ships had been very slow. When the practicability of steam-propulsion was demonstrated, radical changes became inevitable; but nearly twenty years passed before the new method was frankly accepted for the largest classes of British war-ships, and more than thirty years were required to secure the practical abolition of sail-power in favour of steam. As late as 1859 a great effort was made to hasten the construction of screw line-of-battle ships and frigates, as well as the 'conversion' into screw-steamers of many ships built only a few years before as sailing-ships. In 1859-60, 29 line-of-battle ships and 23 frigates were in hand. All of these had wood hulls, were fully rigged and equipped for sailing, were armed with smooth-bore guns mounted on primitive carriages; and except for the possession of auxiliary steam-power, or increased dimensions in the several classes, differed little from the vessels of Nelson's time. This great effort at the 'steam-reconstruction' of the Navy had been too long postponed. It had been preceded by the destruction of the Turkish fleet at Sinope, by horizontal shell-fire from the Russian ships. Iron-clad floating batteries had been in action, with success, during the Crimean war; the French were hard at work on *La Gloire* and other seagoing ironclads, and we had been compelled to follow their lead by laying down the *Warrior* and *Black Prince*. In short, the 'iron-clad reconstruction' overlapped the 'steam-reconstruction,' and involved the abandonment of wood hulls in favour of iron and steel, as well as changes in armaments, armour, and types of ships, previously undreamt of.

The shipbuilder called to his aid the mechanical engineer, the mathematician, the metallurgist, and the chemist. For forty years an unceasing struggle has proceeded between the powers of offence and defence. Developments in guns, projectiles, and explosives, have increased the power of armaments; while mechanical devices of

great ingenuity have added to the control of artillery and to rapidity of fire. New forms of 'under-water attack' have been introduced. The locomotive torpedo and the torpedo flotilla belong to the last twenty years. The submarine vessel is a much older invention, but has been revived and improved in recent years. With steam-propulsion, 'ramming' has again become possible. On the other side, defence has been developed. Remarkable improvements have been made in the quality of armour-plating. Naval arrangements of protective material have been introduced. New types of ships have been created. Speeds have been increased; the power of keeping the sea enlarged; and greater safety secured by improved structural arrangements.

It is the fashion to speak of the work done during the last forty years under the general designation of the 'iron-clad' or 'armoured' reconstruction. There is no objection to that practice. But while making due allowance for what was done prior to 1887, and recognising the difficulties which had to be faced by the pioneers in these great changes, it may still be claimed for the last eleven years that they have witnessed unprecedented changes and extensions in naval *matériel*. What is practically a new war-fleet, of unrivalled numbers and power, complete in all its parts, has been created. Having regard to the scale of expenditure, the numbers and types of ships added to the Royal Navy, and the improvements of all kinds effected, it will be admitted that the work done since 1887 can fairly be described as the 'latest reconstruction.' In this paper it is proposed to illustrate briefly the magnitude of the work that has been done, and to indicate some of its salient features.

First as to *Expenditure* on new ships. The Parliamentary Returns give full information, although most people hardly find them pleasant reading. They show that from the 1st of April 1887 to the 31st of March 1898, there has been spent on ships, machinery, gun-mountings, &c.—*exclusive* of guns and ammunition—very nearly 49,500,000*l.* sterling. The average annual outlay has therefore been as nearly as possible 4,500,000*l.* for the eleven years. During the last four years over 22,500,000*l.* have been spent; the average exceeding 5,600,000*l.* The largest sum spent in one year was 7,327,000*l.* in 1896–97. These are striking figures. To appreciate them properly it is necessary to compare them with others. Take the eleven years from the 1st of April 1876 to the 31st of March 1887. The total expenditure under the same heads was nearly 24,250,000*l.*—less than one-half of the more recent period: the yearly average under 2,250,000*l.*; the maximum expenditure per annum 3,737,000*l.* (1885–86), when the Northbrook programme was making large demands. It is interesting to note, in passing, that, at the time, the Northbrook programme (costing about 3,600,000*l.*) was treated as supplemental and special. About

2,400,000*l.* of its cost fell upon the period 1876–87; and another exceptional outlay occurred in 1877–78, when 1,500,000*l.* were spent in purchasing foreign ships under a vote of credit. Making these deductions the ‘normal’ expenditure on new construction for the eleven years 1876–87 was about 1,850,000*l.*—or *one-third* of the average annual expenditure now treated as ‘normal.’

Possibly because of the special legislation which was associated therewith, it is commonly assumed that under the ‘Naval Defence’ scheme of 1889, the ‘high-water mark’ of expenditure was reached. This is incorrect. Taking the five years over which it was intended that scheme should run (the 1st of April 1889 to the 31st of March 1894), the expenditure on new construction (exclusive of armaments) was a little under 21,500,000*l.*, with a yearly average of about 4,282,000*l.* and a maximum annual outlay of about 5,500,000*l.* This maximum is less than the average annual expenditure of the last four years. In estimating that average, allowance is made for the short-earnings (about 2,250,000*l.*) resulting from the labour dispute of last year. But for that occurrence the total expenditure of the last four years would have been not far short of 25,000,000*l.*, and the average annual expenditure nearly 6,250,000*l.* Next year it is proposed to spend about 7,700,000*l.* on ships, machinery, &c.

All the foregoing figures exclude armaments and ammunition for the new ships. Figures for expenditure on these items are not so readily accessible. The following facts may be stated. Under the Naval Defence Act of 1889, the outlay on guns, ammunition and reserves was rather more than 4,000,000*l.*, or about 22½ per cent. on the cost of ships, machinery, etc. (18,160,000*l.*). If this percentage be applied to the outlay of the last eleven years (49,500,000*l.* nearly) on ships, the corresponding allowance for armaments, etc., would be about 11,000,000*l.*; making a grand total of about 60,000,000*l.* spent on additional ships and their armaments. If the intentions for 1898–99 are realised, over 9,000,000*l.* will be added to this amount in that year.

Modern war-ships are very durable. Hence this large expenditure has resulted in a great increase of the *capital value* of our fleet. Commercial considerations cannot be applied here, nor rates fixed for ‘depreciation.’ In the Parliamentary Returns the ‘aggregate first costs’ of effective ships are given. Comparing 1887 with 1898 the figures stand about as follows:—

	1887	1898
Completed ships:—		
Armoured . . . .	£	£
Protected . . . .	19,417,000	64,872,000
Partially protected . .		
Unprotected . . . .	6,757,000	10,349,000
Torpedo flotilla, &c. . .	1,500,000	1,980,000
Ships building . . . .	9,500,000	20,000,000
Totals . . . .	£37,174,000	£97,201,000

In eleven years the total first costs of our ships of war, excluding armaments, have increased rather more than two-and-a-half times. The mere statement of this fact hardly enables one to appreciate what has been accomplished as compared with former periods. Perhaps it may be better understood from the following approximate estimates. Taking the combatant ships of the British Navy as it stood in 1813, their total first cost was probably about 10,000,000*l.* sterling. In 1860 the corresponding total for ships built and building has been roughly estimated at 17,000,000*l.* to 18,000,000*l.* At the commencement of 1868 the total stood somewhat higher, many wooden ships having disappeared. Ten years later it had reached about 27,000,000*l.* to 28,000,000*l.*, while in 1887 it stood at 37,000,000*l.* In seventy-four years there had been an increase of 27,000,000*l.*, in the next ten years there has been an increase of 57,000,000*l.* While the earlier estimates are confessedly rough, they serve to indicate the abnormal activity of the period now under consideration. If guns and ammunition were added the contrast would be still greater.

With this enormous increase of the capital value of the fleet, comes a necessary rise in the expenditure on maintenance and repairs, accentuated by the fact that modern war-ships are equipped with elaborate and comparatively delicate mechanisms of various kinds. As yet the full effect of this requirement has not been felt. New ships have been rapidly brought into service, and sufficient time has not yet elapsed to necessitate heavy repairs. In certain of the smaller special classes, such as gunboats and destroyers, a relatively heavy cost of maintenance has already made itself apparent. As time goes on, the demand must grow for all classes. The creation of such a fleet as this country now possesses must be followed by its maintenance in a state of thorough efficiency; and while expenditure on maintenance may be less attractive than that on new construction, it is no less important.

The additions made to the fleet in the shape of *completed ships* naturally vary from year to year. There are three years deserving special notice. In 1887-88 the Northbrook programme showed its maximum effect, and other ships which had been long in hand were finished. Altogether the first costs of completed ships in that year amounted to over 8,000,000*l.* Again in 1893-94 the Naval Defence Act was very influential, and the first costs of completed ships aggregated more than 10,600,000*l.* In 1897-98, owing to the effect of Lord Spencer's programme, the additions approached 7,400,000*l.*, notwithstanding the effect of the labour dispute. If the anticipations for the next financial year are realised, it also will be a notable period, as a large number of ships are to be completed, the total first costs of which aggregate over 7,500,000*l.*

Turning to the *Numbers and Classes* of the ships added to the



Navy during the last eleven years, and including ships building on the 31st of March 1898, as well as those completed, the following table summarises the facts :—

	Number	Tons	Horse-power	Guns
Battle-ships . . . .	29	400,000	375,000	442
Cruisers :—				
First class . . . .	26	257,000	432,000	354
Second class . . . .	45	200,000	417,000	420
Third class . . . .	31	48,000	210,000	226
Torpedo-gunboats . . . .	29	24,000	100,000	58
Sloops, Gunboats, &c. . . .	30	26,000	41,000	175
Totals . . . .	190	955,000	1,575,000	1,675

NOTE.—Small guns below 4-inch are omitted. The *Vulcan* torpedo-depot ship is included with the first-class cruisers. Two torpedo-gunboats built for service in India are included.

The sloops and gunboats built for special services are superior to their predecessors in speed and armament. All the other vessels enumerated are of recent types and have modern armaments.

Excluding the cost of armaments, and 'incidental charges' on dockyard work, this great fleet costs about 52,500,000*l.* Of this total the battle-ships represent over 23,000,000*l.*, the first-class cruisers nearly 13,000,000*l.*; second-class cruisers about 9,500,000*l.*; and third-class nearly 4,000,000*l.* All these are either armoured or protected. The unprotected vessels include torpedo-gunboats, costing about 1,750,000*l.*, and small vessels representing more than 1,000,000*l.* Every vessel is capable of independent sea-service.

The foregoing table takes no account of another section of the fleet, entirely created during the last five years—viz. the ninety-six torpedo-boat 'destroyers' built and building. These remarkable vessels have been produced to fulfil definite duties indicated by their name. Opinions may differ as to the range of their capabilities. No one doubts that they constitute a valuable and formidable flotilla. Fifty-five of them are complete, and a large number of the remainder are well advanced. Excluding armaments their aggregate cost exceeds 4,500,000*l.* The later vessels of the class—the smallest units in our modern fleet—cost as much as did the 74-gun line-of-battle ships forming the main strength of the British Navy at the beginning of the century. This is a striking illustration of the changes which have occurred in both costs and types of war-ships.

Passing to the other end of the scale, a few facts may be given respecting the unit-costs of battle-ships built at different periods. The largest sailing three-deckers at the accession of the Queen weighed about 4,800 tons, and cost about 110,000*l.* to 120,000*l.* About twenty years later the largest screw three-deckers weighed about 7,000 tons, and cost about 220,000*l.* to 230,000*l.* Structure

and armament were very similar to those of their predecessors, but the introduction of steam-power added 50 per cent. to the displacement and doubled the cost. The use of armour and consequent changes in armaments have resulted in further increase in size and cost. There seems to be a general impression that this increase has been most marked in recent years. As a matter of fact the process has been gradual, with repeated attempts at economy in unit-costs. For instance: our first large seagoing ironclads weighed from 9,000 to 10,300 tons, and cost from 375,000*l.* to 480,000*l.* In 1873-74 our first-class battle-ships had grown to 11,000 or 12,000 tons, and their net cost (excluding incidental charges and armaments) had reached 620,000*l.* to 812,000*l.* The latter figure belongs to the *Inflexible*, designed in 1874 and completed in 1881. Then came a temporary reaction, and from 1880 to 1885 displacements were kept below 11,000 tons, and costs below 700,000*l.* In the *Nile* and *Trafalgar* of 1885 the tonnage again rose to 12,000 tons, and the cost to 750,000*l.* It was not a great step therefore to the *Royal Sovereign* class of 1889, weighing 14,200 tons and costing about 780,000*l.*; or to the *Majestic* class (1894), of 14,900 tons, costing about 820,000*l.* to 840,000*l.* Roughly speaking, in thirty-five years armoured battle-ships increased about 50 per cent. in weight and doubled in cost—a change of about the same relative character as that which occurred in the transition from sailing to screw three-deckers between 1837 and 1860.

It is the fashion to speak of our battle-ships as each representing 1,000,000*l.* sterling. This is correct if armament, ammunition, and stores are included. Taking 800,000*l.* as the cost of a first-class ship, her armament, ammunition, and stores would make up the round million, or go somewhat beyond. The armour would represent about one-third of the cost of the ship, propelling machinery would cost over 100,000*l.*, and gun-mountings and torpedo-tubes would involve an outlay of fully 80,000*l.* For a ship of similar class in the French Navy the cost, exclusive of armament, &c., would exceed 1,000,000*l.* sterling.

For cruisers the case is different. The last eleven years have witnessed very great increases in size and cost. In 1887 our largest completed protected cruisers (*Mersey* class) were less than 4,000 tons and cost about 210,000*l.* Now we have a considerable number of cruisers ranging from 11,000 to 14,000 tons and costing from 500,000*l.* to 700,000*l.* In foreign navies, large cruisers have been built or are building, costing from 800,000*l.* to 900,000*l.* The old distinction between battle-ships and cruisers in regard to size and cost seems rapidly disappearing, although other marked differences continue to exist.

Under modern conditions large expenditure is inevitable. Our chief consolation lies in the fact that, class for class, we produce

more cheaply. French authorities assign us an advantage of 25 to 30 per cent., and the estimate seems reasonable. Increase in size and cost appears in all classes of modern war-ships. At the same time the proportion of ships of very large dimensions to the total number built is not nearly so great as is often asserted. Taking the 190 ships enumerated in the table on page 538, it may be interesting to arrange them according to displacement tonnages. There are 22 ships over 14,000 tons, all but 2 are battle-ships, the exceptions are the *Powerful* and *Terrible* cruisers. Between 12,000 and 13,000 tons there are 11 ships: 7 battle-ships and 4 cruisers; between 10,000 and 12,000 tons, 10 ships: 2 being battle-ships. Twelve cruisers are from 6,500 to 9,100 tons; 24 between 4,000 and 5,800 tons; 46 between 2,000 and 4,000 tons. Between 1,000 and 2,000 tons there are 22 vessels, and 43 are less than 1,000 tons. Little more than one-fifth of the total number are over 9,000 tons.

One marked characteristic of our new construction in recent years has been the building of 'classes' of ships, practically identical in speed, coal-supply, armament, and defence, and consequently capable of acting together. Prior to 1889 this policy was not adopted to any large extent in the Royal Navy, and in foreign fleets it has only been adopted to a limited extent even to the present day. The 29 battle-ships enumerated on page 538 include 8 of the *Royal Sovereign* class (reckoning the *Hood*), 9 of the *Majestic* class, 6 of the *Cunopus* class, and 3 of the *Formidable* class, the latter being 'Improved *Majestics*.' All these vessels are armed and defended on similar principles, and all are capable of acting together. The three remaining battle-ships (*Centurion*, *Barfleur*, and *Renown*), although designed primarily for distant foreign service, could, if required, take their place with the others. It is unnecessary to dwell on the enormous advantages resulting from homogeneity in squadrons. They are now universally recognised. Whether one considers the matter in relation to strategy or tactics the conclusion must be the same. The wisdom of our policy has been universally recognised, and most strongly emphasised by foreign writers. It has included cruisers as well as battle-ships, although homogeneity is of less importance in cruisers. For instance, there are 8 cruisers of the *Diadem* class, 11 of the *Blake* and *Edgar* classes, 12 of the *Talbot* class, 8 of the *Astrea* class, 21 of the *Apollo* class, and 24 of the *Sharpshooter* class. The *Powerful* and *Terrible* were built for a special purpose and stand alone.

In passing, it may be permitted to mention that this method of construction involves special responsibilities for the designer. To lay down almost simultaneously nine *Majestics* on a new and untried design, involving an outlay of as many millions, or to start twenty-

one *Apollo*s, costing about 4,500,000*l.*, at one time is necessarily somewhat in the nature of an experiment. Fortunately, the results have been satisfactory, and the intentions of the designs have been realised. In no other way could the Navy have been so rapidly and considerably strengthened in a comparatively short time. Circumstances did not, and probably never will, allow of the completion and thorough trial of a typical battle-ship or large cruiser before other examples of the type are commenced. What has been done is to 'push on a leading vessel of each class, and gain as much experience as possible with her, while the other vessels of the class are in a stage of progress permitting of improvements in details. The main features of the designs must be definitely settled before the work of building begins, otherwise rapid and economical construction is out of the question.

For smaller vessels, such as destroyers, it is possible to build and try specimens before multiplying the type. This was the course adopted for the destroyer class, and it proved most advantageous.

In British war-ships of recent date there has been a great development of what may be termed 'sea-keeping' qualities. This is especially true of the battle-ship section. Formerly it was the custom to give a preponderating value to smallness of target and defensive power generally. Hence it happened that ships were built with moderate or low freeboard, and with their guns placed comparatively low. In smooth water this was advantageous no doubt; in rough water it involved a diminished speed and a sacrifice in offensive power, since the guns could not be fought under many circumstances. Recent ships have higher freeboards and greater heights of guns above water. Consequently they can maintain their speed better in rough water, and have greater fighting efficiency. In the Naval Manœuvres there have been numberless illustrations of this difference. Vessels of earlier types have been practically deprived of fighting power and seriously checked in speed, while vessels of the newer classes have been little, if at all, affected.

Sea-keeping is dependent on *Coal Endurance*, and there has been sensible improvement in this respect in recent years, both on the side of coal carried and economy of consumption. Our battle-ships now carry from 1,800 to 2,000 tons, as against 1,000 to 1,200 tons in ships built prior to 1887; and in cruisers a still larger advance has been made. The use of higher steam pressures and triple-expansion engines has also resulted in an economy in the rate of coal consumption. On the other hand, the multiplication of mechanical appliances on board modern ships involves a large expenditure of coal on 'auxiliary services'—independent of propulsion—such as electric lighting, the working of heavy guns, distillation of fresh water, &c. A careful investigation made in the United States Navy has shown that, under peace conditions, more than half the coal burnt has been for auxiliary services, and this result is

probably representative. Still, making all allowances, coal endurance has been greatly increased in British war-ships during recent years.

There has also been a notable increase in *Speeds*. Not unfrequently misleading comparisons are made between the maximum trial speeds of war-ships. Unless the trials are made under identical conditions, fair comparisons are not possible. For the present purpose—the illustration of increased speeds in British war-ships of different classes built since 1887—the fairest method is probably to take the speeds attained under the condition of ‘natural draught’ in the stokeholds. Higher powers and speeds may be attained for short periods by ‘forcing’ the draught and quickening the rate of combustion. These will be disregarded. On the natural-draught trials of battle-ships designed up to 1885, the maximum speeds attained were about  $15\frac{1}{2}$  knots. For battle-ships designed from 1889 onwards, 17 have natural-draught speeds of  $16\frac{1}{2}$  knots, 2 of  $17\frac{1}{2}$  knots, and 10 of 18 to  $18\frac{1}{2}$  knots. Turning to cruisers, those of 1885 had natural-draught speeds of 16 to  $16\frac{1}{2}$  knots. The cruisers and torpedo-gunboats since designed (see table, page 538) number 131. Of these 14 have natural-draught speeds ranging from  $20\frac{1}{2}$  to  $22\frac{1}{2}$  knots, 69 from  $18\frac{1}{2}$  to  $19\frac{1}{2}$  knots, 44 from 17 to  $17\frac{1}{2}$  knots, and 4 of nearly 15 knots. The latter are small protected vessels designed for foreign stations. Besides these there are 31 sloops and gunboats of 11 to 12 knots, built for services where high speed is not required; but these are faster than their predecessors.

The highest speeds attained as yet by any vessels afloat have been reached by our destroyers, under high ‘forced draught’ and for short periods. At first, speeds of 26 to 27 knots were accepted, and 42 vessels of that class were ordered, of which 37 are on service. Then the standard speed was raised to 30 knots, and 50 vessels were ordered, of which nearly one-half are completed. Four experimental vessels, one with a turbo-motor, are also in hand, designed to attain yet higher speeds. For their special service these destroyers are built with relative lightness of hulls and propelling apparatus, such as could not prudently be imitated in vessels of large size and cost. At the same time their performances furnish most valuable information in regard to the problems of steam navigation at very high speeds; and their propelling apparatus, in many respects, illustrates the most advanced practice in marine engineering. Proposals have been made to multiply them greatly, with some modifications of type, for general sea-service, and to treat them as possible substitutes for large battle-ships and cruisers. Such proposals indicate imperfect acquaintance with the conditions under which the very high speeds of destroyers are obtained, or with the serious limitations of speed imposed by a moderately rough sea on vessels of such small dimensions and light construction. Nor is the arduous character of the life on board these vessels when at sea

fully realised. For their proposed service, they are indispensable and unrivalled. As models on which to experiment, in order to obtain data for the design of larger vessels, they are most useful. But the modifications that would be required to fit such vessels for independent sea-service are much more radical and far-reaching than those who advocate that policy have imagined.

Improvements in marine engineering have had much to do with the increase in speed and coal-endurance which has taken place since 1887. The use of the triple-expansion engine in the Royal Navy dates from 1885. During the last eleven years some of the greatest advances have been made in increased steam-pressures, quicker running engines, new forms of boilers, mechanical draught, better materials of construction, and important improvements in design. All these changes have tended to economies in weight in proportion to development of power, and so have enabled naval architects to attain the speeds asked for in ships of smaller dimensions and costs. Advances such as these have naturally not been unchecked. Difficulties have been encountered; some methods that promised well have had to be modified or abandoned after practical trial. The skill and courage of marine engineers in this country and abroad have enabled such temporary checks to be overcome, and no chapter of the latest reconstruction of the Navy is more remarkable than that relating to the propelling apparatus. The subject is too technical in its character to be further considered here.

Improvements in form and increase in dimensions have favoured the attainment of higher speeds. As the speed rises the proportionate rate of increase in power grows rapidly. A first-class cruiser, for example, requires 1,000 horse-power for 10 knots, 3,000 horse-power for 14 knots, 7,500 horse-power for 18 knots, and 11,000 horse-power for 20 knots. To gain 4 knots, starting from 10 knots, requires an additional 2,000 horse-power; an equal gain in speed starting from 14 knots requires an additional 4,500 horse-power. In steam propulsion it is 'the last step which costs.'

With good forms of ships, as length and size increase the ratio of engine-power to weight of ship diminishes for a given speed. Taking the speed of 20 knots, for example, the following figures are of interest:—

	Length	Weight	Horse-power
	feet	tons	
<i>Powerful</i> . . . . .	500	14,200	16,000
<i>Blenheim</i> . . . . .	375	9,100	13,000
<i>Hermes</i> . . . . .	350	5,600	10,000
<i>Pelorus</i> . . . . .	300	2,100	7,000
<i>Speedy</i> . . . . .	230	800	4,500
Torpedo boat . . . . .	135	200	1,100

It will be readily understood from these examples that, as speeds

have risen, engine-power has been increased. Taking once more powers obtained with natural draught, we find first-class battle-ships of 1885 with 7,500 horse-power, those of 1889 with 9,000 horse-power, and those of 1897 with 15,000 horse-power. The largest cruisers of 1885 had 5,500 horse-power (natural draught), the *Edgar* class of 1889 10,000 horse-power, the *Dialem* class of 1894 16,500 horse-power, while the *Cressy* and *Powerful* have 21,000 and 25,000 horse-power respectively. In the destroyers of 30 knots speed, the development of power, under high forced draught, exceeds 6,000 horse-power, the total weight (or displacement) being about 300 tons. In the *Powerful* class of 14,200 tons the maximum development, under natural draught, is 25,000 horse-power for a speed of rather more than 22 knots.

Passing to the *Armaments* of recent ships, equally notable changes have been made since 1887. Perhaps the most remarkable are those connected with the introduction and development of *quick-firing* guns of large calibre, primarily due to the enterprise of the great Elswick Ordnance Company. Prior to 1887 the largest quick-firers mounted on shipboard were 3-pounders and 6-pounders. Trials of 36-pounders and 70-pounders were made in 1886-87, and eventually 45-pounders and 100-pounders were decided upon for Her Majesty's ships, to be followed later by 25-pounders and 12-pounders. All ships of the Royal Navy since 1887 have been equipped with quick-firers, and have thus been endowed with enormously greater offensive powers. Smokeless powder (cordite) has been introduced, enabling smaller charges to be used for a given velocity of projectile, while pressures in guns have been reduced. The absence of smoke is a practical necessity to the full and efficient use of quick-firers; as every one will know who has seen target practice from such guns with the earlier kinds of powder and smokeless powder.

It is impossible, within the limits of space available, to dwell on the gains incidental to the use of quick-firing guns. A single illustration must suffice. Prior to 1887 the 6-inch breech-loading gun of the Royal Navy was 5 tons in weight, had a powder-charge of 48 pounds, and fired 100-pound projectiles, with a muzzle velocity of rather less than 2,000 feet per second, at the rate of *one* aimed round in 50 seconds. Its penetrating power, in wrought-iron armour, was rather less than  $12\frac{1}{2}$  inches. The 6-inch quick-firer now carried weighs 7 tons, has a cordite charge of  $13\frac{1}{4}$  pounds, and fires 100-pound projectiles, with a muzzle velocity of over 2,200 feet per second, at the rate of *four* to *five* aimed shots per minute. Its penetrating power is estimated at 16 inches of wrought iron. The modern gun has greater range and accuracy and fires about four times as fast. In the *Royal Arthur*, on one occasion, 15 rounds were fired in 3 minutes and 9 hits were scored. A still more

formidable weapon has just been adopted for the naval service. The 6-inch quick-firer made by Messrs. Vickers weighs about  $7\frac{1}{2}$  tons, and fires 100-pound projectiles with nearly 2,800 feet per second muzzle velocity, giving a penetrative power equal to 22 inches of wrought iron. With this greater rapidity of fire has come the need for larger quantities of ammunition, improved arrangements for ammunition-supply, improved mountings and increased protection to guns and gun-crews. In short, war-ship design has been affected greatly in many of its features by the change of system.

The *disposition* of armaments has also been reconsidered in consequence of changes in guns and explosives. One governing condition, steadily kept in view in ships of the Royal Navy, is the distribution of the guns in such a manner as to prevent or minimise the *interference* of gun with gun. Some arrangements of armament, advantageous in other respects, fail in this, and involve serious risks of injury to certain guns and their crews from the fire of adjacent guns. It is satisfactory to note a closer approach in recent foreign ships to the system which has been steadfastly adhered to in the Royal Navy for many years.

Improvements in gun-construction have not been limited to quick-firing guns. Remarkable advances have been made in heavy guns forming the principal armaments of battle-ships. There has been a diminution in the calibre and weight of these guns, associated with increased velocities, range, accuracy, and rapidity. In 1885 the last of the 16 $\frac{1}{4}$ -inch guns, weighing 110 tons, were mounted in the *Victoria* and *Sanspareil*. With 1,800-lb. projectiles, 960-lb. powder charges, and about 2,100 feet per second muzzle velocity, the 'energy' was about 54,000-foot tons, and the estimated penetration of wrought iron 37 inches. In 1889 it was decided, as no good design of 12-inch gun was available, to arm the *Royal Sovereign* class with 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch guns weighing 67 tons. With 1,250-lb. projectile, and 630 lbs. of powder, a muzzle velocity of rather more than 2,000 feet per second was obtained, with an 'energy' of 35,000-foot tons. The estimated penetration of wrought iron was about 34 inches. In 1894 the *Majestic* class were designed to carry 12-inch 46-ton 'wire' guns. With 850-lb. projectiles, and 168-lb. cordite charges, the muzzle velocity is about 2,370 feet per second, the energy 33,000-foot tons, and the estimated penetration of wrought iron 36 inches. For the *Formidable* class of 1897, the 12-inch guns are to have a muzzle velocity of 2,600 feet per second, with a proportionate increase of energy and penetration.

Corresponding improvements have been made in the breech-mechanisms, mountings, and mechanical appliances for working heavy guns. Much greater rapidity of fire has thus been attained. Formerly the minimum interval between successive rounds of heavy guns (12 to 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ -inch) was  $2\frac{1}{2}$  to 3 minutes in the Royal Navy,



and this was much less than the corresponding interval in foreign ships. In the *Majestic* this interval was reduced to  $1\frac{1}{2}$  minute, and in the recent trials of the *Illustrious* it was brought down to less than 1 minute. These and other achievements of the mechanical engineer have greatly assisted progress in recent war-ship construction.

The work of the chemist has not been limited to the production of smokeless powders. He has devised 'high-explosives' of tremendous power for use in shells; and, in association with the metallurgist, has produced alloys of steel admirably adapted for the manufacture of armour-piercing projectiles.

While the attack has thus been developed by changes in guns, explosives, and projectiles, the armour-plate manufacturer has not been idle. On the contrary, his advances during the last eleven years have been certainly as great as, if not greater than, those of his rivals. Here, also, a brief illustration can be given of what has been done. In 1888 the best qualities of armour-plates which were available, when  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick, were just equal to the attack of chrome-steel projectiles fired from a 6-inch gun with a striking velocity of 1,960 feet per second. Now the same standard firing test is enforced for and fulfilled by armour 6 inches in thickness. This represents a gain in defence for a given weight of over 40 per cent., and makes the 6-inch citadel armour of *Canopus* class quite equal to what it would have been if  $10\frac{1}{2}$  inches thick and of the quality put upon the *Royal Sovereign* class.

In August last a plate 11·8 inches thick, 10 feet long, and 7 feet wide, withstood three 714 lb. projectiles fired from a 12-inch gun with a striking velocity of 1,860 feet per second. This attack is equal to the perforation of  $22\frac{1}{2}$  inches of wrought iron.

Improvements such as these are far-reaching in their effects on war-ship design, including both battle-ships and cruisers. The introduction of quick-firing guns has necessitated a great extension of armoured areas in order to protect buoyancy, stability, and secondary armaments. Helped by the armour-plate manufacturer, the naval architect can fulfil this condition, and protect larger areas efficiently within reasonable limits of weight.

New dispositions of the protective material have been made in Her Majesty's ships during the last eleven years in order to meet new forms of attack. These changes necessarily rest upon experimental results and not upon the experience of actual naval engagements. It cannot be doubted, however, that as compared with their predecessors recent ships are far more capable, as they should be, of resisting the attack of quick-firing guns or high explosive shells. The power and protection of their own secondary armaments, by increasing their offensive powers, add to this defence.

Little need be said in regard to the torpedo armaments of recent ships. The principal changes made have been the great extension

of submerged discharges, and the introduction of the 18-inch torpedo; while quite recently Whitehead has shown the way to secure greater accuracy in direction. There can be no question that the Royal Navy has a long lead in the matter of submerged discharge, thanks to the continuous efforts and experiments of the last twenty years. The quick-firing gun has made practically impossible the continued use of unprotected above-water discharges, except in the smaller classes of cruisers and torpedo craft.

This hasty and necessarily imperfect review of the work of the last eleven years, will suffice to show that it may be fairly described as a 'reconstruction' of the Navy. It has been rapidly effected, the rate of construction having been greatly accelerated both in the Royal Dockyards and in private shipyards. These results are very largely due to the magnificent and unrivalled shipbuilding and engineering resources of the country. They would have been impossible elsewhere. A mere enumeration of the ships built in the dockyards and those built by contract, is no guide to the actual distribution of the work. Private firms have to supply to the dockyards practically all the materials, the armour, gun-mountings, auxiliary machinery, and nearly all the propelling apparatus. The greater part of the true dockyard expenditure is on labour. To illustrate this statement reference may be made to the Naval Defence fleet of 70 ships: 38 were built in dockyards and 32 by contract. Excluding armaments, these ships cost over 18,000,000*l.* The dockyard section represented over 9,800,000*l.*; but the cost of dockyard labour was under 3,500,000*l.* Contract work of all kinds, therefore, represented more than 80 per cent. of the total outlay.

The immense productive power of our private firms is one great source of naval strength, provided it can be, and is, utilised at the proper time. Hitherto private enterprise has never failed to develop production in accordance with demands—whether it be in guns, armour, ships, or machinery. There have been temporary difficulties, some of a serious nature, but they have soon been surmounted. Gun manufacture is a case in point: there was a need, it has been met. At the present moment we are suffering from the check imposed by recent labour difficulties. In 1897–98 it was proposed to spend about 7,250,000*l.* on new construction, and we have spent hardly 5,000,000*l.*, the falling-off being nearly all on contract work. For the moment the supply of armour is restricted, owing partly to the disarrangement of work consequent on the recent dispute, and partly to the reconstruction of plant necessary with the new quality of armour. This difficulty is of a temporary character, and is even now disappearing. So far as the reconstruction of plant is concerned, other countries are in a similar position, and must suffer the same temporary restriction.

But even as matters stand, our resources in armour-plate manufacture are far superior to those to be found elsewhere.

In other countries, the limit of what can be done in naval construction is fixed by manufacturing resources. In this country establishments created and maintained primarily for our magnificent mercantile marine are available for the war fleet, and the limit of their capabilities has not yet been approached.

W. H. WHITE.

## *BRITISH SHIPS IN FOREIGN NAVIES*

It is a curious anomaly that while the British Government is doing its best to outstrip foreign Powers in the great race for naval supremacy, the private shipbuilding yards of this country are actively engaged to-day in producing war-ships for the service of possible enemies of to-morrow. British firms are the navy builders of almost the whole world, and as they are also the most skilful builders, it follows that the war-vessels of the states whom they reckon among their customers are as well constructed as any fighting engines afloat. Great Britain occupies a position of 'splendid isolation;' she has no allied friends and is beset by covert foes, jealous of her colonies and her commerce. The war-ships that are built in this country are not, therefore, for friends. On the other hand France, in the assistance she gives to Russia in adding to the naval power of the Czar, is helping a close ally. The bald fact is that hundreds of employers in England and Scotland, shipbuilders, gunmakers, and others, and thousands of workmen, live by assisting Powers, potential enemies, to buckle on their armour for the Armageddon that may be the event of to-morrow's newspapers. If commerce have any ethical laws, they have at least been no barrier to this bartering of ironclads, cruisers and torpedo boats. The trade has been carried on for years without any qualms of conscience, and we as a nation are richer by over twenty-five millions sterling. In exchange for this sum our fellow-countrymen have built and fitted out for sea war-ships that may be found to-day in the navies of all the Powers, great and small, excepting only France and the United States and a few unconsidered trifles in the game of the world's politics, such as Uruguay, Paraguay, and Bulgaria. In not a few cases the ships which have been constructed by private firms have been superior, tonnage for tonnage, to the contemporary vessels intended for the British service. In excuse for this anomaly, it is urged that the conditions required of British ships are entirely different from those of any other country. It is claimed that in British vessels there must be a large coal capacity, giving a wide radius of action independent of coal-ing stations. This plea may, however, be met by the rejoinder that no country possesses so many coaling stations, so widely distributed —

a British base of action and energy in every sea. The ships of almost every other country, when engaged at a distance from their native bases, would have nowhere to turn for coal. If, therefore there is any foundation for the belief that great coal-carrying capacity is a necessity for British war-ships, is not that necessity as great for our naval competitors? Cruisers for foreign navies have, however, been recently constructed in this country which have not been inferior even in the matter of the storage of large reserves of coal, and which have also been superior in speed, protection and armament to any vessels of equivalent displacement, the handiwork of our Royal Dockyards, with their twenty thousand skilled mechanics, working only eight hours a day, and large staffs of highly trained naval architects and constructors.

Now that the engineering dispute has terminated, thousands of British workmen are busily engaged in the various private yards constructing and fitting out war-ships for foreign Powers. For Japan alone eight battle-ships and cruisers, and eight torpedo-boat destroyers are being built. There is also a coast-defence ship for Norway, besides two cruisers each for China and Chili, and one cruiser each for Portugal and Brazil, while four torpedo-boats for Austria are approaching completion, and the German navy will shortly be stronger by the addition of a British-built, swift and deadly torpedo-boat destroyer. These are the principal vessels for alien Powers that are now being built in this country, and orders for further augmentations of foreign fleets have been booked, so that there is no probability of this bartering of ironclads and cruisers ceasing for want of encouragement. Every few weeks some 'blend between a fort and a kitchen range,' to use a phrase that deserves to become classic, is launched from one of the many ship-building yards or leaves our shores for the home of its purchaser. Such occurrences attract little attention, though they might often cause uneasiness were their significance recognised. A fortnight ago a cruiser was launched at Elswick that promises when complete to be remarkable in every respect. With a displacement of 4,300 tons less than that of the unfortunate British cruiser *Powerful*, protected by heavy Harveyed armour with a maximum thickness of 14 inches, this new Japanese cruiser, *Asama*, has a broadside fire of 1,775 lb., compared with the fire of the *Powerful* of 1,472 lb.; and, moreover, she has a coal-storage capacity that will give her a radius of action of 10,000 knots. Such a ship, a battle-ship in all but name, is, of course, an experiment; but so also is the *Powerful*; and after the latter cruiser's recent voyage to Hongkong the presumption of success as a swift fighting machine is in favour of this latest product of our private yards.

Sir William Armstrong has made it his boast that the cruiser *Buenos Aires*, constructed for the Argentine Republic, has no equal among all the cruisers of the British Navy. •What vessel again

have we to equal, far less to excel, the Chilian cruiser *Blanco Encalado*, or the Chinese cruiser *Hai Chi*, both British-built ships? These vessels may be compared with the British cruisers of the *Astræa* class, of practically the same displacement, and the results are as follows:—

—	Argentine Republic	Chinese	Chilian	British
Displacement	4,500 tons Steel sheathed and coppered, two screws, two funnels, two military masts	4,300 tons The same	4,420 tons The same	4,360 tons The same
Length . .	396 ft.	396 ft.	370 ft.	320 ft.
Beam . .	47 „ 2 in.	46 „ 8 in.	46 „ 6 in.	49 „ 6 in.
Mean draught	18 „	16 „ 9 „	18 „ 6 „	19 „
Indicated horse-power	13,000 = 23·2 knots; under forced draught, 24 knots	Guaranteed speed, 24 knots	11,000 = 21·7 knots; under forced draught, 22·7 knots	7,000 = 18 knots; under forced draught, 20 knots
Protection:— Steel deck .	1·5-in. to 5-in.	1·5-in. to 5-in.	1·7 to 4·5-in.	1 to 2-inch Coamings round engine hatches 5-in.
Conning tower .	6-in. of armour	6-in.	6-in.	3-in.
Gun shields	4·5-in. armour	—	—	—
Armament:—				
Quick-firers	<div> <div>2-8-in.</div> <div>4-6-in.</div> <div>6-4·7-in.</div> <div>4-6-pounder</div> <div>10-3 „</div> </div>	<div> <div>10-7-in.</div> <div>—</div> <div>—</div> <div>—</div> <div>12-3-pounder</div> </div>	<div> <div>—</div> <div>10-6-in.</div> <div>—</div> <div>—</div> <div>12-3-pounder</div> <div>12-1 „</div> </div>	<div> <div>—</div> <div>2-6-in.</div> <div>8-4·7-in.</div> <div>8-6-pounder</div> <div>1-3 „</div> <div>—</div> </div>
Brecc loaders .	—	2-8-in.	2-8-in.	—
Maxim guns	6-1·4	4-37-millimetre, 6 rifle calibre	—	—
Torpedo-tubes .	5	5	5	4 4 machine guns
Coal capacity	1,000 tons	1,000 tons	900 tons	1 boat gun 400 tons (1,000 tons on an emergency)

The boast cannot be controverted that the British Navy has no vessel to equal, size for size, these British-built cruisers of the Argentine, Chinese and Chilian navies; they are superior in speed, in protection, in armament, and even in coal capacity.

It is not only cruisers which have been built in this country for foreign Powers. Some of the most powerful battle-ships afloat have been fathered by British yards. The Japanese ironclad *Yashima*, and the sister vessel *Fuji*, built at Elswick and Blackwall respectively, may be compared with the contemporary British battle-ship *Renown*, and this comparison is decidedly not to the advantage of the *Renown*, the most expensive armoured vessel of her size in the whole British fleet, if not in the world. The *Yashima* has a displacement of 12,450 tons, being 100 tons more than the *Renown*. The two ships are of approximately the same speed, but the *Renown* can carry considerably more coal than her Japanese rival. In most other points the *Yashima* is superior as a fighting machine to the *Renown*, as the following figures illustrate :

#### Protection

	<i>Renown</i>	<i>Yashima</i>
Protective Deck . . .	2 to 3 inches	2·5 inches
Partial Harveyed belt . . .	6 to 8 inches; cross bulkheads 6 to 10 inches	14 to 18 inches; above belt over battery 4 inches
Barbettes . . . . .	10 inches	14 inches
Casemates . . . . .	6 maindeck, 2 to 6 inches; 4 upper deck, 4 inches	6-inch guns protected
Conning Tower . . . .	10 inches	14 inches

#### Armament

	<i>Renown</i>	<i>Yashima</i>
Breechloaders . . . .	4 10-inch	4-12-inch
Quickfirers . . . . .	10-6-inch	10-6-inch
	8-12-pounders	
	12-3-pounders	24-3-pounders
Boat guns . . . . .	2-12-pounders	
Maxims . . . . .	8-45-inch	
Torpedo tubes . . . .	5	5

It will be noted that while the *Renown* mounts 10-inch breechloaders only, the *Yashima* is provided with 12-inch breechloaders, the same guns that form the principal armament of the British leviathans of the *Majestic* type, which have a larger displacement by 2,450 tons than the two Japanese ironclads.

This trade in British war-ships has reached such dimensions that no one can be ignorant of its existence. But though the traffic in navy vessels is common knowledge, even the residents in the great-shipbuilding districts of the North do not realise the extent to which British capital, brain, bone and muscle have assisted foreign Powers in their efforts to strengthen their naval forces. The trade is carried on not merely with the South American Republics in their sporadic naval fits, but with practically every country in the world. The following details will indicate the number and character of the war-ships which have been designed, built, armed and fitted out in this country :—

*Argentine Republic*.—2 battle-ships, 3 coast-defence ironclads, 3 cruisers, 2 gun-vessels, 2 torpedo gun-vessels, 5 gunboats, 3 destroyers, 22 torpedo-boats=30,053 tons.

*Austria-Hungary*.—2 torpedo cruisers, 1 torpedo gun-vessel, 3 first-class and 26 second-class torpedo-boats=4,912 tons.

*Brazil*.—2 battle-ships, 2 coast-defence ironclads, 2 protected cruisers, 2 torpedo gun-vessels, 14 torpedo-boats=19,465 tons.

*Chili*.—2 battle-ships, 1 armoured cruiser, 3 protected cruisers, 1 gunboat, 3 torpedo gunboats, 4 destroyers, 18 torpedo-boats=33,965 tons.

*China*.—2 protected cruisers, 5 gunboats=10,620 tons.

*Denmark*.—1 cruiser, 18 torpedo-boats=1,284 tons.

*Germany*.—3 armoured cruisers, 1 torpedo gun-vessel, 5 torpedo-boats=26,271 tons.

*Greece*.—1 battle-ship, 3 cruisers, 11 gunboats, 8 torpedo-boats=9,906 tons.

*Haiti*.—1 gun-vessel=950 tons.

*Holland*.—1 battle-ship, 4 coast-defence ironclads, 3 gun-vessels, 3 gunboats, 10 torpedo-boats=13,096 tons.

*Italy*.—1 battle-ship, 3 cruisers, 40 torpedo-boats=13,000 tons.

*Japan*.—4 battle-ships, 4 armoured cruisers, 7 protected cruisers, 1 cruiser, 1 torpedo gun-vessel, 5 destroyers, 8 gunboats=97,505 tons.

*Liberia*.—1 gunboat=150 tons.

*Mexico*.—2 gunboats=850 tons.

*Norway*.—2 coast-defence ironclads, 1 torpedo gun vessel=6,840 tons.

*Peru*.—1 cruiser=420 tons.

*Portugal*.—1 battle-ship, 6 cruisers, 12 gunboats, 3 river gunboats, 6 torpedo-boats=21,016 tons.

*Roumania*.—1 cruiser, 1 gunboat, 2 torpedo-boats, 6 coastguard vessels=2,275 tons.

*Russia*.—1 coast-defence ironclad, 2 gunboats, 1 destroyer, 3 torpedo-boats=4,600 tons.

*San Domingo*.—3 gun-vessels=1,800 tons.

*Siam*.—1 cruiser, 1 gunboat=2,778 tons.

*Spain*.—2 battle-ships, 3 protected cruisers, 2 unprotected cruisers, 1 torpedo gun-vessel, 4 torpedo-boat destroyers, 9 torpedo-boats, 22 gunboats=31,621 tons.

*Sweden*.—3 torpedo-boats=110 tons.

*Turkey*.—8 battle-ships, 3 cruisers, 3 torpedo-boats, 3 gun-vessels=46,328 tons.

This is a very bald statement in detail of the significant fact that British shipbuilding yards have constructed for foreign navies war-ships with an aggregate displacement of 377,815 tons, equal to



about a quarter of the whole British navy, even if we include all the British vessels of doubtful efficiency, such as the ironclads armed with muzzle-loading guns, the old torpedo-boats of slow speed, and other vessels which are little more than despatch-boats for use in times of unruffled peace. At first sight such a trade in war-ships as is here revealed, such an open exchange of the best floating engines of war for foreign money, irrespective of the attitude of the buyer towards Great Britain, appears to be an outrage on all accepted ideas of patriotism. British shipbuilders have, however, a ready answer. 'If we did not build these ships,' say the shipbuilders, 'they would be supplied by French, Italian, or American firms, which are already our severe competitors. Moreover, by accepting these foreign contracts we are able to keep whole armies of workmen employed at good wages, and can afford to purchase great quantities of machinery and contribute in various ways to the prosperity of our country. When war breaks out, it will be for the Admiralty to say to us that none of the work we are doing for this or that Power must be delivered; that the ships we have nearly completed will be purchased for the British navy; and that we shall henceforth be required to go on building war-ships for our own country's defence. The Admiralty might also add that the shipbuilding yards at Newcastle-on-Tyne, on the Clyde, at Birkenhead and at Barrow will be required for the repair of any ship which gets disabled.'

This is the reply of the British shipbuilders to those who question the wisdom of assisting other countries, and possible allies of enemies, to build up great navies and thus endanger British supremacy on the seas.

The rejoinder suggests the question how far commercial considerations should outweigh pure patriotism when an enemy or possible enemy, such as Russia or Germany, sends over orders, as both these countries have done quite recently, for those marvellous, devilishly destructive torpedo-boat destroyers, which no other builders in the world have yet equalled, far less excelled. It is no strain on the imagination to picture a situation in Europe when these same destroyers, in the employ of an enemy, might seek to wreck the product of the same brain and bone and muscle, which has happened to become the property of the British Government. Whatever alliances Great Britain may or may not make in future years, it is certain that in the next great naval war, British-built ships will be pitted against British-built ships, and our national safety may be endangered by the warlike instruments made by our fellow countrymen. Such an event is more suggestive of an operative situation of Mr. W. S. Gilbert's creation than the deliberate acts of a great nation, but fact was ever stranger than fiction.

There are great possibilities in the race for naval supremacy on which the Great Powers have embarked. Recently the statement has been made that the Brazilian Government has sold two battle-

ships and a cruiser that are being built in this country and in France to its order. To whom they have been sold is a secret between the Brazilian Government and its customer. The United States and Spain have bought other vessels. Lord Beaconsfield supplied a precedent for such bartering in war-vessels, when in 1878 he purchased from Turkey the two coast-defence ironclads which still figure in the Navy List under the respective names of *Belleisle* and *Orion*. In view of these latest deals in war material, who can say that in the event of the relations between Great Britain and some other Power or Powers becoming strained, the whole situation may not be complicated by the transference from the navy of some minor Power to the enemy of two or three or even more of the ironclads or cruisers that have been built in British yards? It may be that such bargaining would upset all the careful calculations of the Admiralty, and place this country at a disadvantage.

But perhaps as strange as this assistance in arming the world against ourselves, is the policy of recent years of the British naval authorities of lending officers and men to foreign countries—our enemies if we accept the dictum that who is not for us is against us. British shipbuilders construct and fit out ships for these possible foes and the British Admiralty grants to officers on the active list permission to train the foreign officers and seamen in all the mysteries and intricacies that surround a war-ship as an effective weapon of offence and defence. Such service has been rendered to China and Japan and most of the South American Republics. At present the officers who are reorganising the Chinese naval forces, after the crushing defeat received from Japan, are English officers, with Captain Dundas at their head. The policy of good-natured assistance has quite lately been still further extended, and there are now seven young foreign naval officers serving in her Majesty's ships, learning all that can be learnt of the largest and—if the 'Truth about the Navy' can ever be found at the bottom of the abnormally deep well where it lies hidden—probably also the most efficient navy in the world. In various ships belonging to the Mediterranean Squadron and in H.M.S. *Powerful* now serving in Chinese waters are six lieutenants of the Chilian Navy, while the Crown Prince of Siam is a midshipman in H.M.S. *Ramillies*, enjoying the same advantages as any British-born aspirant to an admiral's flag. Albion may be 'perfidious,' but at least she gives a most liberal interpretation of the courtesies due from one nation to another, and does not permit mere questions of national policy to rob her of Napoleon's gibe, that the British are a nation of shopkeepers. It is not easy to suggest any alternative course, but the results of the present policy are surprising, if they be not an actual menace to our national security.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

### WHY 'VEGETARIAN'?

ON two or three occasions at least during the last twenty years I have been permitted by the editor to offer in the pages of this Review some remarks, the result of much observation, experiment, and thought, relating to the elements of human food and to the modes of preparing it for use. In doing so I have called attention to the importance of rightly selecting different kinds of diet appropriate to the many and varied conditions affecting the consumer. Thus, diet has to be considered first in regard to its fitness for different periods of life: for that of infancy; for that of growth to manhood; during middle life and old age. Secondly, it must be appropriate sometimes to the demands of a career involving considerable physical activity; or to those of one in which the occupation is largely intellectual, *i.e.* activity of the brain. Thirdly, it may have to be adapted to the requirements of an easy-going existence, in which little energy is demanded and little is expended in any pursuit. Lastly, all these conditions are considerably modified by the climate and temperature of the country which the individual inhabits.

In each of these categories, it must be obvious to most persons that much modification of diet may be required in order to secure as far as possible the enjoyment of unimpaired health and also reasonable expectations of attaining a fair longevity. In discoursing on this subject it has often appeared desirable to point out, especially to those who belong to the third group, and also to some extent to many of the second, that their chief risks of impaired health from dietetic error arise from too freely consuming the flesh of animals, together with that nutritious liquid secretion, milk, which these so largely produce. Further, that such persons might gain much by adopting what is usually understood as a lighter diet, *viz.* of fish, birds, cereals, vegetables, and fruit. One of the results of this advice, somewhat emphasised as it has been because of its undoubted importance to many, was that I found myself often quoted, and not infrequently with approval, by avowed 'vegetarian' authorities in speech or print: a notice which has been naturally gratifying, although scarcely, as it appeared to me, wholly merited from the 'vegetarian' point of view.

During the last year, however, such notices have taken a new form, and several quotations have been lately forwarded to me from 'vegetarian' prints in which I am distinctly regarded as a vegetarian or as recommending the practice so designated—whatever it may enjoin or preclude, of which more hereafter—and also as asserting that 'animal food is wholly unnecessary' for the support of man. Under these circumstances I cannot remain silent. I feel that a clear statement on my part has become necessary in relation to the subject of food or diet, since, during a period of more than forty years of professional activity, I have never failed to teach its supreme importance in relation to the preservation of health; and this, notwithstanding a career devoted for the most part to that exacting and engrossing pursuit, the practice of operative surgery. So much for the personal statement, perhaps already too long.

In offering a sketch of the sources from which it is necessary or desirable that man should seek his food, a brief summary of the purpose it has to accomplish in the economy of the body is first naturally demanded.

This purpose may be regarded as threefold: to repair the daily waste of the body itself, a necessary consequence of life and its activity; to maintain its natural heat, always in our climate a temperature many degrees above that of the surrounding media, whether earth, air, or water; lastly to provide the means of supplying energy to support an active existence.

To this end, fresh elements, similar to those of which the body is composed, must be furnished in such form and proportions as to repair its loss. Additional elements must be supplied, by the oxidation of which more heat and energy are produced in proportion to the demand. All these are only to be obtained through digestion, and must be acquired in response to the instinctive demands of hunger and thirst.

These elements are regarded as divisible into four distinct classes, as follows:

(1) The Proteids. This group contains an essential element for renewing the tissues of the body, named protein, without which life is impossible, since starvation must take place unless a sufficient quantity is supplied by food. It is for the most part a definite compound of carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen with nitrogen, often associated with a little sulphur and phosphorus. Slightly varying according to the sources from which it is derived, it is spoken of as forming the class of proteids.<sup>1</sup> They form a large proportion of the flesh and other parts of all animals used as food by man, and are found in many products of the vegetable kingdom; from which two sources the body can alone be supplied. The proteid element which abounds in lean meats, the muscle of animals, is known as 'myosin;'

<sup>1</sup> Some authors speak of these essentially nitrogenous compounds as 'albuminates.'

in the blood and other parts as 'fibrin'; it is also largely present in eggs as 'albumen,' and in milk as 'casein,' the nitrogenous constituent of cheese. There are, moreover, two nitrogen compounds allied to but not identical with proteids, viz. 'gelatin' and 'chondrin,' in bones and cartilage respectively. The proteid of wheat exists in smaller proportion known as 'gluten;' in leguminous seeds it is abundant as 'legumin,' almost identical with 'casein.'

(2) The hydro-carbons or fatty matters, carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen combined in certain proportions; necessary for nutrition, obtainable also from both animals and vegetables.

(3) The carbo-hydrates, also carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, but in different proportions from those of the preceding class, not so absolutely essential to life as the proteids, although they are most desirable elements of food. They are largely furnished by the vegetable kingdom, consisting chiefly of the starches of all grain, roots, and tubers, with the sugars and the gums; also existing in human milk and in that of the lower animals, as milk-sugar or 'lactose.'

(4) Lastly, certain products no less essential than the first class, all belonging solely to the inorganic or mineral kingdom: viz. water in large quantity, various salts of soda, lime, magnesia, potash, with traces of iron and other metals. All these must be present in the food supplied, and are so obtained from both animal and vegetable sources.

The human body may thus be regarded as a complex and highly organised machine adapted to execute work of varied but specific kinds; self-supplying by means of food, and automatically regenerating itself in order to maintain a condition of good repair.

It has been already said that the elements of man's food are obtained from both animal and vegetable sources, the chief of which shall be briefly mentioned. Among animals, he consumes the flesh of domestic quadrupeds, the ox, sheep, pig, goat, &c.; milk, butter, and cheese being derived from members of this group. Among wild animals, the various families of deer, with many varieties of ground and forest game both large and small, in different parts of the world; then domestic poultry in great variety, with eggs in abundance, also wild fowl and winged game. Of fish there is an enormous and varied supply in almost every part of the globe; besides these, marine mammals, turtles, lobsters, crabs, oysters, 'shellfish,' &c.

The vegetable kingdom may be held to comprehend the cereals, namely wheat, oats, barley, maize, rice, &c., all the leguminous seeds, viz. lentils, peas, and beans in great variety, the various nuts and their oil, roots and tubers, starches in many forms, gums, sugars, and honey, green vegetables, herbs, and fruits in profusion.

But there is a marked difference in the kind of provision afforded on comparing the products of the two kingdoms. While the vege-

table kingdom is conspicuous for the plenty and value of the carbohydrates produced, it will be seen that the proteids as well as the fats are not only less bountifully supplied, but exist in a form generally not so well adapted for man's digestion as those which are obtained from the animal kingdom. The most valuable proteid of the vegetable kingdom, since it is easily assimilated by the human stomach, is furnished in moderate quantity by certain members of the cereal class, viz. 'gluten,' and is consumed, for the most part here, in the form of wheaten bread. Next comes the extensive order of leguminous plants which, containing a very considerable amount of the proteid 'legumin,' furnish cheap and excellent food, although inferior to 'wheaten bread which contains less of the nitrogenous element. It is quite true that chemical analysis shows the presence of a larger proportion of that element, the legumin, in dried peas or lentils than is found in an equal weight of butcher's meat, of its corresponding proteid. But, on the other hand, none of the former furnish a proteid in so digestible a form as that of beef or mutton; many human stomachs failing to digest easily the leguminous product. From the flesh of animals man acquires their proteids readily; and if he happen to be a delicate invalid unable to digest solid food, an infusion of the meat, together with some purée of the flesh, will yield valuable sustenance in an easily assimilated form. No such treatment of the legumes will produce an equivalent; and their special proteid, like 'casein' or cheese its congener in milk, is then quite unsuitable. The lower animals, living on vegetables only, have stomachs and allied organs widely differing from our own, specially adapted to deal with vegetable foods and to convert them into flesh. Thus it is that oxen and sheep, exclusively vegetable feeders as they are, consuming only grass and a few roots, produce largely and rapidly the necessary proteids in the form of flesh, as man himself is wholly incapable of doing, and meat thus becomes to him a concentrated food of exceeding value, admirably adapted to his digestive system. The need for 'an abundant supply of easily digestible proteids to sustain the hard-working inhabitants of the British islands is obvious. And hence it is that almost all those who ordinarily classify themselves as 'vegetarians,' a numerous body of earnest adherents to a rule which forbids them to eat flesh, are mostly compelled to consume not only milk, butter, and cheese, but also eggs,<sup>2</sup> all of which are nevertheless choice foods from the animal

<sup>2</sup> Relative to vegetarian diet ordinarily used, but especially by vegetarian athletes, the following passages may be cited in support of the text, from *Best Food for Athletes*, published with the sanction of the Vegetarian Federal Union, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, 1893:

'Vegetable nitrogen is got from peas, beans, lentils, dhal, macaroni, &c., and from eggs, milk, and cheese, which are common foods among ordinary vegetarians' (p. 10).

Under diet advised for training is the following, and its success is recorded:

'Breakfast: Oatmeal or hominy porridge and milk. Have the porridge made stiff

kingdom. In these the proteids are largely present, also fats in abundance and in forms better adapted to the human stomach than are olive oil, cotton seed oil and various nut oils, the fats of the vegetable world.<sup>3</sup>

It is most desirable, therefore, that an intelligible definition should be framed to indicate accurately the diet thus erroneously described as 'Vegetarian,' a term which denotes the consumption of food obtained only from the vegetable kingdom, and can by no possibility be accurately, that is, honestly, used to include anything else. At any rate, it must before all things exclude the use of the specific proteids and fats which animals have produced in a concentrated form (milk) for the purpose of insuring a healthy, rapid, and generous growth for their offspring, when they are too young to eat any vegetable food, and could not digest it if they did. In no single instance is the young of the mammals, to which order man belongs, capable of feeding on any vegetable product, whether natural or artificially blended, during infancy and early childhood. And when the mother's milk is deficient or naturally ceases, that of the cow slightly modified, but containing animal proteids, fats, carbo-hydrates and salts, can alone maintain healthy condition and confer full growing power on the young and active animal. All forms of vegetable are non-digestible by the infantile organs and when given too early, as they not infrequently are, produce great disturbance, diarrhoea, colic, and, by no means rarely, fatal results. Not until some teeth have appeared, is the child, as a rule, ready to make its first trial of vegetable food; and, for the first year or even more of life, it will generally thrive better on wholesome milk than on any other food. Thus man is born into the world a consumer of animal food, and it is for the 'vegetarian' to show cause for determining at what age, if at any, he should henceforth be compelled to restrict himself to a diet from the vegetable kingdom.

In another form of abstention—viz. that from alcohol in all its

eat it cool with wholemeal bread and butter, and some Brazil or monkey nuts. No fluid.

'Dinner: Macaroni, a green vegetable, and wholemeal bread. Plain milk pudding afterwards; or a thick vegetable stew made from pearl barley, lentils, onion, and potato. Eat cool with wholemeal bread, and finish up with some milky pudding; or, make a dinner of wholemeal bread, an ounce or two of nuts, a little cheese or an egg and some milky pudding.

'Tea: This may be porridge, like breakfast, or wholemeal bread and butter, a few nuts, some fruit and cup of cocoa' (p. 11).

An example given of vegetarian food adopted in racing by an athlete not said to be a vegetarian at other times:

'The invincible Shorland believes in feeding every 20 miles or so when undergoing the strain of long-distance racing; rice puddings, stewed fruits, raw eggs, marmalade, &c., disappearing as if by magic' (p. 25).

<sup>3</sup> Every egg contains a chicken! that is, the entire material wherewith to make one; and requires nothing to produce a living animal but a little rise of temperature, 103° or 104° Fahr. either naturally or artificially applied.

forms—which has been of great service, and might be far more largely extended, with incalculable advantage to the community, the practice is clear and defined. The 'total abstainer' means what he says, and does not take his daily or occasional glass of wine or beer, unless strongly advised by his doctor, and by no means always then. The term 'Vegetarian' will assuredly soon cease to have a meaning, if clearly drawn definitions be not adopted to distinguish the man who consumes only products of the vegetable kingdom from the man who adds thereto the animal proteids and fats which exist richly in eggs, in milk and its derivatives. The two individuals support life on wholly different dietetic principles; the latter being certainly a 'mixed feeder' and not a vegetarian. It is no part of my duty to discover an appropriate definition; but, in view of the present loose practice in regard to dietary, the terms 'a vegetarian' and simply 'a flesh abstainer' appear correctly to indicate respectively the two classes I have described.

And here I may remark that there are individuals, a few perhaps, in this country, who are strictly vegetable-eaters; while large populations exist on little else in the tropics, where a small proportion of animal food only is consumed and that mostly fat. On the other hand, in northern latitudes little or nothing besides animal food is attainable, and a vegetarian diet, if procurable, would not sustain life in those regions. For climate is an important factor in relation to food. Man, wherever he exists, has to maintain his body at a constant temperature of at least  $98^{\circ}$  Fahr.; and it is obvious that an enormous difference must exist between the needs of the individual who lives near the equator with all surrounding objects at a constant temperature of  $85^{\circ}$  to  $95^{\circ}$ , and those of one who inhabits northern latitudes where it is continuously below the freezing-point  $32^{\circ}$ , often to the extent of many degrees. In each case the temperature of the body must be maintained at  $98^{\circ}$  or a little more, or man will cease to exist. In the large and populous zone we inhabit, which forms so extensive a portion of Europe, Asia, South Africa, America, and Australasia, and is known as 'The Temperate Zone,' there are very few persons indeed who can sustain their health and a fair amount of strength for many years on a strictly vegetable diet. I have met with a few, but a very few, individuals who have been able to assure me that they have long enjoyed continuous good health and strength upon a diet of bread, made solely from flour or meal of any kind and water, the best green vegetables, roots and fruits, avoiding all milk, butter, cheese, and eggs. Hence, it is only possible to regard man—considered as an inhabitant of the world at large, and manifesting as he does a strong and increasing impulse to explore and colonise in any part of the globe—as now naturally omnivorous: in other words possessed of a constitution which requires a mixed diet of animal and vegetable foods for



his well-being, in relative proportions varying according to temperature and activity of life.

This conclusion is not to be determined by inferences drawn from the nature of his teeth, which may perhaps offer some indications, but by no means any decisive evidence respecting the question; although the character of his stomach and intestinal canal strongly support the view here taken. In any case, anatomical evidence only indicates the results of a long course of development in the organs of a given animal, adapting it to the circumstances by which it has been surrounded, with the accommodations of structure which have enabled it to survive in its struggle for existence, to occupy a prominent place in the fauna of its country. The history of man's passage through the stages of what is understood by civilisation indicates that he has gradually extended his resources in the matter of food, and has long been omnivorous to the extent which circumstances have permitted. The present condition of his teeth and digestive organs as a whole is but the expression of what his environments and his energy through long ages of evolution have made him.

In the same manner the great vegetable feeders have acquired special arrangements already referred to in the 'compound stomachs;' and some, like the rabbit for example, have an enormously large cæcum which is utilised for the digestion of the bulky green food they consume; while the corresponding organ in the human subject exists in little more than name, being merely a slight dilatation of the large intestine.

In respect of teeth, stomach, and intestine, the human type closely corresponds with that which predominates among the various species of monkey; the cæcum being rather larger in monkeys than it is in man. Monkeys are often spoken of as living exclusively on vegetable diet, but this is very far from the truth. Moreover, the four genera of anthropoid apes which more nearly approach man than any other, viz. the gibbons, the orang-outang, gorilla, and chimpanzee, in a state of nature obtain their sustenance from both animal and vegetable sources.\* The numerous species of smaller monkeys, as well as the great baboons, all ranking lower in the scale of approach to man, live largely on insects and small lizards which abound in the African and South American forests; the baboons preying on eggs and young birds. The large anthropoids, just referred to, also eat eggs and birds as well as small mammals, whenever they can get them, in addition to the fruits and nuts which form the great staple of their diet. Their mode of life, largely spent on the branches

\* See *Anthropoid Apes*, by Robt. Hartmann, Professor Univ. Berlin. Translated as vol. liii. in 'International Scientific Series' (London: Kegan Paul & Co., 1885), pp. 227, 255.

and higher parts of lofty trees, affords them great facilities for obtaining such food.

Few people are aware that the large chimpanzee so popular and well known as 'Sally,' in the Zoological Gardens, was not infrequently supplied with animal food, which she evidently consumed with great satisfaction. It has been observed also that the gorillas and chimpanzees in the Zoological Gardens at Berlin have a marked preference for animal food, of which they enjoy a small proportion. As above noticed, their organisation indicates that while they are certainly 'mixed feeders'—that is, obtain their food from both the animal and vegetable kingdoms—they have been accustomed to consume a larger proportion of vegetable matter than is usually adopted by man. And lastly, having regard to the evidence which inquiries into pre-historic records of man's life have revealed, as well as to our knowledge of his existence since, with what we have learned respecting the habits of savage tribes of recent date, it is impossible to doubt that his diet has long been a mixed one. Among the last-named class, we know that a certain quantity of animal food is always greatly prized as a welcome variation from the roots and fruits which must doubtless have largely contributed to sustain his daily life.

At the same time, I do not doubt that more flesh is consumed by a large part of our existing population than is absolutely necessary or desirable. This is especially to be observed among those who possess ample means, and whose employments do not necessarily demand great muscular exertion, exposure in all weathers, and other causes of wear and tear to the animal tissues. Where exercise is very largely taken and manual labour is hard and prolonged, the concentrated and easily digested proteids of flesh are the most valuable foods for man's purpose. Where there is but little physical labour or activity, a smaller proportion is mostly advisable, and a better state of bodily health may be generally assured by selecting an animal food—fish, poultry and game, for example—less rich perhaps in proteids, and especially so in fat, than are beef or mutton, adding a considerable proportion of cereals and other products of vegetable origin. Theoretically, the vegetable-eater, pure and simple, can doubtless find in his dietary all the principles adapted for the growth and support of the body as well as for the production of heat and energy, provided that he selects vegetable growths that contain all the essential elements named; but he should also possess that precious but somewhat rare endowment, an unimpaired and naturally strong digestion capable of assimilating enough to support a fair average amount of activity. His life should be largely spent in the pure open air of the country, and he should select certain proportions of wheaten bread, oatmeal, and dried lentils, peas, and beans, say with macaroni, as a change, for the staple of his diet chiefly to supply proteids, some carbo-hydrates and salts; moderate quantities of

potato, rice, sago, fruits, and vegetables as supplementary carbohydrates and salts; and maize in the form of polenta, and olive oil with salads to furnish additional fats. In this way all the necessary elements are obtained and in due proportion, so that the total sum of food per diem is not too bulky, which a strict vegetarian diet is prone to become.

No doubt, there is, as all observation in every department of natural history testifies, a great variety of results in comparing the individuals of any species, their wants, qualities, and endowments, &c. And no differences are greater in regard to such particulars than those which are manifested by man himself, the famous dictum notwithstanding, which declares his 'equality' with his fellows! whatever that may be taken to signify. And thus it may be admitted that some persons are stronger and more healthy who live very largely on vegetables, while there are many others for whom a proportion of animal food appears not merely to be desirable but absolutely necessary.

The question of diet as modified for man in advancing years may appropriately come here. During the term of middle life, when his activity is at its maximum, food may be generous in quality and in quantity, corresponding, of course, to the nature of the force expended. But in later stages of life highly nutritious animal food, especially when containing also much fatty matter, is for the most part very undesirable. When through age man's natural powers fail, so that, no longer capable of walking three or four miles an hour, he finds two or two and a half in one hour suffice to exhaust his forces. he must lessen the supply of proteids and fats. The great error which friends usually commit is to urge him to take more nourishment to 'keep up his strength.' This, however, he is incapable of properly assimilating. And the consequence must be, unless an attack of indigestion forces him to change his course, that he gradually becomes fat and heavy, all movements are laborious and even painful, through the increased weight he has to carry, and from diminution, by reason of encroaching fatty deposit, in the space which lungs and heart require for their never-ceasing movements. For elderly people in this very common condition perhaps the most injurious aliment which can be selected is milk, and precisely because it is a concentrated solution of animal proteids and fats. Eggs are similarly constituted, and for the same reason should only be taken in great moderation. The well-known combination of eggs and milk, animal basis of so much farinaceous cookery, popular in every domestic circle in the form of custard, rice pudding, &c., affords excellent support for the man in middle life who enjoys constant active exercise. It is, moreover, a form of nutriment adapted in the highest degree for growing young people; but it is on that very account objectionable for those advanced in years, who

have long ceased to require materials adapted for increasing growth in association with habits of ceaseless activity such as those of young children, and want only to support life by easy digestion, and moderate daily exercise, but noting slight diminution of weight, the usual experience of the hale and healthy octogenarian.

I observe that attempts have not seldom been made by some of the advocates of vegetarian diet to show that the flesh of domestic animals reared for food is a very costly product, as compared with that derived from the ordinary cereal and allied growths. At first sight this appears to be a reasonable conclusion; but it will be found to be a mistaken one nevertheless if carefully examined. Thus poultry in very large quantity may be reared to a great extent on the offal of our fields, pastures, and kitchens for six months at least in the year. They are almost completely so provided for by the keen and frugal small landholding peasantry of France, at any rate until the brief final fattening process arrives for making the 'chapon' or 'poularde' a picture for the show or the market—not for feathers, let it be said, as in this country, but for abundant flesh and small bone. Sheep and oxen pick up a large part of their livelihood on commons, downs, and in country lanes, and the manure thus deposited is a very valuable contribution to the growing crops. Moreover it is impossible to disguise the fact that owing to the naturally cold, damp climate and to the changeable weather of this country, the wheat crop is always a hazardous one; hence a very large proportion of that which we require for consumption has to be obtained from abroad. But we can grow grass in abundance almost everywhere and produce from it some of the best beef and mutton in the world, an immense store of concentrated nutriment for our population. And if we had not become, of late years particularly, deficient in enterprise and initiative in what have been deemed the minor branches of our national agriculture, not a pound of butter or of bacon, not a single fowl or egg, would have been imported.<sup>5</sup> And it will still be our fault if we do not sooner or later regain the ability to supply abundantly our own population with these cardinal necessities of life.

There is still, as it appears to me, an important aspect of the 'Vegetarian' question, which may not be passed over without some

<sup>5</sup> The value of the following articles, all animal proteids and fats of the highest quality, imported for British consumption during the year 1896, the latest reported at present date, is thus stated:—

	£
Butter and margarine . . . . .	17,842,508
Cheese . . . . .	4,900,428
Eggs . . . . .	4,184,567

The weight of bacon and hams (cost not given) during the same year was 6,008,938 cwts., equalling 14½ lbs. per head of the entire population; while the imported butter equalled nearly 8 lbs. ditto, and the eggs, in number, 39 per head. *The Statesman's Year Book* (Macmillan 1897), pp. 84–5.

consideration. I refer to the fact that most of its followers appear to cherish a very natural aversion to become the occasion of death to any animal, especially for the purpose of food. Let me say that this amiable sentiment, inspired as it is by some of the best feelings of our nature, is one which I fully appreciate and respect. At the same time and not without a degree of reluctance, I venture to suggest that it is not merely an erroneous one, but is indeed the precise contrary of a true view after fair examination of the facts presented. I hope we may find, to the relief of many kind hearts oppressed thereby, that there is no ground for self-reproach or remorse in regard of death thus caused. There are some also, I believe, who object on the same ground to the employment of skins for dress, as in the use of leather for gloves and boots, and of furs for winter costumes &c.

It will doubtless be agreed on all hands that animal life is in itself a valuable and mostly enjoyable possession—even although death must be accepted as its inevitable termination in every instance—violent, that is, instantaneous, death being probably the most desirable mode for the animal; accident, or wounds insufficient to kill at once, starvation, chronic disease, and slow decay of nature, the most to be dreaded as causing the greatest amount of suffering. Still, although incurring the risk of undergoing some of the evils described, to which man and the lower animals are alike exposed, life is almost universally accepted by the former as a precious heritage; and very rarely is it relinquished without infinite regret, or if threatened, without a severe struggle: 'A skin for skin, yea all that a man hath will he give for his life.' Should any deny the accuracy of this view, I think it must be admitted that a severe and far-reaching indictment is thereby implicitly laid against that ordered government which animates and rules the entire universe, since it can scarcely be doubted that life on these conditions exists, or will exist during the fitting period of its history, throughout every portion of it which has come within the range of our observation. Regarding the globe on which we dwell, every portion of its surface, as well as the air itself and the water, is peopled with more or less intelligent beings and their germs, while all apparently vacant space therein is filled with teeming millions invisible to the naked eye. Indeed, the world we inhabit is nothing if not a very Cosmos of life; an ordered epitome of animal and vegetable existence; every individual member, however insignificant in either kingdom, destined to die, and to exchange sooner or later its constituent elements from a specific career of activity in one, for a corresponding course in the other. But this is not merely true of the tiny speck of earth of which our little planet is composed, an infinitesimal point in the great universe. Surely the existence of like laws may be postulated as governing the evolution of all the celestial bodies of which we can take cognisance. How vast and far-reaching that great universe is, it is impossible even to describe or imagine.

Countless worlds and cosmic systems are now, thanks to modern astronomical appliances, to photography and to the spectroscope, within the reach not only of cognition but of exact chemical analysis.

And this truth is so important, although but incidental to our subject, that I feel myself more than justified in adding the few lines necessary to establish my point. The last-named instrument, the spectroscope, enables the observer to determine and identify the presence or absence of its varied constituent elements in any part or portion of our own globe, whether those composing the structure of our bodies, the products of vegetable life, or the mineral and metallic elements which form the earth's crust. These last-named are the sole source and origin of all that unconscious life, the vegetable growths, which, necessarily first existing, henceforth become invariably present and irrevocably associated with all more or less conscious, that is, animal life. Without referring to minor exceptional points not yet determined, it has been ascertained that all the heavenly bodies whose rays have yet reached this world and have been examined for the purpose by modern instruments, contain in a state of activity precisely the same constituent elements as those by which we ourselves exist and are surrounded.

Is it then possible to conceive that the functions of such active agents can be other than those which they perform here? Is it conceivable—it is not to the mind of the scientific chemist—that the great agents Hydrogen, Oxygen, Nitrogen, Chlorine, &c., can co-exist with carbon, calcium, sodium, phosphorus, sulphur, &c., the metals and their congeners, without activity as a necessary consequence? Together they cannot be, without chemical change and ceaselessly varied results, in the presence of heat and moisture. It is impossible to resist a conclusion that the probability is enormous, indeed approaching nearly to certainty, that, the necessary factors of life being present and active throughout the entire universe, similar results in the production of life must follow. A vast portion, all the brilliant stars, are sources of heat and light and cannot fail to offer conditions for the existence of beings analogous to ourselves. Each star must be regarded as, like our own sun, the centre of a planetary system, more or less akin to our own. And when the appropriate temperature has arrived, the conditions suitable being present, it is not possible to doubt that life is called into existence. At all events, it is not possible to conceive of its non-existence in such circumstances. And that life must surely, in presence of all the conditions named, be more or less analogous to those we experience here, yet doubtless with modifications vast and innumerable, of which our own history, revealed by geological research, has provided ample illustration; since the materials and surroundings so closely correspond in all. Life—death—and ceaseless interchange of elements! Life, then, is the object, as a postulate, of the Universe,

so far as man may be permitted, not to imagine or even to speculate, but to infer from the foregoing data. It is the product of the vast scheme. Is life to be regarded as a blessing? I dare to suggest but one answer. My reader shall supply his own.

Grant then that conscious life is a boon to its possessors. The 'mixed feeder,' in a civilised society, at all events, ought to be aware that he is not the mere occasion of death to animals, but is, on the other hand, promoting life by propagating them for the purpose of food, and that he may conscientiously feel pleasure in the fact that he plays a humble part in promoting the happiness of his fellow créatures by furthering the great scheme which has associated joy with life. For the breeding of animals of all kinds for human food confers life on millions of beings possessing considerable capacity for enjoyment in their own way, on the best conditions attainable; conditions far superior in point of comfort, freedom from pain, accident, &c., to those which govern the wild breeds inhabiting the prairie or the forest. Better conditions than those which affect and constitute the mean of human experience; for those organised by man, when he acts as a temporary vice-Providence to the beast, exclude as far as possible all suffering from famine, exposure, from prolonged disease and slow decay. He confers a brief life, perhaps, but one which is well protected, thanks to vigilant oversight of the flocks and herds. For it is the manifest interest of the proprietor to maintain a healthy and happy condition for every one of his creatures during the entire term of their existence. And when the last hour has arrived, which is happily unforeseen, unsuspected, without the anxiety or dread it often brings to man, the stroke of death is arranged to take place almost instantaneously and without pain. (Or it should be so, for this can always be accomplished if ordinary care and skill be employed. It should become imperative on all those who confer life to insure absolute painlessness for the last moment. This is merely a question of police, should supervision be necessary, when the best method of accomplishing it has been determined.

Finally, I think we are entitled to demand whether it is prudent or desirable to accept vegetarian limitations to man's resources in relation to food in face of the world's rapidly increasing populations. Flesh, as heretofore shown, is a most useful concentrated form of nutritious elements, easily portable in small compass, already cooked, and is easily digestible under many conditions, in which vegetable foods cannot be readily obtained, or are too bulky for transport or more difficult to cook than the former. Would any commander be justified in accepting the responsibility of chartering a large vessel freighted with passengers and crew for a three months' voyage, with a commissariat solely supplied with vegetarian produce? Even with the additions of those animal foods, milk, butter, cheese, and eggs, which are so much used and so unwarrantably included under the

denomination of vegetables, it would be a rash proceeding. Still more the attempt to sustain an army in the field with similar rations. Or what travelling party having for its object to explore a tract in some unknown and possibly uninhabited country would be regarded as sane who did not go well provided with extracts of meat and cases of concentrated animal foods as well as cereals and legumes? And why should man be required to reject altogether the entire animal life of the sea, where Nature affords bounteous supplies of wholesome food on every habitable shore? The limitation of our food resources is in no sense desirable, but on the contrary is at this stage of the world's progress a flagrant anachronism. 'Man's enormously increased travelling facilities tend to render him naturally more cosmopolitan, more versatile in his tastes, appetites, and capabilities, and he can only gain advantage from a widened experience of new foods from both kingdoms, which modern enterprise must in time develop. The very idea of restricting our resources and supplies is a step backwards—a distinct reversion to the rude and distant savagery of the past, a sign of decadence rather than of advance.

Let us have all the world can be made to produce; it will yet yield new and useful, possibly even better, foods than those of the past to the scientific inquirer, be he animal-breeder, agriculturist, or gardener, and furnish additional proof that wisdom lies in accepting every form of wholesome food from whatever source, and without seeking to limit the bounty of Nature in any.

Why, in the name of common sense--why should it be 'vegetarian' only?

HENRY THOMPSON.



*PLACES AND THINGS OF INTEREST  
AND BEAUTY*

IN taking stock of the changes witnessed during the present reign, the growth of a feeling of collective ownership in the more noteworthy features of the country, whether natural or of man's creation, cannot be overlooked. While suggestions for nationalising the land have fallen stillborn, there has been a general drift of opinion towards putting some conditions upon the use by the individual owner of land and things connected with land. The successful movement for the preservation of the commons of the country, the strong feeling in favour of footpaths and rights of way—a feeling to which parish and district councils have given emphatic expression—the development of the municipal regulations of towns, all point in the direction of limiting the power of the individual citizen to deal with his land in a manner injurious to his neighbours. This drift of opinion has been especially marked in the case both of beautiful tracts of country and of historic buildings and ancient monuments. The modern history of the New Forest is a notable instance of its action in relation to natural scenery. In the last century the forest was regarded as a nursery of navy timber. In the fifties and sixties it was treated as a mere source of revenue; and when the suggestion was first made that the country had some interest in the singular charm of its woodlands and heaths, official hands were raised in holy horror. Yet in 1877 the Legislature unanimously passed an Act which, though very defective in the machinery employed, distinctly recognised the paramount right of the nation to forbid the destruction of a beautiful and unique district. As other evidences of the same policy may be cited the introduction of Mr. Bryce's Bill to secure the access of the public to Scotch mountains, and the widespread sympathy with its aims; the defeat of repeated attempts to drive railways through the Lake district; and the insertion in the Light Railways Act of last year of a provision for the protection of natural beauties of scenery.

When we turn to buildings and memorials of early times, the strong set of opinion is equally obvious. Fifteen years ago Sir John Lubbock

and Mr. Shaw-Lefevre succeeded in passing an Act for the protection of ancient monuments. The class of monument contemplated by the Act is limited, and private owners can set its provisions at defiance. But it is an undoubted declaration of the desire of Parliament that the earliest trace of man's occupation of our islands, whether written in earth or in stone, should be jealously guarded. There is, perhaps, still keener interest in buildings of the Middle Ages and of the not very old, but peculiarly English, architecture initiated by Wren. The Ancient Buildings' Protection Society, though not infallible or always able to give effect to its views, has checked the passion for restoration which (in itself a most healthy reaction from the state of mind which held the Gothic style 'barbarous,' and produced 'elegant' classical temples) bid fair to wipe out the history of most public structures and to cover the country with thin modern copies of ancient work. Parliament has refused to give its sanction to the injury of such places as the Charterhouse; and though a Court of Law doomed to destruction Lady Dacre's fascinating little hospital at Westminster, the Charity Commissioners, more sensitive to public opinion, declined to abolish its counterpart, the Trinity Almshouses at Mile End. Fifty years ago no one would have thought of the effect on the Hospital of St. Cross, Winchester, of the building of a new Master's house. Within the last few months two or three proposals to that end, criticised on the ground of their interference with the beauty of the old pile, have been abandoned. And though opinions have differed, and may differ irreconcilably, upon the recent controversy between the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough and the Society of Antiquaries, the very existence of such a controversy in the forefront of the topics of the day shows the keen interest of the public in its historic buildings, and its determination to make that interest known. A society, known as the National Trust, has, indeed, been formed for the express purpose of acquiring and holding for the public places of interest and beauty. And—perhaps the most remarkable symptom we have noticed—the London County Council, the creation of to-day, the terror of all good Tories—has, with the general approval of Moderates and Progressives, applied to Parliament this Session for power to purchase buildings and places of historical or architectural interest, or to undertake the expense of their maintenance and management.<sup>1</sup>

Yet strong as is the set of opinion in the direction we have indicated, the means of giving legal effect to it are slender. Not long since, the whole country rose in protest against the threatened destruction of the finest waterfall in the United Kingdom—the Falls of Foyers—a destruction deliberately designed by a private trading company for the purpose of supplying themselves with cheap water-power. There was no question of working any product of the particular neighbourhood; the destruction of the Falls was not an

<sup>1</sup> London County Council (General Powers) Bill, cl. 47.

incident in the development of the surrounding country. The Falls were sought for the water-power they offered, and the engineering scheme for the use of that power deliberately contemplated the diversion of the water and the abolition of the cascade. Such a proposal aroused just and wide-spread indignation. But the indignation was as powerless as it was strong and general. The only fragment of a weapon with which the British Aluminium Company could be fought was the power resting in the Inverness County Council to forbid the diversion of certain roads. In this manner the company might have been put to inconvenience, but, even so, they could not have been prevented from destroying the Falls, if they still chose to do so. The County Council refused to aid the public, the plans of the company were carried out in their integrity, and the Falls of Foyers have ceased to exist. Beside this glaring instance of the impotence of public opinion other examples pale. But the recent action of the Dean and Chapter of Peterborough furnishes, from one point of view, a parallel case. We have no desire to say a word upon the architectural problems which were presented by the condition of the West Front of the Cathedral. For our present purpose it is enough to point out that the Dean and Chapter occupied a position beyond legal control, and availed themselves without hesitation of the power they possessed. They may have been perfectly right, they may have been the saviours of the West Front against those who, with the best intentions, would have doomed it to destruction. But the power which has enabled them to take down and rebuild the north tower would have equally enabled them to take down the whole Front, and to replace it by a façade after the style of the South Kensington Museum or the Westminster Aquarium. Public opinion might have spoken in trumpet-tones, but if the Chapter chose to turn a deaf ear, it would have sounded in vain.

Something no doubt has been done, even before the law. Under Sir John Lubbock's Act of 1882 the owner of an ancient monument, of a certain limited class, may, by deed, constitute the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works and Public Buildings its guardians. In such a case the Commissioners are directed to maintain the monument; they are to protect it from decay or injury, and may, if necessary, fence it round and cover it in. While the monument is in their custody not even the owner is at liberty to injure or deface it. For the purposes of the Act, the word 'owner' includes persons entitled for life, corporate bodies, trustees of charities or for ecclesiastical or collegiate purposes, corporations sole (such as rectors and vicars of benefices), and in certain cases persons entitled to long leases. A person entitled to an estate for life, who has also powers of sale (*e.g.* under the Settled Land Act, 1882), can bind not only himself but all succeeding owners, so that he can, by placing a monument in the care of the Commissioners, put it out of the power of his suc-

cessors to destroy it. These are very important provisions; for the majority of landowners possessed of ancient monuments are the last persons to desire their destruction. It is the exception to find a landowner of the mind of the late Mr. Drax, who first tried to build upon Cæsar's Camp at Wimbledon, and then, being prevented in this endeavour, deliberately levelled foss and vallum. The Act enables the well-disposed owner of a monument to prevent such freaks on the part of his successors, and also to guard against the less remote possibility that the monument may some day be sacrificed to a building scheme, or to a ruthless farmer and a careless agent. It is satisfactory to learn that many landowners have welcomed the power of putting their priceless possessions out of danger. There are in all seventy-four earthworks and stone monuments scheduled to the Act of 1882 and to the Orders in Council which supplement the Act, and of these no fewer than forty-one have been placed under the guardianship of the Commissioners during the fifteen years of the operation of the Act.

There are other provisions of service to the public. The Commissioners may purchase monuments by agreement with the owners, and owners may give monuments to the Commission by deed or will.<sup>2</sup> There is a power to appoint inspectors of ancient monuments, and the public have a most learned inspector in the person of General Pitt-Rivers. Further, all persons, other than the owner, are forbidden, under pain of fine and imprisonment, to injure or deface any monument to which the Act applies, whether placed under the guardianship of the Commissioners or not. Thus, a farmer holding, as is usual, on a yearly agricultural tenancy is summarily punishable before a magistrate if he digs down a tumulus to make way for his plough, or breaks up a stone circle to metal his roads;<sup>3</sup> and the yet more wanton aggression of the squatter or the mere 'Arry' may be similarly visited.

A nominal grant (for last year, and for the current financial years, 100*l.*) is made by Parliament for the maintenance and protection of ancient monuments; and the Treasury has fixed the annual remuneration of the inspector at 250*l.* General Pitt Rivers has recently, however, with perhaps a misplaced generosity, forborne to draw his salary.

On the other hand, this useful Act extends only to what are known generally as megalithic remains—dolmens, stone circles and avenues, tumuli, and similar works. Not even the Roman Wall in

<sup>2</sup> Neither of these powers has at present been exercised.

<sup>3</sup> We are speaking of monuments scheduled to the Act or Orders in Council, or (being of a like character) placed under the guardianship of the Commissioners (see Sections 6 and 11 of the Act). It would seem possible to place a monument under the care of the Commissioners though it is not scheduled, but probably in practice any monument so treated would be scheduled.

Northumberland, or the Wall of Antoninus, which, running from the Clyde to the Forth, marks the northernmost limit of Roman occupation, is within the protection of the Act; still less any mediæval building, however rare, beautiful, or replete with historic associations. Curiously enough, in Ireland, legislation has gone considerably farther. Under the Act for the Disestablishment of the Irish Church, provision was made for churches and other ecclesiastical buildings which, having been vested by the Act in the Church Commissioners, appeared to that body to be 'ruinous, or wholly disused as places of public worship and not suitable for restoration for that purpose,' and yet 'to be deserving of being maintained as national monuments by reason of their architectural character or antiquity.' These buildings the Church Commissioners were directed to transfer to the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland, 'to be preserved as national monuments,' with a suitable endowment for such maintenance.<sup>4</sup>

Again, not only does the Ancient Monuments Act of 1882 give to the Commissioners of Public Works in Ireland the same powers as those possessed by the Commissioners of Her Majesty's Works in Great Britain, but Ireland possesses a more recent Ancient Monuments Act of her own. By an Act of 1892,<sup>5</sup> the Irish Commissioners of Works may, at the request of the owner, accept the guardianship of 'any ancient or mediæval structure, erection, or monument,' if they are of opinion that its preservation 'is a matter of public interest by reason of the historic, traditional or artistic interest attaching thereto.'

There is only one exception to the large class of buildings which may be thus placed in the care of the Commissioners. They may not take charge of a building which is used as a residence, except where the occupation is merely for the purpose of caretaking. Thus, if the Act were in force in England, Warwick Castle and Battle Abbey would be outside its scope, but Tintern Abbey, Raglan Castle, and Cowdray would be subject to its provisions, whereas, as legislation now stands, no English monument save megalithic remains can be placed in the guardianship of the State.

The Irish Acts have not been allowed to remain a dead letter. As soon as the Act of 1892 was passed, the Commissioners of Public Works obtained reports from the Society of Antiquaries and other learned bodies, and with this assistance compiled a classified list (not pretending to be exhaustive) of ancient buildings and ruins; this list, with a sketch map, accompanies their published report for the year 1892-3.<sup>6</sup> They have actually assumed the care of more than two hundred national monuments, which may be thus classified:

<sup>4</sup> Irish Church Act, 1869 (32 & 33 Vict. c. 42), sect. 25.

<sup>5</sup> Ancient Monuments' Protection Act, 1892 (55 & 56 Vict. c. 46).

<sup>6</sup> Public Works, Ireland, 61st Report, 1893 (C 7092).

Ruins of churches transferred under the Irish Church Disestablishment Act . . . . .	168
Megalithic remains (within the scope of the Act of 1882 <sup>1</sup> ) . . . . .	25
Ruins of castles and abbeys (within the scope of the Act of 1892) . . . . .	20
	213

These valuable possessions the Commissioners protect by the simplest means available—by fencing against cattle, by the erection of buttresses, by the making good of walls, and by similar work. They act under the advice of representatives of the Royal Irish Academy and the Society of Antiquaries; and (to use their own words) ‘the co-operation thus enjoyed by the Board affords a substantial guarantee that the work of preservation, which is their sole statutory duty, shall, without expanding into restoration, be carried out in harmony with the design and character of each monument.’<sup>2</sup>

Turning to the Commissioners’ finance, so far as can be gathered from the Blue Books, their account, on an average of the four financial years 1892–3 to 1895–6, may be thus stated :

<i>Income</i>	<i>£</i>	<i>Expenditure</i>	<i>£</i>
Grant from Parliament . . . . .	88	Establishment expenses, <i>i.e.</i>	
Income from invested money (part of endowment under Church Act) . . . . .	900	‘Salaries and travelling expenses of architects, caretakers’ wages, incidents, &c.’ . . . .	450
Application of capital of en- dowment (say) . . . . .	282	Works of maintenance . . . . .	820
	1,270		1,270

The original endowment out of the Irish Church Fund for the maintenance of ruined churches was 50,000*l.*

From the preceding sketch of the law in Great Britain and Ireland it will be seen that, while in neither island is any compulsion exercised upon the owner of an ancient monument to preserve it, or to abstain from destroying it, public moneys have, to some slight extent, been applied in both countries to the preservation of ancient earth and stone works, and public guardianship provided for them, while in Ireland this guardianship has been extended to the ruins of mediæval buildings.

France has, however, gone far ahead of this country in her care for the possessions of beauty and interest bequeathed to her by the successive generations of her sons. Not only is a department of the State definitely charged with the guardianship of the great architectural treasures of the country as well as of prehistoric remains, but something like an authorised list of the buildings, ruins, and megalithic monuments more conspicuously worthy of preservation has been prepared, and, by the application of the principle of compulsory

<sup>1</sup> All the monuments scheduled to the Act and to a Supplemental Order in Council have been placed in the Commissioners’ care, whereas in England the proportion is comparatively small.

<sup>2</sup> Report, 1896, C. 8239.

purchase, the means of preventing their destruction has been supplied.

The movement for the preservation of historic monuments first took definite shape across the Channel so long ago as 1831; but the work is now governed by a Law of 1887, and is carried out by the Minister of Public Instruction and a special Commission of Historic Monuments. The Law<sup>9</sup> of 1887 (which, to a large extent, confirms and authorises previous practice) provides that 'all fixed objects (*immeubles*), the preservation of which from the point of view of history or of art is of national interest,' shall be scheduled by the Minister of Public Instruction and the Fine Arts. Where the building or other monument belongs to the State, its insertion in the official schedule is to be arranged with the Minister of the Bureau to which the monument belongs, and where to a department, commune, or public establishment, with the governing body and the Minister under whose authority such public establishment is placed. In case of disagreement in either instance, the question is determined by a decree of the President of the Republic. Where the monument belongs to a private person, his consent must be obtained to its insertion in the schedule. If, however, this consent is refused, the Minister of Public Instruction may purchase the monument compulsorily.

The effect of the registration of a monument in this manner is to place it under the care of the Minister of Public Instruction. Without his consent it may not be destroyed, restored, repaired, or altered;<sup>10</sup> nor may it be acquired for the public service, until the Minister has had an opportunity of offering his remarks upon the proposal.

Similar rules apply to movable objects of national interest from the point of view of history or art, when they belong to the State or to public bodies (*établissements publiques*), but not when they are in private ownership. Articles of this kind, when registered, become inalienable, and may not be restored or repaired without the consent of the Minister for Public Instruction.

Wherever, in the course of excavations or other works, monuments, ruins, inscriptions, or other objects interesting archæologically, historically, or artistically, are discovered, if they are on public lands, the Mayor of the Commune must take steps for their immediate preservation, and report, through the Prefect, to the Minister of Public Instruc-

<sup>9</sup> No. 17,739, dated the 30th of March, 1887, published in the *Journal Officiel* of the 31st of March, 1887.

<sup>10</sup> An order of the President in Council of 1889 gives some interesting details under this head. No new frescoes or new painted glass may be inserted in a registered monument, or old frescoes or glass restored, or any work executed for heating, lighting, or the supply of water. Buildings may not be erected abutting on the monument; and nothing may be done to enlarge, isolate, or even protect the monument, without official sanction. The scope of such a law will be realised, when one mentions that Notre-Dame at Paris is among the registered monuments. (*Journal Officiel*, January 8, 1889.)

tion. If they are on private land, the Mayor is similarly charged with the duty of calling the attention of the Minister to the discovery, and the Minister may proceed to a compulsory purchase. In this case, and generally in executing the law, the Minister is to act with the advice of the Commission of Historic Monuments.

In Algeria and in all French possessions, where there is not already any special law on the subject, the Law of 1887 is made applicable, and the State reserves to itself all 'objects of art or antiquity, buildings, mosaics, bas-reliefs, statues, vases, columns, inscriptions, not only on public lands, but on lands granted out.' In other words, in no dependency of France can any national monument pass into private hands.

The Commission of Historic Monuments, which advises the Minister in the discharge of his somewhat delicate duties, was, in its present form, established by a Presidential Decree in 1889. Its objects are defined to be:

- (1) To prepare a list of monuments and objects having an historic and artistic interest.
- (2) To advise which of them require restoration.
- (3) To examine all proposals for restoration.
- (4) To recommend to the Minister for Public Instruction, how the moneys voted by the Legislature for the preservation of registered monuments shall be allocated.

The Commission is to consist of ex-officio members and members nominated by the Minister of Public Instruction. The ex-officio members comprise the Directors of Fine Arts, of Civil Buildings and National Palaces, of Worship, and of National Museums, the Prefects of the Seine and of Police, the Inspector General and the Controller of Works of Historic Monuments, the Director of the Hôtel de Cluny, and the Conservator of the Museum of Comparative Sculpture.

The nominated members are selected from lists of three submitted to the Minister for Public Instruction by the Commission. The Minister is to be President, and the Director of Fine Arts Vice-president of the Commission.

In preparing a register of monuments, the present Commission did not enter upon an untrodden path. The settlement of such a register was one of the earliest features of the movement, and in 1879 a sub-committee, over which the eminent architect, M. Viollet le Duc, presided, finally settled a comprehensive and most interesting list. It comprises in all nearly 2,500 monuments, divided into three classes, styled (1) ancient, (2) middle age, renaissance and modern, and (3) megalithic.<sup>11</sup> The first class consists of classical remains, and comprises such fragments as the well-known Tower of Augustus at La Turbie above Monte Carlo, the Amphitheatre at Fréjus, and the

<sup>11</sup> See an Official Report by a Committee of the Chamber of Deputies on the Proposal for the Law of 1887. (No. 1501, Chambre des Députés, 1887.)



still more famous remains at Arles and Nismes. The second list contains churches, castles, houses, and other buildings, whether in ruins or still used. In it we find such well-known friends as the Cathedral of Notre-Dame, the Sainte-Chapelle, the Louvre, the Luxembourg, the Hôtel des Invalides, the Hôtel de Cluny, and the Tower of Saint-Jacques de la Boucherie, at Paris.

The third list comprises ancient stone and earth works, cromlechs, dolmens, menhirs, stone circles and avenues, the only class which is the subject of legislation in England.

It need hardly be said that the second list is by far the longest, numbering nearly 2,000, while the megalithic, as compared with the Roman monuments, are about as two to one.

The schedule has been extended to Algiers and Tunis, where there are many Roman and many Moorish monuments, besides a few dolmens and cromlechs.

This valuable register—which, however, is not to be considered exhaustive—was adopted by the Law of 1887, subject to certain provisions by which, within a limited time and in certain cases, the registration could be challenged by the owner or person in charge. In such a case, if the monument were on public property, the ultimate decision was left to the Council of State, and if in private hands, the Minister of Public Instruction was authorised to purchase compulsorily, and thus put an end to all question.

One or two further details of the system may be mentioned. The owner of a building, ruin, or fragment of antiquity which has claims to be considered of national value may take the initiative in effecting its registration. On the other hand, the State does not necessarily take upon itself the whole charge of works for the maintenance of a registered monument. If the owner desires aid in such works, he must submit a scheme, showing how the necessary expenditure may be defrayed, and what other contributions can be obtained for the purpose. It is very important to note that the power reposed in the Minister of Education to protect a monument applies to any monument which it is proposed to register, for a period of three months, or until the final decision as to registration. This power of provisional protection is obviously of the highest value, as otherwise the country may be set at defiance by a cantankerous or grasping owner.

It remains to indicate the extent to which in France the public purse has been laid under contribution for the preservation of the historic monuments of the country. No less than 80,000 francs, (3,200*l.*) was voted by the Chambers for this purpose when the subject first attracted notice in 1831.<sup>12</sup> The yearly vote rose in no

<sup>12</sup> An Inspector General of Monuments was appointed in the same year. Thus France was more than fifty years in advance of this country in entering upon the

long time to 120,000, 200,000, and 600,000 francs, and in 1852, under Napoleon the Third, to 900,000 francs (36,000*l.*), while additional sums were devoted to special works, such as those at the Church of Notre-Dame de Laon. In 1879 the ordinary vote exceeded 1,000,000 francs, or 40,000*l.*, and in recent years it has averaged about 50,000*l.* In the United Kingdom, as we have seen, a niggardly grant of a few hundreds is all that has yet been obtained.

Thus we see that in every respect France offers a striking contrast to this country in her care for historic monuments. She spends money freely for their preservation; she charges a high Minister of State with their protection; she has a standing commission of experts to aid and advise the Minister; she possesses an official register of the more important of her treasures; and she does not scruple to overrule the individual in the interests of the community, and to take possession, upon payment of compensation, of any monument which a private person may threaten with destruction or injury.

It has been brought as a reproach against the French system that some ancient and interesting buildings have been restored in questionable taste and without due reverence for their architectural history. This may or may not be; such a criticism does not touch the principle which France has applied to the subject, but only the judgment and knowledge of particular Ministers or architects. Moreover, in England no such result is likely. For, in the first place, the Chancellor of the Exchequer would impose a constant check upon unnecessary expenditure; and, secondly, public opinion would at once make itself heard in Parliament and in the country against any unwise 'restoration;' and no Minister or Commissioner would care to spend money in defiance of such opinion. But, on the other hand, were the French law in force here, it would not be possible for a private body, however old or learned, to pull down and rebuild at will an exceptional and beautiful example of ancient work in one of our public buildings, and the nation would not, as at present, remain in ignorance of the treasures it possesses until (as is too often the case) it is too late to save them.

Other European countries have a machinery, more or less effective, for preserving their historic and artistic monuments. In Belgium a Royal Commission of Monuments was established by Royal Warrant in 1835, to protect the public buildings of the country, by advising the Government, and by controlling works of preservation on behalf the State; but there appears to be no power to protect historic monuments in private hands.

In Austria a central Commission for the preservation of artistic consideration of this important question. In 1887 the first Historic Monuments Commission was appointed.

and historic monuments has existed for many years, and now works under the supervision of the Minister for Public Worship and Instruction.<sup>13</sup> This Commission has for its objects the preservation of (1) memorials of prehistoric times and ancient art; (2) the architecture, sculpture, and painting of the Middle Ages and modern times down to the end of the last century; and (3) historical monuments of all kinds from the earliest time. The Commission works in conjunction with local societies and private persons throughout the Empire, and has large duties of supervision and advice. But there does not seem to be any power of interference with private owners, or of expropriation of historic or artistic monuments in private hands.

In Switzerland, interest in national antiquities is of very recent growth. In 1880 a private society was established for the preservation of historic monuments; and in 1892 the Swiss Federal Council recognised the good work of the society by endowing its committee with the authority of a federal commission, and directing a yearly grant of 50,000 francs (2,000*l.*) to be expended by this Commission in the preservation and purchase of Swiss antiquities. A portion of the grant is used every year in aiding public bodies and private persons to restore monuments, the subsidy varying from a third to a half of the cost. In 1894 the sum provided by the Federal Government for this purpose on the estimate of the Commission was 238*l.*

The Commission also surveys ancient monuments and prepares drawings of them on a large scale, and conducts excavations. It does not, however, appear to possess any power of compulsory purchase or of preventing injury to monuments by owners; nor does it seem at present to have published any official register of memorable buildings and remains. It is said, however, that its efforts, strengthened by the moral support of a Government grant, have awakened an interest in the subject throughout the country. A separate Federal Commission was appointed in 1891 to preside over the Swiss National Museum of Historical and Art Antiquities, which was called into existence by the Council in that year, and the home of which is at Zürich. A further grant is made annually for the purposes of this museum.

In Scandinavia, also, the subject of national monuments has engaged attention. In Denmark<sup>14</sup> a Royal Commission was appointed so long ago as 1807, and measures were taken for the enclosure and preservation of a large number of important historical monuments. In 1848 an inspector of monuments, subordinate to the Commission,

<sup>13</sup> Normative der K. K. Central-Commission zur Erforschung und Erhaltung der Kunst- und historischen-Denkmäler. Zweite veränderte Auflage. Wien, 1875.

<sup>14</sup> The collection of portable objects of antiquity is hardly within the scope of this article; but it will be remembered that it is owing to the steps taken to attract to the custody of the State prehistoric fragments found throughout the country that it has been possible to exhibit in the Royal Museum of Antiquities at Copenhagen the famous arrangement of stone, bronze, and iron implements upon which such interesting speculations as to prehistoric man have been founded.

was appointed, and an annual sum voted for the purchase and restoration of monuments, and for researches and surveys in connection with them. At the same time a law was passed, directing that in all future grants of Crown property a clause should be inserted in the deed of transfer providing for the due preservation of all tumuli, ruins, and other monuments on the lands granted; and this law has been from time to time brought to the notice of private persons, public corporations and local societies, with the suggestion that similar provision should be made in dealing with their properties. The Commission has also been instrumental in inducing the formation of local sub-commissions employing local inspectors, and since 1873 has received a substantial grant from the Rigsdag for the expenses of preserving monuments. In 1895-6 this grant amounted to 1,585*l*. The Commission has also taken steps to mark the site of monuments on plans, to urge on schoolmasters and pastors the duty of preserving ancient monuments, to stimulate local authorities (through the Minister of Public Worship) to take measures, upon the appointment of any fresh incumbent, for the preservation of monuments in the parish, and to direct (through the General Director of Railways) that due precautions should be taken not to injure any monument during the construction of railways.

In Norway, the body which is charged with the preservation of ancient monuments appears to be of purely private constitution, though it enjoys State recognition. It is authorised, for instance, to make investigations on State lands, and it receives an annual grant, which is applied partly in paying the salary of an inspector of monuments (*Antikrver*), and partly in defraying the cost of investigations, of the maintenance of ancient buildings, and of the publication of illustrated works relating to antiquities. In these and other ways the State gives a moral support to the view that the ancient monuments of a country should be preserved for its benefit.<sup>15</sup>

Turning now to the Southern peninsulas, Italy and Spain—in Italy a system analogous to that of France appears to exist. The State has large powers of examining and cataloguing all objects of artistic or historic interest, and the sale of movable articles of the kind out of the country, without the consent of the Minister of Public Instruction, is strictly prohibited; wherever such a sale is contemplated, the Minister may intervene and purchase. Excavations affecting antiquities must not be made without notice to the Minister; and he may watch the works, and even undertake their management. The destruction, spoliation, or defilement of manuscripts and other antiquities is punished with a fine.

In Spain, a Commission of Historic and Artistic Monuments exists in every Province, and its expenses are provided for in the Budget of

<sup>15</sup> Report for 1894 of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Norwegian Monuments.

the Province. It is composed of the corresponding members of the Academy of History and of the Academy of Fine Arts of San Fernando residing in or attached to the Province; and its objects are to preserve historic and artistic monuments belonging to the State, to direct archæological investigations, to give an authoritative recognition to the antiquarian or artistic value of public monuments, and thus to prevent their ruin by improper restoration or otherwise, and to intervene in public works likely to bring to light objects of interest. The Commissions are also charged with the care of Museums of Art and Antiquities, and the purchase of objects to enrich them. Each Commission acts as the adviser of the Governor of the Province in relation to historic monuments, and all expenses undertaken by the Province in relation to research, works of preservation, and the maintenance of museums must have the approval of the Commission. The Commission also acts in close alliance with the two Royal Academies, which are the Central Commissions for Historic and Artistic Monuments respectively, and certain expenses are provided for at the instance of the central bodies. A catalogue of all buildings of historic or artistic interest in the Province is prepared by the Commission, which also publishes papers on subjects of antiquarian interest. All local authorities are to assist the Commission, particularly watching over registered buildings, and collecting and forwarding to the Commission fragments of ancient objects accidentally discovered. It does not appear that either Provincial or Central Commission has any compulsory power as against private owners; but the official character of the Commissions, and the status and powers conferred upon them, must undoubtedly tend to awaken public opinion as to the importance of the monuments of the country and the propriety of preserving them.<sup>16</sup>

Thus, we see that in nearly every country in Europe,<sup>17</sup> the State recognises emphatically that it is its duty to preserve the buildings and remains, whether megalithic, classical, or mediæval, which embody its history and mark its progress in the arts. Great Britain alone is destitute of any official record of its possessions, and has confined its efforts to legislation of a very imperfect character in relation to one particular class of monuments—earthworks and megalithic remains.

So far we have dealt with buildings and other works of man, but in America a similar movement has taken place in relation to the preservation of natural scenery. The 'reservation'—to use the word in favour across the Atlantic—by Act of Congress, in 1872, of the

<sup>16</sup> *Reglamento de las Comisiones Provinciales de Monumentos Históricos y Artísticos*, approved by the Crown November 24, 1865: Madrid, 1876. When no other authority is cited the information as to foreign countries given in these pages has been obtained by the National Trust through the kind offices of the Foreign Office.

<sup>17</sup> It is said that even Russia has, since 1859, had a commission of a kind similar to those described.

marvellous district known as the Yellowstone National Park, 3,312 square miles in area, is a fact familiar to all of us. It is a remarkable instance of a characteristic too little seen in the councils of nations, that of foresight. To set aside, in a district which is probably peopled at the present moment to about the same extent as the Highlands of Scotland, a vast tract of country to be maintained in a state of nature—an asylum for the native fauna and a scene of unspoilt grandeur—for the benefit and enjoyment of distant ages, is an act which makes one hopeful of the future of democracy. But what has been done by the Federal authorities in relation to Yellowstone Park has been also done by more than one State Legislature within its own domain. Thus, the Falls of Niagara have been made the subject of a reservation by the State of New York. By a special Act of the State Legislature, passed in 1883, commissioners were empowered to purchase compulsorily so much of the Falls as is in the State, with Goat Island and a sufficient fringe of shore to give control over the surroundings. This Act was passed upon a largely signed public petition, and the sum of nearly a million and a half of dollars (300,000*l.*) was voted for the purchase. On the 15th of July, 1885, the Reservation was opened to the public; and from that day to the 30th of September, 1893, the State had advanced to the Commissioners 125,000 dollars (25,000*l.*) for maintenance and 54,729 dollars (about 10,946*l.*) for special improvements. On the other hand, the receipts from the use of the 'Inclined Railway' constructed by the Commissioners, and from other sources, amounted during the same period to 54,470 dollars (10,894*l.*), leaving a net charge, in addition to the original purchase money, of 125,259 dollars (about 25,000*l.*). Apart from works which may be said to represent capital expenditure, and from the State grants, the receipts of the Commissioners in 1892-3 amounted to about 11,000 dollars (2,200*l.*), and the expenses of maintenance exceeded 20,000 dollars (4,000*l.*). Thus the State of New York protects this unique natural feature of the New World from degrading and disfiguring surroundings—one may even say from positive injury through the reckless abstraction of water—at an expense of about 1,800*l.* a year. By means of special grants the Commissioners have also bought up and removed objectionable buildings, and restored much of the immediate neighbourhood of the Falls to its natural condition.

The example set by 'the Empire State' has been followed across the water. The province of Ontario has made the British side of the Falls public property also. Indeed, it is pleasant to learn that the first suggestion that the falls should be nationalised and saved from desecration was made by Lord Dufferin when Governor-General of Canada.

At a meeting with the Lieutenant-Governor of the State of New York (the Hon. Lucius Robinson) in 1878, Lord Dufferin suggested

joint action on the part of the State and the Province to put down the growing abuses, which more and more every year marred the surroundings of the Falls, and vulgarised this stupendous manifestation of the forces of nature. New York was the first to take active measures. For a time the Province of Ontario endeavoured to throw the work on the Government of the Dominion, and the Government of the Dominion held back. Finally, however, the Legislature of the Province took courage, and empowered Commissioners to take possession of the British Falls and the river bank, and to form the 'Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park'—a fitting tribute to the Sovereign in the year of her Jubilee (1887). Since the first purchase a long additional stretch of river bank and one or two commanding heights have been placed under the care of the Commissioners, who now own in all 675 acres, for which they have paid 454,104 dollars, or 90,821*l*.<sup>18</sup> The sum was provided by the issue of bonds guaranteed by the Province. The annual interest on these bonds is 24,227 dollars (4,845*l*.), and the maintenance and regulation of the park and other lands of the Commissioners cost, in the year 1895, 14,339 dollars (2,867*l*.).<sup>19</sup> Thus the total annual expenditure is about 7,700*l*. It seems a little unfortunate that the Commissioners, in order to make their undertaking pay its way, have felt obliged to authorise a firm of engineers to take a small portion of the water of the Falls for generating electric or pneumatic power, the rental paid varying from 25,000 to 35,000 dollars (5,000*l*. to 7,000*l*.). They state, however, that this arrangement will have no appreciable effect on the Falls.

Returning to the States, Massachusetts has also, within recent years, emphatically recognised the duty of preserving, for the public enjoyment, tracts of hill, woodland, and water.

Six years ago, at the instance of the Appalachian Mountain Club of Boston, a movement arose for the rescue from private ownership, and eventual loss to the community, of 'beautiful and historical places and tracts of land within the Commonwealth;' and by an Act of the State Legislature a Board of Trustees was constituted for the purpose of acquiring and holding such lands. This body in its first report summed up the position in these words:

Massachusetts, as a whole, is shamefully lacking in open spaces reserved expressly for enjoyment by the public. The mountain tops of the interior, the cliffs and beaches of the seashore, and most of the intervening scenes of special beauty, are rapidly passing into the possession of private owners, who hold these places either for their own private pleasure or for the profit which may be reaped from fees collected from the public. Moreover, as population increases, the final destruction of the finest remaining bits of scenery goes on more and more rapidly. Thus the prospect for the future is in many ways a gloomy one, particularly upon the seashore and in the neighbourhood of Boston.

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<sup>18</sup> Tenth Annual Report of the Commissioners for the Queen Victoria Niagara Falls Park, 1895 (Toronto: Warwick Bros. & Ruter, 1896), p. 61.

<sup>19</sup> *Ibid.*

The Board accordingly amongst other steps instituted inquiries as to the exact provision of public open spaces, and called together the Park Commissioners and Park Committees of the Metropolitan District round Boston to discuss the possibility of concerted action. The result of this step was the formation of a Board of Metropolitan Park Commissioners to act for a considerable distance round the city, and the purchase by this Board of four tracts of land of great natural beauty, extending in all to 6,070 acres. The largest of these is the district known as the Blue Hills, situate some eight or nine miles from Boston, and comprising nearly 4,000 acres of land. It is described in one of the Reports of the Commission as a 'chain of bold convex masses of rock and gravel, affording wide-spread panoramic prospects in all directions.' It is essentially a woodland district, uninhabited, and untouched by the hand of tillage. Its higher ridges are within sight from Boston, and their hazy outline on the horizon has no doubt given rise to its name. On the opposite side, about four miles out, is another large reservation comprising (with a certain area previously acquired as a collecting ground for water) about 3,000 acres, the Middlesex Fells, while the other acquisitions of the Commissioners comprise two finely wooded hollows, known as Stony Brook (460 acres) and Beaver Brook (58 acres). The Commissioners have moreover struck out lines of action as yet unknown in this country. They have recognised the great charm of river-bank and seaside, and have not only acquired a notable ravine on the Upper Charles (Hemlock Gorge), but have secured nearly the whole of the banks of the river for some distance above Boston, and a long stretch of sea-shore at Revere Beach. They have also planned, and to a large extent formed, 'park-ways,' to connect the great outlying woodlands in their charge with the Metropolitan Parks of Boston and the surrounding townships. These park-ways are broad boulevards with margins of grass, wood, and river.<sup>20</sup> Thus, the Blue Hills are connected with the State House, in the very centre of Boston, by a way which passes from one park to another by grass and tree and water, with scarcely a break; and Broadway Park is similarly linked to the Middlesex Fells. The Avenue Longchamps, leading to the Bois de Boulogne, suggests to us what may be done in this way. There are, in all, in the keeping of the Metropolitan Park Commissioners of Boston just 8,000 acres of open space, and this area, it must be remembered, is to be added to numerous parks, gardens, and river-banks in the care of the Boston Corporation and of the surrounding local authorities. No less than 4,300,000 dollars (860,000*l.*) has been advanced by the State for the work of the Metropolitan Park Commission. It will be admitted that, so far as Boston is con-

<sup>20</sup> The formation of some such ways was pressed upon the Charity Commissioners by the Open Space Societies, when the City Parochial Charities were in the melting-pot; but the Charity Commission preferred to found Polytechnics.



cerned, the preservation of places of beauty has been undertaken in earnest and on a princely scale.<sup>21</sup>

The above sketch of what has been done in other countries to preserve places of interest and beauty brings into striking contrast the absence of any adequate provision on the subject at home. Almost alone amongst European countries England has made no attempt to ascertain what historic monuments she possesses. No Minister of State is, as in France and elsewhere, responsible for the care of such monuments; no Historic Monuments Commission is in existence; and, while other countries have spent money freely in the protection of places either of historic interest or of natural beauty, a few hundreds are all that have been spared for the purpose by the Imperial Parliament. While the United States and the comparatively poor colony of Canada have interposed at great expense to save the Falls of Niagara from disfigurement, Great Britain allows its finest cascade to be destroyed without moving a finger. Public opinion is slowly awakening to the absurdity of this state of things, and to the deficiencies of our law and our State machinery to preserve our national possessions. The question is, in what direction may opinion act with the best prospects of success.

Now it seems obvious that one of the first steps towards protecting our national treasures is to know what we have to protect. At present there appears to be no record, either official or unofficial, of the historic monuments of the country, save the catalogue (obviously incomplete) of megalithic remains scheduled to the Act and Orders in Council relating to Ancient Monuments. The country is studded with Archæological Societies, and no doubt most ruins and remains of any consequence have been the subject of these Societies' Transactions. But, so far as the writer is aware, not even these Societies have compiled any official list of the monuments of interest within their respective districts. There are in England not only many castles, mostly dismantled and in ruins, illustrative of the feudal period, but also a wealth of mansions, still largely used for purposes of residence, of a somewhat later date and of peculiar beauty. To obtain anything like a general view of the extent of these charming features of an elder time one must dive into a series of county histories, guide-books, and other topographical works, and that often with anything but a satisfactory result.

To still smaller specimens of old work, often of great charm and interest—cottages in villages and houses in town—there is probably no key or index of any kind. No doubt the large area to be covered were inquiry extended so far makes anything like a comprehensive

<sup>21</sup> Compare the preservation of Epping Forest, 5,600 acres, at a cost of 230,000*l*. For the purpose of the above remarks we have used the First Annual Report of the Trustees of Public Reservations, dated January 1892, and the Reports of the Metropolitan Park Commission of January 1895 and January 1897, Commonwealth of Massachusetts Public Documents, No. 48.

register a task of great labour and difficulty. But something might be done towards its achievement,<sup>22</sup> while certain sections of the field might be traversed with comparative ease. A distinguished Scottish antiquarian and lawyer has recently published a valuable pamphlet, urging the Government to undertake, through the Ordnance Department, an exact archæological survey of the United Kingdom.<sup>24</sup> Such a work would be invaluable. But judging from the rate of progress of the Ordnance Survey, and the elaborate character of the work to be done, it would seem desirable that in the meantime less detailed information should be arranged and made accessible. The step immediately called for seems to be the formation of a committee or commission of some authority, which should compile a register, not of course exhaustive, but reasonably full, of the earthworks, megalithic remains, ruins, and buildings of historic or architectural interest with which the country is so richly furnished. This register should eventually be made official, but the precise time at which the Government should be asked, by means of a Royal Commission or otherwise, to give its sanction to the compilation may be left for subsequent consideration. The National Trust might very suitably take the initiative in setting on foot the preparation of such a Register.

The compilation of a similar register of places of natural beauty presents more difficulty; but there is no reason why something like a general view of the more remarkable features of the Islands, their ownership and condition, should not be obtained. The local authorities now called into existence throughout the country would probably be able to give valuable aid in such a work.

There are, however, other steps which may be taken *pari passu* with the compilation of such registers.

One of the measures most urgently called for is the extension of the Ancient Monuments Acts to mediæval remains. Ireland has already obtained this benefit, and it is difficult to imagine any reason for preserving the national monuments of Ireland which does not equally apply to Great Britain. It is true that the expense of repair and maintenance is partly borne in Ireland by funds derived from the Irish Church. But it can hardly be suggested that the preservation of mediæval remains in this island should be postponed till the disestablishment of the Churches of England and Scotland.

There is more difficulty when we come to the question of inhabited castles and mansions. These are not within the Irish Act. Never-

<sup>22</sup> An admirable commencement has been made in London by 'The Committee for the Survey of the Memorials of Greater London,' of which Mr. C. R. Ashbee is the Chairman. The careful work of this Committee has lately been recognised by the London County Council, which has recorded its desire 'that a register or list be made of buildings of historic or architectural interest in London.'

<sup>24</sup> *An Archæological Survey of the United Kingdom*, by David Murray, LL.D., F.S.A. (Glasgow: Jas. MacLehose & Sons, 1896).

theless, when it is remembered that legislation of the character we are considering is purely permissive and enabling, and that no building can be confided to the keeping of the Office of Works save with the consent both of the owner and of the Government, it is difficult to see why suitable arrangements should not be authorised even with regard to inhabited places. The Government might accept the guardianship, subject to a suitable endowment, to be provided either by the owner, or even perhaps, in certain cases, by special contributions from persons interested. This would seem a more reasonable procedure than that which was observed some few years since, after the fire of Warwick Castle, when the public were asked to rehabilitate a family seat which might have been sold and pulled down the day after the subscription list was closed.

Nor is any good reason apparent why legislation similar to that embodied in the Ancient Monuments Act should not be extended to places of natural beauty. The owner of Snowdon, or of the Falls of Lodore, the possessor of some ancestral park or fragment of natural forest, might in many cases be willing to preserve the place of which he is proud and fond for the enjoyment of his descendants or successors in its time-honoured state, free from danger at the hands of spendthrift or money-grubber, and free from the still greater risk arising from the increased value of land for building purposes, and the consequent temptation to realise. By some such machinery as that afforded by the Ancient Monuments Act he could prevent the destruction of what he prized without losing its possession; and, were such machinery adopted, it would be only right that property so put out of the building market should be rated at its agricultural value only, and valued for death duties with proper regard for the fetters imposed upon its use.

It is probably in these directions that there is the best hope for legislation. But a strong case may also be made for preventing the destruction of valued spots at the mere will of the owner. Extensive purchases by the nation are out of question at present; and it would be a mistake to legislate in a way to invite owners to offer the nation the alternative of purchase or irremediable loss. But in exceptional cases—such a case as the Falls of Foyers or Stonehenge—it would not seem unreasonable that there should be vested in some high Minister of the Crown, such as the Home Secretary, the power of arresting destruction until Parliament should have had time to consider a proposal for depriving the owner, by purchase or otherwise, of his disastrous power. There is no danger of a lavish expenditure of public money through any such legislation; the strong economical bias of the Treasury would be an effectual preventive. Indeed, there is no reason why, in every case, the necessary expense should be thrown upon the taxpayers. Localities might well be called upon to make special sacrifices, and voluntary effort would often supplement

public funds.<sup>24</sup> The power of suspension, until a scheme could be digested and the force of public opinion gauged, would be an effective check upon wanton outrage, and a valuable aid in the endeavour to preserve the antiquities and natural features of the country.

To recapitulate, the following are the heads under which it is suggested action might profitably be taken to give effect to the growing desire to save the country from the loss of that which makes it beautiful and interesting :

(a.) By voluntary effort—through Archaeological and other Societies, and Local Authorities—in the first instance, and subsequently officially, a register, not exhaustive, but authoritative, of interesting ruins, remains and buildings, and of natural features of exceptional beauty or interest should be compiled.

(b.) The machinery of the Ancient Monuments Act, 1882, should be extended to classical and mediæval remains and buildings, and some similar machinery to natural features. By this means an owner should be enabled to put any such possession beyond risk of destruction or injury by himself or his successors.

(c.) Where property is thus dealt with, the fact should be taken into account in estimating its rateable value : and its value for the payment of death duties.

(d.) In the case of historic monuments and natural features of exceptional value to the nation, a power of suspending destruction or injury until Parliament has an opportunity of legislation should be conferred upon some high Minister of the Crown, responsible to the country for the exercise of such power.

These suggestions are crude, and capable, no doubt, of large variation. In particular it is a question how far the work of preservation should be dealt with locally, rather than nationally. The spirit of local government is a most healthy one ; but it may be doubted whether, upon questions where immediate commercial gain may conflict with wider interests, it is altogether to be trusted. However, on these and other topics there will be ample opportunity for discussion. The object of this paper is to put a few facts before the public, and to indicate directions in which some advance may be made. Hitherto England has occupied herself almost exclusively in developing the individual character of her children, and has thereby secured for them a personal freedom of action probably unique in the world's history. It is time to consider how, without impairing the results of this great work, she may make better provision for the amenities of the collective national life.

ROBERT HUNTER.

<sup>24</sup> The mode in which open spaces, such as Parliament Hill and the adjacent fields, have been recently purchased offers a suggestive precedent. The funds have been supplied partly by the ratepayers of London, partly by those of the districts most nearly interested, partly by endowed charities, made rich by the growth of London, and partly by voluntary donations.

## FRENCH IGNORANCE OF ENGLISH LITERATURE IN TUDOR TIMES

### I

WHEN old Deschamps wrote, five centuries ago, in the middle of the Hundred Years' War, his graceful and now famous compliment to that 'great translator' Geoffrey Chaucer, he had no idea he was performing an unparalleled, unprecedented, and peerless deed, that was to remain for centuries unique of its kind. His praise, it is true, was of a limited sort; Chaucer was for him 'of worldly loves god in England' only because he had translated the *Romaunt of the Rose*. The English poet sang, perhaps, of Troilus; he told, maybe, tales on the road to Canterbury. Deschamps never heard of that; no one did in France; no other French poet spoke of any other English poet for ages. When the Renaissance came Chaucer was totally ignored in France, and Deschamps himself was scarcely better known.

Yet the connection and intercourse between the two nations was never interrupted; were it in peace, were it in war, they remained constantly in touch. The kings of France had Scotch auxiliaries who swore by 'St. Treignan' and spoke Scottish; English students elbowed French students at the Paris University; the sovereigns accredited to each other poets and authors of fame as ambassadors. Charles the Seventh of France was represented by Alain Chartier in Scotland, Charles the Eighth by the humanist Robert Gaguin in England, the said Gaguin falling into a mad quarrel with the rash Laureate of the early Tudors. Skelton aimed wild invectives at him, but allotted to him none the less a crown of laurel and a place by the side of Apollo; for, after all, one must be just. Homer, Cicero, and Petrarch were therefore to be seen on Skelton's Parnassus:

With a frere of Fraunce men call syr Gagwyne  
That frownyd on me full angerly and pale.

And well he might. Henry the Eighth sent as ambassadors to France the cleverest poets of his day, those who best understood the delicate art of sonnet-writing, the greatest admirers of Petrarch and of the French and Italian models, such men as Sir Thomas Wyatt, and 'thee'—Bryan—'who knows how great a grace—in writing is.' But neither helped to spread in France a knowledge of English

poetry. Bryan in particular made himself famous only as a matchless drinker. Little importance should be attached to his despatches, wrote the Constable of Montmorency, when he has written them *après soupper* (1538). The English poet Sackville is ambassador to France during the reign of Elizabeth, and the French poet Du Bartas is sent on diplomatic missions several times to the English and the Scottish Courts.

Marriages tightened periodically the bonds between the two royal families and the aristocracy of the French-speaking and the English-speaking countries. The sister of Henry the Eighth was Queen of France; the daughter of Francis the First became Queen of Scotland; Marot celebrated in French the happy event, and Lyndesay deplored in English the early death of the princess. Mary Stuart began her royal career as Queen of the French; interminable negotiations prepared a union between Elizabeth and a Bourbon prince. A daughter of Henri the Fourth of France was later Queen of England; a sister of Charles the Second married the brother of Louis the Fourteenth.

Numerous Englishmen visited Paris in the sixteenth century, and appeared either at Court or at the University, for the *grand' ville*, with her numerous printers, her savants, her royal lecturers, recently created by Francis the First (an institution which developed into the Collège de France of to-day), had followed eagerly the Renaissance movement and attracted foreigners from every part. Henry the Eighth sent his natural son, the Duke of Richmond, to be taught there; English Linacre struck there a friendship with French Budée, who 'opened freely his mind and bosom to him'—a thing, he said, 'he would not do for many people.' Surrey spent a year in Paris. The learned Sir Thomas Smith made a prolonged stay in France as ambassador of Queen Elizabeth, and some time as a prisoner in Melun, for ambassadorial privileges were not always a perfect safeguard in those days. Such mishaps did not matter so much then as they would now; Sir Thomas, when liberated, returned very quietly to his functions, remained a few years more in France, kept up his connection with the country, and had his principal works printed there; his book on the pronunciation of Greek, and even a work he had written while taking the waters in fashionable Bourbon l'Archambault on the pronunciation of English. Robert Estienne had to secure some Anglo-Saxon types to print this last book. It was, however, specially written for English people; few others read it, and the copy—to speak only of that one—preserved in the National Library has certainly not, even at this day, the appearance of having suffered from being over-read. Scotchmen, like Major and Buchanan, filled chairs in France; the latter, 'prince of the poets of our day,' says Florent Chrestien, wrote Latin tragedies, performed by his pupils (one of them being young Montaigne) and translated later into French: *Jephthée*,

1566; *Baptiste ou la Calomnie*, 1613. He paid (at times) high compliments to France: 'Hail, happy France, sweet nurse of arts, mother country of all nations!' and grateful France repaid his homage in translating by the hand of Du Bellay one of his Latin poems:

Adieu, ma lyre, adieu les sons  
De tes inutiles chansons. . . .

No Du Bellay bethought himself of turning into French a poem of the same period beginning—

My lute, awake, perform the last  
Labour that thou and I shall waste,

the work of the ambassador Wyatt.

Great indeed were the opportunities for the two nations, and very strange the results. Royal marriages, embassies, travels, and proscriptions multiplied for them the occasions to know each other. The religious troubles which caused so much bloodshed throughout Europe increased the intercourse, each country being used alternately as a place of refuge by the exiles of the other. Groups of French and English Protestants also met and lived together in the Low Countries, Strasbourg, and Geneva. The great English Bible of 1539 was printed in Paris by François Regnault. 'The paper is of the best sort in France,' wrote Coverdale. French printers crossed the Channel and settled in London; for there was in France a superfluity, and in England a scarcity, of printers; forty-one French towns had their printers before 1500, whereas, north of the Channel, only Westminster, London, Oxford, and St. Albans had theirs at that date. One of these immigrants, Richard Pynson, became printer to the king; he preserved his connection with France, ordered his material from Rouen, and used a finch (*pinson*) as his crest. But the English produce of his presses remained entirely ignored in France.

England, however, was visited by other people besides printers, courtly gentlemen, and diplomatists. The best writers and greatest poets of the period crossed the Channel. Ronsard in his youth made two journeys to Scotland and one to England. He spent thirty months in Scotland and six in London. He had performed the long sea voyage between France and Scotland in the company of one of the most famous poets of the latter country—the quick-witted Sir David Lyndesay. Claude Binet, the biographer of Ronsard, goes so far as to affirm that he accomplished the extraordinary deed of learning the language: 'Having learnt the language with great rapidity, he was received with such favour [in London] that France was very near losing one whom she had bred to be some day the trumpet of her fame. But the good instinct of the true Frenchman tickled him every hour, and incited him to return home; and he did so.'

He did so, and if a knowledge of English is not one of the fabulous attainments lavishly attributed to him by Binet, it can be asserted that his work does not show the slightest trace of any acquaintance with English literature. He does not seem to have preserved any remembrance of Lyndesay, whose fame, however, was meant to cross the seas; his English poems being translated during the sixteenth century, not into French, it is true, but into Danish. Greatly admired by Mary Stuart, the 'star-eyed queen,' as he calls her, and by Queen Elizabeth, author of several pieces dedicated to them, panegyrist of 'my Lord Robert Dudley, *comte de Leicester, l'ornement des Anglois*,' Ronsard scarcely left among the huge mass of his works some vague allusion to the possibility of such a thing as English poets. He had observed the presence of swans on the Thames, and that seemed to him a good omen for the poetical future of the race; but the way in which he expresses himself clearly shows that he had seen the swans with his own eyes, but not the poets. The fact is the more noticeable that Ronsard had been careful, before he wrote, to refresh his memory of England by a conversation with a newly returned French traveller. The traveller had described to him the queen, a youthful, learned, elegant, *beautiful* queen, who loved all arts, knew everything, and spoke all languages:

On dit que vous savez conter en tous langages.

He had given Ronsard full particulars about the splendid way in which Elizabeth loved to dress and 'adonise' herself, to mix gold and pearls with her 'longues tresses blondes,' and how she succeeded so well in making herself admirable that the sight would move even 'l'estomach d'un barbare Scythois.' But the traveller, who had noted all these details and many others given in full by Ronsard, had not had the curiosity to open *Tottel's Miscellany*, widely read then in London, and whose fifth edition had just appeared (1567). He did not think fit to give the head of the *Pléiade* information concerning the English rivals of Petrarch, Marot, and Saint-Gelais.

Another visitor, and a famous one, a good observer if any, came to England during the same reign. Brantôme, whose father had been united by the ties of a 'grande amitié' to Henry the Eighth, appeared twice at the Court of Queen Elizabeth. When, at a later date, wounds obliged him to renounce an active life, and he began to note all he remembered of his chequered career, he found place in his memoirs for three things he had been struck by among all those he had seen in England: a play, a picture, and a breed of dogs. The play was a mask of the Wise and Foolish Virgins, performed at Court in 1561 (the year of *Gorboduc*). 'The lady performers were quite beautiful, honest and well-behaved; they took us French to dance with them. Even the queen danced, and she did so with excellent good grace and royal majesty; for she was then in all her



beauty and grace. There would be only praise for her had she not caused the poor Queen of Scots to be executed.'

The picture was a representation of the battle of Cerisoles, painted by order of Henry the Eighth, and preserved in one of the queen's closets. But the only sight which seems to have given the visitor a heart-beat was the unexpected encounter in the Tower of certain dogs which suddenly reminded him of his native Perigord. François de Bourdeille, his father, taken to England by Henry the Eighth, had observed, while shooting with the king, that the royal dogs were 'but indifferent dogs either for the partridge or the hare,' and said that he would give his Majesty some of his own, 'much better looking, better trained, and black as moles, all of them.' He did as he had said, and sent to the king six dogs, four of them being bitches. With filial joy Brantôme discovered among the 'spaniels of the Queen of England' a quantity of those dogs as beautiful as before and as black as ever; they had increased to the number of twenty-four, and the Lieutenant of the Tower certified their origin and pedigree: 'Feu M. votre père y envoya cette race.' On poets Brantôme is mute; on dramas and theatres he is mute also. He had been able to see during his second journey in 1579 the two or three great theatres newly built in London (while there was only one in Paris), but he remembered only the dogs.

## II

Very different were the results of this intercourse in the two countries; while English literature continued ignored in France French literature was familiar to everybody in London. Skelton imitates the *Pèlerinage de la Vie Humaine*, Barclay translates Gringoire, Wyatt derives his inspiration not only from the Italians but also from Marot and St. Gelais; Spenser translates the Roman sonnets of Du Bellay, copies Marot and takes from him the idea of his royal and noble shepherds: Raleigh is in his lines the 'shepherd of the ocean,' and Elizabeth is the 'great shepheardesse,' in the same way as Louise de Savoie is in Marot 'la mère au grand berger' Francis the First.<sup>1</sup> Margaret of Navarre is praised by Nash as 'a maintainer of mirth.' Rabelais, 'that merry man Rablays' (says Nash again), is famous in London, famous enough to be a cause of anxiety to moralists:

Let Rabelais, with his durtie mouth . . .

writes Guilpin in his *Skialetheia*. Ronsard figures on the most elegant desks; James the Sixth has a copy which comes from his mother, Mary Stuart; Montaigne is translated and becomes familiar to Shakespeare; Du Bartas (owing partly to the similitude of religion) is more celebrated in England than in France; even the

<sup>1</sup> *Plaintes de Colin*.

'sweete conceites' of Desportes, as Thomas Lodge is pleased to call them, are 'englished and ordinarilie in everie man's hands' (1596); even Pibrac is translated, line for line, the exquisite platitude of the model being reproduced with unrelenting care.

Anglo-French vocabularies and grammars were compiled during the sixteenth century, sometimes by English, sometimes by French people; by Barclay in 1521; by Palsgrave, 'Angloys, gradué de Paris,' in 1530; by Saint-Lien, 'gentilhomme Bourbonnois,' in 1566; all those works are meant to teach French to the English, and not the reverse. It is most difficult to find some stray and obscure grammar compiled with a view to help the French traveller; and it is obviously intended for traders, not for literary or courtly visitors. The case is quite different in England. Saint-Lien, who translated his name into English, Holyband, became almost famous there; his *French Littleton* had countless editions; he could secure commendatory lines from no less a person than George Gascoigne, lost lines if any! for Holyband's treatises have long ceased to be considered 'a most easy, perfect and absolute way to learne the French tongue:'

This pearle of price which Englishmen have sought  
So farre abroad, and cost them there so deare,  
Is now found out within our country here,  
And better cheape amongst us may be bought.  
I meane the French, that pearle of pleasant speech;

&c., a sonnet, complete, 'Tam Marti quam Mercurio.' Different from Palsgrave, who would not sell his grammars to all comers, for fear of losing his pupils, Saint-Lien sold his by the hundred, and resorted to other means in order to fill his school; he inserted in his books familiar dialogue on himself, in which he gave his address and his terms, and disparaged other teachers, of whom so many, alas! are 'fort négligens et paresseux,' quite the reverse of one whom intelligent people give as a master to their boys: 'Jan, comment s'appelle ton maistre?—Il s'appelle M. Claude de Sainliens.'

Saint-Lien had, in fact, many rivals, and there was more than one school like his own, not only in London, but also in the country. The translator of Du Bartas and Pibrac, Joshua Sylvester, learnt French in Southampton at a school where, says Dr. Grosart, 'it was a rule all should speak French; he who spoke English, though only a sentence, was obliged to wear a fool's cap at meals, and to continue to wear it till he caught another in the same fault.'

No such schools existed in France for the teaching of English, and there was no room in Paris for any Palsgrave or any Holyband; professors of English would have starved there. Few men had even a superficial idea of what the English speech was like; Etienne Pasquier was one of those very few. In that curious farrago of notes and queries, with much useful information and innumerable ludicrous mistakes, which he called *Recherches de la France*, he gives evidence

of his knowledge that 'l'Anglois . . . pour le présent encores se ressent de grande quantité de noz mots pour la domination qu'entreprit sur luy le Normand.'<sup>2</sup>

But an actual smattering of English was a very rare accomplishment. When Rabelais would describe the first meeting of Pantagruel with Panurge, 'so ill-favoured that he seemed to be just off from the teeth of dogs,' he was able to represent the queer fellow addressing the giant in all sorts of languages—German, Italian, Dutch, Spanish, Hebrew, and even Utopian—but he had obviously no one near at hand to help him with an English speech: English figures only among the supplementary specimens of Panurge's erudition introduced into subsequent editions. And the printer having added his own mistakes to the incorrections of the master, we have, as a result, the following example of 'English as she was spoke' in sixteenth-century France: 'Lard ghest tholb be sua virtuiss be intelligence: ass yi body schal biss be naturall relutht tholb suld of me pety haue for natur hass ulls equally maide: bot fortune sum exaltit hess and ovis depreuit . . .' &c. &c. It must be remembered, however, that Continental printers, when unchecked by English correctors, would put forth garbled texts of this sort even in more serious cases. A dignified treatise by Hooper, printed at Zürich in 1547, begins: 'For asmouche as all mightye God of his infinit mercye and Goddenys preparyd Ameanes wherby . . .' &c. No wonder Pantagruel, hearing this strange idiom, simply exclaimed: 'Less than ever!'

The strange phenomenon will seem stranger still when we remember that during this great period of the Renaissance curiosity had been everywhere quickened. In France a thirst for knowledge was felt in all classes of society: foreign arts, remote countries, forgotten literatures, new systems and inventions, elicited keen attention, and often excited enthusiasm. People were fond of all that was old, but as fond also of all that was unexpected and new. At a time when an English grammar was a rarity and remained unknown to all Frenchmen of any account, Villegagnon and Léry compiled dialogues and vocabularies (printed 1578) to teach the language of Brazilian natives, and Ronsard, attracted by novelties, as all his contemporaries were, warmed at the descriptions of the travellers, and dreamed of going with Villegagnon to South America, where man lived 'innocently, free of garments and wickedness both:'

D'habits tout aussi nu qu'il est nu de malice.

<sup>2</sup> From that book Howell derived (without any acknowledgment) nearly all the informations, quotations, proverbs, and mistakes with which he filled his introduction to the 1650 edition of Cotgrave's Dictionary. He may thus have been credited with the unexpected statement that the word Languedoc did *not* come from '*langue d'Oo*,' but 'from the *langue de Got*, in regard to the Goths and Saracens.' It all comes, in fact, from Pasquier, except the Saracens, which are added by Howell as an extra ornament.

The importance of foreign languages was sure to be recognised at such a time; and it was, but with no practical result so far as English was concerned. Montaigne wanted young people to be early taken abroad, 'to rub and polish their brains against others,' and to learn languages on the spot. Ronsard willed that the 'prentice poet should learn first his mother-tongue in all its branches, dialects, and technicalities, and then addict himself to foreign tongues: 'Praythee, learn them with care; it will be a means to enrich thine own, as from an old treasure found under earth. There is no good writing in a vulgar tongue if one does not know the language of the most honourable and famous foreigners.' Who were those Most Honourables? Judging from his works, they were Petrarch, Ariost, Bembo, and even obscure Capilupi; no room was found among them for any Surrey, Wyatt, Sackville, or Spenser.

Such a view was not at all an isolated one; it was, on the contrary, the common opinion of the day. Henri Estienne, brother of Sir Thomas Smith's printer, published, in 1579, his treatise on the *Precellence du Langage François*, written to show that French can compare advantageously with all modern languages. The comparison is minute in that book with the Italian tongue; Spanish is admitted to be worthy of consideration; German is named, and English totally ignored.

Of this extraordinary fact the best explanation is that a tradition had established itself in the remote days of the Conquest, and survived untouched for centuries, that all people of any account spoke French in England, all thinkers and philosophers spoke Latin, and the rest was of no avail. All travellers, in fact, were struck by the general use of French among English society in the sixteenth century; Greek Nucius and Italian Paul Jove concur in the same testimony. 'All the English almost,' writes Nucius, 'use the French language' (1545). That the fact was in some way connected with the Conquest had not been forgotten even at that date; memoirs were addressed to Henry the Eighth protesting against the use of French in the law courts, 'as therby ys testyfyd our subjectyon to the Normannys.' Grumblers grumbled as much as they pleased; French continued the fashion, so much so that Sir Thomas More found in the London Franco-maniac a fit object for his satire, and described with his usual humour the fop of his day, who wore his ribbons and shoe-strings French fashion, who spoke Italian with a French accent, and English even with a French accent, and all languages in fact—except French alone:

Nam gallicam solam sonat Britannice.

Note also that, if English works were ignored in France, the Latin works of English thinkers were familiar to everybody. More, Buchanan, and Bacon were as much praised in France as in their

own country. The *Utopia* of 'Morus' had a Paris edition long before it had a London one, and it appeared in French before it was translated into English. But while 'Morus' became famous in France 'Sir Thomas More' and his *Workes* remained practically unknown. Englishmen were aware of the fact, but what could they do? Nash maintained, with great truth, in 1592, that English dramas and players deserved to be better known abroad, and he planned a *Latin* work to spread their fame.

Again, national animosities, spite, and disdain would not help to explain this peculiar state of things, in the sixteenth century especially, for the English had ceased to be in France *the* enemy. There were, doubtless, some battles and difficulties, but their import was comparatively small, and the results were balanced on both sides. Henry the Eighth took Boulogne, but his son sold it back to France, and Calais was retaken by Guise. The great enemy was the Spaniard, who had had the best of it at Pavia, and the worst of it at Cerisoles; who threatened France on all her frontiers, Pyrenees, Provence, Picardy; who was to be found before Aix, Marseilles, Metz, St. Quentin, Paris, and could gather in the middle of Burgundy, even during the last years of the century, to be crushed by Henri the Fourth at Fontaine-Française. Literary knowledge had so little to do with national animosities that Spanish was as familiarly known then as English was generally ignored. Spanish grammars and vocabularies swarmed on French soil; translating from the Spanish had become a regular trade. Italian spread no less. 'Coutumièrément,' says Brantôme, 'la plupart des Français d'aujourd'hui, au moins ceux qui ont un peu vu, savent parler ou entendent ce langage,' meaning either Italian or Spanish.

### III

Thus it came to pass that at the time of Shakespeare the French stage could be influenced by the ancients, the Italians, and the Spaniards, and not at all by the English; Buchanan being the only exception, because he had written Latin plays. The origins (mysteries, moralities, and farces) were similar in both countries, the starting-points stood very close. Great differences were doubtless to be expected as dramatic art developed, on account of differences in the genius of both nations; but those divergencies were increased by the total ignorance in France of what was going on in England.

Both arts followed, for some while, no very distant paths. In the two countries clever people, worshipful critics, men of knowledge, had given their verdict in favour of Renaissance, antiquity, and rules; against Middle Ages, 'Gothic' barbarity, and unbridled freedom. In the two countries certain people protested and rebelled against

Aristotle and his expounders; but what then? they were men who knew little Latin and less Greek.

The 'unities' were eloquently defended in England as in France; no Scaliger, no Jean de la Taille, no Vauquelin de la Fresnaye came forward as decidedly in their favour as Sir Philip Sidney did: 'The stage should alwaies represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it should be, both by Aristotle's precept and common reason, but one day.' He was loud in his praise of Buchanan's tragedies. The great thinker of the period, Bacon, was also strongly in favour of the classical drama and helped in the preparation of one of that sort. The regent of Parnassus, Ben Jonson, had ever the classic ideal before his eyes; if he could not follow it, the fault lay with the public, not with him; according to him, *art* was to reign supreme; those who wanted art must not have more than their due, 'Shakspeer wanted arte.' French Garnier was translated into English; his *Cornélie* had two editions in two years. Queen Elizabeth gave on numberless occasions the encouragement of her presence to classically inclined dramatists. She saw *Gorboduc* in 1561, a Latin *Dido* in 1564, *Tuncred and Sigismunda*, with passages unexpectedly drawn from Virgil, in 1568, and so on.

Rules, at the same time, are worshipped, but they are not strictly adhered to in France. Remember that this is the period when France delighted to follow the wandering thoughts of Montaigne, the 'enormous' inventions of Rabelais, and the audacious soarings of Ronsard, who found room in his verses for all sorts of words, speaking even of the *Christ empistolé* of the Huguenots. The days of Racinian *dérence* were far off, days when the dramatic vocabulary would be pruned with so much care and efficacy that in 1823, when everything was changed in France, and Europe had been revolutionised, it continued to be impossible to use the word *pistolet* in a tragedy, and Stendhal complained that all national subjects were thus excluded from the playhouse.

Not so in the sixteenth century. Ronsard had had his *Christ empistolé*; French dramatists took great liberties. They placed on the stage the same subjects as the English. They had their *Romeo and Juliet* by Chateauvieux (1580), their *Antony and Cleopatra*, their *Julius Cæsar*, their *Pandostos*, a little later (two of them) *Winter's Tale* in English. French Antony, as English Antony, shook the blood-stained gown of Cæsar before the assembled Romans:

You all do know this mantle . . .  
    . . . Voyez cette robe sanglante :  
 C'est celle de César !

Long before the ghost of old Hamlet had been placed by Shakespeare on the boards—to become the subject of a literary war in Voltairian days—Jodelle had shown his audience the ghost of

Antony, a French ghost, however, who was careful to declare in the opening lines of the play that Cleopatra would duly die within the prescribed number of hours :

Avant que ce soleil qui vient ores de naistre,  
Ayant tracé son jour, chez sa tante se plonge,  
Cléopâtre mourra.

National and historical subjects were as popular in France as in England. On the London stage Elizabeth appears in a play of Shakespeare, James the Fourth in a play of Greene, Henri the Third of France in a play of Marlowe, Henri the Fourth (yet on the throne) in a play of Chapman. In France Gerland takes for his subject 'all the troubles of France from the death of Henri the Second till 1566;' Pierre Matthieu writes a tragedy with a chorus, messengers, &c., 'offering a lively and impartial picture of the massacre of the Duke of Guise;' Claude Billard writes a drama on the assassination of Henri the Fourth in the year of the event. No care was taken of that *recul* so much thought of by Racine.

All those men lacked genius—nay, most of them even talent. No example left by them would serve as proof positive that men of genius could flourish outside the Aristotelian sheepfold; English examples being unknown, great as they were, could not supply that proof. As years went on the phenomenon grew stranger; opportunities for knowing English literature, and especially the English drama, increased; French dramatists (Montchrétien, Schélandre, and others) visited England; English dramatists and comedians visited France; but the English models remained as profoundly ignored as before.

English players came to France in the time of Shakespeare and performed dramas in the city and at Court. They were not mere strolling players; they did things on a rather large scale, for there was only one theatre in Paris, and that one they hired. The lease, dated on the 25th of May, 1598, by which the *Confrères de la Passion* allow them free use of the *grande salle et théâtre de l'Hôtel de Bourgogne* is still in existence among the papers of a notary public in Paris. They had at their head 'Jehan Sehai, comédien anglois.' Most sanguine and indefatigable as it seems, they invaded, so to say, the town; the Hôtel de Bourgogne was not enough for them; they wanted to, and actually did, play outside the hôtel, contrary to the privileges of the Passion Brothers. The judge had to interfere, and the Châtelet passed a sentence *à l'encontre desdits comédiens anglois*, obliging them to pay an indemnity to the Brothers. Whether owing to this quarrel or to other causes, the experiment does not seem to have been carried on for a long while, and it could scarcely be expected to in a town in which fewer people were in a situation to understand the players than if they had spoken native Brazilian.

Another English troupe appeared, however, in France some years later, and gave representations in the palace of Fontainebleau, where King Henri the Fourth and his son the future Louis the Thirteenth were staying. Héroard, physician-in-ordinary to the young prince, who was then scarcely four years old, saw the play with his pupil. It consisted in one of those wild and bloody dramas destined to cause such lively discussions in France a century and a half later. Héroard writes in his journal: 'Saturday 18th [September 1604]: At half-past three, lunch; conducted then the Dauphin to the great new hall, to hear a tragedy performed by English players. He listened with coldness, gravity, and patience till the head of one of the heroes had to be cut off.' What took place then? Was the child indignant as by a prescience of the arrests of Boileau? Did he lose his coldness or his patience? Héroard is mute on this point, but he continues: 'Taken him to the garden and then to the kennel to see the quarry of the hart given to the hounds. . . . He sees the hounds come to his very feet, busy with the carnage, and he sights the scene with the most remarkable assurance.' The physician observes elsewhere that the child feels interested only in weapons, 'all other pastimes being as nothing to him.' It seems most probable, therefore, that when he saw the head cut off in the play he was not shocked; his coldness, not his patience, vanished.

Young Louis kept, in any case, a most lively remembrance of the tragedy and of the acting, words, and attitudes of the English players. He was very fond of mimicking what had struck him; when 'Master Guillaume,' the fool of Henri the Fourth, had been with him, 'with mirth and laughter he repeated his jokes.' In the same way, ten days after the play, 'he asks,' says Héroard again, 'to be disguised; and with his apron on his head and a gauze scarf he imitates the English comedians who were at court, and whom he had seen play.' The day after he thinks again of them. 'He says that he wants to play in a play. "Monsieur," I said, "how will you say?" He answers: "*Tiph, toph*," swelling his voice. At half-past six, supped. He goes to his room, has himself dressed in his disguise, and says: "Let us go and see *maman*; we are comedians." On the 3rd of October he is haunted still by the lively remembrance of that memorable performance. "Let us dress as comedians," he says. His apron was tied on his head, and he began talking away, saying, "*Tiph, toph, milord*," pacing the room in long strides.' The rant, the long strides, the head cut off, all that befits many an English drama and many an English actor of the period. Youthful Louis did not prove a bad observer, and if, when on the throne, arms and hunting had not become his only pastimes, he would, probably enough, have given his support to a sort of drama different from the kind that was to be favoured later by a certain young man then nineteen, and very busy with theological studies, the future Cardinal de Richelieu.



Comedians came; critics and masters of the art did the same. Sidney visited France in his youth, and imbibed perhaps there his fondness for the unities. He appeared at the Court of Charles the Ninth in 1572, at the very time when Ronsard was staying there, had an apartment in the Louvre, and was writing his peerless sonnets for 'Hélène.' Elegant, graceful and learned, a poet born, Sidney pleased everybody, and, though a foreigner, was appointed by the king gentleman of his chamber. Henri of Navarre, who was to welcome the English comedians at Fontainebleau, struck up a friendship with him. He must surely have known Hélène de Surgères, who was then maid of honour of Catherine de Médicis, and the beloved of Ronsard; whether he may not have climbed in company with the elder poet the interminable stairs which led to the rooms of the *docte de la cour* is left for speculation:

Tu loges au sommet du palais de nos rois,  
Olympe n'avait pas la cime si hautaine.

If his sojourn left few traces, his name was not forgotten in France, for he received the first homage addressed to an English poet by a French poet since the days of Chaucer and Deschamps. Two centuries after Deschamps had praised the 'God of worldly loves in Albion,' Du Bartas celebrated the merits of that *cygne doux-chantant* Sir Philip Sidney.

Another came, and no one would have been better entitled to a hearing; Ben Jonson, who was then at the height of his fame, having given most of his great plays, including his Roman tragedies of *Sejanus* and *Catilina*. He was the regent of Parnassus in his country; he felt a boundless admiration for the ancients, and he had translated into English verse Horace's *Epistle to the Pisos*. All this ought to have secured for him a welcome. An intimate friend of Shakespeare, whom a few years before he used to meet constantly at the tavern, he might have given some idea of what the English drama was like. But old Ben loved a tavern even when there was no Shakespeare in it, and he appears to have made himself conspicuous in Paris only as a drinker. He accompanied to France young Raleigh, the son of the famous captain and courtier. The young fellow, an enterprising youth who had already killed his man in a duel (his tutor being the last person who might have blamed him for 'it, as he had done the same), gave himself the pleasure of causing his master 'to be drunken and dead drunk so that he knew not where he was.' Young Raleigh placed him then on a car which was drawn in the streets of the capital, and passers-by were free to admire Silenus asleep.

The end of the period draws near; it ends as it began. The Wyatts, Surreys, Sackvilles, Sidneys, Jonsons, and many others journeyed to France; all they wrote, all that was written by others

in the English language, be it Spenser's poems or Shakespeare's plays, remained unknown, not even the name crossing the Channel; opportunities after opportunities were lost; an intimate intercourse yielded no result, the one French poet who came nearest giving his compatriots a suspicion that there was such a thing as an English literature. Du Bartas, surveying 'the spacious times' in which he was living, could only name three writers, 'the pillars,' he says, 'of the English speech'—More, Bacon, and Sidney:

Le parler des Anglois a pour fermes piliers  
 Thomas More et Baccon, tous deux grands chanceliers; •  
 Et le mîlor Cydné, qui, cygne doux-chantant,  
 Va les flots orgueilleux de Tamise flatant.

For one poet alone he did more than merely mention his name, and that was James the Sixth, whose poem on the battle of Lepanto was by him *tourné de Latin en François*. James is eulogised as being an eagle and a phoenix and a true guide to the heaven of poetry. This may be considered the acme and *comble* of lost opportunities.

Elizabeth dies in 1603, Shakespeare in 1616. So few English literary works had been translated into French that it would be easy to count them on the fingers of one hand. And the translators were as perversely minded as they were scant in number. France had, owing to them, a knowledge of Greene's *Pandosto* and Nash's *Pierce Penilesse* a century before she knew Shakespeare. A change will come, a slow but total one. Tables will be turned one day; novelists and dramatists will enjoy an extra popularity in Paris *because* English, and Boissy will be able to match Sir Thomas More's picture of the Franco-maniac Englishman with his clever sketches of the Anglo-maniac Frenchman. Many years—all the *grand siècle*—have to pass before that transformation takes place. At the end of the Tudor period English literature was to the French public as though it had been written in that 'language of the Antipodes,' spoken of by Rabelais, and which 'even the Devil would not have a try at.' *Anglicum est, non legitur.*

J. J. JUSSERAND.

## *THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY AND MUNICIPAL ELECTIONS*

PARTY government in any sphere of local or national life seems to some a wholly irrational and indefensible thing. In the election to administrative or legislative offices, ought not, say they, the merits, abilities, and fitness of the rival candidates for those offices to be the sole consideration without reference to their opinions upon other and extraneous subjects? What, for example, has a man's opinions upon Home Rule to do with his fitness to manage public elementary schools or a municipal gasworks? Or, why should a man competent to direct Imperial policy be driven from office because of his views upon a municipal water question? Theoretically there seems to be but one reply to such questions, and that in a sense adverse to what is known as party government. And yet the practical outcome of government 'by the people for the people' has been the substitution of party ties and responsibilities for individual preferences and independence.

The tendency towards a system of party government which has been irresistible and uniform in national affairs, has been felt also in the sphere of municipal concerns. But its operation has not been universal and uniform. Various causes, chiefly arising from the exigencies of local circumstances and life, have combined to neutralise it. But in the main, wherever the magnitude of municipal affairs has been considerable, the tendency to introduce party government into local administrations has successfully asserted itself. The municipal elections in the large provincial cities and towns have long been contested upon party issues; and the results are indications of the trend of public opinion upon questions of national policy, simply because municipal parties are in the main identical with political ones.

The introduction of party politics into London municipal affairs dates from the establishment of the first municipal institution directly elected by the electors of the whole Metropolitan area. That institution was the School Board for London, which was established by the Education Act of 1870. Although the public

worth and merits of individuals largely determined the election of the members of the first School Board, yet the element of party politics was not wholly absent from it, and in a few years it became the predominant influence which really directed the operations of the Board. In 1879 the School Board for London had become in effect an adjunct to the Liberation Society. Party government was none the less real because it was cloaked and disguised.

Ten years later (in 1889) the second municipal institution directly elected by the electors of the whole Metropolitan area was formed by the establishment of the London County Council. The experience gained in working the London School Board was of invaluable service to the party which had dominated it in capturing the first London County Council. Party government in the guise of supposed individual excellence captivated the fancy and deluded the imagination of Londoners. The City of London elected Lord Rosebery upon non-political issues. Other localities imitated the City, and lesser celebrities, but more violent partisans, were accordingly elected. When the Council so elected began its operations it was no longer possible to keep up appearances, and London soon discovered that the County Council was dominated by a faction.

The dominant faction upon the London County Council was identical with the party which had been deprived of the control of the London School Board in 1885, and it received its main support from its political allies, the Liberal Party. But it did not openly avow its parentage. It dubbed itself, not the Liberal, but the Progressive Party. Those who control it are keenly percipient of the value of the theory that 'syllables govern the world.' A new name for an old thing may increase but does not diminish the number of its purchasers. No Liberal hesitates to vote under the appellation of Progressive; but many Unionists would hesitate to vote as Progressives under the appellation of Liberal. A Box and Cox arrangement is admirably suited to amuse the public until the comedy is played out.

The opponents of the Progressives, known as the Moderate Party, have not been equally fortunate in being able to rely upon the political support of the Unionist Party. That party has never given organised assistance to the Moderate Party upon the School Board, nor did it awake to the importance of organised effort in connection with the London County Council until the election of 1895. Whilst the average Liberal actually revels in the enjoyment of contested elections, the average Unionist is apt to regard them as interruptions to the settled course of his business and social life, and therefore as things to be avoided as much as possible. This *vis inertiae* of the Unionist Party is difficult to overcome except in times of emergency. But the secular political issues involved in County Council politics had become so important as to determine the leaders of the Unionist Party in 1895 to make a real effort to give its proper predominance

to the party at that election. Lord Salisbury, as Premier, addressed a meeting of London Unionists in November 1894, in which he urged the necessity of prompt action.

We must not be shy [he said] of using all our political power and machinery for the purpose of importing sound principles into the government of London. It is now as much our duty to do so as it is in respect of Parliamentary elections. . . It is as much our duty in all these elections, from the highest to the lowest, to act as a party, and to vote so that our principles shall prevail, as in the election of members of Parliament.

Two municipal elections followed this appeal. The School Board election took place before the end of November. A religious issue overshadowed all others in that contest. Questions had arisen as to the interpretation to be put upon the rule which dealt with Bible instruction in Board Schools, and which was known as the Compromise of 1871. In order to make the meaning of the original framers of the rule perfectly clear, and to bring it into accordance with the practice which obtained in the schools, the Moderate Party had inserted the word 'Christian' into the rule, so that it read as follows :

In the schools provided by the Board the Bible shall be read, and there shall be given such explanations and such instruction therefrom in the principles of the *Christian* Religion and of Morality as are suited to the capacities of children.

Besides this, a circular had been issued to the teachers, informing them of the change in the wording of the rule ; stating that it had 'always been the desire of the Board' to give the teaching from the Bible in that sense ; and offering to release, without prejudice to their position under the Board, any teachers who could not give Bible instruction in that spirit from the obligation of giving the Bible lesson.

Upon these issues the London School Board election of 1894 was mainly fought. The Moderate Party asked the electorate to approve their action, and undertook, if that sanction were obtained, to resist the re-opening of the religious controversy from any quarter. The Progressive Party undertook to revert to the original rule (that is, to remove the word 'Christian') and to rescind the explanatory circular. The contest was involved and bitter. The simple issues were clouded in a variety of sectarian and personal animosities ; but in the result the Moderate Party had a majority of three of the elected members. That majority, however, was only to be depended upon for the religious issues and that of the Chairmanship, and could not be relied upon for the purposes of ordinary administration. The Board consisting of fifty-five members could not be equally divided, and the majority oscillated between the main parties as one or two members, who claimed independence, variously voted.

During the whole of this contest the Conservative Party, despite Lord Salisbury's appeal, were 'shy of using their political power and machinery.' In the language of the workshop, 'the fires were slacked down.'

No sooner, however, was the School Board contest ended than a period of activity set in. By day and night 'the political power and machinery' of the Conservative Party was in full operation. Every effort was put forth to win the County Council election. Leading statesmen followed Lord Salisbury's example and took part in the contest. If a School Board contest could be won when fought under every kind of disadvantage without the aid of 'political power and machinery,' what could not be done in a County Council contest with the 'machinery' in full operation? And much was accomplished. The elected Moderates, hitherto a slender minority, actually numbered 59 out of a total of 118 elected members. At a later period the gain of one seat, owing to a casual vacancy, enabled them for the first time to become an actual majority of the elected members of the Council.

The Vestry elections of 1895 were fought and largely won by the same 'machinery.' The Parliamentary elections of the same year completed the series of triumphs. The Unionist Party almost monopolised the Parliamentary representation of London.

This recital of the salient facts of the London municipal contests of 1894-5 brings into prominence the mutual interdependence of these elections. Success in one leads to success in another. The Moderate Party cannot be successful in municipal contests without preparing the way for a Unionist triumph in a Parliamentary contest. To gain pre-eminence upon the School Board leads the way to pre-eminence upon the County Council, the Vestries, and in Parliament. The experience of a similar series of contests in 1897-8 illustrates from another point of view the same truth.

The local elections to Vestries and District Boards were fought by the Unionist Party during the years 1896 and 1897 with constantly increasing success. Early in 1897 preparations were made to fight the School Board election, for the first time, with the full force of the party 'machinery.' The principles for which the Moderate Party upon the School Board had steadily, consistently, and loyally contended, were embodied in a document which was approved by almost all, if not by all, the Conservative Associations of the Metropolis. That approval covered also the undertaking which had been given at the election of 1894, and loyally observed since that date, in spite of many difficulties, by the Moderate Party upon the School Board, namely, that any attempt to reopen the religious controversy should be resisted. Upon this basis, then, it was determined to fight the School Board election.

But the policy of making the best of Board Schools and of safeguarding the Bible instruction given by the teachers under the amended rule of 1894, did not satisfy those who think that progress can only be made through turmoil. The operation of the rule had indeed nullified all the predictions concerning it. It had worked

without causing the least friction. During three years not a single complaint had been made with reference to it from either parents, or teachers, or school managers, or School Board members. But the absence of complaint was not the only indication of its successful working. A committee, of strong Moderate proclivities, had supervised the work during the whole period. That committee had considered the reports of the examiners, and as a result had commended hundreds of teachers for their careful instruction. Positive testimony to the excellence of the teaching abounded; there was a total absence of complaint; and the Moderate Party had reason to be thankful for this outcome of their policy. But the measure of the satisfaction of the party as a whole with these results became also the measure of the hostility shown to the party by those who had now determined to wreck it. It was no part of their policy to be content with any approach to excellence in reference to Biblical teaching in Board schools. Their aim was to wreck the School Board system; and as that system had the support of the Moderate Party, which desired to work it in full efficiency, in a spirit of friendliness and of helpfulness towards Voluntary schools, the necessary condition precedent to upsetting the system was to destroy the party which could utilise it. All energies were bent therefore towards that end. But the real aim was not openly avowed. Lord Salisbury was induced to subscribe to a fund for defraying the election expenses of candidates for the School Board, to be nominated in opposition to those of the Moderate Party. Similar influence was used to clog the working of the political machinery of the Conservative Party. Finally it was brought to a standstill. The declaration of Lord Salisbury in 1894, quoted above, was thrown to the winds, and, either wittingly or unwittingly, he himself was in the van of those who trampled on it. The rank and file of the party throughout London were confused and thrown into disorder by this sudden change of policy; suspicion and discord was engendered everywhere; and in these circumstances the election took place. It resulted in the return of 14 Official Moderates, of 8 Independent Moderates, of 31 regular Progressives, and of 2 Roman Catholics, who were also Progressives. The contest on the Progressive side was fought with strict discipline, and was aided to the utmost by the political power of the Liberal Party. On the Moderate side there was a total absence of organised support. Because the regular organisations refrained from putting forward candidates, others were put forward who were only Moderates for electoral purposes, but in other respects were indistinguishable from Progressives. It was emphatically a battle of the rank and file, and from this point of view it is remarkable that those to whose election expenses Lord Salisbury had been induced to subscribe were conspicuously and deservedly unsuccessful in obtaining electoral support. They only numbered five of the eight Independent

Moderates. The attempt to wreck the Moderate Party failed; but it succeeded in placing the London School Board schools under Progressive influences for three years.

Whilst the School Board election was pending, Lord Salisbury attempted to rally Unionists, in view of the approaching County Council election, in support of the Moderate Party upon that body. The attempt was not successful. Mr. Ritchie, to whom London owes the County Council, the gift of a Conservative Government, had to listen to these observations: <sup>1</sup>—

In London you have not got a municipality: you have a little Parliament; and a little Parliament is not what you want. We have a big Parliament to which we all pay the deepest reverence. But we think that one big Parliament is enough for this island, and to double it by another little Parliament, which has less important matters to deal with, but which is hampered by all the difficulties which hinder the progress of business in its larger archetype—I think that is a proceeding destitute of wisdom and judgment.

Mr. Ritchie was not the only person who was in an uncomfortable position. The creation of ‘this little Parliament’ might possibly be ‘a proceeding destitute of wisdom and judgment.’ That allegation could only affect its creators. But what of its administrators? The members of the Moderate Party upon the County Council, some of whom had for years given ungrudgingly of their time to the public service, heard their work and themselves thus described:—

I desire to speak with the utmost respect of the members of the London County Council, and I reverence them very much for the amount of time and labour which they bestow fruitlessly upon the public good. . . .

In smaller municipalities,

You get . . . the best men of the town or district which they inhabit, the men who are well known to their fellow citizens, who have themselves conducted their own businesses with great success. . . .

Although I do not for a moment deny that you have excellent men on the London County Council, they are men of another type. . . .

What I am going to say I say with apology, for I should be exceedingly sorry if I were thought for a moment to cast a slur, which it would be most impertinent for me to cast, on the members of the County Council, but they are running a danger of becoming professional politicians. . . .

Notwithstanding the amplitude of the last apology, it is needless to point out that ‘the best men’ of any place are not induced to undertake onerous municipal work when they and their labours are liable to be publicly alluded to by the leader of their political party in the terms embodied in the above extracts. No wonder that Lord Salisbury’s appeal for candidates failed. Local men stood aside, and between thirty and forty of the new Moderate candidates were members of the legal profession without local influence or local connections.

Despite this unpromising beginning, the political machinery of

<sup>1</sup> Nov. 16, 1897, Speech in the Albert Hall.



the Unionist Party was soon in full operation. Nearly every member of the Cabinet spoke at one or more of the meetings in support of the Moderate candidates. The party newspapers, from the *Times* onwards, blew the party trumpet. The machinery was all there. What was wanting was the spirit in the people, which alone could make its use effective. Numbers were thoroughly disheartened and discouraged by the loss of the School Board election, and still more by the intrigues which led to its loss. The lack of local candidates was an evidence of local apathy; and there was local apathy because local unity had been broken up. Hence, to those who did not know these things, the result of the election came as a great surprise. The casual onlooker expected a Moderate victory. What he saw was disaster and defeat. Out of 118 elected members the Moderate Party secured the return of only 48. If these numbers be reduced by one half, there being two members for each division, except the City, they will make the comparison with those of the School Board election more striking. Out of 59 Councillors the Moderate Party gained 24. Out of 55 School Board Members the three sections of the Moderate Party gained 22. It is obvious that when the electorate is disheartened by one disaster, the combined efforts of party leaders, press, and machinery do not count for much in averting a further disaster.

There is fortunately some breathing space left in which to retrace the steps which have already been so disastrous before their effect is measured at a Parliamentary election. If a general election were now imminent, the Unionist supremacy in the Parliamentary representation of London would be in grave peril. An indication of this has already been given in the case of the Stepney election. The loss of that Unionist seat in a few days after the County Council election emphasises the existence of that intimate dependence between municipal and Parliamentary contests in London which has been traced in this Review. Nor is London experience in this matter unique. Recently at Plymouth local disunion in local concerns was followed by Unionist defeat at a Parliamentary contest, and the series was completed by a more marked defeat at the ensuing School Board election. It is impossible to play fast and loose in these matters. The Liberal Party makes no such mistake. And the Conservative Party can ill afford to be less teachable than its rivals.

Certain considerations arising out of the state of affairs commented upon in this article deserve to be especially noted. Whilst it is true that the rival municipal parties are in the main identical with the rival political parties, it by no means follows that the leaders of the latter are qualified to determine the policy which should be pursued upon municipal bodies. When a political party is true to its principles in the State it is not difficult for the same party in the municipal sphere to act within the same limits. But

any attempt to force a municipal party to break pledges publicly given must lead to the most disastrous consequences. From the lowest of all points of view—namely, whether the thing will pay—the breach of local pledges shakes confidence in a local party in a way in which the breach of Parliamentary pledges does not appear to affect a Parliamentary party. ‘The best men’ of the locality in this respect have more to lose than ‘the professional politician.’

Moreover, the public service rendered by party action is not that of securing the election merely of a combination of persons. It is to secure the triumph of certain principles of action. Conservative voters are not drawn to the poll by such assurances, for example, as that a Conservative Government legalised ‘picketing;’ nor are Conservatives willing to take much trouble in voting so as to secure excellent terms for monopolists. By the natural direction of their guiding principles they have a regard for institutions whose affairs they administer, which prohibits them from assenting to proposals destructive of those institutions. They do not think that local service is a fit subject for public raillery, or that that mode of treatment is likely to allure the ‘best men’ to undertake local work. But whilst these things are done in the name of the Conservative Party, apathy will continue. The results of apathy are noticed in the reports of Radical organisations as ‘indications of an improved state of public feeling.’ What will be said if apathy becomes alienation?

JOSEPH R. DIGGLE.

*THE CENTENARY OF '98*

IRELAND will shortly be the scene of a striking and pathetic demonstration. From almost every part of the world Irishmen will this year return to their native land, as representatives of the fifteen millions of their race abroad, to share in this demonstration. It will be the celebration of the Centenary of the Insurrection of '98. That insurrection ended in disaster and defeat, in untold loss of life and in the extinction of the Irish Parliament, yet Irishmen of all shades of Nationalist opinion, divided as they are into many sections upon the politics of the day, are uniting as one man to celebrate its centenary.

What is the explanation of this strange phenomenon? Does it betoken an abandonment of constitutional and a return to revolutionary methods? Does it typify the survival of a century-old and inextinguishable race hatred between the Kelt and the Saxon? or is it merely an interesting historical celebration of the same nature as the recent Wallace demonstration in Scotland, and of no actual political significance or importance whatever? It is not easy to give a concise answer to these questions. To deny the political significance of this celebration would be absurd. It will be undoubtedly a great demonstration of the ingrained hatred of British rule which, with the masses of the people, is as strong a motive power to-day as it was one hundred years ago. Its intensity will be increased by the temporary breakdown of Parliamentary and Constitutional methods which have followed inevitably from the abandonment and destruction of Mr. Parnell, and it will be an evidence that, if only the means were at hand, Irishmen would not be loth again to take up the weapons of revolution to forward their ends. This much the demonstration will certainly mean, and if it succeeds in destroying the idea that because Ireland to-day is peaceful and crimeless therefore she has abandoned the national struggle it will have served a useful end.

At the same time this celebration, in addition to its actual relation to the realities of the existing situation, will in one sense be essentially an historical one. There is no chapter in the sad history of Ireland which is for Irishmen so full of 'glorious pride and sorrow'

as that which tells of '98. The Rising ended in failure, but it was the failure of brave men fighting against overwhelming odds for a sacred cause. The men who led the rebels live as heroes and martyrs in the hearts of the people, and the universal feeling is not merely that no one need 'fear to speak of '98,' but that Irishmen have good reason to be proud of its memories and to celebrate its centenary.

I fear, to Englishmen generally, the story of '98 presents quite another picture, and I feel sure that the coming demonstrations will be pointed to in England as the celebration of a rising of Catholic against Protestant, unprovoked in any way by those in authority and marked all through by deeds of brutality perpetrated by the people. In other words, I fear Cruikshank's woodcuts are for the most part accepted by Englishmen as truthful pictures of '98. To men whose knowledge of the events is of this character, the forthcoming celebration must necessarily be a cause of offence and scandal, and how many are there who can truthfully say their knowledge of the history of '98 is complete or drawn from impartial sources?

The insurrection which Irishmen will this year celebrate was far different; it was one as to which they claim:—

(1) That it was planned by Pitt in order to facilitate the passing of the Union;

(2) That it was rendered inevitable by the withdrawal of Lord Fitzwilliam;

(3) That it was provoked, in the words of Lord Castlereagh himself, by 'measures being taken to secure its premature outbreak;'

(4) That such measures included the wholesale murder and torture of the people, and the devastation of the country at the instance of the Ascendancy faction;

(5) That the deeds of outrage by the people, though they cannot be palliated, were yet acts of retaliation and were much exceeded in atrocity by the systematic barbarity of the soldiery;

(6) That the commanders of the rebel army did their best to restrain their troops, while the only English commander who denounced outrage before September 1798 was at once deprived of his command; and

(7) That the rising was in no sense of the word a Catholic one.

If Irishmen are right in this view of the history of '98, no one can do other than respect them for honouring the memory and celebrating the centenary of the rising.

It is possible, I think, in a very brief space to prove from the writings of English Protestant historians and English statesmen of the day, every one of the claims advanced by Ireland in relation to '98.

Mr. Pitt's Irish policy was clearly defined before the year 1794. He had arrived at the conclusion, which to-day seems plain enough to every one who is acquainted with the facts, that the government

of Ireland by the methods which were then in force could not continue. The great danger against which he desired to guard was separation from England, and separation he regarded, and rightly so, as absolutely inevitable unless one of two courses was adopted. Either Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform should be granted and disaffection thereby disarmed, or the very existence of Ireland as a nation should be destroyed and a Legislative Union established. It seemed for one brief moment as if the first and more generous policy had received his sanction; but it soon became evident that his apparent adoption of a policy of conciliation was in reality part of the plan formed for the accomplishment of his designs. He knew well that in quiet times the proposal of a Legislative Union would be met with a storm of popular indignation, but after the suppression of an unsuccessful rebellion it would be different. He saw sectarian hatred gradually softening; he knew that the union of Irishmen of different creeds would be fatal to his scheme. After a rebellion, in which probably Catholic would be pitted against Protestant, he anticipated that the latter would be glad to rush into the arms of England for protection, and would accept the Union, while the former, regarding the obtaining of Emancipation from an exasperated and terrified Protestant faction as no longer possible, would also consent to a Union, in the hope of obtaining their rights from an Imperial Parliament. This is the accusation Ireland makes against Mr. Pitt: that he planned an insurrection in order to suppress it; that he allowed the people to be goaded into rebellion and then used that rebellion as a means of intensifying hatred between men of different religions in the same land; that he widened and deepened the chasm between the mass of people and the dominant class; and that he did all this in order to smooth the way for the carrying the Legislative Union. Surely a terrible indictment! Upon what evidence does it rest?

Mr. Lecky, in his *Leaders of Public Opinion in Ireland*, says:—

It is probable that he [Pitt] was already looking forward to the Union. The steady object of his later Irish policy was to corrupt and degrade, in order that he ultimately might destroy, the Legislature of the country. Had Parliament been a mirror of the national will, had the Catholics been brought within the pale of the Constitution, his policy would have been defeated. By raising the hopes of the Catholics almost to certainty and then dashing them to the ground, by taking this step at the very moment when the inflammatory spirit engendered by the Revolution had begun to spread among the people, Pitt sowed in Ireland the seeds of discord and bloodshed, of religious animosities and social disorganisation, which paralysed the energies of the country, and rendered possible the success of his machinations.

The Rebellion of 1798, with all the accumulated misery it entailed, was the direct and predicted consequence of his policy. Having suffered Lord Fitzwilliam to amuse the Irish people by the prospect of Emancipation, he blighted their hopes by recalling him, . . . and thus produced the Rebellion.

The same charge is preferred against Pitt by Sir Jonah Barrington

—a member of the Ascendancy faction—in his *Rise and Fall of the Irish Nation*. He says, in speaking of the Rebellion:—

Mr. Pitt's end was answered. He raised the Catholics to the height of expectation, and by suddenly recalling their favourite Viceroy, he inflamed them to the degree of generating the commotions he meditated, which would throw the Protestants into the arms of England for protection, whilst the horrors would be aggravated by the mingled conflict of parties. Having sent Lord Fitzwilliam to Ireland with unlimited powers to satisfy the nation, Mr. Pitt permitted him to proceed until he had unavoidably committed himself, both to the Catholics and the country, when he suddenly recalled him. The day Lord Fitzwilliam arrived peace was proclaimed throughout all Ireland. The day he quitted it she prepared for insurrection. Within three months Lord Clare had got the nation into full training for military execution. Mr. Pitt decided upon forcing a premature insurrection for a particular object, and did not calculate the torrents of blood that would be shed and the inveterate hatred that might be perpetuated against the British Government.

Lord Fitzwilliam clearly foresaw the result of Mr. Pitt's policy. He emphatically warned him that 'to disappoint the hopes of the Catholics would be to raise a flame in the country that nothing but the force of arms could keep down.'

Not content with recalling Lord Fitzwilliam and rendering an outbreak certain by first raising and then suddenly dashing the hopes of the people to the ground, Mr. Pitt at once took steps to hasten the day of revolt. Lord Castlereagh himself declared that 'measures were taken to secure the premature outbreak of the Rebellion.' Lord Camden, who succeeded Lord Fitzwilliam as Viceroy, declared that 'the measures taken by the Government caused the Rebellion to break out sooner than it otherwise would,' and the famous Secret Committee of the House of Lords which inquired into the entire subject and examined Emmet, O'Connor, and McNevin amongst other witnesses, stated in their report:—

It appears from a variety of evidence laid before your Committee that the Rebellion would not have broken out as soon as it did had it not been for the well-timed measures adopted by the Government.

The truth is, at the very time when Grattan was engaged in establishing the Independence of the Irish Parliament, and when the English Parliament was passing the Act of Renunciation declaring that 'the right claimed by the people of Ireland to be bound only by laws enacted by His Majesty and the Parliament of that Kingdom shall be and it is hereby declared to be established and ascertained for ever, and shall at no time hereafter be questioned or questionable,' at that very time English ministers were secretly considering and discussing a plan of Legislative Union. The Duke of Portland wrote on the 6th of June, 1782, as follows to Lord Shelbourne:—

I have the best reason to hope that I shall soon be enabled to transmit to you the sketch or outline of an Act of Parliament to be adopted by the Legislatures of

the respective kingdoms, by which the superintending power and supremacy of Great Britain in all matters will be effectually acknowledged.

And Lord Shelbourne promptly replied in the following words :—

The contents of your Grace's letter of the 6th instant are too important to hesitate about detaining the messenger whilst I assure your Grace of the satisfaction which I know your letter will give the King. I have lived in the most anxious expectation of some such measure offering itself; nothing prevented my pressing it in this despatch, except, having repeatedly stated the just expectations of this country, I was apprehensive of giving that the air of demand which would be better left to a voluntary spirit of justice and foresight. No matter who has the merit, let the two kingdoms be one, which can only be by Ireland now acknowledging the superintending power and supremacy to be where nature has placed it in precise and unambiguous terms.

English statesmen well knew that the Settlement of 1782 could not last without domestic reform.

The Parliament was corrupt. The Catholics were without the franchise. Irish ministers were responsible to the English and not the Irish Parliament. Of the 300 members of the latter assembly 123 sat for nomination boroughs and represented only their patrons. The scandal of the Pension List is thus dealt with by Mr. Lecky :—

The enormity of this grievance is sufficiently shown by the fact that the money spent in pensions in Ireland was not merely relatively, but absolutely, greater than was expended for that purpose in England; that the Pension List trebled in the first thirty years of George the Third, and that in 1793 it amounted to no less than 124,000*l*.

When in addition to all this it is remembered that a Penal Code excluded Catholics from any share whatever, even indirectly, in the government of their country, it will easily be understood why English statesmen whose minds were set upon a scheme of Legislative Union resolutely opposed every effort at reform.

In June 1791 the United Irishmen Society was formed at Belfast by Theobald Wolfe Tone. Its object was to secure Catholic Emancipation and Parliamentary Reform. It chiefly consisted of Protestants. It was an open and constitutional organisation. Of course Wolfe Tone was at all times a Revolutionist and a Separatist, but we have it established on the evidence of Emmet, McNevin, and O'Connor before the House of Lords Committee that separation was not contemplated by the founders of the United Irishmen at all, and that it was not until they became convinced that reform was impossible that the Society was converted into a revolutionary one. When Lord Fitzwilliam was recalled in 1795 the United Irishmen became convinced, in the words of Emmet, O'Connor, and McNevin, that it would be 'as easy to obtain a revolution as a reform, but still the whole body would have rejoiced to stop short at reform.'

From the moment of Lord Fitzwilliam's recall the Rebellion was inevitable. His place was given to Lord Camden, who immediately

placed the government of the country once more in the hands of the Beresfords and Cookes and other leaders of the faction, whose avowed policy was to suppress all popular liberties.

Forthwith 'measures were taken to secure the premature outbreak of the Rebellion.'

It is difficult for an Irishman to speak calmly of the series of outrages upon an unarmed and defenceless people which then commenced. My object in these pages is not to inflame or embitter the feelings of any one, but rather to explain, if I can, why it is that Irishmen see in the struggle of '98 a righteous uprising against intolerable wrong, and why it is that they are about to celebrate before the world the memory of their forefathers who died fighting bravely, though vainly, in the contest. It will be impossible for Englishmen to understand this Centenary Celebration unless they recall how the Rebellion was caused and how it was suppressed.

As to what happened on the accession of Lord Camden to office I shall call English witnesses only.

Walpole, an English Protestant writer of the present day, says in *The Kingdom of Ireland*:—

The Roman Catholics were attacked indiscriminately. Masters were compelled to dismiss Roman Catholic servants, landlords to dismiss Roman Catholic tenants. Decent farmers, quiet peasants, hardworking weavers, quite unconnected with the Defenders, received notices 'to go to Hell - Connaught would not receive them.' Their houses were burned, their furniture broken up, and they and their families driven from their holdings.

The historian Plowden declared of the persecution in the County of Armagh: 'In that one county alone in the year 1795 seven thousand Catholics, men, women, and children, were driven from their homes and put to the sword.'

Lord Gosford stated in December of that year:—

Neither age nor sex, nor even acknowledged innocence of any guilt, is sufficient to excite mercy, much less to afford protection. The only crime which the objects of this ruthless persecution are charged with is simply a profession of the Roman Catholic religion. A lawless banditti have constituted themselves judges of this new species of delinquency, and the sentence they have pronounced is nothing less than a confiscation of all property and an immediate banishment.

In this same terrible year 1795 the Government majority carried two Coercion Acts through the Irish Parliament in spite of the opposition of Grattan. One of them (36 Geo. III. c. 6), entitled an Indemnity Act, afforded protection to magistrates who 'apprehended suspected persons without due authority, and sent suspected persons out of the kingdom for His Majesty's service [i.e. in press gangs] and seized arms and entered houses and did divers other acts not justifiable by law.'

The second Act was called an Insurrection Act (36 Geo. III. c. 20), and it gave unlimited powers to magistrates to arrest and



imprison without trial persons suspected of disloyalty.<sup>7</sup> Martial law was then proclaimed. Walpole, in his *Kingdom of Ireland*, thus described what ensued :—

All the safeguards of the Constitution having been suspended, numbers of persons were taken up on suspicion, flung into gaol, and refused bail. Spies and informers were the only witnesses, and of these the Government had a whole army in their pay. The prisons overflowed, guard-houses and barracks were filled with political suspects, and, worst of all, no discipline was maintained among the soldiery, who were allowed to commit all kinds of excesses, and to abuse and maltreat the people. The yeomanry, which had been called out, was composed almost entirely of Orangemen, and these, with Militia regiments sent over from England, were encouraged to play havoc with the miserable inhabitants. A Welsh mounted yeomanry corps, named the Ancient Britons, under the command of Sir Watkin Williams Wynne, were especially notorious for their brutal violence. Houses were plundered and burned, women outraged, and children brutally ill-treated and murdered. Men were seized and sent on board tenders untried. They were flogged, 'picketed,' and half hung to extort confessions. They were hunted down and sabred. Villages and whole districts were devastated, and the inhabitants turned out of their homes into the ditch.

In 1796 a change was made in the command of the Irish army, which was given to Sir Ralph Abercromby. Immediately after his arrival in Ireland he reported that the troops were 'utterly without discipline' and were engaged in driving the peasantry into rebellion by atrocities of every kind. In one of his letters he said, speaking of the soldiery, 'Houses have been burned by them, men murdered and others half hanged. Within these twelve months every crime, every cruelty that could be committed by Cossacks or Calmucks, have been committed here.' In February 1797 he issued a general order to the army in which, after alluding to 'the irregularities in the conduct of the troops and the state of licentiousness which must render them formidable to everyone but the enemy,' he appealed to his officers to restrain them.

Immediately the Viceroy called upon him to withdraw this order, and because he refused to do so he was forced to resign. General Lake took his place and the horrible work went gaily on.

Lord Holland, in his *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, thus speaks of Sir Ralph Abercromby's recall :—

His recall was hailed as a triumph by the Orange faction. Indeed, surrounded as they were with burning cottages, tortured backs and frequent executions, they yet were full of sneers at what they whimsically termed the 'clemency' of the Government.

Sir Ralph Abercromby's own comment on his recall was: 'Lord Camden has betrayed the situation of Commander-in-Chief, he has thrown the army into the hands of a faction and made it a tool under their direction.'

In the English House of Lords, Lord Moira drew a fearful picture

of the wholesale system of torture practised upon the people of Ireland towards the end of 1797. He said :—

My lords, I have seen in Ireland the most absurd, as well as the most disgusting tyranny that any nation ever groaned under. I have been myself a witness of it in many instances ; I have seen it practised and unchecked ; I have seen the most grievous oppressions exercised, in consequence of a presumption that the person who was the unfortunate object of such oppression was in hostility to the Government ; and yet that has been done in a part of the country as quiet and as free from disturbance as the City of London.

In former times, it had been the custom for Englishmen to hold the infamous proceedings of the Inquisition in detestation. One of the greatest horrors with which it was attended was that the person, ignorant of the crime laid to his charge or of his accuser, was torn from his family, immured in a prison, and in the most cruel uncertainty as to the period of his confinement, or the fate which awaited him. To this injustice, abhorred by Protestants in the practice of the Inquisition, were the people of Ireland exposed. All confidence, all security, were taken away. In alluding to the Inquisition he had omitted to mention one of its characteristic features. If the supposed culprit refused to acknowledge the crime with which he was charged, he was put to the rack, to extort confession of whatever crime was alleged against him by the pressure of torture. The same proceedings had been introduced in Ireland. When a man was taken up on suspicion he was put to the torture ; nay, if he were merely accused of concealing the guilt of another. The rack, indeed, was not at hand ; but the punishment of picketing was in practice, which had been for some years abolished as too inhuman, even in the dragoon service. • He had known a man, in order to extort confession of a supposed crime, or of that of some of his neighbours, picketed till he actually fainted, picketed a second time till he fainted again, and as soon as he came to himself, picketed a third time till he once more fainted ; and all upon mere suspicion ! Nor was this the only species of torture. Men had been taken and hung up till they were half dead, and then threatened with a repetition of the cruel treatment unless they made confession of the imputed guilt. These were not particular acts of cruelty exercised by men abusing the power committed to them, but they formed a part of our system. They were notorious, and no person could say who would be the next victim of this oppression and cruelty, which he saw others endure. If anyone was suspected to have concealed weapons of defence, his house, his furniture, and all his property was burnt. But this was not all ; if it were supposed that any district had not surrendered all the arms which it contained, a party was sent out to collect the number at which it was rated, and in the execution of this order thirty houses were sometimes burnt down in a single night.

In the English House of Commons Charles James Fox made a similar protest against 'the system of coercion in Ireland, shocking to humanity and disgraceful to the British name.'

Lord Holland, in his *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, writes :—

It is a fact incontrovertible that the people were driven into resistance by free quarters and the excesses of the soldiery, which were such as are not permitted in civilised warfare even in an enemy's country. Trials by courts-martial were frequent. Floggings, picketings, death, the pitch cap, were the usual sentences. The measures which led to the Rebellion, suggested by Lord Clare and the remorseless faction of Orangemen, aroused the indignation of every man who had any sense of justice or feeling of humanity. The outrages perpetrated with the sanction of the Government excited horror.

In June 1798 Lord Cornwallis arrived in Ireland and took up the position of Viceroy. His testimony, to be found in the Cornwallis correspondence, is the most powerful of all.

In June 1798 he writes :—

The accounts you see of the numbers of the enemy killed in battle are greatly exaggerated. I am sure that a very small proportion of them are killed in battle, and I am very much afraid that any man in a brown coat is butchered without discrimination. There is no enemy in the field. *We are engaged in a war of plunder and massacre*. . . . The whole country is in such a state that I feel frightened and ashamed when I consider I am looked upon as being at the head of it. . . . There is no law either in town or country but martial law. . . . Numberless murders are committed by our people without any process or examination whatever. The yeomanry take the lead in rapine and murder.

Writing in July 1798 he says :—

The principal persons are, in general, adverse to all acts of clemency, and although they do not express it, and perhaps are too much heated to see the ultimate effects which their violence must produce, would pursue measures that could only terminate in the extirpation of the greater number of inhabitants, and in the utter destruction of the country. The words Papists and Priests are for ever in their mouths; and by this unaccountable folly they would drive four-fifths of the community into irreconcilable rebellion.

The conversation of the principal persons of the country all tends to encourage this system of blood, and the conversation, even at my table, where you will suppose I do all I can to prevent it, always turns on hanging, shooting, burning, &c., &c.; and if a priest has been put to death, the greater joy is expressed by the whole company.

The minds of people are now in such a state that nothing but blood will satisfy them, and although they will not admit the term, their conversation and conduct point to no other mode of concluding this unhappy business than that of extirpation.

In August 1798 Lord Cornwallis issued a proclamation in which he said :—

It is with great concern Lord Cornwallis finds himself obliged to call on the general officers, and the commanding officers of regiments in particular, to assist him in putting a stop to the licentious conduct of the troops, and in saving the wretched inhabitants from being robbed, and in the most shocking manner ill-treated, by those to whom they had a right to look for safety and protection.

In the following year, 1799, when the rising had been to a large extent suppressed, he wrote :—

You write as if you really believed that there was any foundation for all the lies and nonsensical clamour about my leniency. On my arrival I put a stop to the burning of houses and murder of inhabitants by the yeomen, or any other persons who delighted in that amusement, to flogging, for the purpose of extorting confession, and free quarters, which comprehended universal rape and robbery throughout the whole country.

The greatest difficulty which I experience is to control the violence of our loyal friends who would convert the system of martial law into a more violent and intolerable tyranny than that of Robespierre. The vilest informers are hunted out from the prisons to attack, by the most barefaced perjury, the lives of all who are suspected of being, or having been, disaffected.

A recent writer, Mr. Goldwin Smith, who will not be accused of bias against England, says in his *Irish History and Irish Character* :—

The Protestant gentry and yeomanry, as one man, became Cromwellians again. Then commenced a reign of terror, scarcely less savage than that of the Jacobins. The suspected conspirators were intimidated, and confessions, or pretended confessions, were extorted by loosing upon the homes of the peasantry the licence and barbarity of an irregular soldiery, more cruel than a regular invader. Flogging, half-hanging, pitch-capping and picketing, went on over a large district, and the most barbarous scourgings, without trial, were inflicted in the Riding-house, Dublin, in the very seat of government and justice. This was styled 'exerting a vigour beyond the law,' and to become the object of such vigour it was enough, as under Robespierre, to be suspected of being a suspect. . . .

The peasantry, though undoubtedly in a disturbed state, might have been kept quiet by lenity; but they were gratuitously scourged and tortured into open rebellion. . . . These were the crimes, not of individual ruffians, but of a faction—a faction which must take its place in history beside that of Robespierre, Couthon, and Carriere. The murders by the Jacobins may have excited more indignation and pity, because the victims were of high rank; but in the use of torture, the Orangemen seem to have reached a pitch of fiendish cruelty which was scarcely attained by the Jacobins. . . . The dreadful civil war of 1798 was the crime, as a candid study of its history will prove, not of the Irish people, but of the Orange terrorists, who literally goaded the people into insurrection.

I have purposely refrained from any comment of my own upon these quotations. They tell their own horrible tale upon unquestionable authority, and establish beyond the possibility of dispute the fact that cruelties and barbarities of every kind were practised upon the unfortunate Irish peasantry in '98 with the connivance, and frequently the open sanction, of the authorities and by the troops of England; and further, that these atrocities were 'the measures' which Lord Castlereagh afterwards declared were taken by the Government to secure 'the premature outbreak of the Rebellion.'

But it is said there is another side to this picture. The peasants too were guilty of deeds of cruelty, and the burning of Scullabogue barn is remembered and recorded where all the brutalities of the troops are forgotten.

The first and most natural observation to make upon this subject is this—small wonder if the savage conduct recorded in the foregoing quotations bred savage acts of retaliation. That a system of torture and murder such as has been described could be practised upon a people without leading to retaliation can only be believed by those who have but lightly studied human nature. The rebel forces were untrained and undisciplined, under no properly

constituted and recognised authority, and it would have been extraordinary indeed if the terrible example of cruelty set to them by the civilised and disciplined troopers of England had not been to some extent imitated by them.

The sweeping accusation so freely made upon this head by some English writers against the peasants I flatly deny. That isolated cases of cruelty occurred is true, and no one wishes to palliate them. But comparing the entire conduct of the rebels with that of the troops, it must in common fairness be admitted that the former, with far greater provocation and far less restraint in the way of authority and discipline, committed far fewer deeds of cruelty and crime. To take one general instance, it is universally acknowledged that the words of the Rev. Mr. Gordon, a Protestant clergyman resident in Wexford during the Rebellion, are well founded when he says in his *History of the Rebellion*:—

In one point I think we must allow some praise to the rebels; the chastity of women was respected by them. I have not been able to ascertain one instance to the contrary. The opposite behaviour towards the female peasantry prevailed among the Royal troops.

Nothing is more remarked than the undeniable fact that the rebel leaders repeatedly issued orders and proclamations to their forces threatening the severest penalties to any persons guilty of violence or crime, and that, on the other hand, with the exception of the famous order of Sir Ralph Abercromby in February 1797, which led to his recall, and the order of Lord Cornwallis in August 1798, when the work had been done, no General Officer issued any exhortation to the English troops against crime or outrage. As an instance of the kind of orders which were issued to the English troops, I may quote the following:—

And shall it be found hereafter that said traitor has been concealed by any person or persons, or by the knowledge or connivance of any person or persons, of this town and its neighbourhood, or that they, or any of them, have known the place of his concealment and shall not have given notice thereof to the commandant of this town, such person's house will be *burnt*, and the owner thereof *hanged*.

This is to give notice, that if any person is taken up by the patrols after ten o'clock, he will be fined five shillings for the benefit of the poor. If the delinquent is not able to pay five shillings, he will be brought to a drum-head court-martial, and will receive *one hundred lashes*!

JAMES DERHAM,  
Colonel Commandant.

In pleasant contrast are the proclamations of the rebel commanders. For example, the first General Order issued in Wexford was as follows:—

Soldiers of Erin, remember your homes; let the domestic hearth never be violated nor the arms of the nation sullied by cruelty or revenge. Bear in mind

that the weak and the defenceless claim your protection, and that retaliation is only the weapon of the coward and slave. Let this be engraven on your hearts, and let it be proclaimed to the extremity of our land that insult to female honour, contempt of orders, pillage and desertion shall be punished with death.

On the 6th of June '98 Bagenal Harvey—the Protestant landlord who commanded the insurgent army in Wexford—issued the following order to his troops :—

Any person or persons who shall take upon them to kill or murder any person or prisoner, burn any house, or commit any plunder, without special written orders from the Commander-in-Chief, shall suffer death.

By order of

B. B. HARVEY, Commander-in-Chief,  
F. BREEN, Adjutant-General.

Head-Quarters: Carrick-Byrne Camp,  
June 6th, 1798.

And the leader in command of the other wing of the rebel army issued a similar order :—

In the moment of triumph, my countrymen, let not your victories be tarnished with any wanton act of cruelty. Many of those unfortunate men, now in prison, were not our enemies from principle; most of them, compelled by necessity, were obliged to oppose you. . . .

By Order,  
EDWARD ROCHE.

Wexford: June 7th, 1798.

In spite of these exhortations certain deeds of atrocity were committed, the most generally known being the burning of the barn at Scullabogue. What really occurred at this place has been much misrepresented, especially in so far as it has almost passed into a popular belief in England that this was a massacre of Protestants by Catholics. The real facts about Scullabogue are as follows. About 100 loyalist prisoners were detained there by a small detachment of the rebel army. The main body were engaged some miles away at the battle of Ross. After the defeat of the rebel forces in that battle some runaways brought the tidings—which were perfectly true—that the victorious troops were putting all the rebel prisoners to the sword, and in a spirit of savage retaliation the loyalist prisoners at Scullabogue were immediately killed. The rebel leaders were in no sense responsible, and Bagenal Harvey immediately afterwards resigned his command. Of the prisoners killed at Scullabogue some fifteen or sixteen were Catholics.

No Irishman wishes to palliate occurrences such as this, but in common fairness it must be asked, are they worse than the burning by the Royal troops of the hospital in Enniscorthy, where 100 wounded rebels perished, or the massacre on the gibbet rath in Kildare, where 300 rebels who surrendered their arms to General

Dundas upon promise of quarter were butchered in cold blood on the 3rd of June, 1798 ?

There is one other consideration with which I desire to deal. Was the rising a Catholic one ? It is beyond question that so far as the Society of the United Irishmen is concerned it at any rate was chiefly a Protestant organisation. Of the 162 leaders whose names are recorded, 106 were Protestants and only 56 Catholics. It is true, of course, that when the rising took place it happened that the rebel forces were naturally made up chiefly of Catholics and the Royal forces mostly of Protestants, but the question of religion had really little or nothing to do with the business. Even in the County of Wexford, which, according to Mr. Lecky, was 'the only county where the rebellion was distinctly Catholic,' its chief leaders were Protestant landlords, such as Bagenal Harvey and John Henry Colclough. In June 1798, Lord Cornwallis denounces in one of his letters 'the folly which has been prevalent of regarding Catholicism as the foundation of the present rebellion.'

The fact is no man was attacked on account of his religion by the peasants, and no greater proof could be afforded that the rising was one against intolerable tyranny and not against Protestantism than the fact that the Quakers scattered all over Ireland were nowhere molested. Numbers of them were in the most disturbed districts, such as Wexford. They occupied land which had been confiscated from the people. They were bitterly opposed to the Catholic religion, yet not a single Quaker, we are told, perished in the Rebellion in any part of Ireland.

These are the main facts of the Insurrection of 1798, as known to the people of Ireland to-day, and if they are, as I believe them to be, facts incontrovertible, who will dispute the right of Irishmen to honour the memory of their forefathers—the heroes and martyrs of that awful struggle—by fittingly celebrating the Centenary of '98 ? and who will wonder if Irishmen come from every quarter of the globe to share in that celebration ?

J. E. REDMOND.

## ELÉONORE D'OLBREUSE AND QUEEN VICTORIA

THERE is now living in Paris a well-known clubman, M. Henri d'Olbreuse, who has no pretensions whatever to regal honours, but who accepts with a certain amount of pleasure the nickname given to him, half in earnest, half in joke, by his intimate friends—that of the 'Queen's little cousin'—the Queen without any further appellation meaning, of course, Victoria of England. And as a matter of fact this young Frenchman is undoubtedly connected with our Queen through a Mlle. d'Olbreuse, who after a curious and eventful life ended by marrying George William of Brunswick; she was a native of Poitou, a province in the west of France, and the sister of Pierre d'Olbreuse, from whom Henri d'Olbreuse descends in a straight line, from father to son.

George William, the eldest of the reigning family of Brunswick, was a dissipated young man whose chief aim in life was to escape from the monotony of his stiff and uninteresting little Court; but at the same time he understood that he had some duties to perform towards the subjects who paid his Civil List; and he seriously considered the matter when the Members of State remonstrated with him, and threatened to cut short his ducal allowance if he did not marry as soon as possible. They suggested, at the same time, that the Princess Sophia, daughter of Frederick the First, Elector Palatine, and grand-daughter of James the First of England, would make a suitable duchess; and as a wife was in George William's eyes nothing more than a necessary evil, he did not ask any further questions, but accepted the *fiancée* of their choice.

The marriage was officially announced to his people, and all was ready for the celebration of the happy event when suddenly, after a night of revelry, he woke in the morning, absolutely determined that he would not forfeit his liberty and tie himself to a Princess; his sense of honour not allowing him coolly to accomplish the ruin of a woman's life.

The case was an embarrassing one, but George William was not easily disconcerted; and, after a short time spent in deep thought,



rubbing his chin in his hand, he was struck by a capital idea: his youngest brother, Ernest Augustus, was made of the right stuff to become a husband and the probable continuator of a dynasty; he was as poor as a church mouse, and just the man to help him out of a delicate situation; so all could be arranged satisfactorily. He thereupon sent for him, and, without even the shortest preamble, offered to the scared young prince his *fiancée*, a fine and clever girl, together with a deed by which he made a solemn engagement never to marry, so as to leave his inheritance and all his rights to the man who would kindly take charge of his ducal ties and his intended bride.

This offer was an unexpected windfall to Ernest Augustus, condemned as he was, in his quality of 'cadet,' to perpetual obscurity and almost poverty. The bargain even appeared to be such a good one that the second brother, John Frederick, having come into the room just as the treaty was being signed, jumped on Ernest Augustus and almost throttled him in his endeavours to snatch the paper from him and tear it to pieces; for the ducal crown and the pretty bride would have suited him admirably. George William looked calmly at his brothers, who were fighting like two puppies for a bone; then he dismissed them from his apartments, got up, shook himself with delight, and began his preparations for departure; his intention being to go a round of all the Courts of Europe, major and minor, and amuse himself.

But he was to meet his fate before long. During a stay in Holland he had been introduced to a German Princess of Hesse-Cassel, the wife of a French nobleman, Henri de la Trémouille, Prince of Tarente, and he soon became the most assiduous visitor in her house, for she had amongst her companions a French girl from the province of Poitou, Eléonore d'Olbreuse, who was remarkably pretty and the true type of French wit and loveliness. The heart of the heavy Duke was completely smitten by so much grace, and, accustomed as he was to easy victories on the borders of the land of Love, he began at once the siege of a citadel which, however, he soon found to be much stronger than it looked at first sight; so, after a few weeks of constant and useless courtship, his passion having now reached its climax, he decided to take a desperate step, and wrote for advice to his brother Ernest Augustus, who laid the matter before his wife.

The Duchess Sophia reigned supreme in the Court as well as in the heart of her husband, and apparently she was not overwhelmed with common scruples, for she did not brood or fret long on a case which was rather an awkward one, but simply suggested that the young lady should be attached to her person with considerable pecuniary advantages, granted, of course, from the purse of her lover, who was to return to Brunswick and try his chance on more favourable

ground. A marriage was out of question; George William himself seems to have had no intention of marrying the girl in a hurry, and he considered a union with a Frenchwoman of small nobility as a dire extremity, to be avoided if possible; apparently he held ducal grandeur in great respect and knew the obligations attached to rank. But Mademoiselle d'Olbreuse, who had lived for two years at the Court of Louis the Fourteenth, was up to all the tricks of the *menue galanterie*; and though she had been much admired and closely courted, the reputation she had left behind her was that of a stern virtue not to be trifled with. The Duchess of Brunswick shrugged her shoulders and laughed scornfully at the report, nevertheless she had to write many wily letters before she could allure the girl into the net which she had spread for her in the ducal castle. She succeeded, however, in the end, and when Eléonore at length came she was received with the greatest *empressement*; Sophia met her at the bottom of the grand staircase, accompanied by her brother-in-law, who led the new comer by the hand up to the *Wohnzimmer* of the Duchess, where coffee and salt biscuits were offered to her, an unheard-of honour, which created at once an atmosphere of intense jealousy round the new lady-in-waiting.

At this time Eléonore d'Olbreuse was apparently sure of becoming the wife of George William, for she knew nothing of the parole he had given to his brother; and confident in his love, which he adroitly kept within the bounds of respect, she relented from her haughty conduct till she found herself so desperately entangled in the snare that she consented at last to accept the fate which was offered to her. A contract was made, worded almost as if for a regular marriage; the signatures of the reigning Duke and Duchess were written under those of George William of Brunswick and Eléonore d'Olbreuse, and, to the astonishment of the prim little Court, the two lovers began to live openly together in a sort of hazy and undecided condition. They appeared to be very happy nevertheless, for Eléonore had become sincerely attached to her semi-husband, who in return dropped one by one his fast and disorderly habits to become a good German domesticated *Gemahl*. Eléonore d'Olbreuse was granted the title of 'Dame de Harbourg,' but she lived in no great style. To fulfil the duties of lady-in-waiting, she sent for her eldest sister, Angelica, whom she married later on to the Count of Reuss, who belonged to the princely family of that name; besides her, she had only three maids to attend to her person. She was not admitted to the ducal table, at least as an active guest, but she was allowed to sit on a low chair, without anything to eat before her, and at a respectful distance from the Duchess, while George William, whose appetite was not to be disturbed by such a trifling circumstance, devoured his meal on the right of the lady sovereign. The 'Dame de Harbourg' was, however, granted

permission to remain seated before any princes who might happen to be present.

This etiquette was painful only to her pride, for she says in one of her letters to her uncle that 'her heart was sadly turned by the enormous dishes brought before the princely eaters, their menu consisting chiefly of a queer composition of honey, beer, and onions, eaten in bowls; greasy sausages thrown in lumps on red cabbage, and a farinaceous mess with ginger and cloves; and all this was abundantly soaked in a cloudy heavy ale, of which they drank glass after glass.' 'Now,' would the fair Duchess exclaim after her plentiful meal, energetically wiping her face up to the ears with a stiff napkin, 'you may go, my dear, and help your "angelic" sister with her saucepans;' the fact was well known that the 'Dame de Harbourg' and the future Countess of Reuss had, behind their dressing-rooms, a little kitchen of their own, where they prepared themselves dainty sauces and light dishes—to the great disgust of the cooks in the ducal kitchen. The *carrosse* of Eléonore was drawn by six horses; she had two footmen and a coachman, but she was never seen in the streets either with her husband or the ducal couple of Brunswick; her sister or her maids were her sole companions, and she was not entitled to any salute, bows, or cheers during her daily drives.

For a certain time a sort of good understanding reigned between Sophia of Brunswick and the 'Dame de Harbourg,' thanks to the great tact of the latter, who never at that time tried to advance one step on the road to honours; she was contented with the love of her quasi-husband and the childish grace of her little girl, Sophia Dorothea, born in 1666, who seemed to have inherited all the fascinating ways of her mother. She was scarcely six years old when her hand was sought for by princes of every degree on account of the tremendous fortune which was to be hers at the death of her father; the irregularity of her birth being no obstacle, for a rumour was circulated that the Emperor of Germany had been sounded as to the possible legitimation of the little girl, and was likely to grant it.

This prospect enraged the Duchess Sophia to such an extent that she commenced hostilities at once, and opened the war by slandering Eléonore d'Olbreuse, accusing her publicly of having carried on two intrigues at the same time during her stay at the French Court, doing her best to marry Colin, the footman of the Princess Palatine, wife of 'Monsieur,' brother of Louis the Fourteenth, and trying to catch George William, the bigger fish of the two. 'Besides,' writes the Duchess to her niece, the Palatine, 'never would any respectable girl have entered the house of the Princess of Tarente, for, though she is my aunt—to my intense disgust—she is not a person with whom any one can live and remain clean; however,' she adds, 'd'Olbreuse being a nobody it does not matter much.'

This last item of the accusation seems to have made a very disagreeable impression on George William, who thought of a sorry stratagem to defend and establish his lady's nobility; he paid 2,000 thalers to an obscure French genealogist to make out a pompous tree in order to prove that Eléonore d'Olbreuse from Poitou descended in almost direct line from the kings of France; upon which the Princess Palatine, to amuse her aunt, launched into the world an absurd genealogy which she had made out herself, to show clearly that her head-cook was the descendant of Philippe le Hardi!

Another cause of uneasiness which helped to bring to a climax the difference between the two ladies of the Ducal Court was the constant dread in which the Duchess Sophia lived of seeing either the despised d'Olbreuse or her lawful sister-in-law, the wife of John Frederick, give birth to a son; for George William had been elected Duke of Zell, and John Frederick Duke of Hanover; and failing male heirs the sovereignty of these two Duchies was to fall under the sceptre of her husband, Ernest Augustus.

For many years she passed through periods of alternating fears and triumphs, her heart rejoicing and her joy overflowing in rather coarse speeches, when after having seen goodly preparations made by both women to receive with due honours the long wished-for son, 'some puny little mouse,' she says, 'would come into the world, to have a narrow escape of feeling under its chin a fatherly thumb. instead of a paternal kiss on its innocent brow. John Frederick had been told by a prophetess,' she adds spitefully, 'that a boy would soon be born to him, and indeed the prophetess was a true one, for his mistress the *comédienne* presented him with a son, only unfortunately it was not an heir—a great pity to be sure.'

However she was soon reassured as far as her most dangerous rival was concerned; for at the end of the year 1679 John Frederick died, and she could not completely hide her feeling of relief; she relates the death of her brother-in-law in a semi-jocose tone which clearly shows how little she mourned for him:—

He died [she writes] as a true German should, glass in hand. For a few days he had felt unwell, and sent all over the place for a bottle or two of a special very old wine; the cellars of his ducal home being rather poor in good specimens; at last his desire was satisfied, and a venerable flagon was brought to him, the contents of which he drank all in one go. Then, an unnatural burning sensation having invaded his burly person, and chiefly his head, he thought the wine had a heating effect which ought to be counterbalanced by a good draught of refreshing beer; so his *Jubelbecher* was filled to the brim and emptied in a second; then he went to bed and never woke from a heavy slumber which lasted eighteen hours.

This death made Sophia of Brunswick Duchess of Hanover as well; and the only thorn which remained in her flesh was the Dame de Harbourg, who had become rather independent since the battle of Osnabrück, where George William had so distinguished himself that

he had been received in a private audience by the Emperor, who asked him after his Duchess, pretending not to know, or really not knowing the state of affairs. A few months later the sovereign sent him the letters-patent which granted the legitimacy to Sophia Dorothea, and the title of Countess of Wilhelmsbourg to the Dame of Harbourg. 'This imperial message,' say the memoirs of the time, 'caused a great surprise to the Duke of Zell, who looked askance at Eléonore and gave vent to a significant "hum, hum," for he had his suspicions—and they were right; the wily French lady had written, as she alone knew how to write, a letter to the Emperor, who had graciously complied with her desire.'

When the Duchess of Brunswick wrote the news to her niece Madame Princess Palatine, with whom she kept up a constant correspondence, she said that the scandal was something unheard of. 'And,' she adds, 'we shall soon have to say "Madame la Duchesse" to this little clot of dirt, for is there another name for that mean *intrigante* who comes from nowhere?' On which the haughty Palatine answers: 'Nowhere? my dear aunt, you are mistaken, if you will allow me to say so; she comes from a French family, and therefore from a fraud. Here the people themselves own without a blush that there is not one noble house which could prove more than four quarters of nobility on either side, paternal or maternal, and dukes and duchesses laugh openly at their own genealogical trees, which, most of them, are just as fanciful as the one I made for my cook or the one George William secured for d'Olbreuse.'

In the meanwhile Sophia Dorothea was growing into a lovely maiden, full of fun and not over-wise; her parents seem to have sadly neglected her education, and not even to have surrounded her with the right sort of ladies to restrain and guide her undisciplined nature, which the Duchess Sophia calls wholesale and without scruples a 'French nature,' this to her mind including everything.

The girl was scarcely twelve when a scandal broke out in the Ducal Court, some love letters having been found by the Countess of Reuss in a drawer of the young lady's 'Bonheur du Jour;' they had been written to her by a page, a mere boy, Christian Augustus von Haxthausen, who was sent away to a dire exile which lasted all his life; while a Frenchwoman, Madame Théange, who had been the messenger of love, was kept a prisoner for many months and at last sent back penniless to France.

This little adventure does not seem to have prevented the young princes of the reigning Houses of Europe from falling in love with the pretty young Duchess, who was now in a recognised position; for her father, the Duke of Zell, yielding to the constant entreaties of the Countess of Wilhelmsbourg, had addressed a request to the Emperor asking his sanction to a marriage 'ad morganaticum.'

This was grafted him on condition that nothing should be altered in the contract he had signed in favour of his brother, by which the Duchy of Zell and all other privileges should come to Ernest Augustus at his death.

In spite of this favourable clause the marriage was a sore trial to the Duchess Sophia, who wrote her niece a letter which was found in the papers of 'Madame' after her death, in which she says, curiously enough, for a lady of rank and a respectable woman :—

Is it not a pity that Ernest Augustus and myself should have made such a blunder, and called to our Court that 'little clot of dirt' ? [this name being the only one she gives her sister-in-law in all her letters], the more so [she goes on] that we had at hand the Biegle, whom William liked well enough ; though she was not so fascinating as his French vixen, who really is a splendid *Stückfleisch*, she would have done very well, and at least have remained in her proper place. Never mind, Sophia Dorothea will avenge us all : she is a little *canaille* [this word is in French], and we shall see.

At this moment the girl of whom she spoke so bluntly was promised in marriage to a young German prince of little importance, a fact at which the Duchess rejoiced heartily ; but this first *fiancé* was of delicate health and died of consumption. Another match was at once arranged for her with Prince George, son of the King of Denmark, who had very nearly given his consent when his Queen deliberately opposed her will against it and manifested great indignation on the subject. 'Well done !' writes the Duchess Sophia, 'fancy a King's son for that bit of a bastard ! Upon my word one has to come from Poitou to be so impudent !'

In the meanwhile Ernest Augustus had become very friendly with his dear brother, George William, who, having led a quiet and retired comparatively modest life, had heaped up gold and wealth of all kinds. The Duke of Brunswick was well aware of this, for all along he had been counting on his fingers and he had come to the conclusion that such a fortune was worthy of a slight sacrifice ; therefore, behind the back of his proud Duchess, he made an overture to the Duke of Zell, and suggested that a marriage between the pretty Sophia Dorothea and his own heavy son, George Louis, who was twenty-two years of age and something of a bear, would not be such a bad affair, provided, of course, that the dowry of the young Duchess should be made equal to the match ; 100,000 thalers paid yearly to the bride would do very well.

Eléonore of Zell ought to have jumped at this proposal, which was likely to put an end to the snubbing ways of the Duchess Sophia and bring her to a footing of equality with her ; but she was a good mother in her way ; the tears of her daughter, who had no wish to marry her cousin, touched her heart, and to the cross Duchess Sophia's stupefaction, she did not give her consent at once, but demurred about it for a long time. However, though she was actually acknowledged

as Duchess of Zell and reigning sovereign, her former position did not allow her sufficient authority to make her will prevalent; the marriage was decided, and in her intense vexation Sophia of Brunswick found some relief in the tears of the women she most despised who were about to enter into closer relationship with her haughty self. It is very curious to see how she looks at the matter in her letters to her niece, the Palatine:—

Ernest Augustus [she says] had always a queer head, but that such an idea could have entered into it passes all my understanding; however 100,000 thalers a year is a goodly sum to pocket, without speaking of a pretty wife who will find a match in my son, George Louis, the most pig-headed, stubborn lad who ever lived, and who has round his brains such a thick crust that I defy any man or woman ever to discover what is in them. He does not care much for the marriage himself, but the 100,000 thalers a year have tempted him, as they would any one else.

And on the 2nd of December, 1682, a marriage was celebrated at Zell between George Louis of Brunswick, who thirty-two years later became King of England under the title of George the First, and Sophia Dorothea of Zell, the daughter of Eléonore d'Olbreuse. Though this marriage proved to be a most unhappy one, the young wife lived long enough with her husband to present him with two children: a son, who became George the Second of England, and a daughter, who married Frederick William the First of Prussia, the father of Frederick the Great.

Therefore the direct descendants of Eléonore d'Olbreuse, 'the little clot of dirt,' now occupy the two greatest thrones in Europe: being represented in England by Queen Victoria, and in Germany by Wilhelm the Second.

ADRIENNE VAN AMSTEL.

## *COTTAGE HOMES FOR THE AGED POOR*

THE question of Old Age Pensions is now almost ripe for legislation, but the difficulties are so great that even the strongest Government may well hesitate to face them. The facts which have led to the demand are very startling and grievous.

Mr. Charles Booth, in his valuable book the *Aged Poor*, published in 1894, shows from official returns that at 65 years of age 20 per cent. of the population are paupers; at 70 years of age 30 per cent.; and at 75 nearly 40 per cent.; of these old paupers about one-third, or 114,144, are in the workhouse, and two-thirds, or 262,283, receive Out-Relief.

The amount granted to Out-Relief in the great majority of Unions is 2s. 6d. or 3s. per week. In one Union I know the following card is printed and placed in the Board Room:—

*Scale of Outdoor Relief allowed in Ordinary Cases. Not able-bodied.*

	<i>s.</i>	<i>d.</i>
Under 75 years of age . . . .	2	6 weekly
75 and under 80 . . . .	3	0 "
80 " " 85 . . . .	3	6 "
85 and upwards . . . .	4	0 "

Is it any wonder that the poor look forward to old age with feelings of horror and despair? How can a man or woman of 70 find food, clothing, coals and rent, on 2s. 6d. per week?

In the North Riding of Yorkshire the Guardians give Out-Relief to the aged poor whenever they can. I visited not long since the 21 workhouses connected with the North Riding Unions, and made special inquiries with regard to the aged poor; and I found very few of the deserving poor in those houses, and as a rule the old people can, so long as they have relations to help them, manage to exist on the weekly pittance from the Guardians; and it is, I venture to think, most praiseworthy of the Guardians that they give, whenever practicable, Out-Relief to these old people, for they recognise the fact that there is nothing more humiliating or degrading to our country poor than to force them into the workhouse.

The public probably little realise what a country workhouse is.



In the North Riding workhouses, including five situated in joint Unions outside the administrative county, I found about 1,000 North Riding paupers; of these about 400 were over 65 years of age, 200 were children, and 60 were classed as imbeciles; the remaining 340 were infirm or unfit for work, women with illegitimate children, widows, &c. There were very few able-bodied paupers, and I do not include tramps. In other words:

65 years of age and upwards	. . .	40 per cent.
Children	. . . . .	20 "
Imbeciles	. . . . .	6 "
Various	. . . . .	36 "
		100

I do not think that more than 5 per cent., certainly not 10 per cent., of the aged inmates could be described as 'deserving.' I made special inquiries on this point from the workhouse Masters and Relieving Officers who went through the lists with me, and they assured me that almost all the respectable deserving old people had Out-Relief, and that the few who entered the house were those who from bodily infirmity could not be attended to by their relations, or had no one to look after them. The lot of these poor old things is very terrible in a country workhouse; they have to pass the closing days of their life in the daily and hourly company of the very lowest and most degraded of their kind; men and women they would never have associated with in their village homes; and now, with generally grievous bodily infirmities requiring constant attention, they have to pass their time huddled up in a chair listening to the foul talk of those around them, or lying bedridden, often alone in neglected misery, attended occasionally by some rough paupers who take no pains to conceal the wish that the poor sufferer was dead; for in a small workhouse the Master and Matron are often the only officials, and it is impossible for them to give constant attention to two or three special inmates, and the infirmary, when there is one, is reserved for infectious cases or confinements. The new order of the Local Government Board is merciful and well intended, but from the reports in the papers and letters in the *Times*, it seems very doubtful whether efficient nurses can be obtained, and where only three or four inmates require attention there would be little work for a nurse to do. In the large workhouses it is different; there it is possible to classify and separate the inmates to a certain extent, and the old sufferers are placed in a comfortable infirmary with a trained nurse to attend to their constant needs.

I venture to think it is a disgrace to the country that the poor should in case of failure of health, or other causes over which they have no control, have nothing to look forward to in old age but the alternative of a miserable pittance in their homes, or the degrading

horrors of a workhouse with the thought of a pauper's funeral at the end; and I do affirm that there is no subject the working classes of the country think so keenly about as what is to become of them in old age, and there is no reform more urgently required, or which would meet with the unanimous enthusiasm of the people more, than an alteration of the Poor Law with regard to the treatment of the aged poor.

Almost the only suggestions at present are various forms of Old Age Pensions, so that when a person reaches the age of 60 or 65 he or she shall be entitled to 5s. per week or some larger sum. In all the proposals it is admitted that the pension must be conditional: that the person shall, through a long period of life, have contributed regularly towards securing the pension, and to this contribution Parliament shall add a certain amount. It is no doubt desirable that an annuity shall be obtainable by every industrious man or woman who is able to fulfil these conditions.

Sir Francis Burdett, in his scheme published in the *Times* last year, states that to obtain 7s. per week at 65 a person must contribute 2*l.* a year for 45 years, and he seemed to think that even the poorest, if thrifty, would do this. I trust he is right, and certainly the State should help all such; but the difficulty appears to be whether it will ever be possible to impress upon our young men and women the necessity of their beginning to provide for their old age. A few, no doubt, will do so, but the great majority would think old age so remote, the chances of life so uncertain, that they would prefer trusting to Providence or to chance, and spend their earnings in other ways.

Again, the few who began to contribute might, in middle age, under the stress of ill health, possibly to wife or family, lasting for weeks or years, find it absolutely impossible to spare the 9*d.* a week out of their wages or savings; or even through no fault of their own might be compelled to obtain some assistance from the rates, and thus would lose their claim to a pension. In any case, the pension system could not come into practical form until the expiration of forty years, unless the contributions were higher; but the need of reform is urgent, and it seems very doubtful whether a system of insuring an annuity could really in a generation touch the thrifty working classes, unless based on a socialistic doctrine that the State, irrespective of contributions, shall confer a living wage upon all incapacitated ranks of whatever age.

The reform in the Poor Law which I have ventured to submit to the House of Commons in a bill last session, and again this session, is to provide Cottage Homes for the aged deserving poor. The scheme is, broadly, that every Parish Council, with a sufficient population, may be permitted to provide a cottage within its area for the use of its aged deserving poor; that the Parish Council shall itself

determine whether an applicant has lived such an industrious, deserving life as to entitle him or her to the privilege of this cottage. The cottage or home shall be of the same description as the ordinary labourers' houses in the parish; no cottage shall contain more than ten or less than three inmates; a respectable woman or couple shall be appointed to keep house and look after the old people. The expenses of maintaining the cottages will probably be about 16*l.* or 20*l.* for each inmate. This I propose to raise as to  $\frac{1}{4}$  by the Parish Council,  $\frac{1}{2}$  by the County Council, and  $\frac{1}{4}$  by a Parliamentary Grant, and to give the County Council powers of inspection, so as to insure that the homes are suitable and the inmates properly treated. In country parishes it would be necessary to group a sufficient number to form a population of 1,500 or 2,000, which would be done under the authority of the County Council; in large towns and boroughs the Town Councils would be the authority in place of the Parish Council, and in the case of County Boroughs they would have the sole control.

If this proposal were adopted, the deserving poor would be able to look forward to old age without fear; they would feel a home would be provided for them among their own neighbours and in the district they had passed their lives in; and in the larger towns a classification would be introduced impossible under the Poor Law, giving a distinct reward for an industrious, deserving life. The plan would not interfere with the ordinary working of the Poor Law; it would only remove a certain class outside its powers—a class which of all others is worthy of the sympathy of their fellow men—and it would not interfere with a scheme of Old Age Pensions.

Children are boarded out, to a great extent, and will be entirely removed from the workhouses when the best system of dealing with them is determined. Imbeciles should also be removed from the workhouses into suitable Asylums; unfortunate women and the sick should be tended in Cottage Hospitals at the expense of the rates. Tramps should be transferred to the care of the Police, and the Police rate; then many of the country workhouses could be abolished, and the 'undeserving' idle poor could be centralised under suitable discipline, and a real much-needed reform carried out.

To all proposals for assisting the aged poor the objection will be raised that the inducements for thrift will be lessened: I believe the Cottage Home Scheme will do this less than any offer of Old Age Pensions. The Parish Councils will soon learn to discriminate between the deserving and undeserving, as they will not wish their own friends and relations to consort with the idler and drunkard; the cottage will be a 'home' independent of the Poor Law Authority, and will take the place of the Alms Houses which are such a boon in many places.

JOHN HUTTON.

## A SURREY GARDEN<sup>1</sup>

ALTHOUGH the authoress of *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden* begins with an announcement that she is not going to write a gardening book nor a cookery book, she has done much to enlarge our enjoyment of things pleasant to the eye and good for food. Not only from a patient study of horticultural literature, but from the success of practical experience, Mrs. Earle excites our admiration of the beautiful and instructs our appreciation of the useful, in happy illustration of the Horatian rule:

Omne tulit punctum, qui miscuit utile dulci.

The combination is made more precious by reason of its rarity. The language of the amateur florist is too often of the flowers flowery to exuberance; it is prone, as we gardeners express it, to 'run to leaf.' There is too much discursive and sentimental rhapsody, but the information is as scarce as plums upon a tree when the blossoms have been frozen in May, or as particles of pineapple in a penny ice. We are transported to the Hanging Gardens of Babylon, to the Gardens of the Hesperides and Alcinous, although, like Betsy Prig with reference to Mrs. Harris, we 'don't believe there's no sich person.' Amid the roses of Persia we

Wax faint with the odour of Gul in her bloom,

and should die in aromatic pain were we not hurried away to be introduced to Anacreon and Sappho and Mrs. Hemans, and the poets of all times and climes.

The arrangement of this book is excellent. It demonstrates a fact which has not received the grateful recognition it deserves—the continuous succession of beautiful flowers in our gardens throughout the year, reminding us of Tennyson's charming verse:

The daughters of the year,  
One after one, through that still garden pass'd:  
Each garlanded with her peculiar flower,  
Danced into light, and died into the shade.

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<sup>1</sup> *Pot-Pourri from a Surrey Garden*, by Mrs. C. W. Earle, London (Smith, Elder, & Co.), 1897.

Though our conversation is so much occupied by indecorous discourse upon our 'beastly climate,' our 'samples of weather,' and we verify the sarcasm of the loquacious Frenchman, 'our lively neighbour the Gaul,' that were it not for our atmospheric mutations we should have nothing to say to each other; yet in no other country is it possible to maintain such a sequence of flowers as by intelligent culture in our own. In sunnier lands you may have at certain seasons a more extensive and gorgeous display, but when this shall fade the extremes of heat and cold will prevent those new accessions of colours, fragrance, and form which we enjoy, where, as Dryden wrote:

Betwixt th' extremes, two happier climates hold  
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.

The pageant at the Jubilee of our beloved Queen was magnificent exceedingly, but what shall we say of a procession which occupies the year in passing, from the advanced guard of the aconite to the rearguard of the Christmas rose! 'The first aconite! Does any flower in summer give the same pleasure?' It is indeed the announcement of all the coming glory, like the bright solitary star which glitters just before

the floor of heaven  
Is thick inlaid with patens of bright gold.

It needs no cultivation, flourishing in waste places under trees, unlike the Christmas rose, which should have generous treatment when the leaves and buds are developing, and hand-glasses to protect it from heavy rain and snow.

A small span of wall should be devoted, when it is possible, to a plant of *Chimonanthus fragrans*, which produces its fragrant flowers in January, and also to the yellow jasmine, which 'cheers th' ungenial day' with its abundance of golden bloom.

In January, flowers being few, Mrs. Earle gives us easy instructions how to brighten our homes and solace our hearts in 'the winter of our discontent' with the silvery seed-vessels of 'honesty,' with the gay tints of the 'everlastings' (*Helichrysum*), with gourds, with pots of ivy trained on the canes of the bamboo, with aspidistras, with *Ficus elastica*, whose monarchy, enthroned on every London staircase, there has been none for generations to dispute, and with such flowers grown under glass as may be available—violets, Roman hyacinths, tulips, narcissus, &c. Moreover, and that the nose of the florist may also have its consolations, 'on the backs of our armchairs thin Liberty silk oblong bags, like miniature saddle-bags, filled with dried lavender, sweet verbenas, and sweet geranium leaves. This mixture is much more fragrant than the lavender alone. The visitor who leans back upon his chair wonders from where the sweet scent comes,' like the mariners who discovered Araby the Blessed, when the breeze bore

its perfumes over the sea, before they saw the shore. An infinite variety of palms and other trees may be purchased from the nurseryman for the decoration of the drawing-room during the winter months. One of the best is *Araucaria excelsa*, but it soon becomes too large.

The only information which we have from the *Surrey Garden* concerning February flowers, 'this is essentially the month of forced bulbs,' evokes a protest from those of us who share Keble's admiration of the snowdrop—

Thou first born of the year's delight,  
Pride of the dewy glade,  
In vernal green and virgin white,  
Thy vestal robes array'd;

from those of us who have loved the crocus from our childhood; from some of us especially who can remember it, acres of it, growing in the meadows by Nottingham Town, fields of the Cloth of Gold; from those who stoop to gaze upon a group of *Iris reticulata* with a fondness which is almost maternal.

Nevertheless it will be shown hereafter that this February chapter contains much information of interest and utility. In March we welcome the first development of our beautiful flowering shrubs. The fragrant mezereon, the glowing *Pyrus japonica*, best on a wall, but admirable as a bush, in close conjunction with its sister in white, and the lovely *Prunus Pissardi* with its star-like blossoms and its ruddy leaves. The *Ribes* and *Forsythia* begin to bloom, and will soon be followed by an infinite variety of colour, scent, and form—the laburnum brightest, the lilac sweetest of them all. Of comparative novelties none more charming than *Malus Pyrus floribundus*.

But the glory of March is the narcissus, and no flower in these later years has so largely and deservedly extended its dominions. Always a favourite, the daffydowndilly of our childhood, it has been so improved in quality by the enterprise of the explorer and the skill of the florist, and is so readily multiplied by its own generous fecundity, that it is now grown by thousands where formerly by units. It is quite hardy, and will thrive anywhere except in cold wet clay. It has manifold diversities of size and form, from the tiny cups, hoops, and bells of the miniature narcissus which flower just above the ground in February, to the grand chalices of Emperor and Sir Watkin; and infinite gradations of colour, from pure white to rich golden yellow. It is cheap, because it increases so rapidly that if you take up a bulb after two or three years' healthy growth, you will find a dozen eggs under the parental hen. It adapts itself to all positions: charming in beds of its own, in groups on the herbaceous border, but most attractive on lawns and banks of grass, because there it looks as to the manner born, and 'the Art is Nature.'

In April and May, when the tulip, resplendent as Harlequin in

his new suit on the first night of the pantomime, has ceased to bloom (and like the crocus and narcissus, it looks happiest and most at home amid the grass), there comes the glorious convention of our summer flowers, assembling, like our fair wives and daughters for a Drawing-room, with dewdrops for diamonds, awaiting the presence of her Majesty, the queen of all flowers, the Rose, and curtsying, as when bent by gentle breeze, in the royal presence.

With such a vast and magnificent throng (annuals, biennials, and perennials) it is no longer possible to deal separately. Indeed, no *Court Journal* could do justice to a single dress, no artist could achieve an exact likeness from this queen's garden party. We must leave the abstract for the concrete, the species for the genus.

It was Mrs. Earle's happy fortune to be 'brought up for the most part in the country in a beautiful, wild, old-fashioned garden.' The lot had fallen unto her in a fair ground, for there is none fairer than an English garden laid out in 'the natural style,' in graceful curves and gentle undulations, with its lawns and trees, and walks winding through shrubs and flowers; a peaceful, restful, happy place, where weariness is refreshed and hope is restored, and where we learn to prize more dearly whatsoever things are lovely, and whatsoever things are pure. It may seem to some who delight in straight lines, and would have everything arranged by 'balance,' compass, and rule, to be 'a garden wild—but not without a plan,' a plan immutable as the laws of the Medes and Persians, the edict of an infallible *Pope*:

He wins all points, who pleasingly confounds,  
Surprises, varies, and conceals the bounds.

Memory shudders to recall a time when all this exquisite simplicity, this reverent obedience to natural law, was in peril and jeopardy; when geometry with measure and tape was to turn our green sward into carpets, and half-hardy plants grown in pots under glass were to supersede all other flowers. Their introduction from the greenhouse to the garden, though it involved much additional labour and expense, and though their draggled appearance after a thunderstorm depressed the spirit within us, was admirable nevertheless on the terrace beds of great palaces and castles, where gardeners were many, and where there was ample room elsewhere for less formal and artificial arrangements; but disastrous harm and havoc was wrought by those who had neither palace nor castle, nor unlimited space, but who thought it the correct thing to follow peers rather than principles, and to anathematise the expense. Sir Changeling Plumstock (*vide* Æsop's application of 'The Ox and Frog') became pensive when he saw the great gardens of Lord Castlebuilder, built a couple of exorbitant greenhouses and a large pavilion at the end of a terraced walk, mortgaged his estates, paid nobody, and died in a cheap lodging at Westminster.

Good taste and common-sense have saved us. The flowering shrubs and the herbaceous borders, removed to make room for gorgeous masses of splendour, which only evoked our brief admiration but made no appeal to sentiment, and held no place in our affection, have come back with a tenfold power. The parallelograms, and the triangles, the stars and garters, are gone; and we are trying to forget that shameful season, that reign of terror, when there were no nooks, no corners, no bowers, no shady walks for meditation made, no seclusions suggestive of hide-and-seek, of surreptitious tobacco, or of Love's young dream.

Mrs. Earle writes:—

In the *Lancashire Garden*, by Henry Bright, I find a sentence which exactly expresses my opinion—'for the ordinary bedding out of ordinary gardens I have a real contempt.' It is at once gaudy and monotonous. A garden is left bare for eight months in the year, that for the four hottest months there shall be a blaze of the hottest colours. The same combinations of the same flowers appear wherever you go.

And again:

I saw recently in many places in the North of England long borders planted with rows of red, violet, white, yellow, and purple vistas of what used to be called ribbon-borders, very unpicturesque at the best, and nearly always unsatisfactory. Why they ever came in, and why they have lasted so long, it is difficult to understand. The gardens of rich and poor were planted on the same system, perennials in lines, annuals in lines, mignonette in lines; and where long lines were not possible, the planting was in rows round the shrubberies, which is, I think, the ugliest thing I know.

We have excellent advice from our authoress, always clear and practical, as to some special forms of gardening; a *Dutch garden*, for example, as a splendid substitute on a square or oblong lawn, on which beds for summer flowers have been grassed over. The arrangement of the low walls with their different aspects gives favourable positions for all kinds of flowers and plants, whether they love sun or shade, a warm site for the tea-roses, a tank in the centre if water is available, with a fountain and water-plants, lilies, the sweet smelling rush, and the fair and fragrant aponogeton. All the year round this little garden can be made a pleasure and a joy by attentive management, by planting and replanting from the greenhouse, the seed beds, or the reserve garden.

There is clever counsel for those who have *small gardens* how to make the most and best of their space by broad borders away from the roots of shrubs growing at the boundaries, instead of miserable little beds on the grass plot.

There are valuable directions, which should be largely appreciated, about *London gardens*, by one 'who has taken real and active interest in them.' To avoid evergreens, which get black and miserable, and look sad even in winter, with the exception of the aucuba



and box, which may be kept flourishing and clear if pruned and syringed. To plant the Virginian creeper, *Ampelopsis Veitchii*, ivy, ribes, and Forsythia on the walls. In the beds plant iris especially, geranium, snowdrops, crocuses, tulips, scillas, pansies, nasturtium, marigolds, lobelias, verbenas.

The remarks about a *Rock Garden* are reliable, as far as they go, but they do not go far. They who would have the best and fullest instructions about this fascinating culture of Alpine and other flowers should read Mr. William Robinson's book on *Alpine Flowers for English Gardens*, or his article on the same subject in his *English Flower Garden*, both beautifully illustrated; and then they should pay a visit to the nurseries of Messrs. Backhouse at York, or of Mr. George Paul at Cheshunt.

It is disappointing to find that such an accomplished florist is not at present a devoted lady-in-waiting to the Queen of Flowers. She endorses the assertion made at the beginning of Redoute's *Les Roses*: 'Le lion est toujours le roi des animaux, l'aigle le monarque des airs et la rose la reine des fleurs.' But there are barriers which exclude her from the royal presence. 'Tea roses do not flourish very well with us, and yet certainly better than any other roses. . . . Had I a soil that suited, and room to grow them in, I would try to make a collection of the wild roses of the world.' Would these obstacles prove to be insuperable, if they were attacked by the same intelligent and energetic zeal which has achieved success elsewhere in a Surrey garden? When the writer of this article came to Rochester ten years ago, he was assured by those who, as gardeners, professed to know that he would find it impossible to grow roses in a poor soil close to the chalk, surrounded by houses, in an atmosphere polluted by smoke, and tainted with the odour of cement. He quoted in reply the words of the impetuous Frenchman, who overrode the hounds, and who replied when asked by the indignant huntsman, whether he was going to catch the fox: '*I do not know, mon ami, but I will try, I will try!*' And so the new Dean selected the sunniest corner in his garden, and when the soil had been well dug and manured, he imported fourscore of his Nottinghamshire roses, and there they have blossomed abundantly in due season up to the present date. Thus encouraged, he has planted rose trees in all parts of his garden, most effectively on a rustic paling, eighty yards in length\* and six feet in height, which forms the boundary of an herbaceous border, and which he rejoices to show with sarcastic humour to the prophets of desolation.

With such a background the herbaceous border is the most precious possession of the florist. If it is duly cared for, has an ample width, not less than nine or ten feet; if the plants are renovated from time to time, and the soil enriched and kept free from weeds, it is an epitome, a compendium of beauty.

A broad and ample road, whose dust is gold,  
And pavement stars, as stars to thee appear,  
Seen in the galaxy.

It brings forth out of its treasures things new and old, in a sequence which never fails, from the first day of spring to the last of autumn.

These borders must not be robbed of their sustenance by the greedy roots of contiguous trees. As to their external arrangements, and especially as to their lineal limits, Mrs. Earle writes with admirable taste and discernment :

For the borders, I recommend no edging ; it is expensive and useless. The gravel is enough, and it is, I think, prettier to disguise the fact of a line than to accentuate it. Plant in bold clumps, the tall plants of course at the back ; but rather in waves of height with bays of the front low-growing things, running back towards and under the wall. Anything looks better than a row of plants all the same, or nearly the same, height. There are the line of the wall and the line of the path ; and your object must be not to repeat these, but to work into your borders that which makes beautiful form or beautiful colour, or both at the same time.

Pieces of low grey stones with lichens, mosses, sedums, thymes, and dwarf variegated ivy growing on and around them, in irregular outline, have a natural and pleasing appearance.

In minor details Mrs. Earle gives many useful lessons, from the sweet-scented 'button-hole' in the finger-glass, to the elaborate decoration of the dinner table. For the latter *Gypsophila paniculata* seems to hold the pride of place. Many will be thankful to know that 'all shrubby plants, and many perennials, last much longer if the stalks are peeled ;' that the best way of packing flowers is to

pick them overnight, and to put them into large pans of water, keeping each kind in separate bunches. In the morning they are dried, and the different bunches are rolled up fairly tightly in newspaper, the great point being to exclude the air entirely both from the stalks and flowers. These bundles are then laid flat in the boxes (all available for this purpose should be preserved when they are received from tradespeople and others), and the closer they are packed without actually crushing each other, the better they will travel.

Of course, there is a recipe for *pot-pourri*, although it did not originate in the Surrey Garden, but is extracted from Mr. George Ellwanger's delightful *Garden Story*. There is no more reliable authority, no gardener in the United States, who has such an honourable reputation.

#### *Pot-pourri*

The roses employed should be just blown, of the sweetest-smelling kinds, gathered in as dry a state as possible. After each gathering, spread out the petals on a sheet of paper, and leave until free from all moisture ; then place a layer of petals in the jar, sprinkling with coarse salt ; then another layer and salt alternating, until the jar is full. Leave for a few days, or until a broth is formed ;

then incorporate thoroughly, and add more petals and salt, mixing daily for a week, when fragrant gums and spices should be added, such as benzoin, storax, cassia-buds, cinnamon, cloves, cardamom, and vanilla bean. Mix again, and leave for a few days, when add essential oil of jasmine, violet, tuberose, and attar of roses, together with a hint of ambergris or musk, in mixture with the flower ottos, to fix the odour. A rose pot-pourri thus combined without parsimony in supplying the flower ottos will be found in the fullest sense a joy for ever.

Happily for her readers, Mrs. Earle is a large-hearted gardener. Her instructive experience is not restricted to trees, shrubs, plants, and flowers. Having prepared the best bed for Flora and welcomed her with lowly obeisance at the front door, she does not dismiss Pomona to the kitchen entrance. Why should our modern writers about the garden confine their observations to the ornamental and ignore the useful? There might be no beauty, no delight, outside of the parterres; and yet what sight is more refreshing than the blossom of the orchard, the almond, and the peach? Has not the pear been made the poet's theme?<sup>2</sup>

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
No daisy makes comparison,—  
Who sees them is undone.  
For streaks of red were mingled there,  
So as are on a Catherine Pear,  
The side that's next the sun.

There is no food so palatable, so wholesome, as fruit: 'An apple a day, no doctor to pay.' It is a refreshment which never fails. Boyhood has 'no *satis* to its *jams*,' and no longevity can destroy our zest of the first green-gooseberry tart. Nevertheless, we stupidly forget or wilfully forego much of the enjoyment which we might derive from this gracious gift. We pray that the kindly fruits of the earth may be preserved to our use, so that in due time we may enjoy them, and when our prayers are answered abundantly we depreciate because of the abundance. How often, for example, a great 'dessert' of excellent fruit is set before a number of guests who have satisfied their appetite, and only survey it listlessly in a state of placid plethora. Instead of this waste, there is on the other side of the Atlantic a wise and general estimation of this healthful diet. The American breakfast begins with fruit: with the Florida orange, the Newtown pippin, melons and peaches, and, best of all, the grape-fruit or shaddock.

These are signs of an improvement, of a larger demand and supply. Mrs. Earle writes: 'Of all the many changes to be noticed in my lifetime, I know none more remarkable than the immense increase that has taken place within my memory in fruit production and fruit consumption.' Importation and cultivation in England, both under glass and in our orchards and fields, have developed enormously.

<sup>2</sup> Sir John Suckling.

Who would have believed fifty years ago that the time would come when, passing along one of our Kentish roads, the traveller would have forty acres of strawberries on one side and the same extent of raspberries on the other?

Full directions are given for the drying and cooking of fruit in general, and for the preparation of strawberries, raspberries, and currants in particular.

We come next to a subject of far greater importance, because of its universal interest—the dressing and cooking of vegetables. Never was there greater need of instruction. First of all for owners of gardens and mistresses of households to follow the example of the authoress. Nothing in her book is so admirable and suggestive as her declaration of independence. I have studied very hard, she tells us, both in gardening and cooking, and *in this way one becomes independent of gardeners and cooks, because if they leave we can always teach another*. If gentlemen who employ gardeners, and ladies who employ cooks, would learn only the rudiments of gardening and cooking, they would be amply and quickly repaid. As a rule, when the proprietor of a garden has an interview with his gardener, he appears in that presence as a mere imbecile and duffer. If he opens his mouth he announces, if he shuts it he shows, his ignorance. When he asks for something quite out of season, and calls a hollyhock a dahlia, he is listened to with a sweet disdain. His wife can rebuke, but she cannot reform her cook, though she be one of those who justify the accusation that the ‘English have a peculiar gift for taking the taste out of the best materials that are to be found in the world,’ reminding us of Martha Penny’s description of the German soup, that it had no more flavour than if a cow had tumbled into the Rhine.

Accordingly, we have instructions in cookery for every month in the year. With some of these expensive luxuries for the epicure, and especially with one, which commends the roasting of ‘baby chickens,’ with a covering of delicate white mayonnaise sauce, we could have cheerfully dispensed. It suggests Herods and ogres and weasels and cats. But for the numerous and simple lessons by which we are to do justice to those esculents which most of us regard as only second in importance to our daily bread, we must offer our grateful praise.

How can a cook be expected to dress vegetables when she has never been taught? In England her one instruction has usually been to throw a large handful of coarse soda into the water, with the view to making it soft and keeping the colour of the vegetables, whereas, in fact, she by so doing destroys the health-giving properties; and every housekeeper should see that it is not done.

Potatoes may be cooked in an endless variety of ways: some of the best are given. Many young gardeners do not know that the secret of young potatoes being good, and not watery, is to take them out of the ground several days before they are boiled. There is, in

short, some new and useful information about all the vegetables which we use the most, about salads for the different seasons (few know that watercresses can be grown in ordinary garden soil, if sown every spring), about soups and sauces, jellies and jams. There is one omission—the easy culture of the mushroom. Dr. Repin, of the Pasteur Institute, tells us in a recent number of the *Revue Générale des Sciences* that half the manure made in Paris goes to the mushroom-growing establishments, and is used afterwards in the surrounding districts for forage plants; and in the neighbourhood of London, Canterbury, and elsewhere this culture is rapidly increasing.

Wise men will ponder these things. None wiser than the men of ancient Rome, and Cato tells us that the principal citizens had their great vegetable gardens near the city. These gardens were extensively cultivated by the owners themselves, and the success of some as specialists gave rise to family names, such as Piso from the pea, Cicero from the vetch, Fabius from the bean, Lentulus from the lentil. Had some of our distinguished statesmen lived in those times, the descendants of Mr. Gladstone might have taken the name of Arboreus; of Mr. Balfour, Golfius; Mr. Chamberlain, Orchidaceus; and Lord Rosebery, Hippodromus.

Seriously, these subjects of horticulture and cookery are of great national, social, and moral importance. So far from underrating the advantages which they confer upon the rich, in healthful recreations and comfort, or from restricting them to those who can best afford to pay, we would magnify their influence, wherever the opportunity presented itself, and to the full extent which the circumstances allowed among all classes of the community. We would induce the farmer to renovate those miserable collections of dead and dying trees which in so many instances he calls his orchard, we would have him restore the old waste places which he calls his garden, and would give to every cottager who desired to have it a sufficient space for vegetables, fruit, and flowers, instruct him in the selection of the fittest, and teach his wife to cook. If a man does not find happiness at home, he will seek it elsewhere in vain; but when, after his day's work is done, you refresh his eyes and his palate with the results of his own handiwork, you do much to make him satisfied with his surroundings, and to restrain him from wandering to those perilous places where the wild asses quench their thirst.

It may seem to some to be a hopeless enterprise to create in working men that love of a garden which Sir William Temple declares to be the inclination of kings and the choice of philosophers; nor can the most sanguine anticipate from its existence that emancipation from vice which the Prince de Ligne associates with horticulture, 'Il me semble qu'il est impossible qu'un méchant puisse l'avoir mon goût pour les jardins;' but it is not so hard as it seems; and the writer of this commentary is familiar with hundreds of cases, in which farm

labourers, shoemakers, stockingers, bricklayers, hewers of wood and drawers of water, have been enthusiastic and accomplished gardeners, and whose lives have been made better and brighter, among the flowers by Him Whose breath perfumes them and Whose pencil paints.

No more excellent work has been undertaken by our County Councils, notably by those of Kent and Surrey, than the establishment of school gardens at selected centres, to be cultivated in plots by boys of thirteen years of age and upwards, under a local instructor; the encouragement of cottage gardening and allotments by the lectures and visits of qualified persons, by prizes awarded to successful culture, and by the organisation, as at Maidstone and elsewhere, of schools of cookery.

There is no time for further enjoyment of this sweet, spicy *Potpourri*; no space for further extracts from this clever and comprehensive book; only for two more earnest words to the reader—*Buy it*.

S. KEYNOLES HOLE.

## THE PHILOSOPHICAL RADICALS

MR. GRAHAM WALLAS'S *Life of Place*, closely following Mr. Robert Leader's *Life of Roebuck*, will revive the interest even of arm-chair politicians in the public life and public men of the first half of the century. Mr. Wallas has treated his subject in a thoroughly conscientious spirit. He has succeeded in drawing vividly and authoritatively a character of singular strength and singular roughness. Place's father was an unmitigated ruffian, who knocked his children down whenever he saw them. But Place himself managed to get the rudiments of education, and he made better use of those rudiments than most first-class men make of their degrees. He was apprenticed in boyhood to a maker of leather breeches. The trade was decaying, and Place, who married young, suffered miserable privation. His misfortunes, instead of breaking him down, braced and hardened him. He set up for himself as a general tailor, and acquired a lucrative business. He was a pupil of Bentham, the only man whom he regarded with unqualified respect, and throughout his life an ardent politician. His shop was in Charing Cross, and in his back room the Radicals of Westminster used to meet. He obtained great influence with his neighbours, and became a sort of Grand Elector for Westminster. He hated and distrusted the Whigs, from Fox and Sheridan to Melbourne and Russell. He was an extreme Radical and pronounced Free Thinker, who regarded Whigs and Tories, Churchmen and Dissenters, with almost equal contempt. Robert Owen absurdly called him the leader of the Whig Party. In the *Greville Memoirs* there is one scornful allusion to 'Place and his rabble.' Greville erred on one side as much as Owen did on the other. Place was an unseen power, but a power nevertheless. If he did not exactly make and unmake Ministries—his own friends were never in office—he nominated candidates, he composed the People's Charter, and he issued in 1832 the famous placard 'Stop the Duke, go for Gold.' Though almost illiterate, and a writer whom even a biographer cannot read, he was consulted as an oracle by men far more highly cultivated than himself and in far higher social positions than his own. His case is singular, so far as I know, in English politics. He never sat in Parliament, never fought a constituency, never edited a newspaper,

never wrote a book, and never suffered persecution for his opinions. Yet he wielded an authority none the less important because it was indirect, and he was chiefly instrumental in removing their grossest iniquities from the Combination Laws. He was not, however, a Socialist, but an Individualist of the most determined sort, and he had no sentimental love of the working classes. What he had was a genuine hatred of oppression, a passionate love of justice and equality. His capacity for invective was unbounded; and his best friend, James Mill, objected to his 'raving.' He was a good hater and an implacable enemy; but honest, high-minded, and full of public spirit. Mr. Wallas deserves the gratitude of all historical students for his portrait of this extraordinary man.

Mr. Leader's *Life of Roebuck* is a good instance of the rage for biography which struggles with gambling for possession of the human mind. The late Mr. Roebuck, who died nearly twenty years ago, was a strenuous and prominent politician of the second or third rate. He did little which anybody now remembers; he wrote nothing which anybody now reads. He was a rather clever, rather eloquent, rather noisy, rather sincere man, who made his own way in the world by dint of energy and self-reliance. A thin volume of some fifty pages would have adequately described his motives and his acts. Mr. Leader has given him nearly four hundred, with the result of dangerously diluting the essential spirit into a somewhat thin and vapid draught. I find no fault with Mr. Leader, who has done his work well. Probably he could not help himself. We are all the creatures of circumstances, and biography is the vice of the age. Moreover, there is an excuse for Mr. Leader which cannot be pleaded for all his rivals in the art. Mr. Roebuck lived too much for the day, and even for the hour, to be very interesting now. But he was connected in early life with a group of remarkable men, who, if their practical capacity had corresponded with their intellectual powers, might have broken political parties and altered the history of England. I mean, of course, the philosophical Radicals, the disciples of Jeremy Bentham and of James Mill, such as John Mill and George Grote and Sir William Molesworth and Charles Buller and Joseph Hume (though he was no great philosopher) and Perronet Thompson and Mr. Wallas's hero, Francis Place, who prompted the party behind the scenes. With these men Mr. Roebuck was in his early days intimately associated. His own mind was anything rather than philosophical. His education was defective, his temper was imperious, his principles were versatile, and even his resentments were not lasting. But the course of his life brought him into fellowship with the Mills, and, like many young men, he could not bear, when he was young, that anybody should be thought more Radical than himself. The austere doctrines of his original friends did not insure the consistency of his own public career. Consistency,



if it means refusing to learn by experience, is an overrated virtue. Those who never change their minds are, for the most part, those who have no minds to change. That Mr. Roebuck should have begun life a Radical and ended it a Tory, is no more a subject of reproach than if, like an infinitely greater man, he had begun as a Tory and ended as a Radical.

But '*est modus in rebus : sunt certi denique fines.*' Mr. Roebuck changed his opinions with a rapidity which would have been more meritorious if they had been shirts. I take one subject, which will do as well as twenty. In March 1852 he spoke in the House of Commons on the Militia Bill, and caused some sensation by bluntly calling it 'a necessary defence necessitated by the jealousy of the French people—jealousy of which a bad man might take advantage, and a bad man was in power.' The bad man was Prince Louis Napoleon, then President of the French Republic. Two years afterwards, in the spring of 1854, Mr. Roebuck made a speech in favour of war with Russia, which included a tribute to 'the loyalty and honesty of purpose' displayed by the same Louis Napoleon, then Emperor of the French. In 1858 he caused the sensation which he loved to cause by describing, in language of very doubtful taste, the recent meeting between the Emperor and the Queen. 'I have no faith,' he said, 'in a man who is perjured to his lips. I recollect when at Cherbourg seeing the Emperor of the French visit the Queen of England . . . but when I saw his perjured lips upon her hallowed cheek, my blood rushed back to my heart to think of that holy and good creature being defiled by the lips of a perjured despot.' 'Now, if Louis Napoleon committed perjury at all, he committed it before and not after Mr. Roebuck praised him for his loyalty and honesty of purpose. In 1865 the Emperor had again become an object of Mr. Roebuck's admiration. 'While England and France hold together,' he then declared, 'the world must be at peace. The Emperor of France employs the power which he has, and so well exercises, for the benefit of mankind.' Most men change, but they do not change like that. Whatever may be the true view of Napoleon the Third's complex character, Mr. Roebuck's alternations of flattery and abuse have neither value nor meaning. They show that he had no settled notion of the man at all, but attacked him or praised him with absolute carelessness to serve the immediate purpose of the moment.

Mr. Roebuck's judgments upon men and things are as nearly worthless as the opinions of any intelligent person can be. It is fortunate for the reputations of his contemporaries that they are so. For, like Vivien, who left neither Lancelot brave nor Galahad pure, he ran down with indiscriminate severity almost every character which presumed to raise itself higher than his own. He accused Prince Albert of a determination that the campaign against Russia in the Crimea should not succeed, than which it would be

difficult to imagine a more infamous or a more preposterous charge. Of Mr. Gladstone he said in a sentence apparently intended to be humorous, 'He may be a very good chopper, but depend upon it he is not an English statesman.' Cobden, it seems, was 'a poor creature, with one idea—the making of county voters.' Lord John Russell was 'weak, narrow-minded, obstinate, and vindictive.' Lord Brougham, on the other hand, as students of his chequered course will be surprised to find, was 'a wise, a great, and a good man.'

But there was one person of whom Mr. Roebuck's high, not to say overweening, opinion never varied, and that was himself. When he was a parliamentary candidate at Glasgow in 1838, he contrasted himself with those vile wretches who crawl to the people for their own interest. In 1848 he used much the same language. At the close of his life he told the representative of a newspaper who came for an interview, that 'he had often thought that had he chosen to sacrifice his self-respect he might have become a leader of working men himself: they liked, as soldiers do, to be led by gentlemen.' (One is irresistibly reminded of the advertiser's counsel, 'see that you get it.'

*πολλοί ται νερθηκοφόροι, Βάκχοι δέ τε παῦροι.*

If Newman was right when he defined a gentleman as one who shrank from giving pain, Mr. Roebuck belonged to the majority of the Greek proverb—to the reed-bearers, and not to the Bacchanals. The truth seems to be that he was consumed by jealousy of Mr. Gladstone and most other eminent men. He was certainly a curious product of philosophical Radicalism. He never did anything by halves, and when he ceased to be an advanced Radical he became a vehement Tory. For a man who passed most of his life in talking, he had a singular prejudice against the 'agitator' who talked when he ought to have worked. The inconsistencies of politicians, however, are a trite and unprofitable theme. It is more interesting to examine the sources from which so strange a character as Mr. Roebuck's proceeded. He certainly could not be called, in the ordinary sense of the term, a failure. He disliked privacy, and he was almost always before the public. He turned out Lord Aberdeen's government, the second government of All the Talents, by a very large majority when he was too ill to speak for more than a few minutes at a time. After charging Prince Albert with a treasonable endeavour to prevent the success of the expedition to the Crimea, he lived to be made a Privy Councillor, and to be thanked by the Queen for supporting the Eastern policy of Lord Beaconsfield. He died in the odour of political sanctity as one of those noble patriots who leave their party for their country's good. Yet his career was singularly barren of positive or practical results, and it is difficult to extract from Mr. Leader's book, or from contemporary records, any one

principle to which this ostentatious purist steadily adhered. Having entered the House of Commons a Benthamite, he left it a Disraelite, and the chain has yet to be forged which can connect the fantastic dreams of Mr. Disraeli with anything so prosaically solid as the greatest happiness of the greatest number. Bentham saw in his old age the complete triumph of a system which, when he originally propounded it, was treated with neglect and derision. His works, as one of his disciples finely said, were buried in the ruins of the superstitions they had destroyed. 'The writings of Bentham,' says Mr. Roebuck, 'produced a silent revolution in the *mode* of treating all political and moral subjects. The habits of thought were entirely new, and the whole body of political writers, without (for the most part) knowing whence the inspiration came, were full of a new spirit, and submitted all acts to a new test.' This is true, though not, perhaps, very impressively stated. But while the spirit of Benthamism prevailed, the philosophical Radicals as a party in the House of Commons did little or nothing. There is in this volume an odd and unfinished letter which Mr. Roebuck wrote, but never sent, to Mr. Mill. It is the production of a candid friend in the worst sense of that term, and in the case of a man less conscious of his own moral rectitude might be called spiteful. 'The temper of the House of Commons is peculiar, and of that I quickly saw you were profoundly ignorant,' and so forth. This was written in the spring of 1868, and in the autumn of the same year Mr. Mill ceased to be member for Westminster. The loss to the House of Commons was greater than the loss to himself. It is not true that he failed. He was not a brilliant orator. The House did not fill when he rose, as it filled for the late Sir Robert Peel, who never had anything to say that was worth saying. But sensible men listened to him with a deep respect and a profound attention which Mr. Roebuck seldom commanded and never deserved. By the time, however, that Mr. Mill came into the House, the philosophical Radicals had as a party been dissolved.

Mr. Roebuck's own account of the Mills is not sympathetic, and should be taken with some reserve. John Mill was 'the mere exponent of other men's ideas,' 'utterly ignorant of what is called society,' did not understand the ways of women, and so forth. James Mill, if we may believe Mr. Roebuck, was an arrant snob. He 'looked down on us because we were poor and not greatly allied, for while in words he was a severe democrat, in fact and in conduct he bowed down to wealth and position. To the young men of wealth and position who came to see him he was gracious and instructive, while to us he was rude and curt, gave us no advice, but seemed pleased to hurt and offend us.' The character of James Mill was not altogether an agreeable one. But this odious charge is new and requires corroboration. His opinions were anything rather than fashionable,

and he was at no pains to conceal them. If he had been what Mr. Roebuck insinuates that he was, he would surely have taken some pains to push his son into society, instead of keeping him out of it. It is conceivable that the author of the *History of British India* may have formed a lower intellectual estimate of Mr. Roebuck than Mr. Roebuck formed of himself. It is hardly possible that he should have shared Mr. Roebuck's own naïve horror at seeing 'Place, Tailor,' over the door of a man admitted to share his august companionship. •

Mr. Roebuck's account of John Mill's relations with Mrs. Taylor, afterwards Mrs. Mill, is, though unpleasant, shrewd enough. Mill in his *Autobiography* attributes his quarrel with Roebuck to a disagreement about the respective merits of Byron and Wordsworth. Roebuck traces it to his having remonstrated with Mill on his intimacy with Mrs. Taylor, and Roebuck's theory is beyond question the more plausible of the two. It is difficult to reconcile the letters to which reference has already been made with Mr. Roebuck's autobiographical statement that his affection for Mill 'continued unbroken to the day of his death.' Nor is there much affection in the remark that 'one so little conversant with women or the world would be a slave to the first woman who told him she liked him.' But of that remarkable attachment Mr. Roebuck probably gives the true explanation. 'Mill's intellect bowed down to the feet of Mrs. Taylor. He believed her an inspired philosopher in petticoats; and as she had the art of returning his own thoughts to himself, clothed in her own words, he thought them hers, and wondered at her powers of mind, and the accuracy of her conclusions.' The cynical maxim that all affection is a form of self-love has, like most cynicism, more sound than sense in it. Mill had a very warm heart and a very affectionate nature. His father, whom he worshipped, and of whom he stood in great awe, starved both. His mother died when he was very young. His brothers and sisters were no companions to him. The 'first woman who told him she liked him' gave him the sympathy he required and had not. He had idealised women. He idolised a woman. Mr. Roebuck idealised nobody, and only idolised himself.

Although Mr. Roebuck's great political achievement was the destruction of Lord Aberdeen's Ministry and the appointment of the Crimean Committee, his career is mainly, if not solely, interesting now from his connection with the philosophical Radicals of the thirties and forties. They were such remarkably clever men, and they did so remarkably little, that they have both positive and negative claims to attention. When Macaulay came back from India in 1838, he found the Radical party reduced to 'Grote and his wife.' To a pure Whig that was not an unpleasant discovery. But it was, and it remains, a curious phenomenon. Grote, and Mill, and Molesworth, and Buller were men of high character and brilliant

ability. Hume and Roebuck were industrious and successful Members of Parliament. From the resignation of Lord Grey in 1834 to the resignation of Lord Melbourne in 1841 the Whig government was singularly weak. But the feeble organism held its own against attack, and when it finally succumbed, it fell before the Conservative revival which had been elaborately fostered by Sir Robert Peel. Full justice has scarcely yet been done to the qualities of that illustrious man, whose biography, unlike Roebuck's and Place's, remains to be written. He was the father of modern Conservatism and of modern Liberalism. He was too great for one party. He carried on the financial policy of Mr. Pitt and handed it down to Mr. Gladstone. He taught Conservatives to rely upon the House of Commons, and not upon the House of Lords. Twice in his life he yielded to intellectual conviction and confessed that he had been wrong. He accepted the Report of the Bullion Committee in favour of resuming cash payments. He was converted to free trade not by the Irish famine, but by the arguments of Mr. Cobden. In 1829 there was no Francis Horner, and Richard Cobden was still obscure. On that occasion Peel yielded to necessity, and took the Duke with him. Of Catholic emancipation he said frankly, 'The credit of this measure is not due to me. It is due to Mr. Fox, to Mr. Grey, to Mr. Grattan, and to an illustrious and right honourable friend of mine, now no more.' He meant, I need hardly say, George Canning. Peel is not to be judged by his conduct in 1829, for what he did then was what almost any man in his senses would have done under the same conditions. In 1812, and still more in 1846, he showed the insight of a real statesman. 1846 was of course the turning-point of his career. Only a really great man, who could see at a momentous crisis the true proportions of things, would have deliberately broken in pieces the structure he had himself so patiently and laboriously reared: Sir Robert Peel did not hesitate when he had to choose between the interests of his party and the welfare of the people. The Whigs could not form a Government, and he had to carry Free Trade himself, if it was to be carried at all. He was compared with Judas Iscariot, but he saved the nation.

Sir Robert Peel was intellectually equal to the most abstrusely philosophical of his contemporaries. He was an excellent scholar, a supremely capable man of business, a brilliant debater, a man of highly cultivated taste and judgment. But first and foremost, and above all things, he was a practical statesman. Mr. Disraeli, in his wonderfully characteristic *Life of Lord George Bentinck*, calls him 'the greatest member of Parliament who ever lived,' and says that he 'played on the House of Commons like an old fiddle.' He could thoroughly understand and appreciate an abstract treatise like Ricardo's *Political Economy*. But he had studied the book of the world as well as the world of books. He knew what could be done, and

when the time had come for doing it. The philosophical Radicals did not know. Some of them did not seem to care. They were justly convinced of their own integrity and fully imbued with a belief in their own principles. So long as they neither said nor did anything inconsistent with the doctrines they professed, they were satisfied to hug themselves in haughty and splendid isolation. Their mentor or instigator outside Parliament was Francis Place, facetiously called by them 'Father Place,' who, as already said, shocked Mr. Roebuck's youthful susceptibilities by being a tailor. He was plain-spoken even to bluntness, and beyond it. He seems to have been the author of that pleasant phrase 'the shortening of Charles the First,' which I have seen described as a modern Americanism. He did not cultivate the literary graces, and his letters are neither polished nor polite. He was a straightforward Radical, bent on going the hog, the whole hog, and nothing but the hog. On the 3rd of October 1836, he wrote to Mr. Roebuck, 'Men who think the resignation of the Whigs a reason for deserting the people are of no use to the people; fit only to keep a truckling set of Tories, under the name of Whigs, in office, and thus to drivel down, as low as it can be drivelled down, the whole nation into a state of contemptible imbecility.' These are brave words, and they are a fair sample of what Mr. Place wrote to his friends in the House of Commons. He accused them of subserviency to Lord John Russell, and when one of them attacked the Whig Government he was in an ecstasy of delight. It does not seem to have struck him that nothing came of these bold performances, that they did the Whigs no particular harm, and that beyond affording personal gratification to Mr. Place they might as well not have occurred. Mr. Place and his associates, to adopt a French phrase, payed themselves with words. The Whigs left them to their amusement, and plodded on. A Liberal Member of Parliament wrote to Mr. Gladstone in 1886 begging him to withdraw the Home Rule Bill, but adding that if it were not withdrawn, he should vote for it. He is said to have been surprised that his appeal was unsuccessful.

Mr. Mill, in his *Autobiography*, which some one described rather well as the history not of a man but of a mind, pays a warm tribute to his old friend Roebuck for services rendered to national education and to the self-government of the colonies. But both of these were Whig measures, and if the substitution of national for individual effort in elementary teaching be due to anyone before Mr. Forster, it is due to Lord Brougham. What Mr. Mill says of the philosophical Radicals in general is more accurate than what he says of Mr. Roebuck in particular. 'When measures were proposed flagrantly at variance with their principles, such as the Irish Coercion Bill, or the Canada Coercion in 1837, they came forward manfully, and braved any amount of hostility and prejudice, rather than desert the right, but on the whole they did little to promote any opinions; they had little

enterprise, little activity; they left the lead of the Radical portion of the House to the old hands, to Hume and O'Connell.' Mr. Mill thought the result inevitable. 'And now,' he adds, 'on calm retrospection, I can perceive that the men were less in fault than we supposed, that we expected too much from them. They were in unfavourable circumstances. Their lost was cast in the ten years of inevitable reaction. . . . It would have required a great political leader, which no one is to be blamed for not being, to have effected really great things' by parliamentary discussion when the nation was in this mood.' The moods of nations are affected by the activity of individuals. A philosopher may say that politics are a game not worth playing, that the mass of mankind do not understand what is good for them, but are at the mercy of office-seekers and charlatans. Probably that was not very far from being Mr. Mill's own opinion. But it is not a doctrine which a Member of Parliament can without absurdity profess. When 'Father Place' abused his disciples for speaking too mildly or too seldom, he scarcely ever gave them any practical hints. So long as they denounced the 'base, bloody, and brutal' Whigs, he was content, and even delighted. There was, of course, the Charter, which Mr. Place, in a letter to Sir Erskine Perry, claims to have drawn, with the assistance of Mr. Lovett, and which Mr. Wallas proves that he actually drew. The Charter received the approval of the Working Men's Associations, it was supported by the *Northern Star* and the *Western Vindicator*, the Chartists became a political party. Mrs. Grote assured Mr. Place that 'she would never consent to wag a hand or foot to awaken the great public up from its lethargy till those Whigs were sent a-packing.' Those Whigs were sent a-packing within three years from the date of Mrs. Grote's letter. But it was the Tories, not the Chartists, who sent them. The two great political organisations went on never minding. They behaved as if no such thing as Chartism had ever existed in the world. In 1842, after Mrs. Grote had had her wish, and the Whigs had been turned out, the House refused by an overwhelming majority to hear the Chartists by counsel. Mr. Roebuck spoke in favour of the motion. But as he took the opportunity of calling Feargus O'Connor a 'cowardly and malignant demagogue,' his advocacy was not of much avail. Mr. Roebuck's taste and capacity for invective were no doubt exceptional. But his unpractical and unbusinesslike methods he shared with his political allies. It is not that they were theorists. Theorists have changed the face of the world. Everybody knows Carlyle's outburst of rhetoric against some depreciation of 'mere theory.' 'There was once a man called Jean Jacques Rousseau. He wrote a book called *The Social Contract*. It was a theory, and nothing but a theory. The French nobles laughed at the theory, and their skins went to bind the second edition of the book.' The allusion is of course to the famous Tanneries of Meudon, a dry historic fact. Rousseau

was perfectly consistent, because he was a speculative philosopher. He was not, and did not pretend to be, a practical politician. The philosophical Radicals did. But they fell between two stools. They would rightly struggle, and yet would wrongly win. Too virtuous to intrigue, they were not virtuous enough to be satisfied with the approval of their own consciences. The odd, and by no means attractive, letters from Mr. Place printed by Mr. Leader are a continuous series of grumbles and growls. 'The Reformers in the House of Commons are not less deserving of censure than the Whig Ministers whom they have served.' 'I should be satisfied if I saw but six men who would despise the opinion of the House when circumstances made it necessary, and stood up for principle, *i.e.* for the people.' 'It would be a guinea ill bestowed in hearing fulsome praises of the Administration, and resolutions ambiguously worded in the true Whig style, to secure the assent of those who may be committed by being present in supporting ministers in keeping down, as far as they can, the energies of the people, in causing them to have no confidence in public men.' These are fair samples of Mr. Place's epistolary style, though it is varied by occasional hymns of praise over some attack upon the Whig Government, for which the Whig Government did not care two straws.

In one of John Bright's greatest speeches, the speech he delivered at Bradford in 1877, when the statue of Cobden was unveiled, he said, with as much truth as eloquence, that the famous League had made it impossible for any one to be starved to death in this country through a famine made by law. The Leaguers knew their business, and did it. The philosophical Radicals, though they knew very well what they wanted to do, had no notion of how to do it. The principal item in the Charter which has been adopted, I mean the ballot, was carried by Mr. Gladstone, who never had anything to do with them, and at the time of the Monster Petition was a Tory. 'A great Minister was converted,' as Mr. Bright said, converted by argument and reason, to free trade. More lately Irishmen have shown what power can be wielded in the British Parliament by discipline and perseverance. Home Rule is a dangerous topic, and the controversy is not yet concluded. But does anybody believe that if there had been no Irish Land League in 1879, there would have been any Irish Land Act in 1881? A letter from Mr. Roebuck to Dr. Black, written in 1848, is a good commentary upon the measure of success achieved by himself and his friends:—

I have received [he wrote] a printed paper signed by Lovett and others about their plans. If I can do anything to assist, I shall be glad, and really believe the present not merely a good opportunity for stirring, but one which imposes on the true friends of good government the duty of making some attempt to rescue the working classes from the danger to which they are now exposed. The late doings of the Chartists have been seized by the Whigs with delight, as they have afforded



them a pretext for expense, and given them a means of retaining office. They will now effect a junction with a large section of the Tories, and we shall have a dead-set made at the persons who endeavour to change the representation in this country.

Mr. Roebuck here sums up the result, in a practical sense, of philosophical Radicalism. It led to Chartism, and Chartism perished in ridicule. There is of course another side to the question. The influence wrought by men's lives and conduct is not confined to the actions which they perform. The greatest British statesman of the eighteenth century, judged by the power which he has exercised and still exercises upon human thought, was Edmund Burke. Yet Burke never passed a statute, and seldom changed a vote in the House of Commons. The speech on Conciliation with America, perhaps the greatest ever delivered in English, did not even draw a full house. But then Burke, as Southey proudly said of himself, was 'conscious that he laboured for posterity.' So no doubt was Mill. The few years which Mr. Mill spent in Parliament were not the happiest nor the most useful of his honourable and beneficent life. His treatise on Liberty does not rank with the *Thoughts on the Causes of the Recent Discontents*, which reverses the case of the bad French poet's *Ode to Posterity* by combining an ephemeral title with an imperishable substance. But Mill's *On Liberty* is worth all the speeches that were made in the first reformed Parliament of Great Britain and Ireland. Mr. Grote has a permanent place in the history of learning and literature which is not affected by his political success or failure. But the party which derived its inspiration from the Radical tailor of Charing Cross aimed at immediate objects, and were far from despising politics of the day. It is therefore fair to contrast their brilliant abilities with their meagre achievements. The year 1836 furnishes a typical instance of their procedure. Before Parliament opened Mr. Roebuck wrote and published two pamphlets which he called respectively, *Radical Support to a Whig Minister* and *The Radicals and the Ministers*. Their object was to withdraw Radical votes from the Government of Lord Melbourne. But, as Mr. Roebuck's candid biographer says, 'nothing practical came of the scheme. Radicals like Sir William Molesworth joined with Roebuck in insisting on a more determined and straightforward action on the part of the Ministers as the only way to obtain hearty Radical support. Yet the session ran its course, with the usual accompaniments of bitter words, but no deeds.' The session ran its course, and the philosophical Radicals ran theirs. The chief result in both instances was the lapse of time. Sir William Molesworth, whose 'wealth and rank' dazzled Mr. Roebuck almost as much as Mr. Place's occupation disgusted him, pursued his own career. He edited the works of Hobbes, and died a Secretary of State under Lord Palmerston in his forty-sixth year. But long before that time the

philosophical Radicals had been broken up, and Mr. Roebuck was referring contemptuously to 'Molesworth and Co.'

Mr. Roebuck's services to Canada are well known, and they were neither the less creditable nor the worse rendered because he was paid for them. 'Sir John Hanmer, in 1836,' says Mr. Leader, 'asked the House of Commons to affirm that it was contrary to its independence, a breach of its privileges, and derogatory to its character, for any of its members to become the paid advocate of any portion of his Majesty's subjects.' It is, perhaps, rather surprising that sixty years ago the House of Commons should have rejected such a motion by a majority of nearly three to one. The Canadian problem was solved by a judicious mixture of firmness and liberality. The philosophical Radicals urged upon the Whig Government the claims of Canada to what would now be called Home Rule. But they were forcing an open door. Lord Durham, who had been the most Radical member of Lord Grey's Cabinet, receives the praise of Miss Martineau for the achievement. A cool and sagacious Liberal of the last generation used to observe that Lord Durham claimed credit for issuing a proclamation which was written by Charles Buller, and for suppressing a rebellion which was put down by Francis Head. Nobody had much to say for the Colonial Office, and poor Lord Glenelg was lashed with merciless severity by Lord Brougham. 'These events, my lords, must have given my noble friend many a sleepless day.' Lord Brougham had his laugh, and Lord Glenelg had his nap. But after all the dull unimaginative Whigs did put down a most formidable rising, and did give contentment to the French Canadians. They were too apt to think that they alone could govern the country. But they could govern it. They were born with official minds, and played with red tape in the nursery. Nothing but the French Revolution could have kept them out of Downing Street for five-and-thirty years. If Lord Melbourne had been a real Whig and not a half-converted Tory, or if Sir Robert Peel had not been head and shoulders above all his contemporaries, they might have remained there for an indefinite period. The swing of the pendulum was not invented till 1868, the year of the first election under household suffrage. Then Mr. Gladstone became a Radical, and Radicalism became a tremendous force in English politics. Time has vindicated most of the principles which the Benthamite or Utilitarian Radicals held. But they have been carried out by different methods and by other hands. Mr. Roebuck, who survived almost all his early associates, lived to support not merely the foreign policy of Lord Palmerston in 1850, but even the foreign policy of Lord Beaconsfield in 1878. He was too flighty and eccentric a personage to be a fair specimen of any party or any school. The moral of his career, if there be any, is hardly worth drawing. The moral of philosophical Radicalism appears to be that politics may be either practical or philosophical, but that they cannot

be both. Bentham revolutionised English jurisprudence from his study. Peel revolutionised English finance in the House of Commons. The Radicals who were patronised and admonished by 'Father Place' produced no consequences, and have left no mark. They have been succeeded by what Mr. Chamberlain would call a more judicious 'blend.' Since their day there have been two distinguished examples of philosophy in Radical politics. Mr. Mill and Mr. Morley have both combined the theory with the practice of government. For Mr. Mill, though he never sat in the Cabinet, was during many years engaged in the administration of British India. Mr. Morley's conspicuous success in Ireland is a proof that the failure of the philosophical Radicals was not due to their speculative tastes, but to their political deficiencies.

HERBERT PAUL.

## *WHEN EUROPE WAS ON THE BRINK OF THE SEVEN YEARS' WAR (1754-56)<sup>1</sup>*

THIS book is the outcome of a very careful examination by M. Richard Waddington of all the correspondence, official and private, between kings, ministers, and diplomatists in the archives of the Foreign Offices at Paris, London, and Vienna, and of the Newcastle Papers in the British Museum, regarding the intricate negotiations that preceded the Seven Years' War. The author's object, as signified by the book's title, is to explain clearly how it came to pass that in the years 1755-56 the old political system of European alliances was abruptly reversed or upset; that the Great Powers changed sides, cancelled existing treaties with their former friends, made new treaties with their former enemies, and entered into a long and bloody war, which left France on the road to ruin, without any substantial gain to any of the other combatants except England. For England the result of the Seven Years' War was the expulsion of the French from North America and from India, the demolition of the French navy, an immense increase of her own sea-power, and a great expansion of her trade and her dominion. M. Waddington believes that the accepted version of the causes and circumstances which brought this signal catastrophe upon France has placed Frederic of Prussia too high and Madame de Pompadour too low—justifying everything that he did, and exaggerating her share, great as it was, in the blunders of the French monarchy.

By 1755 it had become plain to England that hostilities with France over the American colonies were inevitable; and indeed they had already begun. Although the two nations were officially at peace, Admiral Boscawen had attacked, in June, a French squadron that was conveying reinforcements to Canada, and Sir Edward Hawke was seizing every French merchant-ship that he could sight between Ushant and Cape Finisterre. In America Braddock's force had been routed by the French and their friendly Indians. The English had been so eager to begin that they dispensed with a declaration of war; but

<sup>1</sup> *Louis XV et le Renversement des Alliances (Préliminaires de la guerre de Sept Ans, 1754-56)*. Par Richard Waddington, Sénateur de la Seine-Inférieure, 1896.

while the people wanted a maritime and colonial war for the sake of their trade and their lands beyond sea, the king (George the Second) was chiefly anxious about the protection of Hanover, a much more complicated problem. The king's object, upon which he and his ministers exercised all their diplomacy, was to keep Germany quiet, if possible, while England and France should be fighting out their duel on and beyond the blue water; or at any rate to save Hanover from invasion. But how was this to be accomplished? The traditional enemy of France was Austria, by whose side we had fought the French kings in the first two great wars of the eighteenth century; and between Austria and Prussia there was a latent but deadly feud over the recent annexation of Silesia by Frederic of Prussia. On the other hand, Prussia was at the time allied with France, and nothing could be easier than for these two Powers to invade Hanover, which lay in a manner between them. Such a project had been actually discussed between Frederic and the French ministers. The King, whose turn of mind was prompt and practical, advised the French to lose no time in occupying Hanover, to be held until the English should let go Canada, which, he said, they were obviously intending to seize. Whereupon the French Government suggested that Frederic might himself take Hanover; but he was not the man to pull chestnuts out of the fire for other folk, or to give Austria her opportunity by breaking the peace in Germany. Meanwhile the English applied first for aid to Austria, their ancient ally; but Maria Theresa was bent upon attacking Frederic, and the sure result, to England, of quarrelling with him would be to place Hanover in great peril; so no bargain could be made with the Empress-Queen. They next turned to Elizabeth of Russia, who detested Frederic almost as heartily as Maria Theresa did, and with her they negotiated a treaty to the effect that any Power attacking Hanover should be treated as the 'common enemy' of both. The news of this treaty seriously startled Frederic, who saw at once that it was aimed at Prussia, and found himself in an awkward situation. The French king, his only ally, was incapable and indolent; the French ministry vacillated; their fleet was evidently no match for the English at sea; he foresaw the danger of being left isolated in Europe, with two powerful and vindictive empresses, the mistresses of great armies, threatening his frontier on either side. So when the English made conciliatory overtures to him he replied with official expressions of consideration and esteem for his uncle, George the Second, whom he heartily despised; and the *billet confidentiel* to his envoy in London, which accompanied his public despatch, is worth quoting.

' Il faut voir à quoi cela mènera, et si messieurs les Anglais n'ont pas envie de se moquer de moi. N'est-ce pas bien singulier que ces gens demandent que j'épouse leurs intérêts, lorsque actuellement j'ai deux gros démêlés avec eux qui ne sont pas vidés? On dirait que toute la terre, aux dépens de l'intérêt propre d'un chacun, est obligée d'entreprendre la défense de ce fichu pays.

Nevertheless in January 1856 Prussia and England made a convention affirming their joint resolution to maintain peace in Germany, to oppose the entry or passage of foreign armies, and to guarantee each other's possession. The English had now got one treaty with Russia that held Frederic in check, and had used it to make another with Frederic that held the French in check; whereby it might appear that Hanover was tolerably safe. But England's double dealing enraged the Russian Empress, who saw that the 'common enemy' was escaping her; and Frederic's double dealing angered the French, who protested against the absurdity of his becoming simultaneously the ally of France and England at a moment when these two nations were on the brink of war. Naturally the Russian Empress threw over England and joined Austria in a plan to attack and dismember Prussia; while Louis the Fifteenth and his ministers, finding themselves in danger of being left alone in Europe, crossed over also to the Austrian camp, and made a treaty whereby France and Austria mutually agreed to repel aggression upon each other's territories.

This was a fatal blunder on the part of France, for defensive compacts are useless when one of the two contracting parties intends war, because war can be always provoked. Austria and Russia at once began to muster their armies on the Prussian frontier, and Frederic determined to anticipate them. When Mitchell, the English envoy at his court, tried to deter him from plunging into hostilities by his sudden invasion of Saxony, the king glared at him wrathfully, and said: 'Qu'est-ce que vous voyez, Monsieur, dans ma figure? Croyez-vous que mon nez est fait pour recevoir des claques? Pardieu, je ne le souffrirai pas.' The invasion of Saxony was a clear case of aggression. The two empresses set upon Frederic, forcing France to take the field with them; and thus the Seven Years' War opened with a formidable coalition of Russia, Austria, and France against Prussia; England, although Prussia's ally, being at first formally at war with France only.

M. Waddington's book follows all the twisting intricate underplay of these entangled transactions, and so gives a dramatic representation of the political world at that time. Diplomacy was a game of intrigue and finesse carried on without scruple as to methods; the stakes were too high for moral hesitations; it was the art of weaving nets to catch the unwary; it was the veil which screened the movement of armies behind scenes, the prelude to their sudden appearance. The correspondence of foreign embassies was opened and read as a matter of course in every State's post office; the clerks of the Chancelleries were often in the pay of the government to which the embassy was attached; the ambassadors could not even trust their own secretaries; the governments did not always trust their own ambassadors; the French king kept a secret agency of his own who thwarted and undermined the regular French embassies.

Frederic of Prussia was the most skilful and successful purloiner of information ; but copies of all his own letters to his envoy in London were obtained by the English government, and are still to be seen at our Record Office ; and in the ' Archives des Affaires Étrangères ' at Paris are preserved his most secret instructions to his minister there, which were duly laid before Louis the Fifteenth and Madame de Pompadour, who sometimes read more than she liked about herself. The secretary to the Austrian legation at Berlin had been enlisted into the secret service of the Prussian king. One morning he disappeared altogether ; the Prussian police searched everywhere for him with the most obliging activity ; yet no trace of him could be discovered, until finally it transpired that he was in hiding not far off, under their particular protection. And every one has read how it was upon reading the confidential reports from the Saxon minister at Vienna to his government, which were obtained by bribing a clerk in the Dresden Foreign Office, that Frederic determined to strike the first blow in the Seven Years' War by making a rush upon the capital of Saxony. One may perhaps suggest, parenthetically, some doubt whether the modern system of including all this stolen correspondence among the historical documents open to public inspection at the various record offices is altogether prudent or wholesome. Diplomatic letters are still carefully sorted in continental post-offices ; and the Dreyfus case shows that other means are still used for access to bureaux ; but when such papers are no longer wanted, it might be more decent to destroy them, or the various States might agree to a general restitution of them, by exchange, to their lawful owners. Upon the existing system we may look for the publication of the evidence against Dreyfus about the middle of the twentieth century.

Taking M. Waddington's work as a whole, we have to thank him for a vivid and edifying picture of the manners and methods of statesmen in the last century, and for the able handling of a mass of records which, while they confirm our previous knowledge of leading events and their causes, bring out also some points not generally known or observed. Much of the secret diplomatic history of this period may be extracted from Carlyle's *Life of Frederic* ; but his grotesque though vigorous style is fatiguing when one is merely trying to get at the facts ; and he stops so often to make humorous grimaces at his fools or knaves that the quiet reader may be excused a little impatience. His narrative, moreover, is not so complete and exhaustive as M. Waddington's ; and it is now fairly certain that Maria Theresa did *not* write to Madame de Pompadour the letter beginning ' Ma Cousine,' to which Carlyle, in his grim jocular way, attaches much political importance. The Austrian Court, however, did take special pains about showing deferential civility to the king's mistress, who only got a snub from Frederic in return for the " message of flattering cajolery that she sent him through Voltaire.

The direction of England's foreign policy during this period, if we judge by the results, was singularly fortunate, although it is not easy to decide whether our statesmen stumbled by haphazard or by subtle calculation upon the course which led, by a series of shifty manœuvres, to the detachment of Prussia from France. There can be no doubt, at any rate, that our alliance with Frederic was a master-stroke of policy. No other combination could have served us so well, for it reduced France to the necessity of confronting simultaneously the Prussian Army by land and the English navy at sea, whereby she was overmatched and defeated on both elements. It is worth notice that the chief of the English cabinet that had to deal with the critical and complicated situation immediately preceding the outbreak of the Seven Years' War was the Duke of Newcastle, who is unanimously reputed to have been the most incompetent Prime Minister in all our parliamentary annals. But the Prussian alliance was not turned to its right use until Pitt came into power, and insisted on putting all our money on one strong energetic ally, instead of dribbling it away in subsidies to a number of petty German princes. Another point is the impression produced by the story of these transactions that England was exceedingly well served by her representatives abroad, who do not appear to have belonged to the aristocratic class that latterly furnished so many of our diplomatists. Keith at Vienna, Keene at Madrid, Mitchell at Berlin, and the unfortunate Hanbury Williams at St. Petersburg seem all to have been men who for acuteness, knowledge of their business, and devotion to their country's interests could be confidently matched against any ministers and envoys of continental States, were not inferior to the carefully chosen agents of Prussia, and were far superior to the ambassadors of France. Of Mitchell it is said by M. Waddington that his frankness, integrity, and independence produced the most favourable impression upon the sceptical Frederic, with whom he always managed to retain considerable influence, in spite of embarrassment created by a changing and hesitating policy at home.

Among the leading actors in the drama Frederic of Prussia stands out in bold relief as the clear-headed man of daring and unscrupulous genius, the intellectual ancestor, in war and statesmanship, of Napoleon and Bismarck, of men who make short work of irresolute or maladroit antagonists, who take boldly the straightest road toward definite ends. The Duc de Broglie<sup>2</sup> compares Frederic's irruption into Saxony, by which he began the war of 1756, with the opening of the campaign by Bismarck and Moltke in 1865; the object in both cases being to attack Austria before she was ready, and to penetrate into Bohemia from a base in Saxony. But in 1756 the resistance of the Saxon army checked Frederic, and placed him in some jeopardy; whereas in the later campaign the Saxon king,

<sup>2</sup> 'Le Secret du Roi.'



being intimidated, offered no resistance, and the war, which lasted seven weeks instead of seven years, was virtually terminated in Bohemia by the overthrow of the Austrian army at Sadowa. In 1865 Russia aided the Prussians by a friendly neutrality; France held aloof until it was too late to strike in; and Italy was actively hostile to the Austrians, who were thus isolated and overpowered; while in the previous century Frederic had against him the three great continental Powers, was driven to fearful extremities, and only saved his kingdom 'by miraculous energy. But while he was fighting for his existence in central Europe England was breaking down the naval and colonial power of France;<sup>3</sup> the defeat of the French at Rosbach was a heavy blow to their military reputation, and the general dilapidation of their resources became so incurable that to the Seven Years' War may be largely attributed the decline and fall of the Bourbon monarchy.

In the middle of the last century the greater part of Europe was governed, directly or indirectly, by women; and Frederic had an unlucky knack of giving them mortal offence, with the result that two empresses and a king's mistress combined to destroy him, and very nearly succeeded in doing so. M. Waddington proves that for the political blunders of France the Abbé de Bernis and other ministers were as much to blame as Madame de Pompadour; yet he admits that at the time she was virtually the king's 'premier ministre,' and a monarch in such leading strings is sure to go wrong. What saved Frederic was the mismanagement of their foreign affairs by the French government, and Pitt's vigorous war-policy in England. At a period when Russia, Prussia, Austria, and England were all ruled by sovereigns or statesmen of remarkable personal character France was governed from Versailles by the feeblest of the French kings, with the aid of a fair but frail lady and of some second-rate ministers. It was clean against the manifest interest of Louis the Fifteenth to let himself be drawn into joining Austria's vindictive attack upon Prussia when he had on his hands a dangerous quarrel with England; and it was very bad policy, as M. Waddington points out, for France to abet the two empresses in their design of breaking up Prussia and reducing her to insignificance, for this would have been to invest Austria, France's hereditary rival, with supreme predominance in central Europe.

L'Autriche, débarrassée du seul rival qui lui portât ombrage, accrue par la reprise de la Silésie et des duchés italiens, grandie par le prestige de la victoire, serait devenue maîtresse incontestée de l'Europe centrale, et aurait peut-être effectué un siècle plus tôt, sinon l'union, du moins la consolidation, à son profit, de l'empire germanique.

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<sup>3</sup> Ce fut en Allemagne, dans une lutte où les bataillons français ne furent, à proprement parler, que les auxiliaires de l'armée de l'impératrice, ce fut sur les champs de bataille de Rosbach, de Creveld, de Minden, que nous perdîmes nos colonies du Canada et du golfe St-Laurent. [*Renversement des Alliances*, p. 369.]

Yet Maria Theresa persuaded Louis the Fifteenth into signing a treaty which forced him to follow her lead into a war, of which the end, even if it had been triumphant, would have been disadvantageous to France; and as he had entered upon it without preparation or forethought, so indolence and backstairs intriguing at headquarters paralysed his generals in the field. Fifty years later, in 1806, when it was Prussia whose tactics were tardy and irresolute, France wiped out the disgrace of Rosbach at Jena; but in 1870 diplomatic skill and military capacity had again changed sides, and Sedan left Prussia the winner of two out of the three decisive battles with France. Louis Napoleon was a far better administrator than Louis the Fifteenth; yet he also, though bred in a different school, was troubled latterly by a kind of indolent good-nature, was ill served by his ministers, and on the vital question of peace or war with Prussia he was swayed by a woman's influence. One can only marvel at the ill fortune that placed the French people, with their bright intelligence and high spirit, under a rash and short-sighted government at two momentous epochs of their history; and we shall do well to reflect upon the irreparable disaster that may be brought down upon a nation by those who misguide its foreign policy. There is much truth in the words used by Henri Martin when, in his *History of France*, he concludes his survey of the great contest between England and France during the Seven Years' War by saying of England: 'Elle avait vaincu par la seule supériorité de son gouvernement.'

A. C. LYALL.

*DEATHS UNDER CHLOROFORM*

## I

## A REPLY

DOCTORS and their doings have been the theme of many writers, both of those who deal in fiction and those who undertake to popularise their views on science.

It is frequently a difficult matter to recognise the doctor when so depicted, nor is it an easier task to understand how the doings and sayings and practices of the confraternity tend to become so wholly perverted as they do under the hands of these authors. No doubt technical questions must always prove extremely difficult material to handle when those who write are obliged to accept the statements of other authorities, and are at the same time in ignorance of many criticisms which have either discredited or modified the conclusions which appear to them as proven facts. Hence the rule accepted by the medical profession, which condemns ventilating medical questions in non-professional journals, is upon the whole a salutary one. Half-truths are notoriously dangerous, and are peculiarly liable to occur in the pages of the lay press which deal with the recondite questions of science. It would be unfair to accuse the writers of wilful misrepresentation of fact when they are only guilty of the common sin of ignorance. As, however, statements formed upon partial knowledge not infrequently do serious injustice to a large body of men, it is not always right to leave unanswered attacks or criticisms unless obviously unworthy of rejoinder.

It is a canon in medical ethics that medical questions should be discussed more or less within closed doors; the pages of the professional journals are open to us, and outside their voluminous field it is deemed inadvisable that we should discuss professional sayings. There are, however, occasions when the duty, the knowledge, the behaviour, the skill of a medical man is brought so intimately into relation with the laity that his conduct becomes open to aspersion, and his skill assailed as it were from the housetops. When this is the case it is incumbent upon those with special knowledge of the question involved to either impugn their professional brethren, and hale them before the judges who keep the public conscience, or to

protect them from animadversions which are unjustly hurled at their undeserving heads.

In the March issue of this Review an article appears dealing with the administration of chloroform. Its gist may perhaps be put in a few words as follows. The medical profession knows, we are told, or if it does not, ought to know, how to give chloroform. Chloroform can be given with 'absolute safety' if certain simple rules are followed. This has been proved beyond question by the Hyderabad Commission (*sic*). The truth of the contention of this commission has been vouched for, it is averred, by the most illustrious members of the medical profession in the United Kingdom and in America; inferentially it is put that therefore no longer does doubt exist about the matter. A royal road to safe anaesthesia has been discovered, and those who neglect to travel along its well-defined way are guilty of the lives of those who die under chloroform. The whole question appears to be extremely simple when judged from the standpoint of the writer of the article in question. The main issues, however, are not stated, or are only half put forth. It will probably render it more easy of comprehension if these issues are brought into line while the history of our knowledge of chloroform's action upon the human organism is displayed. The gravamen of the paper consists in the statement that a definite 'safe method' of giving chloroform exists, which has been duly published, and has received the imprimatur of those who know most of the subject. Medical men are aware of these facts, and yet have refrained from adopting 'the safe method,' and consequently have caused the death of a large number of persons. There is, in fact, a 'conspiracy of silence.' This charge, made no doubt in good faith, and certainly with the best of intentions, is one which all right-thinking persons would wish to have proved or disproved; if proved, the results at which the writer of the paper hints would certainly follow, namely, the universal adoption of 'the safe method' and the consequent saving of life. If the charge is incapable of being substantiated, it is only fitting that the truth about the question should be in the hands of those most interested in the matter, namely, the public, all of whom are potential patients. As will be seen in the sequel, many of the statements advanced in the article, for some of which the writer is not responsible, as she quotes from various sources, are capable of emendation if not of refutation. The main issues involved are: (1) whether or no chloroform kills, simply when so badly administered as to produce cessation of respiration; in other words, by suffocation (asphyxia), or whether it may under certain circumstances, even when no suffocation is allowed to exist, prove fatal by acting upon the heart and blood circulatory mechanism. (2) Whether the knowledge that chloroform kills by producing suffocation was advanced within the last decade, or is the result of the teaching of Mr. Syme,

the eminent surgeon; and (3) whether the methods commonly adopted are divisible under two headings, viz. that dictated by the so-called teaching of Syme and the Hyderabad Commissions, and another based upon the belief that chloroform kills by acting upon a weakened heart or mechanism of the blood circulation. Let us now consider which, if any, of these conclusions be correct.

Some fifty years ago the action of chloroform as an anæsthetic was investigated by the late Sir James Young Simpson. It need hardly be said that to his perseverance, ability, and acumen the adoption of chloroform as an anæsthetic was due. There is no question about Simpson's views upon the subject. They are put forth at great length in his works under the heading of 'Anæsthesia;' he taught that chloroform when given diluted with too little air produced death by paralysis of respiration, that is, by suffocation; and he laid down as a canon, that any method of giving it which did not allow of due dilution was faulty. He, however, preferred to employ a cloth upon which was poured an unmeasured quantity of chloroform. This is commonly known as the 'open method.' Simpson went a step further, as the following quotation from his works shows:<sup>1</sup> 'According to all the experimental and clinical observations which have been made, chloroform appears capable of destroying life in two ways, namely (1) by asphyxiation (*i.e.* suffocation), and (2) by syncope (*i.e.* direct heart failure). Death by asphyxiation can generally, if not always, be averted by at once arresting the inhalation of the drug whenever the breathing becomes noisy and stertorous . . . death by syncope or sudden stoppage of the action of the heart is doubtless far less under control, and has apparently formed the principal cause of the fatal issues in almost all the cases in which patients have perished when under the use of chloroform.' He then points out that anæsthetics in many instances save persons from syncope by abrogating the consequences of shock and fear, many deaths having occurred immediately before and during the performance of grave operations in pre-anæsthesia days, due to dread of pain. But it may be said, and the article under consideration would lead us to believe, that Syme was the apostle of the 'safe method,' and it was his teaching and his statistics which have kept alive the sacred flame of truth in the matter of chloroform since the introduction of that anæsthetic. As a matter of fact, however, Mr. Syme did not write upon chloroform; he gave directions in his lectures, and he adopted what has been termed by a recent scientific observer 'the slap-dash method' of giving chloroform. Mr. Syme's only published pronouncement on the subject is of great interest, and shows that he advanced neither original views nor performed any experiment, and, as far as I can find out, kept no record of his cases from the point of view of chloroform. In the *Lancet* for the 20th

<sup>1</sup> 'Anæsthesia,' p. 149, *Collected Works*, Edinburgh, 1871.

of January, 1855, is published a clinical lecture by Mr. Syme, delivered before the University of Edinburgh, the subject of which is chloroform. In this lecture he says, 'You observe that in this matter I am very far from taking any credit to myself; all that I have done has been to follow the example of Dr. Simpson' (afterwards Sir James). The gist of the lecture is expressed in the following words:—

The points that we consider of the greatest importance in the administration of chloroform are, first, the free admixture of air with the vapour of the chloroform, to ensure which a soft porous material, such as a folded towel or handkerchief, is employed. . . . Secondly . . . we do not stint the quantity of chloroform. Then—and this is a most important point—we are guided as to the effect, not by the circulation, but entirely by the respiration. . . . We always give the chloroform in the horizontal position. When respiration becomes difficult or ceases, we open the mouth and seize the tongue with artery forceps.

It would thus appear that Mr. Syme adopted Sir James Simpson's views and his method, and, further, that difficulties, even dangers followed when that method was employed. That Mr. Syme never had a fatal case himself has been stated; whether this is true I am not in a position to say, since records of such occurrences are not kept in Scotland, as in England; in England a coroner's inquest investigates every death under an anæsthetic, in Scotland no such formality is considered requisite. That deaths under anæsthetics occur in Scotland is too well known and authenticated to need further notice. However, if Syme had no deaths from chloroform his master and teacher, Sir James Simpson, did, and upon an occasion when he himself was administering the anæsthetic to the patient. A full account of the occurrence was published by Simpson, and the cause of the fatality was, according to his statement, 'syncope from action of the chloroform on the heart.'<sup>2</sup> So far, then, we have to admit that the method of watching the respiration only, as adopted in the open method, was not, in the hands of so great a master as Simpson, devoid of danger. Even before the occurrence of this death Dr. John Snow, one of, if not perhaps the greatest of, those who have investigated the action of chloroform, whose collected papers, published posthumously in 1858, are monumental of the man's patience, scientific method, and accurate observation, had drawn attention to the shortcomings of the reputed 'safe method' of giving chloroform. Here it may be remarked that *ex cathedra* statements that a thing is proved or not proved, is safe or is not safe, whether advanced by those with technical knowledge or those whose knowledge is borrowed, cannot be accepted as conclusive or valid to rank as proofs. Snow's observations were based entirely upon the study both of experimental and clinical observations, which led him to believe that Simpson's statements were correct in so far as chloroform killed either by

<sup>2</sup> See p. 148, *ibid.*

suffocation or by syncope. He at the same time pointed out the grave dangers attending the open method of giving chloroform, and was the first to indicate that the safety of chloroform lay in the rational method of employing it; this rational method was to employ it in given and known doses. Snow devised an inhaler, as many others have done since his time, with a view of enabling the administrator to graduate the dose of the anæsthetic according to the necessities of the patient and of the operation to be performed. Snow, as Simpson, as Syme, as those who are responsible for the Hyderabad Commissions, enforced the necessity of watching the respiration; and here it may be said that the value of the Hyderabad Commissions' work, which is undoubtedly great, lies in the emphatic manner they have asserted the necessity of noticing one of the physiological actions of chloroform, namely, its action upon the breathing. It is extremely difficult for those cognisant of the uses of chloroform to believe that any one should attempt to regulate the doses of chloroform by watching the circulation; if such persons exist, the sooner they and their method are relegated to the limbo of desuetude the better for all concerned. Personally I believe such persons are as rare as the dodo or the great auk. In justice, however, to the medical profession, and certainly to that section of it whose particular study lies in the administration of anæsthetics, it must be pointed out that no such baleful doctrine is at present believed in, nor such a deplorable practice pursued. As Snow said,<sup>3</sup> 'Although the pulse of itself gives no indication as to how far a patient is under the influence of chloroform, it is proper to pay attention to it, not only during the first administration of the chloroform, but also throughout the operation, especially if it be attended with much bleeding.' And he adds: 'The breathing is also fortunately a sign that cannot be overlooked; it is by the breath that the chloroform enters, and it is extremely improbable that any one should go on giving the vapour after the breathing becomes stertorous or laboured.'

Now although Snow's teaching was precise and his method demonstrably free from danger, as no fatalities occurred under his administration, the older method of Syme, recently rehabilitated by the Hyderabad Commissions, was pursued, and is probably at the present day far more commonly adopted, except by experts, than the more rational plan of graduating the dose to the patient and his requirements. It is distinctly a straining of truth to aver that those who have followed Syme's instructions, or, as I prefer to call it, Simpson's method, have enjoyed an immunity from danger whilst giving chloroform. Indeed, the fact that deaths occurred from time to time, one of the earliest taking place in Hyderabad,<sup>4</sup> led to various commissions being established with the view of further elucidating the action

<sup>3</sup> *Anæsthesia*, p. 89, London, 1858.

<sup>4</sup> *Lond. Med. Gaz.* vol. xlii. p. 84.

of chloroform upon the human body. These commissions have in most instances come to the conclusion of Simpson and Snow, that death arises either from asphyxiation (suffocation) or syncope (heart failure). When the first Hyderabad Commission was established, its findings were in favour of the view that death from chloroform always meant death from asphyxia. The second Hyderabad Commission was carried out with a view of extending the work of the first commission and of checking the experiments by the collaboration of an eminent physician and experimentalist. Their conclusions again went to show that chloroform death was due to asphyxia, but, as must be pointed out, the only evidence they could advance against the commonly accepted view that death may also arise from heart failure was of a negative kind. At once and frankly it should be said that the work of this second Hyderabad Commission was admirable, and it is a regrettable circumstance that much of the polemic that has arisen out of its report has shown too little of scientific method and too much of the spirit which induces the bolstering up of argument by personal attacks upon opponents. However, so far from the results of the Hyderabad Commissions being unanimously received by the distinguished physiologists whose researches were carried out through the munificence of the Nizam of Hyderabad, these observers differed in many important points from the findings of the commissions, and unless we are prepared to ignore the carefully conducted experiments of other commissions, and of the light and leading of the profession, we cannot admit that the Hyderabad Commissions have proved the results they set themselves to demonstrate. It may be again pointed out that the dangers to respiration, which the Hyderabad Commissions so ably demonstrated, have always been recognised and carefully taught for over forty years. Nevertheless so important is the subject that anything which enforces attention to it, and establishes physiological demonstration of it, must do good. It is when attempts are made to go behind this, and to assert, as was asserted in a certain daily paper, that the commissions had shown that 'to take chloroform was as safe as to take a tumbler of whisky and water,' that it becomes the duty of those with technical knowledge to call a halt, and to point out that dangers do exist over and above that of an asphyxia, caused by carelessness in administering chloroform. No death from this anæsthetic due to asphyxia ought to happen, nor will it occur in competent hands in the case of an average patient; but it is a severe and an unjust charge, unsupported by the weight of scientific evidence, to say that all deaths under chloroform are deaths from asphyxia, and are therefore unnecessary, avoidable, and consequently criminal deaths. The most recent researches upon the subject have gone rather in the other direction, and have apparently shown that the fatalities under chloroform which have been attributed to asphyxia are, in some cases at all events, due in the first instance to the action of chloroform



upon the heart and blood-vessels, causing insufficient blood to enter the brain to enable that organ to keep up the control of the movements of respiration. The writer of the paper in the March issue of this Review refers with approval to some trifling statistics collected by a quasi professional journal, but ignores the elaborate statistics which have been brought together by Snow, the Royal Medical Chirurgical Society, and lastly by the *Lancet*, amounting to some thousands of cases.

The preceding remarks may read somewhat as a jeremiad to those who have to take chloroform, and who may have, perhaps, rejoiced to find a reputed 'safe method;' for their comfort it may be pointed out that at the present day the actual percentage of deaths under chloroform is small, and very many of such deaths arise unhappily through the inexperience of youthful administrators, whose sense of responsibility is not always commensurate with their courage. It is now commonly recognised, except by the votaries of the 'slap-dash' school, that we possess methods which enable us to employ chloroform with the same degree of precision as we do when administering opium, strychnine, or other powerful drugs.

Most hospitals possess officers of experience whose duty it is to look after the welfare of patients under anæsthetics, as well as to instruct the medical neophytes before they undertake the administration of anæsthetics. Further, there are other anæsthetics, which, in many instances, can with advantage be given in lieu of chloroform, so that even if faith in a 'safe method' is given up, we may believe that a competent anæsthetist can be found who will be able to follow a system which, if it does not claim for itself the rank of a panacea of all evils, will prove sufficient for all practical purposes.

While one deplores the unpleasant personal experiences which Mrs. King narrates, and which might possibly be explained on grounds other than those to which she refers, one cannot but point out that the public are in very many instances the authors of their own miseries. They take little or small pains to ascertain the competence of those into whose hands they commit themselves, and assume that to give chloroform in the best possible way is a routine practice in the hands of every medical man. It requires at least as careful a training and as much practice to become an experienced anæsthetist as to master other departments in science. Under existing 'circumstances, although, from force of necessity, many medical men possess some knowledge and skill as administrators of chloroform, yet some have not acquired the requisite manipulative skill. It is a matter of great regret that under the present regulations no special certificate of training or of having been taught the administration of anæsthetics is required of our students before they qualify as medical men. Those who have held hospital appointments have acquired a certain experience, but the ruck of students, unless fired by ambition,

may pass their curriculum and become highly qualified medical practitioners without any special training in the use of anæsthetics. On the other hand, no medical man can be qualified till he produces evidence of having attended a class of instruction in vaccination; the operation *per se* of vaccination cannot be considered as one of material gravity, whereas since any person who anæsthetises another undoubtedly holds the cords of that individual's life in his hands, his lack of knowledge or skill may produce results of a most serious character. It is, of course, necessary that the public should be satisfactorily guarded by certificates in the matter of efficient vaccination, but it is also important that special certificates should be required from those who practise giving anæsthetics, since their practice is in certain cases intrinsically dangerous to life.

In conclusion it may be said that all and more, far more than is given in the article 'Deaths under Chloroform,' is familiar to all medical men who are abreast of the knowledge of their profession; and if they do not follow blindly the teaching of the Hyderabad Commissions, it is because they do not accept them in their entirety. All recognise the danger of paralysing the brain centres with chloroform, and so causing asphyxia, and always have recognised it, but the weight of both modern and less recent experiment and clinical observation compels us to recognise also the second and far more terrible danger, that of the onset of syncope from the direct action of chloroform upon the heart muscle.

DUDLEY W. BUXTON, M.D.

## II

## IMPURE CHLOROFORM

THE article in the last issue of this Review by Mrs. King must have been read with interest by all those (and they are not a few) whose fate it has been, at one time or another, to be obliged to submit to the influence of chloroform or ether. The benefit of anæsthesia during surgical operations both to the patient and to the operator is incalculable; without it many operations which are now of everyday occurrence, and which do much to relieve suffering and to prolong life, would be impossible. But, as Mrs. King points out, there are different ways of administering anæsthetics, and what may, in some hands, lead to a painless state of insensibility, may in others be attended by great irritation and may even produce fatal results. Moreover the effect of long-continued exposure to an anæsthetic is often violent retching and sickness; and, apart from the inconvenience which such a disturbance of the normal physical conditions entails, there is often serious danger to the patient, owing to the displacement of the freshly united surfaces of the wound. This is especially the case in abdominal operations.

The writer of this article, though not himself a medical man, has frequently in the course of his experience been led to give some attention to the subject of the administration of anæsthetics, not indeed as an anæsthetist, but as the *corpus vile* in whom anæsthesia was induced for experimental purposes. And, as a chemist, he has frequently had to examine samples of chloroform and ether, with a view to their suitability for their purpose. It appears to him that a few notes which he has made at different times may not be without interest to the readers of this Review, and may possibly prove of service to the public.

It may be stated at the outset that the chloroform and ether which are administered to patients are frequently impure. It is true that the total amount of impurity is very small and is difficult to detect by chemical tests; indeed, if detectable it is doubtful whether a patient could be induced to respire the anæsthetic. These impurities are not present when the anæsthetic comes from the manufacturer; they are produced by the slow decomposition of the substance on exposure to air, water, and light. Knowing the instability of their

chloroform, the manufacturers are in the habit of adding a small amount of alcohol to it before putting it on the market; and the presence of alcohol is said materially to lessen the decomposition of the drug. The chemistry of the change which has taken place in old chloroform is very simple, and even those who have had no special training in that science may follow its explanation to some extent.

Chloroform is a compound of carbon, hydrogen, and chlorine. The atmospheric air contains oxygen. It is probable that chloroform, perfectly dry, could be kept in a sealed tube for an indefinite time without alteration. But the oxygen of the air, which, of course, enters the bottle after some chloroform has been removed, causes hydrochloric acid gas to be formed, and itself takes the place of this compound, producing a substance well known to chemists named carbonyl chloride. Now, hydrochloric acid, though in this form not a poison, is very irritating to the respiratory organs; and carbonyl chloride, though also not present in amount sufficient to act as a poison, decomposes on contact with the moisture of the mouth and lungs into hydrochloric and carbonic acid gases; and the first of these is wholly irrespirable in quantity, and if present in even very small amount it provokes violent coughing. It is for this reason that operations in a small room illuminated by gaslight prove so disagreeable to the operator and assistants, for the chloroform vapour, coming into contact with the gas flame, undergoes a change of the nature mentioned. This change, with pure chloroform, may take place to such an extent in the course of a couple of months as to produce a liquid which fumes in the air, and which certainly would never be used for the purpose of anæsthesia.

A similar, though a less easily explained, change takes place with ether. Exposure to the prolonged action of air results in the formation of a sharp-smelling compound, which is probably one known as peroxide of ethyl; at least, after such exposure, ether gives the reactions characteristic of a peroxide. The presence of this substance occasions difficulty in respiring ether vapour; it provokes coughing and has a somewhat disagreeable taste.

If anæsthetists would put in practice a somewhat modified form of the golden rule, and would try themselves what they give to others, the administration of impure anæsthetics would seldom occur. There is no danger in inhaling a couple of breaths of either chloroform or ether; the experiment is not even attended with momentary dizziness; and the difference can at once be detected between a vapour which passes 'sweetly and softly' into the lungs and one which occasions some difficulty in respiration, and has a 'rough' feeling. This experiment is carried out by the patient, however; and his experience of anæsthetics is not usually sufficient to enable him to judge of the nature of the compound which he is made to

breathe, nor, as a rule, is he in a fit condition to exercise his judgment. He is generally in a nervous, excited state; he knows that he is going to have an unpleasant time, and he takes for granted that the operation of chloroforming is the first stage. Moreover, in order to diminish the risk of sickness, he has been kept from food for a considerable time, and this has reduced his powers of successful protest.

Now, it is quite unnecessary to administer impure drugs. If it involved a great amount of trouble on the part of the anæsthetist to procure pure compounds one might understand their occasional administration in an impure state. But, as a matter of fact, both the manufacturers and the anæsthetists do their best to provide and to use pure articles. It is the subsequent slow action of the air which renders them impure. The operation of purification is so exceedingly simple that any one may put it in practice without any difficulty, and by the employment of the commonest materials. A little slaked lime in the chloroform bottle and a little metallic mercury in the ether bottle are all that is required. The lime removes the hydrochloric acid and destroys the carbonyl chloride, and the mercury becomes oxidised by the peroxide present in the ether. As usual, the advice must be given that the mixture shall be 'shaken before it is taken,' or rather administered; the cloudiness in the bottle will soon subside to the bottom. With ether, if impure, a dirty black precipitate is formed; if pure, the mercury remains untarnished. After such treatment breathing the vapour of either substance becomes, if not exactly a pleasure (for that is a matter of taste), at least not unpleasant. And I have been told by a medical friend who has put these suggestions in frequent practice that sickness is much rarer if the anæsthetics have been purified in this manner. Even with the same individual there was on one occasion violent sickness with the unpurified anæsthetic after a first operation; while after a second, during which the purified chloroform was used, the sickness was slight and lasted for only a short time, although the anæsthesia had been kept up for a much longer time than during the first operation.

In this paper, the nature of the anæsthetic, and not the manner of its administration, has been dealt with; and the author will deem himself amply rewarded if by its means some useful hints may reach the medical profession, and some relief may attend those unfortunate persons who have to place themselves in the surgeon's hands.

WILLIAM RAMSAY.

## *A STUDY IN TRADE UNIONISM*

It is generally assumed, although Mr. Sidney Webb does not admit it, that the modern trade unions are the lineal successors of the mediæval trade guilds, which Bacon called 'fraternities in evil.' However this may be we can find in the methods and results of the new unionism some things which recall the operations of the old gildism. The unions, like the guilds, are close corporations of labour, and, like the guilds, have by their exactions and limitations driven away industries from localities. Thus, just as the crafts left the mediæval towns and settled anew in remote districts away from the arm of the guilds, so shipbuilding, under the pressure of local trade unionism, left the Thames for the Tyne and Clyde; lace-making left Nottingham for Ayrshire; and glass-making left England and Scotland for Germany and Belgium. The old trade guilds ruined the mediæval cities: is the new trade union going to ruin the industry of the whole country? The subject demands the most serious inquiry.

The strike of the engineers, with all its pitiful detail, its financial loss, and its attendant suffering, has, after all, given us something to be thankful for. It has served to open the eyes of even the Morleyan 'plain man' to some of the practices of those organisations of labour which for five-and-twenty years economists have been trying to teach us to fall down and worship, and which politicians have been elevating into the dignity of a fifth estate. During the progress of the strike there has been revealed, bit by bit and with relentless precision, a most damaging and thought-provoking series of facts. The old monopolists, whose operations 'in restraint of trade' were so denounced by the old school of economists, are succeeded by the trade unionists whose operations in restraint of labour have been brought to the light of day: Their methods, it is true, have long been more or less familiar to those actually engaged in industrial pursuits; but it is safe to say that not one of the engineer employers realised how much the engineering industry was being injured by trade unionism until last year they began to compare notes. It was the discovery they made of the extent to which they were being victimised that drew the employers closer into line. There is not in industrial history a more striking incident than this drawing together

of seven hundred capitalist employers, all full of keen trade rivalry and professional jealousy, into one compact body for mutual protection against an influence whose insidious workings threatened to ruin the whole of them. The more assertive, the more violent, became the revolting unions the more resolutely the employers held together, week by week adding to the strength and solidity of their alliance, while week by week the unions wasted their substance in riotous starvation.

Not the least suggestive feature of the whole labour struggle was the quietness with which it ended. One listened in vain for any *certainis gaudia* of the employers. A great struggle, perhaps the greatest industrial struggle on record, ended without a sound of *Væ victis*. And though the allied trade unions were defeated, their members went back to work, if not without a murmur at least without exhibition of rage. This is very remarkable. Labour has had its Sedan: is the Communist outbreak to follow? Meanwhile, at any rate, the deduction is clear that each side was so heavily scarred in the fight as to be indisposed to the expression of either joy or sorrow. The allied trade unions, or, to be more accurate, the A.S.E., have been struggling for absolute domination of the engineering trade. The demand for the monopoly in the working of automatic machine-tools was a demand for power to control the production. When it failed it was suspended in favour of a demand for an eight-hour day, not that an eight-hour day was generally desired, but in the belief or hope that to get rid of that demand the employers would give way on the machine question. But the design has always been the same—to control the output—which means to arbitrarily restrain labour, to artificially raise costs, and to consequently place the industry absolutely at the mercy of our foreign competitors.

The general belief is—or, at all events, has been, for there are now signs of revulsion—that trade unionism has done for the working classes what nothing else could have done in raising their social condition and improving their wages. This is a popular fallacy. The social condition of the working classes has just improved *pari passu* with the general improvement of society. There is no trade union in the world that can exact for its members higher wages than the industry can afford, except with the certainty of destroying that industry. Wages have not risen because of trade unionism, and would probably have been higher without it. But while unionism has not raised the rewards of honest labour it has put a premium on inefficiency by insisting that the idle and incompetent worker shall be placed on the same wage-level as the most skilful and most industrious. Politicians and others who glibly repeat the trade-union phrases—‘standard rate’ and ‘minimum wage’—do not stop to consider the essentially demoralising character of the principle these phrases represent. In place of honest toil it favours ‘the trade-union stroke.’ Instead of inciting to

the perfection of craft-skill, it compels the most highly skilled artisan to keep pace with the most slovenly dawdler. Instead of raising the wages of good workmen, trade unionism tends to increase the cost of production all round by making everything dear for the consumers, of whom the majority are the working classes themselves. For the injunction, 'Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might,' is given too often the rule to yield the smallest possible modicum of labour for the largest possible day's wage.

Nothing has more startled good easy people who have been accustomed to regard trade unionists as qualifying for seats within the arch-angelic circle than the circumstantial statements published by the Engineer Employers' Federation in illustration of the scamping which has been practised in the engine-shops. Nothing more conclusively disposes of the favourite theory of trade unionism than the fact that in the United States, where trade unionism is comparatively weak, wages are higher than in this country, where it is all-powerful. It does not follow that the condition of the working-man in America is better than that of his fellow in Great Britain; but it is certain that the Briton has gained no advantage over the American by virtue of his trade union. And all the beauty of the economic theory of trade unionism, as embracing the first principles of citizenship and the glorious privilege of combination, must not blind us to the ugliness of its practices. Look at it, for instance, as it appears in the following item of police-court intelligence taken from a daily paper:—

#### TRADE UNIONISM AGAIN

At the Guildhall, London, Robert Aston applied to Alderman Sir Henry F. Knight as to what he should do, as, owing to the action of the trade union, he was positively starving.

Sir Henry: What are you?

Applicant: A compositor out of employment. I was originally a member of the Society of Compositors, but, owing to certain circumstances, lost my card. Four years ago I left England, and, on returning, got work in various printing offices. I was for some time a reader, but through illness had to relinquish that post. Then I obtained two situations, *both of which I lost in consequence of the action of the society, and I am starving*. I have tried to rejoin the society, but am told that the committee refuse to again allow me to enter.

Sir Henry: It appears to me that a society which stops a man getting his bread is committing a cruel act. Have you any family?

Applicant: Yes, a wife and three children. I have been assisted at the Mansion House by the Lord Mayor.

Sir Henry: Well, I can do nothing for you; but no doubt the press will notice your application.

Surely the man in the street can see that there is more of the fraternity of evil than of the fraternity of labour in this kind of thing. The cruelty illustrated in this case, however, is just akin to the savagery displayed by trade-union 'pickets,' who well know how to exercise coercion without the persuasive eloquence of brick-bats—when



brick-bats cannot be thrown with safety. What we have to realise is that the stronger a trade union is the more absolute is the power it exercises over its own members; and the larger it becomes the more presumptuous is the tyranny it attempts over others.

The prostitution of the honesty of the individual worker under the evil eye of the 'shop steward' (or society spy) has been abundantly shown by the Engineer Employers' Federation in the case of the A.S.E., and of this trade union it has also been shown that its object has not been to maintain the standard of craft-skill (for it has been eager to sweep into its fold any labourers in the engine-shops who would contribute to its funds), but to obtain the absolute command of the engine-shops with a view to dictating terms to the employers on all points. In raising the machine question the engineers sought to crush another trade union—the United Machine Workers' Association—and also to coerce non-union labour. They have afforded a striking lesson in the jealous selfishness of trade unionism, which, while it vapours about the solidarity of labour, has spent more of its substance and energies in internecine contests than in struggles with employers. There have been more, and incomparably more bitter, 'demarcation disputes' between trade unions than wages disputes between trade unions and employers.

Mr. Tom Mann was once, if not twice, and may be again, candidate for the general secretaryship of the A.S.E. At the outbreak of the late strike he was sent by the Executive Council of the society to rave, recite, and madden through the land. And the following is what he said in the course of a speech at Leeds in July last:—

We shall not remain contented for ever with an eight-hour day. Democracy is now shaping itself, not merely to get an eight-hour day—that is by the way—but in order to get their feet effectually planted for something else. And, fellow-workers, why funk it? Face the situation: face the employers—our organised enemies. Do not pretend to come with mealy mouths and cry, Peace, peace. The conditions of peace are not possible until you have passed through war. Do not cry peace, and suggest quiet and respectful and courteous negotiations. You will get no respectful and courteous negotiations from the other side until you have demonstrated by your behaviour that you know exactly how to tread on their corns, and more, that you are prepared, if necessary, to jump on them.

This was characteristically Tom-Mannish; but what is the 'something else' to which he referred? At other times there have been vague talks of a seven, six, and five hour day to come, but something more than that was meant. We get an idea of it in a speech delivered by Mr. James Ratcliffe, the north-east coast delegate of the Engineers' Society, in November last, just, indeed, as the first Conference was being negotiated. Mr. Ratcliffe said on the eve of a meeting with the employers: 'The machine question is the real cause of the dispute, and not the eight-hour question. The masters are fighting in order to be able to do what they like in their own workshops. *The men will never allow them to do that. It is to*

*prevent it that the A.S.E. exists.* This is candid enough, and just establishes our contention that the object of the engineers was to obtain absolute control of the machinery of production, and to regulate the output to their own ideas of honest industry.

Let us now see something of what these ideas are. The following instances of A.S.E. tactics are not specially selected, but are taken at random from the hundreds collected by the Executive Board of the Employers' Federation. They are all numbered for identification by the Secretaries, who hold the documentary proofs:—

(1) This firm were compelled by the A.S.E. to hand over two copying-lathes to two turners, and each lathe was rated at 35s. per week=70s. for the two. Since the strike a labourer has been advanced and put in charge of both machines, from which he, singly, is getting more work than the two A.S.E. men formerly produced. The labourer receives 2ls. per week, which was a large increase on his former wage. Result: a saving of 46s. a week and a larger output.

The promotion of so-called labourers to be machine-tenders (employment not requiring skill) was the *casus belli* in the machine question.

(5) A Manchester firm had a large planing-machine worked by an A.S.E. man, who took 190 hours to plane a large bed-casting, which a promoted labourer, under a non-union shop foreman's supervision, is now doing in 135 hours.

And how much better a man the promoted labourer may be the above case shows. Then as to routine work:—

(23) Another London employer writes:—For many years it has been the custom of our A.S.E. men to limit their output to an amount agreed upon among them. Repetition jobs occupying as long as 200 to 300 hours have invariably been done in the same time as the first lot almost to an hour, even though put into other lathes and done by other men. Some of these jobs have since been done in another department by men not in the A.S.E., and have been done in 20 per cent. to 30 per cent. less time. When new jobs are given out for which piece-work prices are likely to be fixed, they are spun out to a ridiculous extent to mislead.

Now to show more clearly society influence:—

(43) Another case reported by a firm is that of a man who belonged to the society prior to the strike, but who, when the discharge notices were served by the employer, resigned from his society and remained at work. This man is now doing twice the amount of work he did when formerly a member of the society.

And of what can only be characterised as flagrant dishonesty under the society banner, one needs no stronger evidence than that of the two following cases:—

(57) A firm reports that when making ammunition boxes for six-powder cartridges some years ago, it was found that in finishing up the hinges any member of the society employed on the job used always to do exactly eight in a day. The foreman in charge knew that this was not a day's work, and he changed the men, but in every case, notwithstanding that considerable changes were made, the men made exactly eight per day. A young Swiss, who did not speak English, was then put on the job, and the first day he did fifty.

(58) Another instance reported by the same firm is that in filing up the outside handles of machine guns, it was found that any member of the society working on

the job generally did *one* a day, it being understood that the handle was milled in the shop, and had only to be smoothed up, and the corners taken off with a file. The firm knew that this was not a day's work, but were unable to get a society man to do more than *one* in a day. The work was then given to a gun-filer, who did not belong to any society, and he did *twelve* a day.

Are not these pretty pictures of the British working-man—the country's pride? And there are thousands more like them, all in the same trade.

The grand panacea of co-operative production has often been proposed to get rid of labour disputes; but the trade-union leaders cannot tolerate co-operation. Here is an example:—

(23) A firm decided to try profit-sharing as a means of increasing and improving the conditions of production. The men cordially concurred in the scheme, which was to allow them a bonus on ordinary wages, if certain results were attained. The bonus was paid for five years, and though it was really earned out of patents and special work—not out of the general work of the shop—the firm were content enough to continue the system. But the A.S.E. interfered, having pronounced a boycott against profit-sharing as tending to weaken the loyalty of the men to the union. The interest of the men waned year by year, and eventually the system had to be dropped, because the men, though under a twelve months' engagement, demanded the same advance in wages as was being given in other shops in the trade where there was no bonus. They struck the shop until their demand was conceded, preferring the dictates of the society to the terms of a co-operative partnership with their employers.

Over and over again profit-sharing has been attempted in the engineering trade, and always with the same result, because the trade-union officials, both local and central, know it would in time destroy their despotical rule.

Just another case now to illustrate the method of encouraging young labour in the A.S.E. :—

(C) A London firm had an apprentice working between two union men, all on similar machine-tools. The apprentice was 'interviewed' by these two men because he finished *three* heads (part of a stamp mill) in his day as against their *two* each. The lad consulted his father as to the choice he should make between cheating his employers out of one-third of his work and risking a broken head. The father having reported the affair to the principal, the lad was removed from his delicate situation and put on other work, and the two unionists were left to do their minimum of work.

An even more glaring case is not in the Federation reports, but is within the knowledge of the present writer. A young apprentice, after a year or two's experience, was moved into another shop and put to a new job, which he attacked with all the ardour of youth and with all the zeal of one who loves honest industry. He had not been long at work before a 'shop-steward' of the A.S.E. whispered in his ear: 'Ca' canny, my lad, ca' canny; that way o' working 'ill no' dae here. Yon job's got to last ye the week, or it'll be the worse for ye.' The boy stared in amazement, and then in honest protest redoubled his energies and finished the job the same afternoon. In one day

he completed work that the A.S.E. spy said should be spread over a whole week.

As to non-union labour, it does not seem to be known, even by those who pose as authorities on Labour subjects, that the A.S.E. has special legislation with regard to it.

According to Rule XXVII. of their code, members of this society are entitled to contingent benefit (which is an allowance of 5s. per week in addition to the ordinary out-of-work benefit of 10s. per week) in the case of, *inter alia*, 'members, acting on instructions from district committee, refusing to do work coming from shops where our members are on strike, or *refusing to work with non-society men*.' This is equivalent to an offer of a reward by the society for all members who refuse practical recognition of the freedom of labour. And yet this society, which has had incessant quarrels with other trade unions, and which has persistently tried to force all the labour in the engine-shops into its organisation, officially protests that it never interferes with other union or with non-union labour.

The plain man (not merely the economist and the statesman, as Mr. Sidney Webb suggests) must judge trade unionism not by its results in (apparently) improving the position of one particular section of workmen at one particular time, but by its permanent effects on the industrial efficiency of the nation as a whole. And Mr. Webb says that

If any of the methods and regulations of trade unionism result in the choice of less efficient factors of production than would otherwise have been used; if they compel the adoption of a lower type of organisation than would have prevailed without them; and especially if they tend to lessen the capacity or degrade the character of either manual labourers or brain-workers—that part of trade unionism, however advantageous it may seem to particular sections of workmen, will stand condemned.

And our contention is that the methods of trade unionism have done all this and more also; that they have in especial so lessened the capacity and degraded the character of the British working-man that he seems to be losing the knowledge of good and evil and to be becoming a mere automaton.

We need not, however, confine ourselves to the A.S.E. in seeking for evidence of the degrading influence of trade unionism, and of its demoralising qualities. These are not to be found anywhere in a more glaring form than in the associations of carpenters and joiners, which in the shipbuilding yards are collectively called the 'white squad.' Once upon a time there was no brisker, busier, and more cheery worker than the shipyard carpenter, whose object in life seemed to be to get through as much good honest work in the day as possible. No class of workmen was held in more respect by employers, and no workmen took more pride in their

craft and in their own personal industry. And now? Why now the carpenters and joiners are the abjectest slaves of their own trade unions. They cannot call their souls their own, for they dare no longer act on their own conceptions of honesty. For a day's wage they must not render the best service they can give, but just a certain maximum of work marked out by their paid officials. There are cases where they have refused work because they were not allowed by the union to do enough to keep themselves warm in cold weather. For instance, the union declares that ninety feet of caulking is a day's work, and an official of the union goes round periodically to see that no workman exceeds this amount. If he does he is called before his lodge and severely fined. Yet a boy can caulk ninety feet in a day, and in the pre-union days an industrious workman could do his 300 or 400 feet. For direct testimony on this point take the following letter from a working carpenter to the *Glasgow Herald* of a few weeks ago:—

Sir,—As an old chip, and with considerable experience and connection with the shipwrights, it may not be out of place for me to throw a glimmer of light on 'Orcadia's' question asked in your issue of the 25th or 26th. I have been connected with the Shipwrights' Society since the days when it was bossed by Ned Campbell, Willie Munn, Wattie Ross, and Dan McCann, and when their meeting place was in Grace Street, Anderston; that was in 1859. Then later the worthy man James Ludlow was appointed secretary, and kept the society tool shop in Argyll Street, which, as every one knows, was a white elephant. Ludlow, in disgust, threw up the secretaryship, and our friend and counsellor Mr. Alexander Wilkie was appointed. At the beginning of his reign the society was of the grand old type—viz., for sickness and death; *every man at work was allowed without let or hindrance to do a fair day's work for a fair day's pay*. There was none of the new unionism thought of then; every man was allowed to use his own discretion as to what was right and fair. In these days I have known Wilkie caulk between 300 and 400 feet with three threads of oakum, spin it, and pay his own berth, and have done the same myself alongside of him. At night we were quite pleased with ourselves, and had the satisfaction of knowing that a fair day's work had been done. But now, alas! things have sadly changed, and I feel not for the better. Since Wilkie has been promoted to the secretaryship of the Amalgamated Society and joined in with the Socialistic fraternity all these happy days have changed; *the 'ca-canny' element has been introduced, and the employees or workmen are now taught to look upon employers as their natural enemies*. The true measure of work done in my young days was that every 100 lineal feet of a single thread driven home was worth 10d.; thus 100 feet of 4 threads at 10d. equal 3s. 4d., 100 feet of 5 threads at 10d. equal 4s. 2d., and so on. The society have now introduced, and are enforcing the following scale, viz.:—For a nine-and-a-half hours work, 2 threads, in p. p. or teak 130 feet, in yellow pine 150 feet; 3 threads, in p. p. or teak 120 feet, in yellow pine 130 feet; 4 threads, in p. p. or teak 110 feet, in yellow pine 120 feet; 5 threads, in p. p. or teak 100 feet, in yellow pine 110 feet; 6 threads, in p. p. or teak 90 feet, in yellow pine 100 feet. Now, I think that 'Orcadia' or the general public may judge whether that restriction is fair or not. As one of the fraternity I have no hesitation in saying, and have said repeatedly, it is a black burning shame, and many others of the fraternity are heartily ashamed of it, and would not be sorry, now that the employers have a federation, that they would exercise their power in having a fair day's work for a fair day's pay.

I am, &c.,

AN OLD CHIP.

'A black burning shame' it certainly is that the shipyard knows the honest, industrious, self-respecting and dignified carpenter no more. Some of the men, as we see, are disgusted with the practice, but they are all the victims of the spy system, and are all afraid of the weekly 'inquisition' before which they will be haled, if reported to have been seen doing too much. It is not in caulking alone they are restricted, and the limitation of industry has, it is computed, raised the cost of shipwrights' work by at least 30 per cent. within the last three or four years. An employer has told us of the case of a carpenter, whom he accused of laziness, declaring with tears in his eyes that he knew he ought to be doing double what he was turning out, but that he 'dare not.' In these shipwrights' unions, too, though there is no open attempt to limit apprentices, limitation is practised all the same. When an employer starts a number of new apprentices he knows to a certainty that, after a short time, first one and then another of the boys will drop off, until perhaps only one is left. And he knows that this is the result of the 'persuasive' powers of the union officials, who make it, somehow, plain to the boys that they are *de trop* and had better turn their attention to some other trade. That the men allow the present dishonest practices to be continued proves that the majority of them have become themselves dishonest under the influence of trade unionism. But when these able-bodied, originally honest, men are content to sit on a ship's deck all day long twisting and untwisting the same two or three inches of oakum, to keep up a false appearance of being actively employed, what miserable creatures they seem to those who know the real meaning of their listless movements! Regard them well: these are the choice products of trade unionism, the degraded victims of the power of combination.

How trade unionism can destroy a trade the flint-glass makers well know. Forty years ago flint-glass making was a flourishing and lucrative industry in Great Britain; and forty years ago the Flint-glass Makers' Union spent 50,000*l.* on a strike over the apprenticeship question. They won the power to strictly limit the number of apprentices—and from that moment the industry began to decline under the pressure of the extravagant wages demanded, which ranged up to 70*s.* and 80*s.* a week. Glass-house after glass-house was closed until the industry disappeared from all but a very few districts. This trade union created a monopoly in labour, and the monopoly has driven the trade into the hands of foreigners. All but the most costly of our table and household glassware is now imported from Belgium and Germany; and in one glass-works on the Rhine are now employed more men than belong to the entire National Flint-glass Makers' Society in Great Britain, whose out-of-work list increases portentously year by year. This trade union has not only lost to the country an old and lucrative business, but it has driven numbers of men, no longer able to find work as glass-

makers, to compete for employment in other avenues of labour already overcrowded.

Even that great apostle of trade unionism, Mr. Sidney Webb, admits that any limitation of the persons from whom vacancies can be filled must both lower the quality of the recruits and deteriorate that of the men already in the trade. It is admitted by Mr. Webb that 'in those trades in which the device of restriction of numbers is effectually practised, an employer habitually puts up with a higher degree of irregularity, carelessness, and inefficiency in his existing staff than he would if he could freely promote a learner or an assistant to the better-paid situation.' Where there is a close corporation of workmen the individual worker has no interest in enlarging the business, and, therefore, none in the efficient application of his labour. He is participator in a monopoly with only his own labour to sell, and that at the highest possible price for the least possible expenditure of it. His sole aim becomes to obtain as much money as he can extract for the smallest outlay of energy. He has nothing to gain by cheapening the joint product—indeed, the dearer it becomes the more margin he imagines for further extraction from the employer. The work, he thinks, will last his time, and after that—the Deluge.

That what he calls the 'device of restriction of numbers' is injurious to industrial efficiency Mr. Webb admits, but he does not perceive how much worse it is; how essentially sordid, selfish, and destructive of moral fibre; how it is both an ethical error and an economic wrong to the State. It is just in another form that restriction of output which presents the most mischievous aspect of trade unionism. And it is carried to such an extent that the Glass-makers' Union (to give one example) have been known to refuse to allow a small employer to apprentice his own son to his own trade—which the operatives wished to keep to themselves.

In that model trade union, the United Society of Boilermakers and Iron and Steel Shipbuilders, the general secretary of which (Mr. Robert Knight) is held up as a pattern of all that a Labour leader should be, there is the following remarkable rule (44, section 2):— 'Any member or members applying for the position of a foreman or leading-hand must not accept such a position at a lower salary than has previously been paid to the foreman or leading-hand who occupied the position. Should an under-foreman be advanced to the position of head-foreman in the same firm, he must get the full salary paid to his predecessor within twelve months of taking the position.' The penalty for violating this rule is 5*l.* for the first offence and expulsion for the second.

Now consider the arrogance and unreason of this. The employer is to have no option in the matter. It is the post which has to be rated, not the man—just as the engineers have tried to rate machine-

tools, irrespective of the capacity and industry of the machinists. Once a salary is given to a man for performing certain duties, that salary must be continued for all time to his successors, however inexperienced and comparatively incompetent they may be. The retiring foreman may be a grey-beard who has lived his life in the works and who is worth his weight in gold to the firm; the new foreman may be a callow youth with his spurs as 'gaffer' to win. No matter; the trade union decrees that the youth shall be paid, not according to his own ability, but according to the worth of his predecessor. And in promulgating such a rule the Boilermakers' Society presents another example of the demoralising tyranny of trade unionism.

This Boilermakers' Society is a very close corporation indeed. Mr. Knight has managed to draw into it practically all who go down to the river in iron ships, and all those who make noises in big boilers with hammers. It is the members of this society who, in their several grades, put together the whole framework and affix the plates of a modern ship. A large portion of their labour is purely muscular, and needs the minimum of intelligence. But, by combination, these men now obtain wages which are fully 50 per cent. above the average price of mere manual labour. Indeed, it had been estimated that the work of riveting now costs twice as much as when the labour market was open. When working on time-wages members of the Boilermakers' Society can leave the yards before noon, having completed soon after breakfast all the work they are allowed to do by the union within a working day. When working on piece-wages and in gangs, as is most usual with the riveters, the ganger works his men like a slave-driver, and will hardly allow his attendant labourers time to sneeze. These men make large wages, but they prefer to earn all in four days of six or seven hours each, and to spend the rest of the week in boozing. And while the head of the riveters' gang boozes, or sleeps off the effects of his boozes, not a man belonging to his gang dare do a hand's turn, and a great portion of the work of the yard must stand still.

To turn now to another trade—that of the bricklayers. A medical gentleman was recently having his garden wall rebuilt, and one day went out to see how the work was getting on. He noticed that one of the bricklayers had his right arm strapped behind his back, and was working away by picking up the bricks and using the trowel with his left hand only. As a surgeon his interest was excited in a possible 'case,' and he called for the foreman to bring the man to him for a surgical examination. After much evasion the foreman had to confess that there was nothing whatever wrong with the man's arm. He was so smart a worker that he got through double and treble the amount of work that the others did, and as this was against the rules, he had to submit to having one arm tied up so as to put him on an equal footing with his 'mates.' The poor man, of course, had to



submit or be shouldered out of employment; but what a degradation for the 'mates'!

The restrictions in the building trades are notorious, and very stringent are the limitations of the modern tale of bricks. But if one class of small employers more than another is to be pitied, it is the Master Plasterers of Scotland. In consequence of long-continued activity in building the Operative Plasterers' Union have got the employers in the hollow of their hand. It is not that they have exacted extravagant wages, for the scale of pay is not accounted excessive for good work, but that they do not work for the wages they receive. This is a trade conducted entirely on time-wages, and in which some considerable training is indispensable, so that new labour cannot easily be imported. The union officials have drawn up an elaborate code of rules specifying the minimum time to be expended by each member on every part of the work. He may spend as much more time as he likes over each job—and he usually does—but if he gets through any job in less than the scheduled time he is called before his lodge and fined in heavily repeated penalties for each repeated offence. The scheduled times are such as the merest 'duffer' can overtake with ease, but that is not the worst of it. In order to fill up the working day the men may go off to the nearest public-house, or otherwise divert themselves, until it is time to finish the job; and the master has to pay not only for this idle time, but also for the time of the labourers who are kept waiting the plasterers' pleasure. A significant note in the plasterers' rule-book is to this effect: 'The Committee are desirous that where any of our members are working along with apprentices that said member or members see that apprentices do their work proper, because they are of opinion, if that was done, *there would not be such an amount of work done by them* as is stated at times by our members.' This, it will be seen, is another instance of training the young idea how to shoot in deceit and dishonour. The official 'district delegate' of the Plasterers' Union goes daily the round of the buildings where the members are at work, and checks whatever individual instances there may be of a disposition towards undue industry by marking up the maximum of work to be done in that building for the day. Woe to them who exceed this.

Although Mill thought the restrictive rules which forbid the employment of non-unionists and which limit the number of apprentices are 'sometimes indispensable to the complete efficacy of unionism,' he also said: 'There is no keeping up wages without limiting the number of competitors for employment, and all such limitation inflicts distinct evil upon those whom it excludes—upon that great mass of labouring population which is outside the union'—and which, it may be added, outnumbers union labour by five or six to one. Why should this great mass of labour submit to such an evil—an evil so great, as Mill

admitted, that if trade unionism be rigorously enforced it will prevent unskilled labourers or their children from ever rising to the condition of the skilled? There is abundant proof that this system *is* rigorously enforced wherever the trade unions are strong enough. We have seen in the case of the A.S.E. systematised effort, of so determined a character that it produced the greatest strike on record, to prevent the elevation of labour in the engine-shops. We see in all the trade unions a consistent design to reduce the standard of labour to the level of the meanest capacity, and to elevate the wage of the least capable to the level of the most meritorious.

It is, of course, dinned into us by Labour leaders and academic Economists that if the workmen did not combine the masters would be able to grind the men to the dust and keep them slaving on starvation wages. But does anybody seriously believe that? Employers are not charged with a larger dose of original sin than trade unionists, and employers cannot alone make the price of labour any more than they can alone make the price of the commodities they have to sell. Price in both cases is, and must always be, ultimately regulated by the relations between supply and demand, and if trade unionism has raised wages, and therefore the cost of production, more than natural economic evolution would have done, it is undoubtedly a vast economic wrong. The community is suffering from it both in pocket and in moral fibre. As to wages, however, there is every reason to believe that the level in this country would now have been higher but for trade unionism, which, by its pernicious operations, has driven industries abroad that we would have kept here. Every industrial opening afforded to foreigners has *pro tanto* narrowed our own avenues of employment and swollen the ranks of our unemployed. Had not the trade unions given away our trades we would have been working for, instead of in competition with, Germany, and Belgium, and France.

Two great lessons are to be derived from the engineers' strike. The one is as to the mischievous and potentially destructive character of trade-union doctrines as taught and practised by the largest and wealthiest and most powerful trade union in the world—a union, too, composed for the most part of men of education and intelligence, not mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. The second is as to the antidote for the bane. We have, indeed, had a lesson in Industrial Homœopathy. What the engineer employers have done other employers will have to do, or their days are numbered. The failure of the Master Cotton Spinners of Lancashire to hold together recently has placed the cotton-spinning industry at the mercy of the trade unions.

Trade unionism, of course, is not to be condemned merely because it is based on selfishness. What makes it dangerous is that in its modern form it has become flavoured with the Socialistic longing for

the transmutation of private capital. What makes it harmful is that it aims at collective success through individual demoralisation. It is not possible for any human institution to be beneficial in operation which climbs to power by the degradation of its own supporters. The beauty of the theory of trade unionism fades before the ugliness of the facts we have submitted—facts which go to show that when the union delegate comes in at the factory door, honest industry flies out at the window.

BENJAMIN TAYLOR.

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*ENGLAND'S DUTIES AS A NEUTRAL*

By the time that these remarks are published, war will be begun between the United States and Spain, and we shall be in the position of neutrals, spectators of the struggle, but with duties, neither few nor light, to both belligerents; and some of the doubts and difficulties which I here discuss may be settled by the rush of events. One cannot help recalling an ominous circumstance: in the past the action of these two Powers led to all the great changes in our neutrality laws; Spain and the United States have constrained us as neutrals to modify those laws. When the colonies of Spain rose in revolt against the mother country a crowd of Peninsular veterans hurried to their support. The names of Bolivar, Miranda, and Alvarez fascinated a generation that remembered the excitement of the Napoleonic wars and was wearied of the tedium of peace. Money was subscribed by sympathisers with the insurgents in the war of liberation. A foreign legion raised in England served under Bolivar, and an expedition fitted out in England and commanded by Englishmen captured Porto Bello, a Spanish possession. The Spanish Government remonstrated; and in consequence of these remonstrances, and in face of the opposition of some of the Whig statesmen of the day, was passed the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819; the first measure to make the fitting out of naval expeditions from our shores an offence. In the American Civil War the imperfections of that statute were revealed. It proved powerless to prevent the escape of Confederate cruisers; it failed to ensure the conviction of the builders of such cruisers, when stopped in time. The remonstrances of the United States—in the beginning

of the century a strenuous advocate of the rights of neutral Powers, but more recently the champion of belligerent rights—brought about the passing of the Foreign Enlistment Act, 1870, which expresses our chief present obligations as a neutral Power. The history of our relations with both Spain and the United States is a warning as to the magnitude of the obligations of a neutral State.

### I. THE FOREIGN ENLISTMENT ACT

Some of our duties under the Foreign Enlistment Act are plain. The Government will no doubt issue a proclamation stating that happily we are at peace with all the world; that unhappily Spain and the United States are at war; that we propose to observe strict and impartial neutrality; a proclamation which will set forth the Foreign Enlistment Act, and charge all Her Majesty's subjects to conform to such laws. This statute is the outcome of a long struggle. The history of maritime law for more than a century has been a contest between neutrals and belligerents. Sometimes—it may be said generally—the latter have had it all their own way; they compelled neutrals to submit to grave inconvenience; they created rights or usages of war obstructive to commerce, acquiesced in when neutrals were weak and divided, but from time to time becoming so intolerable that neutrals united to resist them.

At the opening of the American Civil War, ideas on this subject were in a state of confusion, and the law corresponded to that state. The interests of commerce and the duties of friendly nations were in conflict; and the Courts were called upon to reconcile the irreconcilable. Here and in America it had been said in effect by the highest authorities: 'You may sell to every State, whether at peace or war, guns or munitions of war, but you must not fit out a naval armament. You may offer to all the world the productions of your naval dockyards; but you must not let your ports or dockyards be used as a naval basis, or be a party to proximate acts of war. You must not hinder shipbuilders, cannon foundries, and gunmakers from using their capital or their plant. Neutrality must be observed, but Birmingham must have its profits out of a foreign war.'<sup>1</sup>

One sees the conflict of these ideas in the correspondence between Earl Russell and Mr. Adams with respect to the *Alabama*; the former relying on the dicta of American Secretaries of State and lawyers as to freedom of commerce in articles of war, the latter dwelling on the manifest warlike character of the gunboat No. '290,' and the unfriendliness of our inaction. As a lawyer, I am inclined to think that Earl Russell was right; but Mr. Adams was the spokesman of a higher ideal of neutrality which was slowly being formed, an ideal of neutrality which international law will one day recognise.

<sup>1</sup> See Lord Selborne's *Memorials*, ii. 423.

The *Alabama* was not stopped. Somebody blundered, or loitered. Mr. Adams's letter of the 24th of July, 1862, accompanied by affidavits proving conclusively her nature and destination, and an opinion by Sir Robert Collier to the effect that there was a violation of the Act, was received at the Foreign Office on the 26th; the opinion of the law officers was not received until the 29th, and on the morning of that day the *Alabama* sailed down the river on the pretext of a trial trip to begin her career of devastation. Probably had she been stopped, her release, in the state of the law as it was then construed, must have followed. In 1862 the *Alexandra*, which was being built by Messrs. Miller of Liverpool for the Confederate Government, was arrested. There was no doubt that she was constructed to be used as a gunboat. A trial took place, and on the direction of the Chief Baron, who took a narrow and, as the law officers thought, an erroneous view of the statute, the jury had no option but to acquit the defendants. The Foreign Enlistment Act of 1819 was proved to be utterly unsuited to the conditions of modern warfare. So thought the Neutralisation Commission, consisting of Lord Cranworth, Baron Bramwell, and other distinguished lawyers; and they recommended changes in the law which were embodied in the Foreign Enlistment Act of 1870, which is the law of to-day, and regulates our chief duties to the United States and Spain.

The chief part of section 8 is as follows:—

If any person within Her Majesty's dominions, without the license of Her Majesty, does any of the following acts:—

(1) Builds or agrees to build, or causes to be built, any ship, with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed in the military or naval service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state; or

(3) Equips any ship with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed in the naval or military service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state; or,

(4) Despatches, or causes or allows to be despatched, any ship with intent or knowledge, or having reasonable cause to believe, that the same shall or will be employed in the naval or military service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state;

he is guilty of an offence. The burden of proving that a ship built for and paid for by a foreign State and employed by it in naval or military operations does not come within the statutes, is thrown on the builder (sect. 9); and to provide for a difficulty which arose in 1861–3, a penalty is attached to adding guns or equipments of war.<sup>2</sup>

Here ended the doctrine of commercial freedom as defended by

<sup>2</sup> If any person &c., by adding to the number of guns, or by changing those on board for other guns, or by the addition of any equipment for war, increases &c. the warlike force of any ship which at the time of her being within the dominion of Her Majesty was a ship in the military or naval service of any foreign state at war with any friendly state (sect. 10).

Jefferson and our statesmen and lawyers. There could be no longer talk about a shipbuilder being no more responsible for the use to which his ship is put than a shoemaker is responsible because a burglar uses shoes of his making. The law turned a lawful business into a crime; it reversed presumptions of innocence; it saddled all concerned with heavy responsibility. Not a ship or torpedo boat built here, if suited for warfare and likely to be used in naval operations, can safely, in time of war, be permitted to leave our ports. A vessel may have been building for years on the Tyne or Clyde; the Power which ordered it may have paid for it by instalments thousands of pounds; there are heavy penalties if the vessel is allowed to sail.

Sir James Mackintosh defines neutrality thus: 'Strict neutrality consists merely, first, in abstaining from all part in the operations of war; and, secondly, in equally allowing or forbidding the supply of instruments to both parties.'<sup>3</sup> That definition no longer expresses the whole duty of the neutral. Nor does this statute show the full measure of our liabilities. With unequalled abnegation we bound ourselves to the United States to be judged for conduct in 1861-63 by rules not formulated until 1871. We did more; we agreed to 'observe these rules in future, and to bring them to the knowledge of other maritime powers and to invite them to accede to them.' Neither England nor the United States has done so; but it would be rash to assume that the famous three rules<sup>4</sup> are inoperative. I am aware that many writers question their validity, and that some nations have declined to accede to them. A distinguished American writer on international law, Mr. Wharton, has characterised them as temporary and exceptional and as an intolerable burden on neutral States:

These rules, though leading immediately to an award superficially favourable to the United States in the large damages it gave, placed limitations on the rights of neutrals greater even than those England had endeavoured to impose during the Napoleonic wars, and far greater than those which the United States had ever previously been willing to concede. If such limitations are to be strictly applied, the position of a neutral, so it may be well argued, will be much more perilous and more onerous, in case of war between maritime powers, than that of a belligerent.

The interpretation of these rules—the greatest price ever paid

<sup>3</sup> *Works*, iii. 508. The definition is taken from Martens's *Précis*, 524.

<sup>4</sup> 'A neutral government is bound: first, to use due diligence to prevent the fitting out, arming, or equipping, within its jurisdiction, of any vessel which it has reasonable ground to believe is intended to cruise or to carry on war against a Power with which it is at peace, and also to use like diligence to prevent the departure from its jurisdiction of any vessel intended to cruise or carry on war as above, such vessel having been specially adapted, in whole or in part, within such jurisdiction to warlike use. Secondly, not to permit or suffer either belligerent to make use of its ports or waters as the base of naval operations against the other, or for the purpose of the renewal or augmentation of military supplies or arms, or the recruitment of men. Thirdly, to exercise due diligence in its own ports and waters, and as to all persons within its jurisdiction, to prevent any violation of the foregoing obligations and duties.'—ED. *Nineteenth Century*.

for peace—adopted by the majority of the arbitrators at Geneva binds no one. But I am inclined to think that they express the prevalent opinion of jurists; that they have been substantially incorporated in international law; that in carrying out the Foreign Enlistment Act our Government will be bound to act with the diligence of a *bon père de famille* or as a *diligens paterfamilias*; and that the culpable negligence of their officials in suffering the escape of a torpedo boat or cruiser might lead to unanswerable demands for damages.

## II. THE RIGHT OF SEARCH

It will be the duty of our Government to observe certain rules as to the admission of the ships of war of both belligerents. They will not be permitted to refit, increase their armament and use our harbours as bases of operations. The careers of the *Florida*, *Shenandoah* and *Sumter* are a warning as to this; and there are pretty well understood rules as to the amount of coal which ships of war are permitted to receive in neutral ports.

One belligerent right is clear. All our merchant vessels must submit to the right of search for contraband if Spanish or United States cruisers choose to exercise it; and but for the readiness of the United States to observe the articles of the Declaration of Paris, there could be no question as to their right to search our vessels for Spanish goods. It is significant of the change of opinion in this country that English merchants and shipowners should be indignant at the idea of the exercise of a right for which England fought against the world, and which Nelson declared must be defended with our last shilling and the last drop of our blood.<sup>5</sup> It would be extremely inconvenient for almost every English trading vessel quitting the Mersey or approaching New York, Bilbao, or Barcelona, to be overhauled for enemy's goods. Odious though the right of search seems to neutrals, and comparatively worthless though in most cases it is to belligerents, it has been recognised by every Power. The circumstance that we are parties to the Declaration of Paris affirming the principle which

<sup>5</sup> I may state the rule—which comes down from the time of the Consolato del Mare—in the quaint words of a writer of last century (Richard Lee, *Treatise on Captures in War*, 1759, p. 202): 'Reason tells me I may take the goods of my enemy though they are found in the ship of my friend; because I take what is my enemy's, and what by the laws of war belongs to the conqueror. It may then be objected that I cannot rightly seize the goods of my enemy in the ship of my friend, unless I first seize the ship of my friend, and I shall do violence to the ship of my friend, that I may catch the goods of my enemy; and that this is no more lawful than for an enemy to go into the port of a friend, or to commit depredations in the territory of a friend. But it appears by all maritime laws that it is lawful to stop the ship of a friend, and to examine his papers, whether she belongs to a friend or to an enemy; for you cannot judge of her colours, because the enemy might have put up false colours; and if this is just, as it certainly is, and is always practised, it is also lawful to examine the papers relating to the goods, and to learn from them whether any of the enemy's goods are hid in the ship, and if they are hid there it is lawful to seize them.'



we long contested, 'Free ships make free goods,' cannot fetter Spain or the United States, not parties to that Declaration. Besides, that Declaration expressly excludes contraband of war. The export of contraband of war is not a municipal offence, except so far as it falls within the terms of the Foreign Enlistment Act.<sup>6</sup> Such articles, however, are subject to seizure by the enemy's cruisers, and for this a right of search is necessary. Should England ever be at war with France, no doubt we should overhaul American or Spanish vessels in order to ascertain whether their cargo included contraband of war. And under that term would fall many articles not obviously connected with war: coal, hay, horses and timber are included among articles 'conditionally contraband;' and 'it is part of the prerogative of the Crown during the war to extend or reduce the list of articles to be held absolutely or conditionally contraband, subject, however, to any treaty engagements.'<sup>7</sup>

It has been suggested that the right of search should be denied to privateers. This may be only an academic question; the United States have intimated that they do not intend to commission privateers, and Spain will incur the enmity of neutral commercial nations should she issue letters of marque to privateers authorising them to 'sink, destroy, and burn' the vessels of her adversary. But it does not appear that in this respect any difference exists between ordinary vessels of war and privateers. Many special rules were applicable to the latter; none such as has been suggested existed when privateering was common.

To English shipowners and merchants the question of practical interest is not so much what will be adjudged contraband (as to which English and American views are similar), as the question, Will the United States apply to contraband articles the startling doctrine of 'continuous voyages' which they enforced during the Civil War, greatly to the inconvenience of neutrals? A belligerent destination is an essential of contraband; and a merchant who puts munitions of war on board a vessel bound for a port belonging to one of the belligerents cannot fairly complain if his goods are confiscated. But in the *Springbok* and other cases the American courts condemned goods found in vessels sailing to neutral ports, because the ultimate destination of the goods was belligerent. In the case of the *Springbok*, the court condemned the cargo of a vessel the ultimate destination of which was Nassau, a neutral port, because, to summarise the effect of the judgment, it was highly probable that the cargo would be transhipped at that notorious rendezvous of dealers in contraband and forwarded to the Southern States by some other vessel. This decision, pregnant with alarming consequences to neutrals, has been questioned in every country in which it has been

<sup>6</sup> See Lord Westbury's statement in *ex parte Chavasse* 34 L.J., N.S. Bank, p. 18.  
<sup>7</sup> *Manual of Naval Prize Law*, p. 21.

discussed. Its effect would be to render almost nugatory the Declaration of Paris as to 'effective' blockades, and to seriously hamper the trade of neutrals. The cargoes of vessels sailing from England to West Indian or Mexican ports would run great risk of being captured if the doctrine of a 'continuous voyage' for the cargo as distinct from the voyage of the ship were acted upon. Many American lawyers are opposed to the doctrine enunciated by the Supreme Court in the *Springbok*; and our Government could not fail to protest against its application. Scarcely less important is the character of the procedure and rules of evidence as to ownership of cargo in force in prize courts. A prize court, it has been said, is but the admiral's quarterdeck. These tribunals are accustomed to apply rules highly favourable to the captors and sure to call forth, if this war is prolonged, murmurs from neutrals.

### III. COMMERCIAL BLOCKADES

International law is changing rapidly; and if prolonged the present war may show the world that the weapons used in the Napoleonic wars, the Brown Bess and muzzle-loaders, are not more antiquated in these days of Lee-Metford rifles and quick-firing guns than some of the rules and practices which bulk large in classical writers and authorities on international law. This is peculiarly true of commercial blockades. The chief expositor of those rules is Lord Stowell. Any one reading, as I have done lately, his judgments, will be struck by the luminous reasoning clothed in noble diction which puts to shame the rugged, tatterdemalion style of most of his predecessors and some of his successors, his lofty impartiality, the presence of a mind looking before and after, and his superiority to the passions of the hour. He speaks the language of Chatham; but, no jingo, he rebukes disorderly rapacity, bids English captors give back spoil unfairly won, and vindicates on due occasion against his country the principles of justice. One understands how his judgments were received by his generation as the voice of law and reason itself. But with admiration mingles the sense that his wisdom was for a world unlike ours; one in which commerce was comparatively small, in which each country was self-sufficient for its wants, and in which the interests of neutrals might be pushed aside with impunity and little inconvenience. To Lord Stowell a commercial blockade seemed a perfectly natural weapon. Almost everywhere now prevails a feeling that it cannot fail to be vexatious to neutrals, and that it cannot materially advance the paramount objects of belligerents. There have been no recent examples of a blockade on a large scale and continued for a long period; and experience in our wars with France has little application to modern commerce and our complicated industrial system. There are reasons for believing that an exaggerated opinion of the efficacy of such measures

prevails, and that, even if they seriously injured the nation against which they were employed, they would be as mischievous to the country blockading. In 1861 Cobden gave it as his opinion that railways had to a great extent nullified blockades as instruments of warfare. His remark has now much more point than it then had. Even in our war with Russia, when railway communication on the Continent was undeveloped, the feeble coerciveness of blockades was demonstrated.<sup>a</sup> Exports to that country fell off after the blockade was established; but the reduction was to a large extent accounted for by the increased imports into Prussia of goods which found their way overland into Russia. It is usual to mention the blockade of the Confederate States as proving the efficacy of a rigorous commercial blockade. Undoubtedly they were reduced to dire straits as months went on, and as the cordon of cruisers drew closer. Shut out from a market for their staple article of export, which was left unpicked to rot in the fields, or given to the flames on the approach of the Federal troops, the Confederate States could not procure, except so far as blockade

<sup>a</sup> See debate on Mr. Collier's motion on Trade with Russia, Hansard, 136, p. 1659, and Dr. Waddilove's paper in *Journal of the Statistical Society*, 1885, p. 21. 'To blockade the coast of a country having such a frontier as Russia is a mere absurdity. Of what avail is it to seal up Revel and Riga and to leave open Memel, Dantzic, and Königsberg? To guard one door and throw open others! What possible object can be gained—not by preventing, but by diverting the enemy's trade? The roads leading to Memel and Königsberg are at this moment encumbered with interminable convoys, and the streets and squares of these towns are filled with Russian caravans, which, after a few days, return with merchandise for Russia.' (*The War Policy of Commerce*, by J. L. Ricardo, p. 14.) We did not injure the trade of Russia any more than it would have been injured by war without the exercise of that right, while our merchants paid double price for every article they required from that country, by Russian shippers being thereby obliged to send it to us through Germany, Holland, or France. It was estimated that the extra cost paid on Russian produce belonging to *British merchants* for its transport in Memel was no less than 2,500,000*l.*, exclusive of the cost of transport to other ports, which our blockade enforced.' (Extract from pamphlet by Mr. W. S. Lindsay, p. 108.) A blockade of the Elbe or Baltic ports in the event of war with Germany or Russia would 'not improbably produce much the same results as an unusually long or severe winter. Imports into these countries would go by more circuitous trade routes; they would take the routes which they follow when ice closes the Baltic ports; the total amount of exports even from England for these countries need not appreciably fall off. The experience of 1870 goes far to prove this. Summing up the effects of the blockade of the German ports by the French squadron in that year, the *Economist* said: 'To a country like Germany with so large a frontier, blockading the sea line is no vital injury. The loss ensuing compared with the other losses of the war is trifling, amounting to nothing more than the increased cost of transport; and in the case of many articles, and to some extent of all, now that there is so general a system of railways, the additional cost is not much. Actually, the cost to some ports of Germany was reduced to a minimum, the ports of Holland being almost as useful to those ports as the ports that were blockaded. The truth is that unless a country can be isolated as the South was during the American War, a blockade is "no good." Then it is serviceable, being almost as effective in reducing a nation as the complete investment of a town or fortress in forcing its surrender; but unfortunately such cases are of unfrequent occurrence. If we went to war now with almost any European Power singly, it would simply laugh at our blockade.'

runners could provide, commodities of luxury or comfort. But the privations of a community mainly agricultural, dependent on the exportation of cotton, and with no domestic manufacture, are no safe guide as to the effect on countries with highly developed manufactures and able to supply their own wants. In such cases even a stringent blockade might not be more injurious than a Tariff Act on McKinley lines. Only naval experts can speak decisively as to the possibility of squadrons remote from their 'coal base' effectually preventing the going out or coming in of merchant vessels steaming almost as swiftly as the cruisers. The ease with which Greek vessels passed the blockaded zone round Crete—only about 150 miles in length—though patrolled or guarded by a fleet of unprecedented size, makes one doubt whether a blockade of a long coast such as that of Cuba or Spain can be rigorously maintained. But suppose the contrary; suppose that all Spanish ports were sealed by an American fleet, would there be a serious diminution of imports to or exports from Spain? There would be a diversion of trade to Bordeaux and Marseilles. The consumer might pay some part of the additional costs of carriage by land. Captures by American cruisers might embitter and ruin some individuals, of whom probably few would be Spaniards, and raise premiums of insurances. They could not shorten the war, or appreciably determine the issue. It is conceivable that a blockading squadron could practically prevent the exportation of bulky articles of raw produce, which cannot readily be carried long distances by rail. Unfortunately we, a nation of manufacturers, live by the abundance and cheapness of such articles. Imagine a blockade by Spanish cruisers of the eastern seaboard of the United States so stringent that no cargoes of grain found their way to Europe. One of the first effects would be the embarrassment or ruin of English exporters dependent on the American market. A second effect would be a serious rise in the price of bread stuffs. As to this the experience of the cotton famine in Lancashire is a warning. Mills were shut, workmen were discharged by thousands, a great industry lay prostrate, because millions of bales of cotton stored at Charleston and elsewhere could not be landed at Liverpool. We are not so dependent on the United States for wheat as we were dependent in 1861 on them for raw cotton. But an early effect of such a blockade must be a rise—if we may judge from the effect on Mark Lane of the imminence of war, an immense rise—in the price of wheat, discontent among our workmen, and a serious blow to our industries. The strongest objection to blockades on a large scale is that they injure both the nations resorting to them, and all neutrals. England probably suffered as much as Russia from the blockade of 1854–56, and it was found necessary to relax our strict rights and to permit the sailing of vessels laden with corn for England and France. So close are our commercial relations with America that were this or any future war to result

in a blockade of American ports, public opinion would probably insist on our Government disregarding it. Those who recall the commercial blockades which our fleets once enforced, forget that an essential part of the system was 'the rule of 1756'—a rule which prevented neutrals from entering into new trades—to the detriment of belligerents. Our Government were pressed during the Crimean War to revive this rule, and to apply it to goods intended for consumption in Russia, but conveyed to Dantzic and Stettin. Our Government refused to comply with this request; and 'the rule of 1756' disappeared from international law, to the great advantage of neutrals, but to the impairment of blockades. One State might indeed be conceivably crippled by a commercial blockade; a State which cannot obtain supplies across a land frontier, and which is dependent not merely for luxuries, but the food of its people and the raw material of its manufactures, on foreign countries. The only Power so situated is England.<sup>9</sup>

From the point of view of jurisprudence there is a serious objection to commercial blockades. Though long recognised as a legitimate usage in war, they have never been placed on a very clear legal basis; they imply an exercise of the rights of occupation without the fact thereof, even if the blockade be 'effective;' they appear to derogate from the right of all nations to freely traverse the high seas; and they do not fall into line with the practice as to land blockades.<sup>10</sup> The chief objection, however, is that they hamper commerce, injure neutrals, and do not advance the chief objects of war.

#### IV. PACIFIC BLOCKADES

As one form of blockade is falling into disuse, another form is becoming common. In the present century, what is called 'pacific blockades have been exercised freely,' as appears from the following list of the principal 'pacific blockades:—'

1827, Turkish ports by France, Great Britain, and Russia; 1831, the blockade of the Tagus by France; 1833, the ports of Holland by England and France; 1837, New Grenada by England; 1848, the La Plata by France, and (later) by England; 1838, Mexican ports by France; 1850, the Piræus by Great Britain; 1884, Formosa by France; 1860, Gaeta by the Sardinian fleet; 1886, ports of the Greek coast by Great Britain and other Powers; 1893, Siam by France; 1897, Crete by the combined squadrons of the Great Powers. It has been suggested that, instead of declaring war against Spain, the United States should have established a pacific blockade of Cuba or Porto Rico. In the eyes of statesmen a 'pacific blockade'

<sup>9</sup> See Lawrence's *Essays on Modern International Law*, p. 291.

<sup>10</sup> See Professor Westlake's classical essay on Commercial Blockades.

needs no justification. It may avert war or stop war when begun. It avoids the responsibility of declaring war. It may be just the exact amount of pressure required to bring a small Power to reason. It is described in a recent work of international law as 'a convenient and salutary method of coercing a weak but aggressive power, and preventing it from presuming on its weakness.' The nations against which this measure has been employed have been Powers of a second order. This is in the nature of things; such coercion employed against an equal would mean war. Some of these recommendations of 'pacific blockades' seem to me positive objections. They enable a strong nation to resort to war without bringing upon her all the consequences. All the precedents above cited indicate evolution, but it is to be feared in the wrong direction; the growth of a form of international law to be used by strong States in dealing with weak. We stand here at the top of an inclined plane down which public morality may slide to a level below that on which international law has hitherto built. The doctrine of the equality of States was never expressive of a literal fact; but it enshrined an ideal which has been, on the whole, to the advantage of the weak. We have heard much of late of the need of a revision of that doctrine; and in the Far East we have seen the revisers at work. The legalising of 'pacific blockades' may be one more blow struck at the theory of the equality of States.

Moreover 'pacific blockades' seem, in a legal point of view, open to grave objections. Whether this form of blockade is recognised by International Law, is apt to turn into a question of words; the changes being rung on 'uses' and 'abuses.' It is easy to draw up a list of jurists who have strongly condemned the practice in all forms. Some of the latest writers on the subject are emphatic in condemning this 'monstrous doctrine' as based on no sound principle and as a deplorable retrogression.<sup>11</sup> Still, no doubt, another list of writers, no less eminent, who have approved it subject to restrictions could be compiled. The Institute of International Law has by a majority passed a resolution approving of pacific blockades, if qualified by certain conditions. It is no disrespect to say of a body which has done very much for International Law, what Lord Stowell said of the opinion of another body not less illustrious: 'Great as the reverence due to such authorities may be, they cannot, I think, be admitted to have the force of overruling the established course of the general law of nations.' If pacific blockades are legalised, what are the rules thereof? The law applicable to blockade was reduced to order about the beginning of this century, chiefly by the luminous genius of Lord Stowell. He found fragmentary rules, uncertain practices, and no clear principles. By a series of decisions, as much creative as the genius of the great men of letters who were his contemporaries, he perfected

<sup>11</sup> 'Un véritable mouvement de recul.' Fauchille, *Du Blocus Maritime*.

a coherent system; What part of it, if any, applies to a pacific blockade? Is a captured vessel to be sunk or otherwise dealt with as the admiral of the blockading squadron thinks fit? Are there to be no prize courts? When a blockade is notified, and war really though not nominally exists, are the governments of neutral States bound to refuse the use of their ports to either belligerent as a basis of operations? Will the provisions of the Foreign Enlistment Act apply? If a blockade may exist in a time of peace, what was the value of the contention of England, that Lincoln's proclamation of blockade necessarily implied a state of war?

Of the examples above given, France has been a party to the majority; France has insisted upon her right to exclude from the blockaded zone the vessels of all Powers; she has repeatedly exercised this claim, and in the last diplomatic correspondence on the subject she reiterated this contention. And we may expect that other countries will make claims similar to those which France has often made. This indeed is a necessary contention if a pacific blockade is to be of much use. The organ of the shipping interest in this country puts this point distinctly:

That it (such blockade) must be binding on all States, certainly appears to us to be equally clear. Its effect would be so weakened as to be useless otherwise. If the ships of any Power not actively taking part in the blockade were entitled to sail through the lines with provisions, arms and ammunitions, troops, general merchandise and so on, the whole object of the blockade would be neutralised, and the end would be that the blockading power would be forced to declare war, the very result to avoid which the scheme of pacific blockade was instituted.<sup>12</sup>

Suppose that an English vessel had been stopped in forcing the blockade of Crete; suppose that, refusing to be overhauled, she had been fired upon, and that a shot had injured her hull or killed one of the crew. If civil proceedings were taken against the officer who ordered the guns to be fired, it is not easy to see the answer to an action for damages by the owners. The orders of the Government or their ratification of the officer's conduct might not avail him, if the act were unlawful. *Buron v. Denman* shows such an action would not lie at the suit of a foreigner; it decides nothing more. 'The decision leaves the right of action as between subject and subject wholly untouched.'<sup>13</sup> If one of the crew of the English ship had been killed by a shot from a cruiser, and the officer in command on his return to England had been indicted for murder, it is also a little difficult to understand the answer to the charge. The royal prerogative, it has been said, is wide enough to cover such a case; the officer's conduct would be an 'act of State.' Undoubtedly judicial phrases sanctioning it may be found; but whatever colour may be given by dicta uttered in other times than ours to the opinion that there is an unexhausted and

<sup>12</sup> *Shipping Gazette*.

<sup>13</sup> *Feather v. The Queen*, 6 B. and S., p. 296.

inexhaustible residuum of prerogative, legalising every act deemed necessary for State ends, it would be hard to point to a clear judicial ruling since the Revolution to the same effect. For at least two centuries the current of decisions has run strongly against the idea of prerogative being able to modify or annul private rights. The emergencies of actual war the Courts know; the authority of the Crown to do all that military necessities demand is recognised. The right of one subject to destroy the property or take away the life of another subject in time of peace in pursuance of State policy is dubious. The very writers who defend 'pacific blockades' admit that they raise all sorts of questions, criminal and civil, private and international, to which no clear answer can be given; a proof that they are out of harmony with existing jurisprudence. With or without their abuses, they are a legal anomaly, what the Roman lawyers termed an *inelegantia juris*.

## 5. THE OUTLOOK

Whether this war will impair or improve international morality, one cannot foresee. But there are hopeful signs. The assurance by the United States Government that they will adhere to the four articles of the Declaration of Paris marks an enormous advance in international law. In the last few days it has become plain that the breaking strain of peace is greater than it was; that the burden of war falls heavier on neutrals, the assertion of strict belligerent rights becomes more intolerable. We are perhaps in sight of a time when war at sea will spare non-combatants as much as does war on land. The fragmentary phrases of international law are being slowly formed into a coherent system. Some old rules, barbarous and useless for the paramount ends of war, are obviously falling into discredit and disuse. At all events the whole subject of maritime belligerent rights needs reconsideration in the light of the new conditions of commerce. At the close of war there could be no worthier subject of inquiry for a Royal Commission—appointed not to collect platitudes or register the foreknown opinions of its members—than the rights and duties of belligerents and neutrals.

JOHN MACDONELL.



THE GROWTH OF  
THE WORLD'S ARMAMENTS

STATISTICS have been accused by no less an authority than Mr. Meredith of being emotional; and Canning's saying that they are only one degree less misleading than facts is well known. But taking the most sceptical view of their value, it must be confessed that they are the raw material for inductions, and that their emotional or misleading qualities reside rather in the character of the person who misuses them than in the figures themselves. It may therefore be interesting to examine the position of the great nations of Europe in the light of results tabulated for thirty years in the pages of our official statistical abstracts for 'Principal and other Foreign Countries' and of the dispassionate *Statesman's Year Book*, and to examine this position chiefly with reference to armaments and finance.

In a word, what I shall attempt to do is to cast the horoscope of the nations or to give material for that horoscope. Taking the class of exports denominated in our official returns 'special,' or of purely domestic manufacture, as the test of national wealth, I shall compare with the line which it traces through the years from 1868 to 1898, the ascending line of expenditure on armaments, the line which shows the increase or decrease of national debt, and the line which gives the progress of population. It must be confessed that 'special' exports are not a wholly satisfactory index to national wealth; but figures for them are readily accessible in all cases, whereas if other and more satisfactory tests were taken—as, for example, taxable property—the results could only be given in fewer instances or over a shorter term of years, and would need innumerable adjustments. Even as it is there are grave difficulties and discrepancies in our official statistics. For instance, Parliamentary Paper C 6929 of 1890 gives the Russian 'special' exports for 1878 as 61,817,000*l.*, whereas C 4272 of 1885 gives for the same in the same year 97,876,000*l.*<sup>1</sup> Again, C 6929 of

<sup>1</sup> This seems to have escaped even the careful editors of the *Statesman's Year Book* for 1898. As it may appear that this article was suggested by certain diagrams in that publication, I may mention that my diagrams and article were completed before the *Year Book* for 1898 was published. They have, however, been compared with the diagrams there given.

1890 gives the United States 'ordinary' expenditure for 1889 as 50,000,000*l.*; but C 8418 of 1897 gives it as 74,000,000*l.* Such differences and discrepancies are perhaps inevitable, and I have therefore, as far as possible, compared and verified my results. Still, even so, they can only be regarded as approximate, though small errors in one or two years will not invalidate the general conclusions to which they point.

The great conclusion is that Europe is piling up its expenditure on armaments in an alarming manner to the sacrifice of sound finance. Taking figures for the Great Powers in 1868—or as near as I can get to that year—and 1896, the last year for which general returns are available, the following are the results:—

	1868		1896	
	Expenditure on Armaments	Armies on War Footing	Expenditure on Armaments	Armies on War Footing
	£		£	
England . . .	26,000,000	204,000	40,200,000	{ 300,000 about
France . . .	20,100,000	757,000	36,000,000	4,300,000
Russia . . .	16,400,000	1,130,000	31,500,000	4,677,000
Italy . . .	8,100,000	445,000	15,000,000	1,473,000
Austria . . .	8,000,000	838,000	15,000,000	2,076,000
Germany . . .	10,700,000	1,134,000	31,300,000	4,300,000
Totals . . .	89,600,000	4,508,000	169,000,000	17,126,000

In the English figures only our regular Army and Army Reserve are counted, as for other nations only trained men have been reckoned. The native Army in India, the Militia, Volunteers, and Colonial Forces, with the sums expended upon them, have not been included. With these our gross total of men is swollen to about a million. The increase in expenditure on armaments during the period has been about 78·6 per cent., whereas population in the six states enumerated has only risen by 44 per cent. Nor do the mere pounds, shillings, and pence adequately represent the increased strain, except in the case of England. The indirect tax of compulsory service, enforced in 1896 with the utmost stringency, must be weighed against the comparatively light conscription of 1868.

The diagram illustrating the progress of national debts will show how far the peoples have outrun the constable. France in particular has been spending wildly, though she is closely followed by Russia, and at no great distance by penniless Italy and Austria. The Russian debt is not so heavy as it appears, since the rouble has been converted to sterling at gold rate. To some extent, no doubt, particularly in the case of Russia, the increase is due to expenditure on public works, which will ultimately prove productive. But, like our Australian colonies, all the great continental Powers, excepting

Germany, have spent lavishly on works which were not needed and which will never pay. France is especially a sinner in this respect. Since 1874 she has added 400,000,000*l.* to her debt, and is still adding. The end to this wasteful borrowing must come soon. In view of the

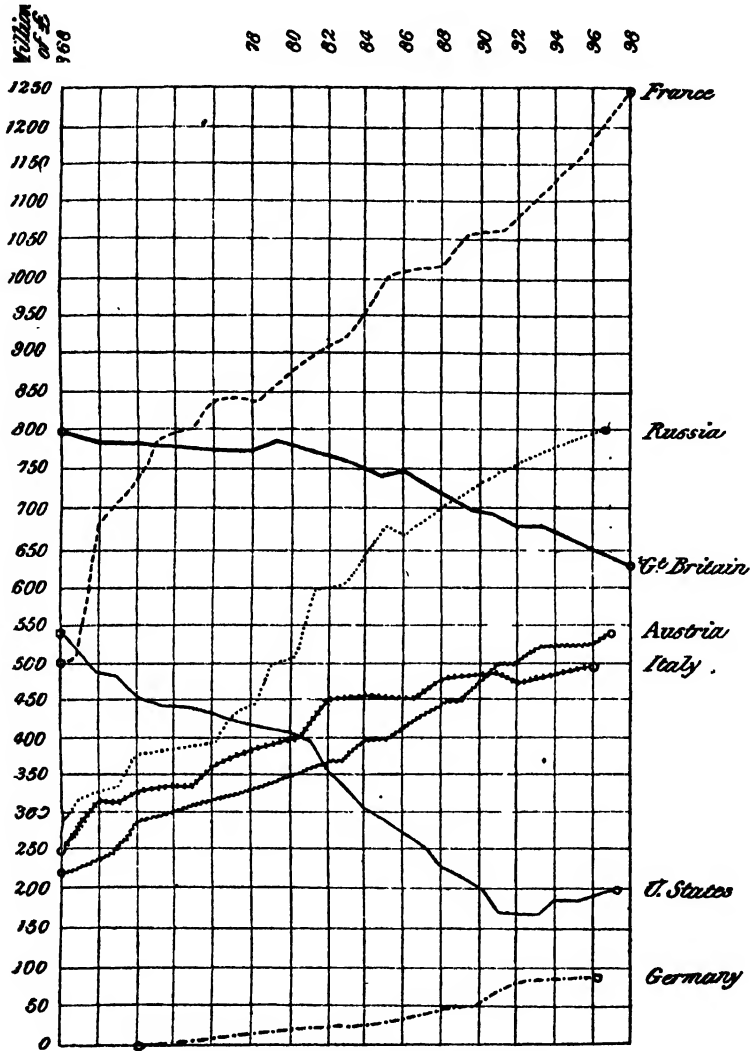


FIG. 1.—NATIONAL DEBTS 1868-1898.

— Great Britain    — United States    - - - France    · Russia  
 - - - Germany    ##### Italy    ~~~~~ Austria  
 Russian rouble converted to sterling at gold rate.

financial position of France and Russia, we cannot but contemplate with apprehension our assumption with them of a joint responsibility for the Greek loan. If they default, we are liable for the whole sum, and it looks as though it might well fall upon our shoulders. England

and the United States alone have steadily reduced their debts, so that their financial position is one of strength.

Turning next to the figures for military expenditure, it will be seen that the maximum point has apparently been passed on the Continent, and the outlay is declining, whereas in England it is rising.<sup>2</sup> This suggests what the events of the past two years have emphasised, that on the Continent a state of equilibrium is being.

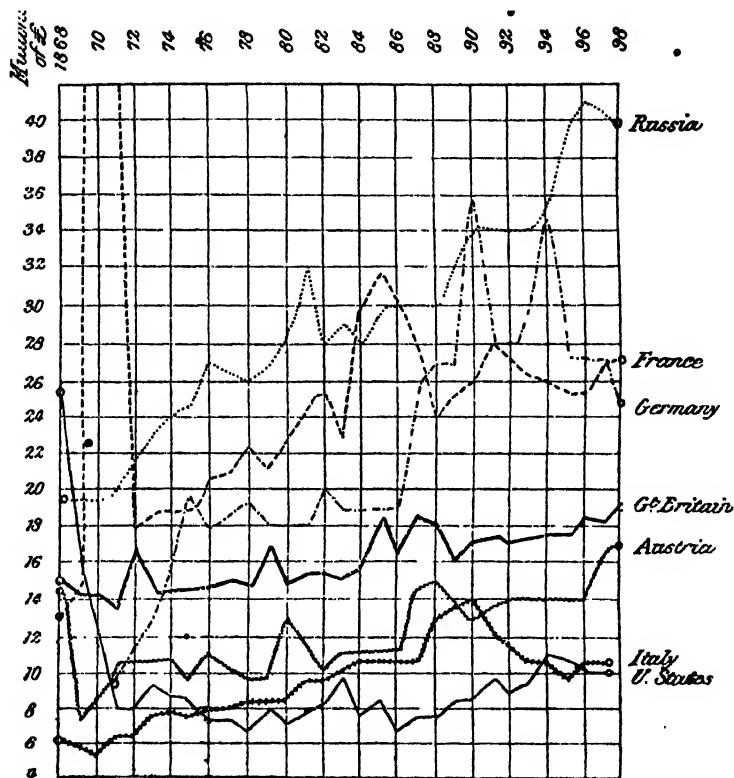


FIG 2.—MILITARY EXPENDITURE.

Great Britain — United States - - - - France - - - - Russia  
 - - - Germany + + + + + Italy ~ ~ ~ Austria

Doubtful if outlay on new quick-firing artillery is included for France, Germany, Russia, and Austria.

slowly established, and that the hostility of the rival Powers has been attracted to England, as to a kind of lightning-conductor. The figures for the great military monarchies are very unreliable; we do not, for instance, know what Russia actually spends, perhaps not even the outlay of Germany. Both Powers have military chests on

<sup>2</sup> It does not appear, however, that the enormous sums which are being secretly spent in the construction of quick-firing field guns are included in the figures for 1898. France alone will need about 12,000,000*l.* for this purpose.

which they might draw quietly. The figures for Russia represent gold roubles, in this diagram also. They should be reduced by about one-third to bring them to paper. The violent oscillations between 1883 and 1892 reveal the volcanic state of the Continent in

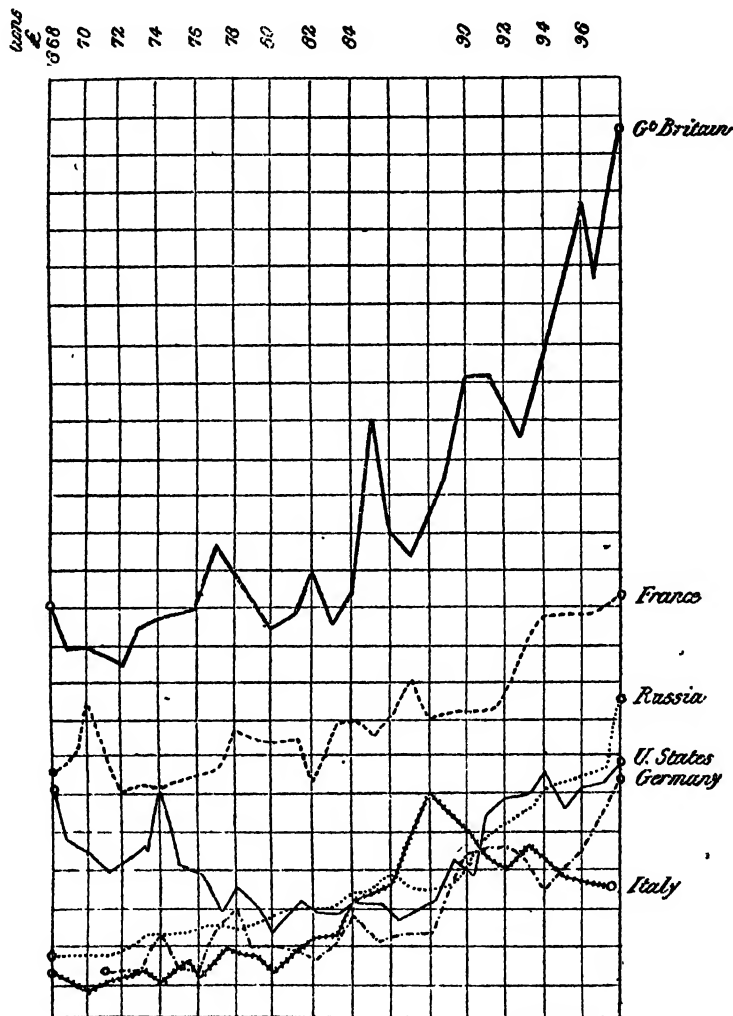


FIG. 3.—NAVAL EXPENDITURE.

— Great Britain    - - - - United States    - - - - France    . . . . Russia  
 - . . . Germany    ##### Italy

Money voted for 1897-98 and not expended by Great Britain deducted.

those years. The high figures of the United States, Italy, Austria, and France between 1868 and 1872 are due to wars, and should be excluded to get a clear view.

If the military expenditure of the Powers is apparently declining, the same cannot be said of the naval expenditure. A very marked

increase on the Continent began about 1891, and Russia and Germany have since then advanced by leaps and bounds. Italy alone, owing to her complete exhaustion, falls steadily from 1888. As for England, the prodigious increase between 1872, her low-water mark under Mr. Goschen's first administration at the Admiralty, and 1898 shows the greatness of the strain which presses on her. Yet it cannot be

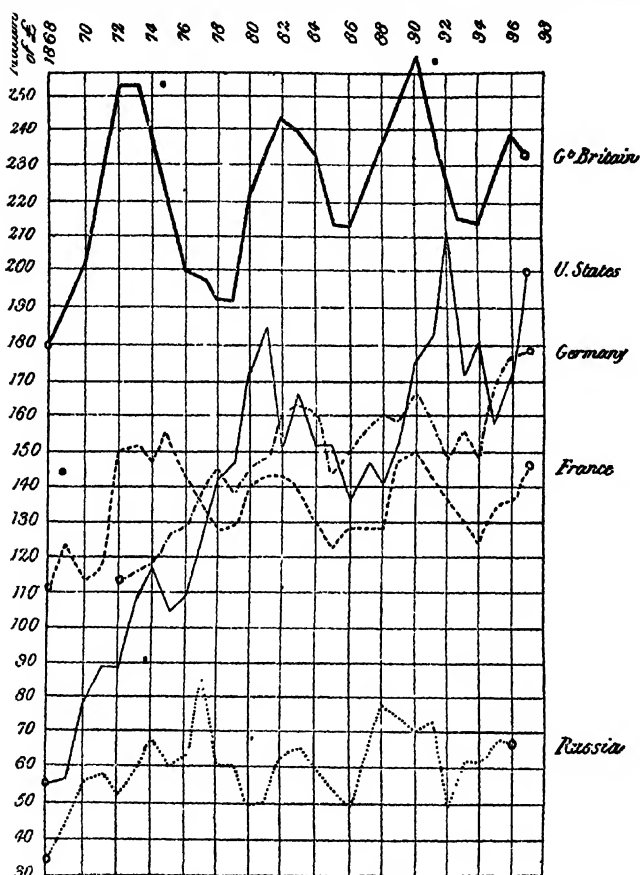


FIG. 4.—SPECIAL EXPORTS.

— Great Britain. — United States. --- France. ---- Russia.  
 - - - Germany. ##### Italy. ~~~~~ Austria.  
 Articles of domestic produce only.

said that our outlay is extravagant when the absence of the indirect tax of compulsory service is taken into account. Rather, it seems that we are still indulging a perilous economy. Of what profit to wipe millions off our national debt if to-morrow the enemy will mulct us of hundreds of millions?

Last in the series of general diagrams are the 'special' exports.

It will be noted that Germany is steadily gaining on England, while the advance of the United States is simply phenomenal. There is reason to think that the Russian returns of and before 1878 are not converted into British currency at the same rate as those subsequent to that date, or refer to a different set of facts. Depressions in trade appear to affect not particular nations, but, as we should expect, the

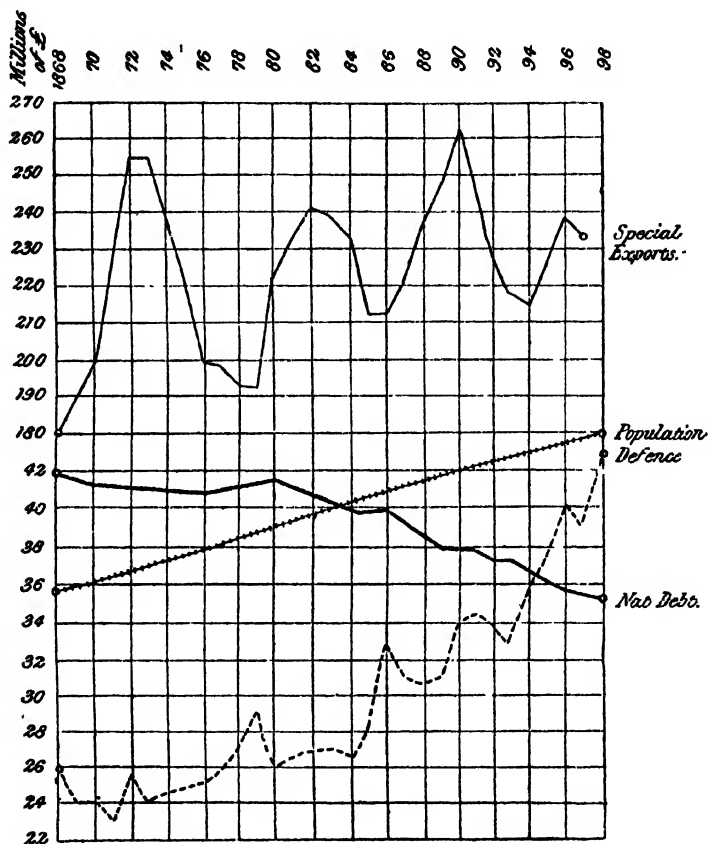


FIG. 5.—GREAT BRITAIN.

—— Special Exports      ——— National Debt      ##### Population  
 - - - - - Expenditure on Defence

The upper set of figures are for exports, lower for defence expenditure.

National Debt and population are inserted (the first from fig. 1) merely to show the rise or fall. The figures do not apply to them; but each vertical square represents an increment of 2,000,000 souls in population and 50,000,000 in National Debt.

civilised world. English and American trade is subject to the most violent fluctuations. It is difficult to reconcile this diagram with Cobden's prophecies. That Protectionist States are overhauling us fast can no longer be denied. It looks as though, before the end of the nineteenth century, the 'special' exports of Germany and of the United States will be greater than our own.

The last series of four diagrams, for England, France, Germany, and Russia, is the most interesting. There are combined the lines for national debt, transferred from the general diagram and intended merely to show the rise or fall, the curves of the special exports and of outlay on defence, military and naval. Lastly, the increase in population is shown, each square vertically representing an increment

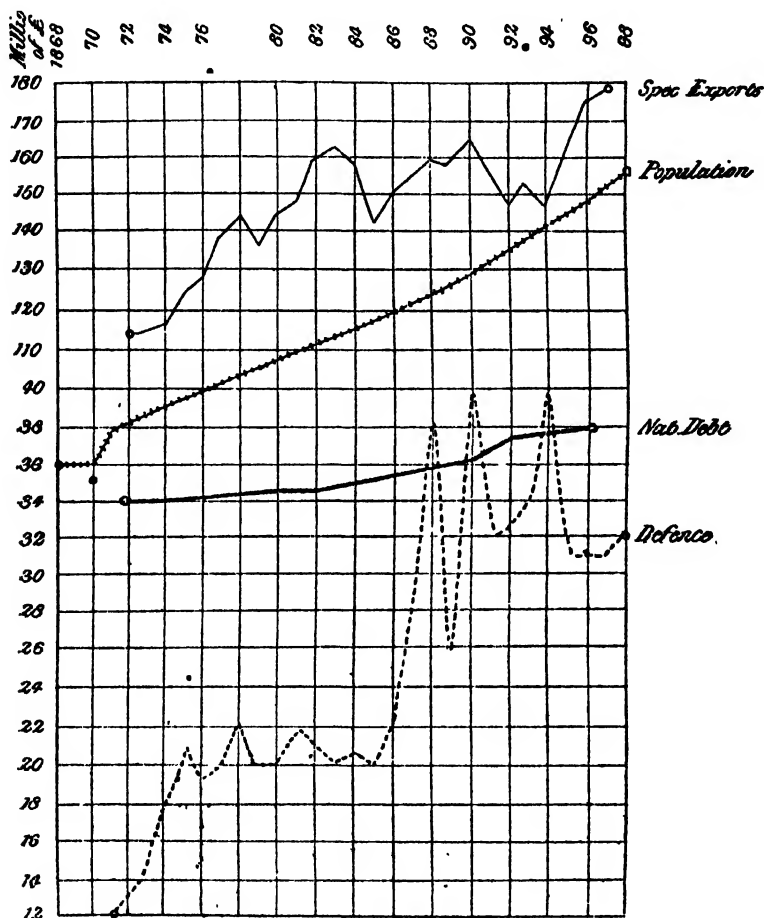


FIG. 6.—GERMANY.

—— Special Exports    ——— National Debt    ##### Population  
 - - - - Expenditure on Defence

The upper set of figures are for exports, lower for defence expenditure.

of 2,000,000 souls. All these diagrams are drawn to the same scale, so that they can be compared. In none of the four are the 'special' exports increasing in the same ratio as the outlay on armaments. The stagnation of the population in France reveals a very grave danger, while the English line of increase does not compare at all favourably with that of Germany or Russia. It is evident that in



the not distant future we shall be heavily outnumbered in Europe. In finance, it is true, we have a great advantage, as our debt is declining; but then, on the other hand, a rapidly increasing outlay on defence has to be met, and our national wealth, as measured by special exports, is almost stationary. Germany has a small and slowly increasing general debt, but the various states of the empire have in addition debts of their own, that of Prussia amounting to not

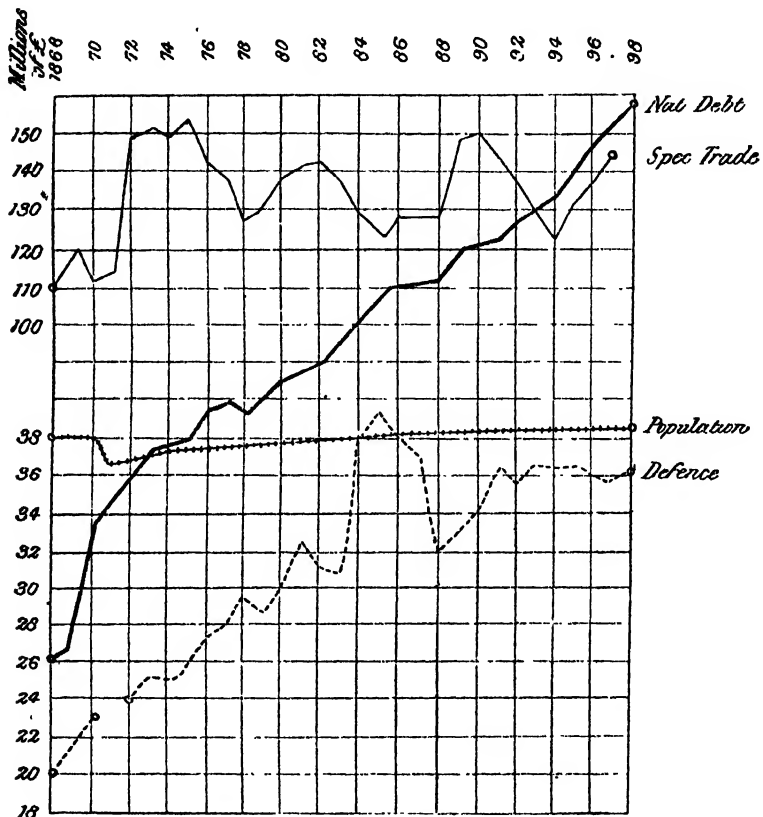


FIG. 7.—FRANCE.

—— Special Exports      ——— National Debt      ■■■■■ Population  
 - - - - Expenditure on Defence

The upper set of figures are for exports, lower for defence expenditure.  
 The abnormal military expenditure during the war of 1870-71 is omitted.

less than £320,000,000. Of this, however, part has been incurred in productive outlay. It should be observed that the German export figures show a larger and steadier proportionate increase than our own. Hence it would appear that year by year Germany is growing in strength as against ourselves, and that, in spite of her heavy load of armaments, the outlook for her is a better one than for us. If our white colonies were included, the result would not very substantially improve our position. They have spent inordinately, the national

debt of Australia being enormous, but they have not spent on armaments or the security of the empire. Much of the money they borrowed went in maintaining an inflated rate of wages, and has vanished with little productive result. And if the increase in British population would show a steeper angle of ascent, were the colonies added in, we cannot as yet, for defensive purposes, count upon

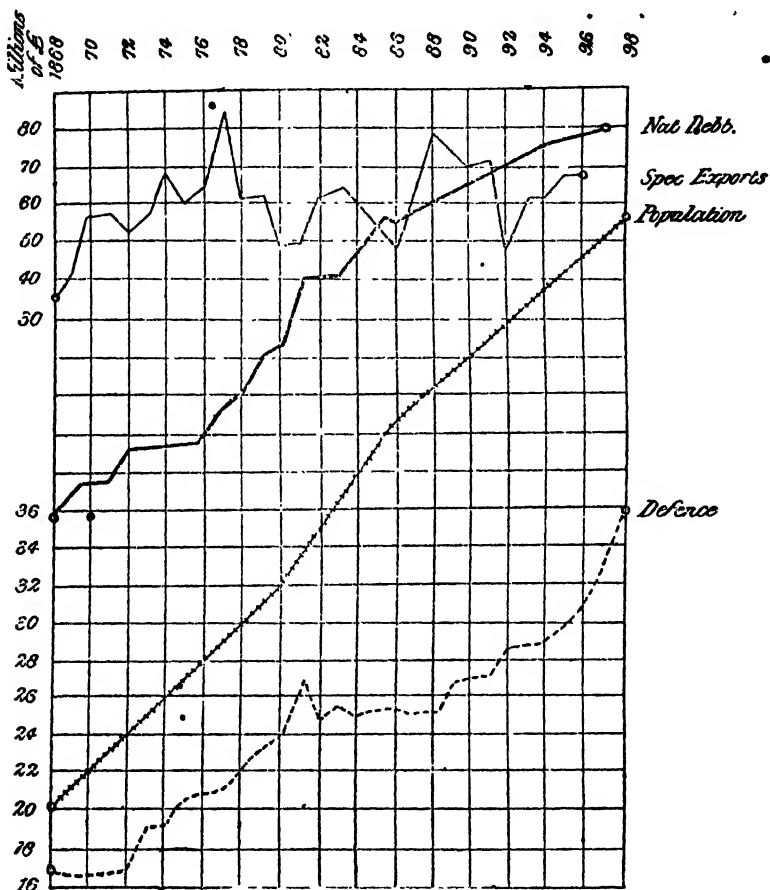


FIG. 8.—EUROPEAN RUSSIA.

Special Exports      ——— National Debt      ##### Population  
 - - - - - Expenditure on Defence

The upper set of figures are for exports, lower for defence expenditure.  
 Rouble converted to sterling at paper rate, except in the curve for National Debt.

Australians or Canadians quite as we can count upon inhabitants of the United Kingdom, and this without any disparagement to the loyalty of Greater Britain.

Many economic facts which have an important bearing on our national position do not appear in these diagrams. We get no hint of the terrific increase in the poor rate, which may well cause apprehension. We see nothing of the relative decline of the rural

population, from which we draw our fighting men, as compared with the urban population, a decline which will ultimately react with deadly effect upon the physical vigour of our race, unless we take steps to develop the body as well as the mind.<sup>3</sup> This decline is clearly shown by the following figures from our Census returns :

	1861	1871	1881	1891
Urban . .	12,696,000	14,920,000	17,636,000	20,802,000
Rural . .	7,360,000	7,782,000	8,337,000	8,108,000

There have been rearrangements of areas which in some degree invalidate these figures, but there is no doubt as to their general truth. Our rural population has fallen from 36 per cent. of the total population in 1861 to 27 per cent. in 1891. The same tendency is visible abroad, in France, Germany, and in our colonies. But in France and Germany the rural population is very much larger than in England, and therefore can longer stand the strain. In Germany, for instance, it was 26,318,000 in 1886. The duties which most continental countries impose on imported agricultural products and the bounties which they pay to stimulate beet-growing help to keep down, if they cannot wholly check, the immigration to the towns, and are wise from the military point of view. The highly artificial and unnatural situation of England is a source of national weakness at least as alarming as the relative decrease of population in France. But it is almost certain that in the immediate future we shall, for want of money, be compelled to resort to some form of compulsory service. It may be the physical salvation of our race. In any case, such service imparts very valuable qualities to the men who undergo it, and may be nature's remedy for the mischief wrought by city life. The difficulty is that it is not at all suited to our military needs.

The growing expenditure on armaments and the prevalence of militarism in the world at the close of this century are the objects of solicitude and alarm in this country. But provided the State can procure its war material within its own boundaries, the expenditure on cannon and battleships goes almost entirely in wages to the working class, while the subtraction of hundreds of thousands of young men from domestic life for a year or two years discourages premature marriage, develops the body, and implants the spirit of discipline and obedience. These make no show in tables of statistics, but they are surely a return for the vast outlay, and should not be overlooked by any thinker who pretends to dispassionateness. And this is leaving altogether out of sight the value of security which cannot be had for nothing.

H. W. WILSON.

<sup>3</sup> The interesting question whether in character and physique the race is not already showing some signs of degeneration might be raised. There is much to prove that the answer must be given in the affirmative.

## *THE CAUCASUS AND TIRAH*

### • *A RETROSPECT*

WITH the recent experience of British troops in mountain warfare on the North-west Frontier fresh in the public mind, it may be interesting to glance back through the pages of history to a conflict between disciplined troops and mountain tribes as brave, hardy, warlike, and turbulent as are the Afridi clans, and inhabiting a country of a very similar character. The retrospect, moreover, may not be unprofitable, for so curiously alike are the conditions of the conflict in both cases that, by the comparison, the measure of success or failure in the Tirah campaign may be realised, and much adverse criticism may be disarmed.

From the time that Peter the Great, the 'Mad Genius' of Russia, welded together that Empire from out of a chaos of conflicting States, and started it on its career of expansion, its flood of conquest has flowed steadily southwards and eastwards, checked only by the vast chains of mountains that bisect Northern Asia from the Black Sea almost to the Pacific, and thus checked, has now turned the flank of that chain, and has poured into Northern China.

The mountain regions of the Caucasus lay on the flank of this expansion, and it is to be supposed that the tide of conquest would have taken naturally the line of least resistance, and would have 'refused' this difficult country, if the inhabitants of it had been possible neighbours; but as a Russian writer—'Golovin,' of Liberal proclivities, and, as he proclaims himself, an enemy to war and a friend to the independence of every nation—admits, 'the mountain tribes made peace impossible.' In his own words also, 'The plundering habits of the mountaineers cannot be questioned. From time immemorial these tribes have lived through the plundering carried on in the territory of their neighbours of the low country. They made them a sort of storehouse—a means of subsistence.'

For many long years on this frontier a defensive policy—the close border system of the North-west Frontier of India—was tried. Border forts were established and garrisoned by Cossack colonists, who kept watch and ward over the low countries, and during this period these were attacked and frequently destroyed by the moun-

taineers, who also at times broke through the chain of posts, and made daring raids into the heart of the Russian provinces. Punitive expeditions were led into the mountains with more or less success, but always sustaining heavy losses, and at last it became evident that the total subjugation of the mountain tribes could alone give peace to the border side.

For the purposes of this retrospect it will be sufficient to bring before the reader a small portion only of the operations which covered a period of many years.

The northern faces of the great mountain range of Andi, which fall away in densely wooded slopes towards the low country, comprising the district of Itchkeria and the valley of the Koi-su river on the south of that range in the province of Daghestan, seem to have been the favourite stronghold and the centre of resistance of the Caucasian clans. It was here that their famous chief Schamyl made his home, and it was the theatre of all the fiercest fighting that these mountains have witnessed. The whole tract is only forty miles square, but the mountain ranges are lofty and the valleys narrow and difficult.

In 1839 General Grabbe, commanding the Russian army of the frontier, moved a force to attack Akulgo—at that time Schamyl's main stronghold—situated in the valley of the Koi-su. Advancing in the month of June from the frontier station of Gersel, through the dense beech forests of Itchkeria, he defeated the mountaineers with heavy loss, and forced the pass over the Andi range. Descending into the Koi-su valley on the 12th of June, Akulgo, by nature almost an impregnable position, and which had been further fortified under the direction of a Polish refugee engineer, was invested.

For five weeks the Russians lay before the position, unwilling to assault, and trusting to famine to achieve their purpose. Finding that the defenders were not to be starved out, Grabbe assaulted the position on the 16th of July, but the storming parties came back leaving half their numbers behind. The investment was patiently resumed until near the end of August, when active operations were recommenced, and the Russians succeeded in gaining possession of the outworks of the position. For four days a murderous conflict raged in and about the place, and it was finally captured, but Schamyl effected his escape, leaving 1,500 dead in the Russian hands.

The very stubborn defence of Akulgo against a disciplined army provided with artillery is proof sufficient of the fighting qualities of the Caucasian tribes, and bears eloquent testimony also to the solid qualities of the Russian soldiers who overcame their desperate resistance, and would imply that the cause of the subsequent Russian disasters in this warfare must be sought elsewhere than in the conduct of the troops, and that those disasters were probably due rather to bad leading.

This success, although dearly bought, was indecisive. Schamyl transferred his stronghold to Dargo—a position in the midst of the forest region of Itchkeria—collecting all the wild spirits of the mountains about him, and the depredations in the low countries, and the attacks on the Russian frontier posts, became more daring and pertinacious than before.

In 1842, the situation becoming intolerable, Grabbe led an expedition of 10,000 men from Gersel direct upon Dargo, through Itchkeria, a distance of about thirty miles. During the first day's march not a shot was fired, and nothing was seen of the mountaineers except occasionally when one might be seen watching from a height, as if from curiosity, the long columns of troops below. The next day's march was also unmolested, but in the night volleys were fired into the bivouac fires. At daybreak the march was resumed until the noon of the same day, when the flanks of the Russian columns were attacked as they struggled through the dense forest. Not half the distance to Dargo was accomplished, and the difficulties increased with every step. The numbers of the enemy multiplied as the news of war reached the clans. They fought with more furious courage, and the column was soon fatally encumbered with wounded. At last Grabbe, despairing of his enterprise, gave the order to retreat. This was, as usual, a signal to the mountaineers to close. When they saw the advance guard wheel about to retire, they threw themselves sword in hand on the rear companies, and swept through them on to the main column. The retreat became almost a rout, although six guns that fell into the hands of the tribesmen were recaptured, showing that demoralisation had not yet set in. The column was pursued down into the open country, and Grabbe re-entered Gersel, leaving 2,000 men and thirty-six officers dead in the woods.

In 1845 Count Woronsoff was appointed to the command of the frontier army, with orders to achieve the object in which Grabbe had failed.

In order to avoid the forests of Itchkeria, in which his predecessor had lost his reputation, Woronsoff, with a force of ten or twelve battalions of infantry and some guns, in all about 10,000 men, marched eastwards from the town of Gersel round the flank of the Andi range, with the intention of crossing that range from the south, and thus attacking Dargo from the same quarter.

The route lay through and up the valley of the Koi-su, and by a mountain road through the districts of Solatau and Ghumbet in Daghestan, a distance of about eighty miles from Gersel.

It appears to have been Woronsoff's expectation that with the destruction of Schamyl's capital all resistance would cease, and that he would secure a return to the frontier through Itchkeria unmolested by the enemy.

Leaving Gersel on the 1st of July the Russians moved on for several

days without sighting an enemy, until the pass of Retschfel, leading over the Andi range into Itchkeria, was occupied. Up to this time only a few of the enemy's scouts had been seen, but as the advance guard descended into the wooded country, the forest became alive with mountain skirmishers. A Russian officer says that 'they did not burn much powder, but every shot told.' At intervals were barricades of felled trees, which had to be carried with the bayonet, and the progress was so difficult that the troops did not make more than a mile an hour. On this day, the 7th of July, the Russians lost General Fock, Colonel Levinson, and several other officers, together with seventy rank and file killed and many wounded. Dargo was at length reached, but Schamyl and his mountaineers had disappeared, leaving only the smoking ruins of their stronghold. Woronsoff then settled down in the valley, in the hope that the enemy who hung on the hills roundabout would submit.

On the 10th of July a convoy of provisions that was expected reached the Retschel pass, where, according to arrangements made, it was to be met and brought into the camp at Dargo, a distance of about six miles, by a detachment from the main body.

Accordingly a force consisting of a half-battalion from each battalion in camp, or half the total force, with all available baggage animals, was despatched to bring in the convoy; the whole being in command of General Klüke von Klügenau, an Austrian of much experience in this border warfare, whilst two generals—Passek and Victoroff—commanded the advance and rear guards.

Schamyl allowed the detachment to go through unmolested, but on its return to camp, encumbered with its convoy of many hundreds of baggage animals, it was furiously assailed.

General Klügenau, probably deceived by the inaction of the enemy, started with most of the light troops to return in advance of the convoy. An inopportune fall of rain made the tracks down the steep incline almost impassable, and the baggage column was delayed and disordered, and lost touch of the advance troops. The mountaineers, watching every move from the heights around, were quick to grasp the opportunity. A body of them threw themselves into the interval thus left between Klügenau's troops and the baggage column, and throwing up hasty barricades of felled trees checked its further progress. At the same time the flanking parties were attacked and swept away, most of them being cut down, and the mountaineers threw themselves on to the long and straggling train, Schamyl and his 'Murids,' or fanatics, leading the attack. An officer of the force relates that :—

The militia forming the left chain of flankers were almost all cut down, the files of the Kurin Regiment furnishing the right flankers became extended, lost touch of each other, and were completely disorganised. Dreadful confusion befel the baggage. The mountaineers burst into its centre, seized the soldiers by their belts, killed

them, and plundered everything they could find to lay hands upon. Bags were cut open, and gold and silver coins strewed the road; spirits poured out from the wine-skins pierced by bullets. Some soldiers, demoralised, threw themselves on this booty, and there perished under the accurate fire of the enemy. Narrow parts of the road were literally blocked with their bodies.

To add to the confusion, the rearguard was attacked, and though it repelled the first onslaughts steadily and manfully, it was at length driven on to the confused mass of men and animals below. Further progress was checked by the barricades in front of the force, and Klügenau, although hearing the firing, was not aware of the disaster that had overtaken his convoy. Several desperate attempts were made to clear the road, but the troops were broken and disordered. One detachment brought up to clear the road wavered, and allowed General Passek, who was leading them on, to reach the barricade alone, where he was killed, having nobly done his duty. Victoroff, commanding the rearguard, was also killed, and the detachment returned to camp having lost 2,000 men and thirty-six officers in killed alone. The officer before mentioned says:—

It would be impossible to describe in words the heartrending scenes that took place in that fatal *mêlée* between the enemy and ourselves, with all our numerical superiority. When the disordered crowd of our beaten troops approached the camp, the 2nd Kabardin Battalion was sent to assist it. It brought only in a few loads, forty head of cattle, and groups of exhausted and bloodstained troops—a pitiable sight.

On the 14th of July, after having waited vainly for a week in the hopes of bringing the mountaineers to terms, the Russians, short of supplies, were forced to commence their retreat. The original plan of a return to Gersel through Itchkeria was adhered to, and it is to be supposed that the difficulties encountered by Klügenau's detachment finally determined this route, in spite of the fact that many miles of dense forests lay between the Russians and their frontier.

Fighting daily, the force was brought to a standstill on the 18th of July, having accomplished barely half the distance to Gersel. For three days it could not advance, both on account of the many sick and wounded, and because it was surrounded by hordes of mountaineers. The officer before quoted says:—

No rations had been issued to us for twelve days, but the soldiers did not lose courage. At night they crawled out into the forest as far sometimes as a 'verst' from the main body to some clearing in the forest that was cultivated, and brought back sheaves of corn, which they sold for twenty copecks. Doubtless many of them paid for their temerity with their lives. We ground up the corn and made porridge, though only half cooked; we ate a few spoonfuls a day, and so managed to maintain existence, if not strength. It is difficult to believe that we only made about forty versts<sup>1</sup> (twenty-six miles) in about fourteen days, and besides this, from morning till late in the evening, we were skirmishing with the enemy. At

<sup>1</sup> The diarist probably reckons the time and distance from the crossing of the pass over the mountains.



each step we were confronted by death. Along the whole extent of our route we successively took with the bayonet twelve fortified positions, hastily prepared by the enemy to block our progress. All the way to Gersel we supported the honour of the Russian arms with our bayonets alone.

Woronsoff, it is said, even contemplated abandoning the sick and wounded and baggage to a merciless enemy, forcing his way through with the men still fit for duty. The Russians, however, found means of communicating with Gersel. General Freitag, in command there, moved up with a force of 6,000 men and extricated his chief, who was thus spared such a disgrace, and he recrossed the frontier, having sustained a loss of 7,000 men and many officers. The extent of the disaster may be realised by the statement of the Russian officer before mentioned, that his battalion of the Kurin regiment lost 603 rank and file, and twenty-three officers killed or wounded, out of a strength of 850. He says further that 'the cause of such losses was that after the death of Passek, who fell so nobly, although there were a few competent officers left, they were inexperienced in leading troops, and paid no attention to them; and when they were wanted it was often impossible to find them.'

All the official accounts of this expedition lie buried in the archives of the Russian War Department at Tiflis, and the slight outline given is taken from the diary of an officer of the Kurin regiment, who accompanied the expedition. The diary bears the stamp of truth, and the details given are not inconsistent with the main facts as known in history, and are probably, therefore, not far from the truth. It is clear that Klügenau's mistake in losing touch of his convoy brought about the ruin of the whole force. The mountaineers got what probably they most wanted, an abundant supply of arms and ammunition, besides the accession to their numbers that success always attracts amongst these wild tribes. The Russians were left without food and transport, were disheartened, and were embarrassed with wounded in a difficult country.

As to the moral of the story, this Russian expedition may well be compared with Sir W. Lockhart's expedition to Tirah. The two theatres of war are very similar in climate, topography, and extent. If the Russians had the disadvantage of operating in a thickly wooded country, Tirah, whilst being also in many parts covered with forest, which on one or two occasions gave the Afridis an advantage, is probably by far the more rugged and difficult, for the Russian's account mentions some light carts as having accompanied their force, which in Tirah would have been impossible.

The wild tribes in both cases also seem almost identical. The Caucasians, like the Afridis, are bigoted Mohammedans. Schamyl, their famous leader, was himself an 'Imam' (or Mullah) of great sanctity, and this, no less than his undoubted military capacity, secured him the enthusiastic devotion of the mountaineers. His

'Murids,' or 'disciples,' appear under the name of the 'Ghazis,' or fanatics, who lead all the desperate rushes of swordsmen that have been always a feature of our frontier warfare—men who care nothing for life if they can but slay an infidel. Both people are formidable opponents. Living lives of bloodfeud and strife, they are trained to arms from their youth up. Their tactics of offering but slight opposition to an advance, and of taking full advantage of the opportunities offered by a retreat, are common to both, and both are hardy and enduring, and independent of commissariats and of bases of supply. The tribes of the North-west Frontier are, however, incomparably better armed than were the followers of Schamyl, for the possession of long-range modern rifles gives these wild people, who know every corner of their wild hills, and who can move over their hills with a celerity that is impossible to any but mountaineers, an advantage that is as yet, perhaps, not sufficiently recognised. It is evident that the Russian soldiers must have fought with all their characteristic stubbornness, and must have met all the trials of their slow retreat with fortitude, to have made their way through such a country in the face of a numerous and fanatical enemy, flushed with success. No troops could have done better, probably few as well.

The conditions of both these campaigns being so nearly alike, the cause of the ill-success of the admirable Russian soldiers may be found in the leadership of Schamyl, who took such instant advantage of the first mistake made by his adversaries. The happier result of our recent experience is probably due to the ability of our General, and to the better training of the modern officer. There may have been some mistakes made during our campaign in some of the rear-guard actions, but such retreats in a mountain country are among the most difficult of military operations, and in the light of history we may well congratulate ourselves that our losses were no greater.

As to the result of the Tirah campaign, it is known now that the Afridi clans are broken. A frontier officer writes that 'it is doubtful whether they will ever recover their former position.' The speedy submission of the clans of Bunejr, who fought us so stoutly and with so much success in 1863, is further evidence that the neighbouring tribes did not look upon that campaign as an encouragement.

NAPIER OF MAGDALA.

## THE WORKING GIRL OF TO-DAY

WE are living in times of so much philanthropic activity that most of us are bewildered with the appeals for pecuniary help which pour in upon us from every side. I wish, therefore, from the first, to set my charity-worn readers at rest, by stating that I am advancing no fresh claim on their purses. Money, which plays such a large part in all public appeals, sinks into a secondary position as soon as we plunge into the vortex of active work, and realise that personal influence is the power we need above all others to make our work effective.

I venture to make the following remarks on working girls and their clubs because, after spending several winters in a remote corner of London, I am more convinced than ever that this is a work of supreme importance both for the present and for the future welfare of our nation. It is a work sorely needed at the present time to supplement our public education, which stops abruptly when the scholar is thirteen, and leaves a girl without any help or guidance at the most critical moment of her life. It is a work with issues which stretch far into the future, when these girls shall be wives and mothers, wielding a mighty influence over the next generation—an influence which we hope will be nobler and better because of the lessons learned long ago in some girls' club.

If, however, we are to accomplish these great ends by means of clubs, it is necessary to think out the matter intelligently, and to have clearly defined aims in all we do. The methods may vary, but I cannot help thinking that the aims should always be the same. I have divided these into three.

(1) To provide a safe place for recreation after the day's work is done.

(2) To strengthen and develop individual character by making the girls learn to do something well, and to persevere when difficulties arise.

(3) To give higher ideals of life.

These three aims really hang together. The success of a club depends very much on our being able to keep girls of different grades in the same club. This is difficult, and many people hold that it is dangerous; we, however, determined to try the experiment, and it

has proved one of the greatest sources of our success. The very marked superiority of some of the girls lies really in themselves alone, not necessarily in their homes or their daily occupations. Many of them work side by side with the rougher hands, although sometimes they get into a quiet room, and earn better wages. In any case they come in constant contact with the noisy life of the factory, and yet they pass through it, holding to their own better ways, 'in it, but not of it.' It takes us a long time to realise the position of these 'superior' members, but when we see what a girl can do by herself we are filled with hope.

To return to our first aim, which we will discuss more fully.

Recreation.—Our first duty is to try and understand the lives of those with whom we have to deal. To do this, we must place ourselves in the position of a working girl, endeavouring, if possible, to view life from her standpoint. Let me therefore describe the ordinary day of a factory girl's life, a girl, that is, who has gone to work at the age of thirteen or fourteen, as soon as she could obtain her labour certificate from school.

The girl whose day we will now describe is one of a large family, and shares a bedroom with two sisters. They are all at work, but are quite independent, and they do not even affect interest in each other's affairs. After a hurried breakfast prepared by their mother they rush off to the factory, a walk of five or ten minutes; the roads lined with hands hurrying along. The girls shout out merrily to their mates, and sauce the men, who answer in no very refined language. Once at the factory, they are boxed up in one room all day long with the same workers, doing the same monotonous work from 8 to 1 and from 2 to 7 o'clock. It is easy to imagine the terrible power for evil which a few bad men or women can have in such a room. The forewoman is sometimes kind and sometimes hard and 'teasing'; the girls on piece-work can 'wire into it' (their expression for very hard work) with all their might. One of our girls literally killed herself in this way, through her eagerness to keep a home for a blind father and sick mother. At one o'clock all hands turn out of the hot factory, stopped, it may be, at the gate by some girl whose mate is in trouble and who is collecting money to help with the expenses of funeral or sickness, and then—chaffing the men right and left—out go the girls, and swing down the streets in beves of five or six. Woe to the mother who has not got the dinner ready by the time they reach home; for they must all be back in their places by two o'clock. The afternoon's work is the same as that of the morning, and lasts till seven o'clock, except in busy times, when girls over eighteen may be kept back for two hours over time. Those leaving at seven turn homewards, thankful that the day's work is done, and overflowing with animal spirits. They hurry in to tea, and as soon as this is finished they go out again, calling for their mates as they pass along. Now

is our golden opportunity, the precious hours of leisure when we must step in and attract them to our club. If we fail to do this, where do they go? They cannot stay at home; the small rooms are full, the father having his tea, the little ones waiting to go to bed; and anyway the girls must have some vent for their energies after being pent up all day in a hot room. So if the club does not attract they go off in shoals to a crowded thoroughfare near, and walk up and down by the glaring shops, always on the look-out for a lark, and often, I fear, entering the public-houses. Some are even content to spend from 8 till 11 at night hanging round the corners of the streets. Before judging them hardly let us, however, consider the position these girls are placed in. Their weekly earnings vary from 3*s.* 6*d.* to 10*s.* or even 12*s.*, but the average is about 6*s.* They give their mothers 5*s.* a week for board and lodging, and out of the rest they clothe themselves—no easy task, when cheap boots with paper soles are the fashion! But factory work is very fluctuating, and bad times encroach on the good, and then again there is often trouble in the home; so that as a rule a girl's pocket is perfectly empty three days after she is paid! She cannot therefore go to places of amusement except on rare occasions, and so if she does not belong to a club she must generally end her day by dawdling about the streets with the acquaintances of the factory: not necessarily doing harm, but learning no good, nothing to counteract the downward tendencies of life.

In face of these facts it is easy to believe that clubs are really needed, and should have bright recreation rooms. The girls who come there are sheltered from evil influences, and we have a thousand opportunities of guiding them to better ways of thought and life. They are so quick to receive the impress of that greater refinement which belongs especially to the leisured classes that the improvement to be seen in them even after a few weeks is quite astonishing. This room is our happy hunting-ground; here we get to know the new girls, and pick out one or another and draft them on into the quieter rooms, where they can take up some steady interest. After the clatter and noise of the factory they are surprised that we wish for quiet, gentle manners, but they soon fall into our ways—ways which are not new to them, having been taught them in the day school not so very long ago!

Dancing is a great attraction, and if it is kept to one evening a week, and not allowed to spread over and disturb other evenings, I believe it is a thoroughly good and healthy amusement. The recreation room is the most difficult one to manage satisfactorily. Here personal influence is the golden key by which all difficulties are overcome; the girls are soon persuaded by any one they love, and settle down into quiet groups round the piano or to play games.

I must now hasten on to the second aim.

I have spoken at length of recreation—good in itself as far as it goes, but no club lives its highest life which is content to stop at recreation. The girls must be encouraged to do something and finish it; in learning and in conquering their difficulties their characters will be developed and strengthened. They will find, too, the happiness of putting out their greatest strength, and of being deeply interested in any undertaking. The most grievous feature in a factory girl's character (and is it only in a factory girl's?) is its utter weakness and lack of purpose or perseverance. An interest which is taken up suddenly is dropped as suddenly, and from no apparent reason. In factory work nothing is expected of the 'hands' which calls out any individuality, and so their characters grow weaker and weaker, and they float along with the stream, losing, it almost seems, their very identity, and becoming as featureless and colourless as the very streets they live in. We can see at once how easily they fall a prey to every kind of bad influence, with no better guide than a weak emotional nature, and no higher interest than the pleasure of the moment. We try to teach them the responsibility of their lives and actions, that they must keep their word, stick to what they have undertaken and finish it, respect the rules of the club, and pay their weekly penny regularly. We try to show them that everything worth doing is only achieved through taking trouble. We have now got a large and successful dressmaking class, which, though many more wished to join, we have been obliged to limit in number to twelve, as the teacher could not manage more. Yet the girls in this class know when they begin their dresses in November that they will have to work steadily until Whitsuntide before they can finish them, and that they must pay every penny before they can take them home. Surely we have here a proof that the girls have strength of purpose; it only wants drawing out, educating in fact. I attribute the success of this class greatly to the teacher. She expects much of her pupils, and gets it, and with it the devotion of the whole class. After several years we find our moral teaching is beginning to tell, not only in the dressmaking, but in the singing, the gymnasium, the basket work, and, indeed, in every class we may start. A certain strength of purpose comes to all those girls who have shown a steady interest in any one thing, and we in our turn choose them to be the leaders in our new enterprises, putting them in responsible positions.

So far we have not been able to attempt much in the way of lectures, or more intellectual interests, but we are always pushing on in this direction, and we hope soon the girls will be ready for some simple literature classes.

I now come to my last point: the third aim—to give the girls higher ideals of life. I placed this last because in classing the work under three heads I pictured them in an ascending scale,

and this is quite the most important one, stretching far above the others, yes, reaching even unto the heavens.

It is very difficult for us to realise the sordid surroundings of these girls' lives, the hurry and noise in which they spend their days, the crowded homes and the absence of refinement in which they are brought up. It is only now and then, by some passing incident, that the veil is lifted for us, and we see for a moment their life in all its bald reality. Who does not remember such an experience or the hearing of some story, painfully true, which has sent them home pondering over the great gulf which still separates class from class—a gulf which makes it hard at first for us to understand the language from the other side, or to judge their actions fairly. Sometimes, when we contrast our easy sheltered lives with theirs, our hearts fail before the work we have undertaken, and we are tempted to say: 'How can a girl pass through unscathed, how can we blame her if she fails?'

But when we come to giving living principles and noble aims which each one of us must apply to our own lives, we come to a part of the work where we are no longer hindered by any fear of misunderstanding; where we are not afraid that our clumsy fingers will mar what we wish to make. We remember that beautiful thoughts are the seeds from which beautiful lives spring up, and that St. Paul's injunction to the Philippians has lost none of its power in our present day: 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are true, honourable, just, pure, lovely, of good report—think on these things.'

We have already sketched the way a factory girl spends her day; we have seen how she is surrounded by debasing influences and bad talk, or if not actually bad, by careless foolish chatterings; we have seen how seldom her thoughts are raised to what is 'lovely, pure, or of good report.' Must we not try to help her in this direction? We have had leisure and opportunities of culture and of entering into the elevating thoughts of our times; have we not something we can give to our less favoured sisters? Cannot we seek to show them the deeper meanings of life, and raise their thoughts above their surroundings? In our clubs we have the opportunity of doing this. Here we can talk to the girls and join in their games, &c. A wise and holy lady, once said to me, 'It is an education to the girls even to be with a refined woman, to watch her, talk to her. Her whole standard of life is so different from theirs, that unconsciously they are learning by being with her.' It is a great thing to have a short address at prayers once a week, given by one of the ladies who are regularly in the club. This is a priceless opportunity. After the quieting influence of a hymn, the girls are all prepared to listen; and how they listen! with hungry eyes fixed on the speaker drinking in every word. Only let the address be short and to the point, illustrated if possible by some story which will stay with them, or will perhaps come back to them as they sit at their monotonous work,

and leave a trail of light behind as it passes through their minds. The eternal truths have illuminated the heart of every variety of human being, and we believe that they are as much fitted to raise and reform the wild factory girl as one of the most sheltered in our own circles. In this faith we 'cast our bread upon the waters.' Who would dare to call these girls to come out and live pure and holy lives in their own strength? The task would seem hopeless—useless; and yet, by the grace of God, we have seen this hopeless work accomplished. At the present time we have girls in our club who came in wild and careless, but are now living splendid lives in the worst of factories, to the amazement of all their former mates. They have grasped the idea of the higher life, and are working it out for themselves in ways which we might never dream of.

In conclusion I should like to say a few words on a subject which is the perplexity of all workers. Why is it that we cannot get more ladies to come and help to make our clubs a success? When we speak of the young working girls and their unsheltered, busy lives, we are almost certain of having the sympathy of our hearers, from whatever circle they may be drawn. There is something picturesque, even pathetic, in these lives which appeals to all of us. And yet this sympathy, this responsive interest in the work, generally melts away into thin air directly any practical proof of it is required. I attribute this principally to the fact that recreation is apt to be looked upon as an unimportant thing. People think it cannot matter so very much if they do not go regularly to a club, if it is only to play games or dance music. So, tempting invitations are accepted on club nights, and the oftener they are accepted, the less useful does the work appear afterwards. The ladies lose touch with the girls and interest in the club schemes, and when things begin to go wrong they say they have no vocation for club work and are glad to find an excuse for giving it up. And yet we all know quite well that nothing can prosper which is done irregularly!

I attribute this half-heartedness on the part of our would-be helpers to two causes:—

(1) That they have not a high aim in view behind the recreation, that they have not seriously thought out the position of those they are trying to influence, or realised their crying need of friends to help and guide them. Above all, they may not have grasped the idea of self-sacrifice as the essential condition of all work that is worth doing.

(2) That they have not understood the initial difficulty of getting hold of the girls. How are they to be caught or brought under better influences? how, indeed, are we even to see their faces? After living amongst them for several winters, the difficulty of reaching these young factory workers seems to me even greater than it did at



first. They are never to be found at home, or if you are lucky enough to catch them on a Saturday afternoon they are busy dressing or sitting over the fire heating their curling tongs between the bars. With the rest of the family coming and going, tea on the table, and children all round you, conversation, except with the family generally, is, of course, impossible. Therefore the only way remaining to us is to attract the girls to our clubs in their leisure hours. This calls out all our resources and ingenuity—it is no mere mechanical work, but full of the charm of personal effort. By watching their characters, calculating the right moment to bring pressure to bear on them, using one method with this girl and another with that, we are ever pressing toward improvement and yet stopping short of anything that would hinder the attractiveness of the club. In this way we are always having demands made on our highest powers. Surely this is not waste of time, neither is it so easy that it can be done without much thought and prayer. How many people attend church regularly and listen to the most inspiring sermons, and yet never give a thought to the talents God has given them, talents which are carefully wrapped up and put away out of their lives. These powers of usefulness might prove such a blessing in many corners of dreary ‘slums,’ where lonely workers are fainting under their heavy burdens and breaking down in nerve and health. It is difficult to realise the need until we go down and make ourselves familiar with the actual conditions of many poor parishes. Week-day clubs necessitate Sunday classes; the girls are willing to come, bright and intelligent, and eager to be taught by any one who will win their affections. We think it is a great advantage for a club to be parochial; it links the week’s work on to Sunday and the other stages of life, so that a member is not lost sight of when she outgrows the club.

A vast work lies before us; who will rise up and do it?

ALBINIA HOBART-HAMPDEN.

## THE 'LIMITED-COMPANY' CRAZE

A YEAR ago not less than 23,728 limited companies, with a total paid up capital of 1,285,042,021*l.*, were, according to official statistics, carrying on business in the United Kingdom. Now the most recent estimate with which I am acquainted places the wealth of this country at 11,806,000,000*l.*; and so, assuming this estimate to be approximately correct, we may make the broad statement that approximately one tenth of our possessions belong to, or are represented by, concerns regulated by the Companies Acts passed since 1861. These statistics take no account of companies which come under special Acts of Parliament; were we to include railways, &c., we should have to increase the amount already stated by more than 1,000,000,000*l.*, and the ratio of company capital to total wealth would have to be raised from 1 : 10 to 1 : 5.

We have been putting such a large portion of our eggs into the limited liability basket with ever increasing celerity. During the first twenty-five years of limited liability—from 1862 until 1887—we created 11,001 companies, with a capital of 611,430,000*l.*—roughly 440 companies a year with not quite 25,000,000*l.* capital. For the last ten years the total has been 12,727 companies, with 673,612,000*l.*, or 1,272 companies with 67,361,000*l.* as an annual average. And from statistics published last New Year's Eve by the *Westminster Gazette* we gather that in 1897 limited companies offered not less than 106,000,000*l.* in newly created capital to the public.

The effects of this general 'limitation' are only too apparent. We can hardly perform any of the acts of daily life without being confronted with the word that has become the shibboleth of our commercial life. No sooner do we rise from our bed (furnished by Somebody, Limited) than we use a limited soapmaker's soap. Very likely some of our garments bear a limited address. When we have donned them and go down to breakfast we find on our table some prospectuses arrived by the first post; our bread and our jam bear the limited brand, and very likely our tea and our butter would bear it, if they could. Our morning paper is owned by a limited company, and is sure to contain several big advertisements of the latest promotions, not to mention quotations of and paragraphs relating to limited companies and their shares. We go to town in an omnibus or a cab

owned by a limited company, through streets almost lined with shops belonging to limited concerns. And so it goes on all day. We lunch and dine in limited restaurants; we seek amusement in limited theatres; and even when we take our nocturnal whisky we perceive the inevitable abbreviation on the mineral water bottle.

All this has had humble beginnings. If we care to look up old Hansards we can read between the lines that the Frankensteins who created this modern monster had not the faintest conception of the dimensions it would assume before the close of the Victorian era. They intended it to be a good-tempered creature of comparatively small dimensions; had they suspected the rate at which it would grow, and the lines along which it would develop, they would have thought twice before they decided upon its creation.

At first limited liability followed the lines which its originators foresaw. Capitalists combined to do jointly what no single person of responsibility could or would do singly. Whenever an enterprise was projected which was too risky for one venturer a number of people each provided a small sum, the loss of which would have no serious meaning for them; whenever anything was attempted which required so much money that a single person or a small group of persons could not readily advance it, many 'littles' were collected into the requisite 'muckle.' Whenever the partners in a firm wished to divide their interests amongst their families without disturbing the business in the event of the death of any or all of them they formed a limited company. All that was right and proper. Had limited liability kept within these legitimate bounds it would never have become the curse of our commerce or the bane of our saving classes which it is to-day.

But limited liability speedily overleaped its legitimate bounds. Very soon it could be noticed that combinations of capitalists were started for purposes which had but little in common with those fair business risks which an enterprising but sober and level-headed people will always willingly take. Soon also it was noticed that many businesses were made limited without there being any visible reason why they should leave the hands of private owners. To-day it is safe to say that ninety-nine per cent. of the concerns transferred to companies are of this class. Why?

The reason is twofold. The Companies Acts soon generated and fostered the species of business man known as the financier—not the old, honourable banker, or broker, or merchant, but the modern company hatcher, the man who contrives to live, and live well, because he is able to extract profits from plausible theories. They also made it easy to capitalise and sell 'interests.' And what the Companies Acts encouraged the rapid creation of wealth under the new industrial conditions of the Victorian era encouraged too. Every day the nation added to its capital. Every day the difficulty of

profitably employing that capital increased. People required investments, and, somehow or other, they were tempted to take them from those who made it a business to provide them.

This scarcity of investments had a very natural result. It tended to bring down the yield of capital. The man who had more money than he could employ was found ready to accept gratefully a return which the man of business scoffed at. The man of business required, if he traded in a small way, 20 per cent. or more; if his was a large business he was perhaps satisfied with, let us say, 10 per cent. The investor would take five. And in this discrepancy we find the origin of a vast amount of promotion. Of course the difference is easily explained. If a business man expects, and obtains, a better return upon his capital than the investor it is because, in addition to his capital, he employs his time, or his labour, or his brains, whichever phrase you prefer. But the investor apparently overlooks this fact. Hence he is willing to buy businesses at a far higher price than ordinary business people would care to pay. If a well established business yields 15,000*l.* a year investors will generally be found ready to buy it for 200,000*l.*, an amount upon which 15,000*l.* a year represents  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. But the owner of such a business would in nine cases out of ten gladly accept 100,000*l.*; it is true that the business has given him 15 per cent. a year upon that amount, but that was on his capital *plus his labour*; and he is only asked to sell his capital, or rather that part of it which consists of the business, whilst he may keep that part which his connections and his brains represent. And out of this circumstance arises the opportunity which brings the promoter upon the scene. He can afford to give an inducement both to the business man who might sell and to the investor who might buy. He offers for the business not the 100,000*l.* which its proprietor would readily accept, but 125,000*l.* on condition that the owner, who afterwards retires as a private gentleman, consents to remain on the board for a few years; this always tempts people to buy shares. He then proceeds to offer the business to investors not at 200,000*l.*, which would give  $7\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. dividends, but at 175,000*l.*, which gives more than 8; and the investor gladly takes shares if, as we will suppose to be the case, the business is sound. So the result is: (1) that the owner sells out at a better price than he expected; (2) that the new shareholder has the prospect of a higher yield than the minimum he looks upon as adequate; and (3) that the promoter makes as his profit the difference between 175,000*l.* and 125,000*l.*, viz. 50,000*l.*, out of which sum he must, of course, pay certain expenses.

This imaginary 'limitation' may be accepted as a fair illustration of a simple and fairly straightforward promotion. Of course in practice it will be found that there are complications—so many, in fact, that I can only hope to indicate a few of the most important

ones in the course of this article ; but here we have the fundamental principles at work in full view. There is no doubt whatsoever that this example is typical of hundreds of conversions of ordinary businesses into limited concerns. On the one hand we have business men, advancing in years, perhaps, wishing for rest and retirement, or desirous of going from business into politics, meeting an opportunity of exchanging, on excellent terms, the cares of commerce for the comforts of private life ; on the other hand we have investors, ready to employ their money at a small return ; and between them we have the promoter, anxious to bring the two together to mutual advantage and his own. Hence, exit the man whose personal care made and maintained the business ; and enter the shareholder, or his nominal representative, the director. And with business men anxious to 'capitalise their interest,' to sell out upon good terms, to take money, capital which they will keep, instead of income which they may lose ; with moneyed people exposed to a veritable investment famine ; with promoters always on the alert, there is, alas ! little hope that we shall see a cessation of company promoting. And even if there were to be a pause it would not matter much. It is too late to retrace the steps we have taken. By this time the lion's share of our business is in 'limited' hands. For better or for worse, the shareholder has for good supplanted the old private proprietor, and a permanent change has come over British business.

It can scarcely be doubted that this change has, to put it mildly, been a change for the worse. Personal ownership has ceased to be the controlling power in trade ; and when it left it took along with it that personal care, personal supervision, and personal responsibility which made our business great, and which so long kept it great. The old generation of solid, sturdy business men is practically gone. Where formerly we had many mighty lords of commerce we now have, in thousands of instances, mere 'corporations without bodies to be kicked or souls to be damned.' And those who know human nature need not be told what that means. Instead of men who depend for their very living upon their zeal, their energy, and their judgment we have, except in those rare cases where directors are also large shareholders, men who depend for their living upon the salaries paid to them by companies. Instead of people who think of and work for their business day and night we have people who as it were stand outside the business they govern, who take things easy, meet once a week or once a fortnight, and leave the rest to hirelings who, though they may do their best, must in the nature of things be less efficient than direct owners, and who must become commercially demoralised by the knowledge that they serve a concern which virtually has no supervising head, and which neither restrains by rigid discipline nor encourages with the prospect of gratitude. Instead of a proprietor who, so to speak, looks after every piece of

string, every sheet of paper, and every postage stamp, you have only a man who has the dangerous knowledge that behind him is a board of directors who, though they must rely upon him, relieve him of direct responsibility to the proprietors. This fact alone explains why so many limited concerns come to grief—so many that successes amongst these enterprises are exceptions well-nigh lost in an almost general rule. And, in my view, it also explains why British business is losing ground. Prate not to me of new markets, open doors, or 'made in Germany.' Far be it from me to deny to these things their legitimate place in our economic problems. But if you wish to grasp the position of British business you must understand that if it be really deteriorating it deteriorates chiefly because the system of personal responsibility which made it, and which so long kept it great, is gone; that, if our trade does not expand as much as we could wish it does not expand because it is no longer nurtured by that constant personal care and energy which is the primary condition for commercial success, and which placed us so far ahead of other trading nations that to this day we have retained our lead in spite of the impediment of limited liability.

This drying up of a once bountiful spring of commercial efficiency is, however, not by any means the only evil result of the company craze. It has many other grave consequences. The gradual disappearance of the small trader who finds it impossible to compete with the merciless limited concern is grave as a social phenomenon, and of questionable advantage as an economic development; for the small trader's disappearance does not seem due to that rigorous law which lets the fittest survive and the weaker perish, but to all manner of artifices which have nothing to do with efficiency. The corporate rivals of the small traders may have some advantage because of their large resources, their power to buy large quantities for cash, and their ability to sell at smaller profits, and if need be on credit; but this gain is presumably more than set off by the greater wastefulness characteristic of companies, and by the lack of personal supervision on the part of personal owners. If companies have the advantage in business we must seek the cause elsewhere. The mere fact of having many shareholders alone is, from a trading point of view, an advantage great enough to divert trade from the small people to the big companies. One is so apt to buy of a company in which one holds shares, because one thereby helps to swell its profits, and therefore one's own dividends—in theory at least. And besides, a limited company can through its board 'influence business.' It can start offshoots, and resort to all manner of inflation which for a time brings profits, but which with time will bring disaster. Only those whose daily life gives them many opportunities for observation can be aware of the dangerous extent to which the system of mutual propping up is now carried on by our company directors. When lack of good

management begins to have its inevitable effect upon profits many directors start offshoots in some form or other, with the greater alacrity because they themselves generally can 'make a bit' in the process. It is well known that one of our great limited concerns pays chiefly because it indirectly promotes new hotel companies, which give it big orders at prices which one must presume to be profitable. How these hotel companies, handicapped as they are by expensive equipment, can ever pay, one fails to see. How mining finance companies 'support' each other, how 'tied' businesses, foredoomed to failure, temporarily swell profits in hundreds of cases, is also well known to those versed in company matters. But a system of mutual shoring up cannot go on indefinitely. It has, indeed, by this time been carried to a length which leads one to regard it as a very weak spot in British business, though most people mistake the hectic flush for a healthy glow. Few amongst us seem even to suspect the general inflation which prevails on all sides in our business world, because it looks so much like real prosperity; yet it is inflation all the same, and inflation largely caused by directors who are in their last trenches to fulfil the impossible promises of prospectuses.

Apart from this general inflation there are other evil consequences. I believe that the frequency of labour disputes is largely due to the gradual elimination of the personal element from business, and that the *pro rata* growth of strikes has a sympathetic connection with the *pro rata* increase in company promoting. People are so apt to like and respect a company less than an individual, particularly working people! A board of directors or a general manager cannot be in touch with employees in the same way as a master is with his men, and certainly cannot have the same influence; and published dividends must induce a working man to ask for higher wages with a frequency which no private accounts could engender.

Another bad effect of limited liability is that it undermines the confidence which is an indispensable element of business, and that it places a premium upon dishonesty. It has become a practice, even amongst 'respectable' business men, to start their risky ventures in the shape of limited companies, that they may avoid liability in case of failure. Men of what is nowadays considered high business honour see no harm in not discharging the debts of a collapsed concern for the creation and management of which they bore the sole responsibility, though presumably they concealed their identity by employing dummies. In case of success they take the profits; in case of failure unfortunate creditors bear the loss. Our commercial morality must be in a bad way when such iniquity can be committed in our midst day after day without leaving a stain upon those who perpetrate it. Nor is this the sole manner in which commercial life is corrupted. Many a trader without resources converts his business

into a limited company, partly to attract a public which believes in the shibboleth and partly to obtain credit. There is nothing in our present laws to prevent any one from registering his business as a limited company with as big a capital as suits his taste, as long as he pays the Somerset House authorities 1*l.* per thousand pounds capital. As long as he observes certain formalities any cobbler with 100*l.* can convert himself in the Universal Boot Manufacturing Corporation, Ltd., with an 'actual fully paid up' capital of 100,000*l.* He can allot these fully paid shares to himself or his nominees. What is worse, he can, after buying goods on credit, issue debentures to himself covering such goods, and all other assets of the 'company' besides, and so cheat those foolish enough to give him credit. This is not a mere theoretical possibility, but a rather common practice; and it is a practice which the highest tribunal in the land sanctions. In the notorious 'One Man, Ltd.' case (*Salamon v. Salamon & Co., Ltd.*) the House of Lords ruled that the plaintiff, *qua* debenture holder, had prior claims upon all the assets of a company in which he held 19,994*l.* out of 20,000*l.* capital, because he had complied with all the requirements of the law. His wife and his children held the remaining six shares, so that the 'company' had the minimum number of proprietors prescribed by law. Many a one-man company is used in our midst for the plain purpose of cheating; and the abuse of credit has been so frequent that cautious business men have begun to treat 'limited' customers with well founded distrust.

I have now summarised a few of the gravest consequences of limited liability upon our commercial efficiency and business morality, and I can therefore return to the promoting aspect. This has already been briefly touched upon. We have seen how the difference between the amount for which business men will sell their concerns, and the amount for which investors are ready to buy them, brings the promoter upon the scene; and the reader has, no doubt, perceived that the investor commits a mistake if he assumes that he drives a good bargain. To begin with, he buys only part of the business he acquires, though he does not seem to know it. That business consists of a certain form of capital—stock in trade, &c.—*plus* a personal element which increases the productiveness of that capital: the investor only buys the former; at best he gets only temporary use of part of the latter. In consequence the business is almost sure to deteriorate, and the chances are, therefore, that the investment will not prove profitable. But if that were all one might perhaps console oneself with the reflection that there is a certain law in conformity with which money always gravitates towards the pockets of the cleverest, a law which finds popular expression in the adage concerning fools and their money; and one might remember that the principle of *caveat emptor* is as sound as it is old. But, unfortunately,



company promoting is not always merely a matter of driving a profitable bargain on ordinary business principles. Very often there is no 'principle' at all about it. To speak plainly, the whole system of company hatching has become a trade as unclean as any trade can be. Deception, duplicity, dishonesty, mendacity, and very often downright fraud have become so frequently and so intimately associated with it that the profession, though still carried on in our midst on fairly honourable lines by a few conservative promoters, appears at this day more odious in public estimation than even money-lending.

A case like the supposititious promotion which we have taken as an example may be bad, but there is nothing dishonest or dishonourable about it. A promoter buys, then sells at a profit, and there is an end of it. Though it is sold at too high a price there is at all events a *bona fide* business at the bottom of the transaction. Occasionally there are still legitimate promotions of this kind, even in these days of financial degeneration. There are also straightforward cases where a business is converted into a company with the object of finding fresh capital for expansion; and if the proposition is businesslike, the management honest, and the personal element in control these companies often do well. We have here in London some highly successful companies of this kind; and if you look into their affairs you will always see that they owe their success to the care of persons who have a large share in them. But such prosperous enterprises are, alas! in a hopeless minority. The majority are foredoomed to failure, and invariably collapse, burying in their ruins the hopes and the money of their shareholders.

This is the case because most promotions are either dishonest or unbusinesslike, if not both. Whenever a business begins to lose its vitality, owing to competition, the death or retirement of its 'best man,' or some such cause, it is invariably 'converted.' The outside public which is invited to take shares is, as a general rule, wholly ignorant of the true reasons for this step. It has to rely on the statements of the prospectus; and that document can easily be drawn up so as to conceal all weak points. If, for example, profits are on the decline the fact is hidden by stating these profits in a lump for several years together; or they are 'not stated for trade reasons.' Then companies often start life burdened with injurious contracts; and though the well known 'section 38' prescribes disclosure of such contracts, the equally well known 'waiver clause,' which is such a common feature of prospectuses, evades it. And thus many established businesses would fail after 'limitation' even if companies did not naturally tend towards failure by reason of the disappearance of that personal supervision which is absolutely essential to the successful conduct of business. Yet, however bad in themselves, flotations of the types so far discussed still rank, relatively, amongst the best. It

may be bad to buy even a good business at too high a price, and it may be foolish to acquire a declining concern; but by far the greatest mischief is done by companies floated with a large capital for the purpose of 'working' an idea which does not possess a single one of the elements essential to commercial success. To see this at a glance one need but scan the history of a few companies started to exploit inventions or mines. The gigantic 'capital' with which such concerns begin, their usually brief career, and the large profits made by the promoter, though usually concealed in the purchase consideration paid for claims or patents, would alone be sufficient to convert the chance of profit into the certainty of loss. But they seldom or never have a chance of success; if they have they do not fall into the promoter's hands. Yet the public can, it seems, be tempted into buying shares with comparative ease. Since the late Mr. Bessemer made his millions people have always 'believed' in patents and inventions; and the few successes amongst mines have made folks blind to the countless failures. Hence they generally fall into the fresh snares set by promoters with the aid of 'experts' and 'engineers.' In the pages of this review I have on several previous occasions exposed the mendacity of certain 'authorities' whose reports on mines, patents, and the like are inserted in prospectuses, and so it is not necessary to go once more into this unsavoury subject; be it sufficient to say that they go on lying, and that the public, strange to say, goes on believing them.

Before leaving this part of my subject I must call attention to a novel feature of latter-day promoting. It has lately become the fashion to boom a new article for a brief space, to make a big profit somehow, and then to start a company with a gigantic capital on the strength of an ephemeral business. In fact, whenever you see an article thus boomed you may safely expect a prospectus before long. Everybody can recall half a dozen companies recently started to work some such advertised article. Some one begins trading in something with a queer name; advertises lavishly; makes for a brief space big profits out of a public which always takes to something new if it is properly pushed; and then starts a company with ever so many hundred thousand pounds of capital. Everybody, too, knows the names of several companies with millions of capital 'working' patents which only have value because ruthless and expensive litigation kills 'infringements.' Why the public takes shares in these companies is a mystery; how it takes them will be shown further down.

I have already filled many pages, yet I am no further than the starting of companies. As many more might be filled with a discussion of their management, and with the doings of directors; but as I have to deal with a still more important aspect of limited liability

I will confine myself for the present to the broad but sweeping statement that the management is, in the majority of cases, utterly corrupt and dishonest, besides being generally incompetent. Perhaps I may elaborate this statement on a future occasion. Let those who doubt its accuracy refresh their memories in respect of a recent hotel case, which, alas! is not an exception, but a type; let them read the Report of the Board of Trade Committee of 1894-5, the recent official Report on Companies Winding Up, or Lord Dudley's Bill introduced into the House of Lords on the 10th of February last. They will then no longer call upon me for proofs of this statement. Lord Dudley's Bill alone is as damning an indictment of company flotation, and especially company management, as can be imagined. The sad facts are that the directors can do as they like, be it honest or not, as long as the articles of association are cleverly drawn up; and that in too many cases a director has not the least scruple to betray his trust as far as he can safely do so.

After reading what precedes nobody will be surprised to learn, if he does not know it already, that, broadly speaking, the investor does not fare well if he acquires an interest in a limited concern, unless he confines himself to preferential capital. Whenever one asserts this there are always a number of interested people who contradict the statement, and point to the many successes amongst limited companies. For, however harmful this company craze may be, there are, of course, successes, successes by the hundred, and some of them very striking ones. Only they almost disappear amongst the mass of failures; and they serve as decoy ducks to lead investors to loss and disappointment. For one Gordon Hotels, Ltd., you can count a dozen hotel companies which, in spite of glowing forecasts in their prospectuses, fail to reach the prosperity of that gigantic concern; for one Guinness Brewery you have a score of unsuccessful beer manufacturing companies; for every Rand Mines you have a hundred mines that fail. And whilst the successes are cunningly thrust upon your attention in the Official List and the financial papers the failures are only too glad of obscurity. Unluckily there are no statistics showing the proportion between successes and failures. Parliament insists upon a return showing exactly what each railway earns and pays to its shareholders, and what all railways earn and pay in the aggregate and on the average; but though the knowledge might be both interesting and useful to the 200 directors who sit at Westminster, and highly instructive for the 450,000 shareholders in the country, there are no official statistics of company profits and dividends; and private effort would be unequal to the task of collecting these figures. Yet I may mention that in 1896, according to the sixth annual Board of Trade report, not less than 1,262 companies with an aggregate issued capital of over 46,000,000*l.* went into liquidation, this capital being more than half

of the average annual amount 'promoted' during the last decade. I may also mention that of all limited company shares the value of which is ascertainable over 70 per cent. quote below par. But it is hardly necessary to marshal statistics in order to show that our saving classes have lost very many millions of pounds in limited companies. We have had a boom in South African mining shares, with results which will be remembered for many a day to come; we have had the smaller but not less ambitious, nor, proportionately speaking, less disastrous, mania for West Australian mining companies. We have had the short-lived cycle boom, and the boom in motor car shares. The practical result of these booms and of their collapse is that, as every business man knows, our saving classes are at this moment, and have been for several years past, divested of surplus funds. The money which industrious hands made in trade, the money which frugal people often saved by self-denial practised in almost every little act of their daily lives, has gone into the pockets of *parvenus* and upstarts who have never done any serious work, who have never added even a modest quota to the wealth of the world, and whose millions, however much envied, are of no use whatsoever in comparison with the use they would have had in the hands of the masses who acquired their units by honest toil. Nor is this all. It would be bad enough if our real money-makers, our hard-working traders, our industrious little manufacturers, our professional men, had lost that which they saved in the days when their earning power was at its highest in order that they might not want in the days when it will no longer be at its noon. But, what is worse, an extraordinary mania for speculation, for dabbling in shares, has seized hold of the nation. The British people, like most other peoples, has always been fond of games of chance; but the recently acquired fondness for the game which is played on our Stock Exchanges has assumed dimensions which cannot fail to rouse sad misgivings in the mind of every independent observer. It is often said on the Stock Exchange nowadays that speculation is dead. But that is not so. It is merely dormant for the time being, because people have not the means; and even as our workers are straining every nerve to regain by industry what they lost by their folly, the tribe that feeds upon them and grows fat is laying its snares for the future. Are there not to-day sure signs that as soon as people will have made a little money again they will be tempted to invest it in the Klondike? •

The most distressing aspect of the company craze is that the mechanism for spreading its infection is so perfect. In the long run the handiwork of the promoters of bad companies might become impossible, since the public will ultimately learn to be very cautious in the matter of new promotions. In fact it has already learnt much, and for the time being the hatching of new companies is no longer a paying trade. But your coming promoter is not easily baffled by a

change in public taste or sentiment. It is his business to study the changes in taste, and to meet them beforehand. If he can no longer sell his bad shares with ease by issuing a prospectus he devises other ways. Some of the shrewdest members of the fraternity have for some time past ceased to rely any longer upon public issue. They no longer place their fresh flotations upon the market with the old blowing of trumpets; and instead of spending thousands of pounds upon big advertisements and lavish circularising they spend it upon 'making a market,' and upon 'working the shares off' privately. And it is not at all to the credit of our Stock Exchange that its members lend and adapt themselves so well to this kind of traffic. For though the public believes the Stock Exchange to be a 'free market,' where prices are regulated by the unrestricted operation of the laws of supply and demand, it is in reality a huge institution whose members do very much with prices as they like. Of course there are a few popular stocks, nearly without exception speculative, for which the market is really free, and in the case of which supply and demand really regulate prices. But where less active stocks are concerned the market is mostly in the hands of one man. It is often laughingly said on the London Stock Exchange that the 'market' in this share or that has 'gone to have a shave,' or lunch. Now this 'market,' having control of a certain share and its price, very often succeeds in regulating the latter to his will, even in the Official List, though that list imposes certain responsibilities, whilst the Stock Exchange Committee exercises some discretion in the admission of stocks to official quotation. But official quotation is rather a disadvantage than a help to your modern sharemonger. He works chiefly through the 'tape,' through circulars, and above all things through the press. As far as the 'tape' is concerned, far be it from me to cast any blame upon the Exchange Telegraph Company, which furnishes it. That company has to rely upon servants who cannot exercise discretion, and upon information which it cannot test; hence many a quotation gets upon the 'tape' which its providers would probably not admit had they the time, opportunity, and knowledge to check them. The way in which newly issued shares are boomed on the tape, often before they are offered to the public, is little short of scandalous. These quotations on the 'tape' can be altered at will, particularly if there are few dealings; and they are freely supplemented by puffs in circulars, and particularly in newspapers. That the City has a large number of 'reptile' journals, which will praise—and for that matter also condemn—anything as long as they are paid for it, is by this time well known to any one who is not a tyro in finance. But unfortunately investors are mostly tyros in finance, so much so that often they cannot even distinguish between speculation, *i.e.* gambling, and investment. Those who have shares to unload can well afford to give needy or unscrupulous journalists an inducement;

and after seeing a number of paragraphs in newspapers praising up a certain share of which he knows nothing, many an investor decides to put his money into what afterwards proves to be a foredoomed concern. Investors have such a childlike faith in anything that is printed!

The system of making a market, to which I have just briefly alluded, is fast acquiring a very important place in company hatching. In fact, in many cases we see that promoters do not even attempt to place a new issue at once, but that they confine their energies to driving their issues to a premium by various means before they 'let the public in'—in a twofold sense. This practice was at one time particularly popular amongst the promoters of cycle companies, who in many cases succeeded in selling shares which are now recognised to be worthless scrip at a considerable premium. I believe that the trick was invented by the South African mining magnates, who in the days of the boom were not foolish enough to let their shares go at par, but, after creating their company in obscurity, boomed their shares and sold them at a heavy premium. And in the making and managing of companies this practice now-days plays a far greater share than the unsophisticated would think. In fact there are not many directors, even amongst respectable and prosperous companies, who are not constantly having an eye on the market, and who do not frequently use early information concerning the company's affairs for the purpose of private speculation. And, I am sorry to say, modern business morality is such that few see any harm in the practice; if ever one hears remonstrances on the score of such proceedings, they arise from envy rather than from outraged morality. But you have only to follow the matter one step further to see it in a shape which removes it altogether from the sphere of commercial honesty, even as it is interpreted to-day. The director who has been accustomed to base speculation upon the course of his business frequently yields to the temptation of basing the course of his business upon his speculation. And here we have an additional reason why so many companies come to grief. It is no exaggeration to say that hundreds of companies go to Carey Street because they are manipulated by their directors for stock-jobbing purposes.

The preceding notes on some of the economic effects of limited liability show plainly that its substitution for the old unrestricted responsibility of business men has had most deplorable results. In fact the unbiassed observer can discern very little in its favour, and truthful tongues will, when discussing its influences, find it impossible to avoid drawing up a damning indictment. The only arguments ever advanced in favour of limited liability are that it is one of the primary causes of our financial ascendancy—that it brings business to the City—and that it has encouraged trade and industry. There

is some truth in this, but not much ; industrial and commercial development is primarily due to causes far more potent than limited liability ; indeed, it is highly questionable whether the latter has done any good on balance ; no doubt it has stimulated, but it has also caused inflation with all its unwholesome consequences. And as for the development of finance, those who wish to regard modern share mongering and promoting as superior to the honest financing of bygone days, and widespread gambling as preferable to old-fashioned investment, are, as far as I am concerned, welcome to their opinions. And even if the interested praises of limited liability were justified—which I emphatically deny—there would still be so many evils in the other scale that, on balance, the company craze could not be regarded by any reasonable person as anything else than a most deplorable economic development. I have only been able to discuss cursorily that which would require a volume for its adequate treatment. Yet I have shown that limited liability has removed some of its best elements from British business—some elements which cannot be dispensed with if that business is to hold its own. I have shown that the sway of companies has on all sides taken the place of healthy development under the direction of personally responsible and capable men of business. I have shown how under that sway old businesses decay, and new ventures fail ; how there is inflation and propping up on all sides in business ; how the latter has almost ceased to be done on its merits ; how the standard of commercial morality has been lowered ; and how swindling and dishonesty are actually protected by law. I have shown how the lavish application of the principle of limited liability has caused the rise of *parvenus* and *chevaliers d'industrie*, who prey upon our toiling, saving, and moneyed classes ; how it has ‘robbed the people of their substance ;’ how it has encouraged speculation at the expense of prudence and thrift. And I believe that no one who impartially considers the case as I have put it here can differ from me in my opinion, that limited liability is a curse of this country, and that it threatens our economic situation with a danger so grave, and I believe so close at hand, that no time should be lost in forcing the public to realise it.

S. F. VAN OSS.

## *FOX-HUNTING AND AGRICULTURE*

FOX-HUNTING has long been regarded as one of the principal factors in our agricultural economy. If it were, what some of its enemies declare it to be, merely the amusement of the wealthy few, it would long since have been relegated to ancient history together with the port-wine drinking squires of the last century; but every schoolboy who has studied the rudiments of political economy knows that the sport produces national wealth, directly through the encouragement of the horse-breeding industry and the consequent demand for fodder, and indirectly through the circulation of money throughout the country, which would otherwise be diverted into foreign channels. It may be said without exaggeration that fox-hunting is the foundation of our national country life, for if it were not for hunting the large country seats would either be closed or let to tenants, between whom and the farmers there could be no sympathy; farms would fall into decay, and the capital without which the poor farmer is helpless would be taken abroad; agricultural towns, like Melton Mowbray and Market Harborough, would become pauper villages, and the tradespeople, who largely depend for their living upon the owners of hunting boxes, would throng to the town or the county workhouse; finally, the small farmer would find himself without a market. This is a dismal picture to draw, suggesting probabilities of agricultural ruin; but for this reason it behoves us to examine carefully whether fox-hunting maintains its influence on agriculture and its popularity amongst the farming community. The end of every hunting season brings its lessons, which, with the exception of masters of hounds and hunt-secretaries, few of us are willing to learn, and even when we do learn them are unwilling to profit by them. In our advocacy of the national sport we confess that we are inclined to be optimistic, but the most extreme optimists are obliged to admit that there are many signs in country life which portend against the welfare of hunting. New customs have arisen which are inimical to the sport. More men hunt, and owing to the suburban builder and the increased area of our manufacturing districts, there is less land for them to hunt over, with the result that we find more complaints from the farmers. The finances of hunting, as represented by the subscription lists, are not



in such a flourishing condition as they ought to be considering the number of men who hunt. The increased railway facilities, which enable a man to breakfast in London and to be present at covert side in Leicestershire, have added largely to the list of men who never subscribe a halfpenny towards the expenses of the sport which they enjoy, and towards the damage which they cause through their ignorance of agriculture. Agricultural depression has obliged many landlords to let their shootings to non-resident tenants, and, what is worse, to syndicates of non-resident tenants. There has been a decrease in large graziers who can afford to hunt, and an increase in small farmers who cannot afford to hunt; or, to put it in other words, large holdings have decreased and small holdings have increased. The character of the hunting field, which was originally the club of the neighbourhood, to which the tenant farmer was as welcome as the lord lieutenant, has lost the social significance of local surroundings. The hereditary autocracy, as possessed by the Beaufort, Yarborough, and Fitzwilliam families, has given way to the limited government of the master of a subscription pack. Many of these changes are the inevitable result of that rule of modern life which tells us that the old order changeth, but we fail to see why the new order should not maintain the agricultural influence of fox-hunting.

It is an axiom that hunting depends upon the sufficiency of the farmers, since it is within the power of the farmers to enforce the law of trespass. But until recent years no man would have dreamt of calling in the law to his aid; for, firstly, the yeoman farmer and the tenant farmer were good sportsmen and rode to hounds; and, secondly, they were ruled to a great extent by the public opinion of the landowners. These are merely sentimental reasons. There was a further economical reason, namely, that the farmer reaped directly the profits derivable from the sport. He sold his young horses to the hunting man in his own country, whom he supplied with fodder. He might not make such a large profit out of the transaction as if he had sold through the dealers, but he knew that the small profit was due to the local hunting. He might sell a dozen horses in the open market, without knowing or even caring to inquire whether they were to be used as hunters. He did not care how many horses were sold annually for hunting purposes; he only cared how many he could sell in his own local hunt. He saw that hunting benefited him individually, and therefore he supported it without giving a thought to the good which it might do to the farming community. It was a selfish procedure, but it was essentially human. Again, it must be remembered that the greater part of the money accruing from the direct advantages of hunting goes into the pockets of men who possess, either by ownership or tenancy, large holdings. As a rule their land is pasture, with enclosures varying from fifty to a hundred acres, in which barbed wire, the bugbear of hunting, would

be worse than useless. They are breeders of horses and live-stock rather than farmers in the strict sense of the word. In order to keep their live-stock within bounds they must have strong fences such as would stop 75 per cent. of men who ride to hounds. To them barbed wire means risk to their young horses and damage to the hides of their cattle, since it is the instinct of cattle to press against the barbs, with the result that the hide, when sent to the tanner's yard, is found to be blemished. Their fences are too strong to be trampled down, and the damage done to their pasture by a large field of horsemen and horsewomen galloping over it is infinitesimal. Moreover, as a rule their circumstances are such that they can afford to enjoy the sport. Herein lies the *cruz* of the case: the man who can afford to enjoy a sport will support that sport, whatever it may be, under any circumstances. How much more will he do so when it brings him financial profit?

The details of this financial profit will be first stated in the form of statistics. There are 150 recognised packs of foxhounds in England alone. For each pack we may assume that on the average there are 100 horses used exclusively for hunting purposes, *i.e.* 15,000 horses are kept in England for fox-hunting. Take the average life of a horse in the hunting field at five years, and the average price paid for him at 100*l.*, and we find that 300,000*l.* is spent annually on hunters, a large proportion of which must go into the pockets of the breeder, *i.e.* the farmer. Again, every one of these 15,000 horses costs in fodder at the lowest estimate ten shillings a week; *i.e.* 7,500*l.* is spent weekly, or 390,000*l.* per annum, on fodder for hunters, out of which sum at least 350,000*l.* goes into the pockets of the farmer, leaving the handsome sum of 40,000*l.* as commission for corn factors, corn dealers, *et hoc genus omne*. It will be seen that in the above statistics we have taken no notice of the enormous number of horses, such as covert hacks, trappers, and general utility horses, which would never be bred, purchased, and kept if it were not for hunting. We have made no mention of the keep of hounds, nor have we alluded to the numerous horse shows promoted by hunting men. Yet nobody will deny that these form details of financial profit which goes into the pockets of large farmers. Unfortunately the number of these farmers is annually decreasing, though it is agreed on all sides that extended stock farming is the chief remedy for depression. Sir Matthew Ridley last autumn at Blackpool described it as 'the best remedy.' The Chancellor of the Exchequer at Seaham stated that 'the future of agriculture in this country depended really on the breeds of stock.' The Duke of Devonshire in another speech spoke of stock breeding as 'the very sheet-anchor of British agriculture.' Here we have the utterances of three Cabinet Ministers delivered before and received with enthusiasm by agricultural audiences. Yet the annual statistics prove that stock breeding is on the decrease.

In 1897 the diminution of farm live-stock in comparison with 1896 was, horses, 21,275; cattle, 5,769; sheep, 309,882; pigs, 484,954; grand total, 821,880. In 1897 there were 75,000 acres more than in 1896 under tillage for corn crops and a diminution of 163,000 acres in pasture. We trust that we have not been tedious in quoting these figures, which apply to England alone; but they are of importance to our argument. They prove that there has been an increase in the class of small farmers who farm from two to five hundred acres of arable land. These men can seldom afford to hunt, and derive very few of the direct advantages to which we have alluded. In regard to the indirect advantages, they would smile at us if we were to point out to them that the welfare of agriculture means the prosperity of the individual farmer, and they have told us that all that hunting men do for them is to trample down their fences and to ride over their growing crops. We may deplore the fact, but it is impossible to blame these men, who have more than they can do to make both ends meet, if they are silently hostile to a sport from which they derive no immediate advantage. We are no advocates for perpetually patting the small farmer on the back, any more than we believe in the abuse to which he is subjected by a certain clique of hunting men. He is the necessary product of the agricultural depression which has prevailed since the seventies, and it is only by tact and judicious expenditure that he can be made a friend to hunting.

This brings us to that part of our subject which deals with the direct personal influence of hunting men on agriculture. It is often said that it is the first duty of an M.F.H. to make himself popular with the farmers, and this duty the history of the season tells us that, without exception, M.F.H.'s have diligently performed. But great as may be the influence of the M.F.H. both through personal popularity and through private generosity, its effect becomes nugatory unless he meets with the support of his followers. Till within the last few years the majority of his followers had an interest in the land over which they hunted, or at least were residents in the country, and commanded respect even where their influence was small. They spent their money in the country, and though the amount might not be large, the local farmers knew that they got a share of it. Moreover, they understood the rudiments of agriculture. They did not ride helter-skelter over the land, without any regard to the damage which they might cause to the occupier; growing crops were respected by them; they did not break down fences by needlessly attempting to jump them; they did not leave gates open so that cattle might stray over the country; finally, they were the farmers' neighbours. Many of the class still exist, but their number is dwarfed by the crowd of strangers who throng to the meets of any fashionable pack. Now the stranger can only expect

to be made welcome in the hunting field when he maintains his influence by his subscription. It is his subscription which gives him the moral right to ride over the land. To a limited extent the M.F.H. or the hunt secretary is the medium through which his money finds its way into the farmer's pocket. The farmer is perfectly aware of this, and recognises the visitor as a member of the hunt, though a stranger to the country. Of such members there are plenty, especially in the countries which are adjacent to the manufacturing districts. Of them we have nothing to say but praise. They enjoy their sport, they pay for their enjoyment, and by their payment maintain the influence of their hunt on local agriculture. Moreover, as a rule they are personally known to the M.F.H., if not to the small farmers, and he knows that he can rely upon them to help him in maintaining cordial relations between the hunting and agricultural interests, and to do all which lies within their power to neutralise the adverse influence exercised by the flying visitors who never subscribe to any hunt. These men may be described as peripatetic fox-poachers, who are morally as guilty of poaching as the rustic who snares a hare on a moonlight night. Legally they are guilty of trespassing, inasmuch as they ride over and damage the land of other people without offering the slightest compensation. But the fact of their hunting for nothing, mean though it is in the extremest degree, is far from being their worst sin, which consists in rendering hunting unpopular, and thereby destroying the material advantages which the sport confers upon agriculture. When we remember that fox-hunting exists on the sufferance of the landowners and tenant farmers, for the benefit of agriculture, we have no hesitation in stating that the abolition of this class of non-subscribers is not only desirable but necessary, and that the need of such abolition is the principal lesson which has been taught to us during the past hunting season.

• If we could discover a single argument in favour of the presence of these non-subscribers in the hunting field, we would have delivered our opinion with less emphasis; but, after the most diligent inquiries, conducted in a spirit of impartiality, we have failed to find that they contribute even in the remotest degree to the welfare of agriculture. To an infinitesimal degree they have contributed to the wealth of the railway companies, as more special hunting tickets have been issued by the companies whose lines run through hunting countries than in former seasons; but the profit on these tickets has not been sufficiently large for the directors even to consider whether they should make a reduction in the charges for the freight of agricultural produce. To a larger degree they have contributed to the wealth of the sporting tailors and bootmakers, but we have no reason for believing that these tradesmen spend their extra profits upon agriculture. An ingenious defence was put forward on behalf

of these peripatetics—that many of them did not subscribe through ignorance of the amount which they ought to subscribe; but the ingenuity of the defence was ruined by the publication of a Fox Hunting Directory, in which the minimum subscription to the various packs of hounds was stated. Another defence, so weak as to amount to a plea of guilty without extenuating circumstances, is that they have never been asked to subscribe. We have always understood that the hunt subscription was a debt of honour, and until hunting subscriptions are placed upon the same legal basis as, for example, game licenses and fishing rights, they must be regarded as coming within the category of debts of honour, and defaulters must pay the penalty of that social ostracism which is usually meted out to dishonourable men. The primary object of racing is the promotion of horse-breeding, and, if a man does not pay his racing debts, he is prohibited from taking any active part in racing until his debts are paid. We do not allude to gambling debts, but to the debts, such as forfeits, over which the Jockey Club holds control. It would incur difficulties almost insurmountable to apply the same rules to hunting, though we are convinced that if these rules had been applied when hunting by rail first became fashionable we should have heard little of the present grievance. But till within the last five years the number of these non-subscribing visitors was so small that it was possible for the M.F.H. to know them by sight, and by a judicious exercise of his authority to prevent them from causing mischief in the hunting field. Now increased railway facilities have added to their ranks to such an extent, that we doubt whether in the home countries and the fashionable shires the M.F.H. knows even the names of a quarter of his field, while it is certain that the names of half the field do not appear on the subscription list. The tenant farmers are perfectly aware of this, and are consequently indignant that they should be expected to promote sport for the sake of men who do not expend a penny in the country, and whom they regard with that contempt which the English yeoman has always felt for the shopkeeper. In those countries which are beyond the reach of the non-subscribing visitor the farmers are, almost without exception, friendly to hunting; but when the country is invaded by fox-poachers, who wear the outward garb of gentility in the shape of a pink coat, and by their conduct betray the breeding of the *profanum vulgus*, the farmer resents their delinquencies and becomes either an open or a secret enemy to hunting. Yet, in spite of vigorous appeals in the press, accompanied by vigorous denunciations, in spite of stern measures, almost amounting to arbitrary conduct, adopted towards them by masters, such as Lord Lonsdale, in spite of the attitude of social ostracism assumed towards them by the local supporters of hunting, these enemies to sport and agriculture thrive and increase.

Our contention is that, any custom which causes fox-hunting to have an adverse influence on agriculture should be destroyed before the commencement of the next hunting season. The method of destruction must be decided by the masters of hounds, who may be regarded as forming the legislative body in all matters appertaining to the hunting field, and as the authorised representatives of their sport-loving constituents. We, as constituents, can only suggest a method. Our suggestion is that every M.F.H. should make it publicly known that any person following his hounds without subscribing to his or some other pack will be prosecuted for trespass; for we are convinced that if only one or two of these non-subscribers were expelled from the hunting field by means of such a prosecution, the remainder would either subscribe or betake themselves to the pursuit of some cheaper sport, since the odium attaching to such a prosecution would be greater than any self-respecting man would care to encounter.

We have suggested this method because to our mind it appears to be easier of accomplishment than any other scheme which we have heard advocated. The suggestion that licenses should be issued by the hunt secretary upon an agreed scale of prices, so that a stranger hunting with a pack to which he did not subscribe might be required to show that he was a member of some other hunt, would be admirable, if it could only be placed on a workmanlike basis. But at present there are two insurpassable objections to it. The one is, that it would be impossible to ask hunt servants to fulfil the duties of excise officers, so that there would be difficulty in finding people to undertake the inevitable task of scrutinising the licenses; the other consists in the just division of the money obtained from the issue of the licenses. Besides, we believe that it would be contrary to the best interests of agriculture for the supporters of fox-hunting to seek the assistance of Parliament, and we do not understand how hunting licenses could be issued without the sanction of the Legislature, inasmuch as there must be a penalty, capable of being enforced by law, for hunting without holding a license. Therefore we adhere to our original suggestion, with this proviso, that in the event of legal proceedings being taken, the costs should be defrayed by the hunt funds. It would be unreasonable to expect a small farmer in the Midlands to incur the expense of prosecuting for trespass a stockbroker in Threadneedle Street. The law may be no respecter of persons, but there are certain persons to whom the penalties of the law are a matter of little consequence; therefore to these prosecutions every publicity should be attached. During the past season the daily press has found it to be their interest to publish fox-hunting reports: therefore it must also be their interest to defend fox-hunting from its enemies, and to brand with infamy the names of peripatetic fox-poachers who are found guilty in those actions for trespass which we have advocated. To those who disagree with us

our opinions may appear to savour of blackmailing, since we insist that a hunting man who does not subscribe to hounds should not only be forced by a court of law to pay a subscription, but should also be paraded in the pillory of the press as an example of unsportsmanlike meanness. But our opinions are expressed upon the conviction that strong diseases require strong remedies, and, when we find a discordant element in fox-hunting influence, we feel it to be our duty to do our utmost to eradicate it.

We must now allude to another matter which may occasion a decline in the influence of fox-hunting upon agriculture. Let it be clearly understood, however, that we do not admit that there has been any decline during the past season, and that we are urging pessimistic arguments with the sole motive of averting any decline in the future. This explanation is necessary, as it is our present purpose to draw attention to the customs of shooting tenants and syndicates of shooting tenants. Agricultural depression has affected the large landowners in the same degree as it has affected the tenant farmers, with the result that many of them have been tempted to accept the big rents offered to them for their shootings by the prosperous money-mongers of London and the large towns. Thus in many hunting countries there has been an influx of non-resident shooting tenants, whose only object is to obtain a big head of game without regard to the hunting proclivities of their neighbours. These tenants will profess to do all in their power to promote the welfare of local hunting; but, even if the professions were made in good faith, the power to carry them into effect is infinitesimal, since they are not on the spot to control the practices of their keepers. Vulpicide is still considered a crime in most hunting countries, and the man who shoots a fox, whether he be master or keeper, has to suffer the pains and penalties of social ostracism, which can be enforced in the village alehouse as well as in the country-house smoking-room. The keeper is aware of this, so he invented a more deadly and a more cruel form of destruction than shooting, by 'stopping in' the earths during the day-time in such a manner that the strongest dog-fox could not possibly dig himself out, and so *ex necessitate rei* must rot to death with all the horrors of slow starvation. Comment upon such inhumanity is unnecessary; nor do we believe that any non-resident shooting tenant would sanction the practice of 'stopping-in.' Unfortunately, non-resident tenants are ignorant of the doings of their keepers, who regard the fox as their natural enemy. There is an old distich which says:

One fox on foot more diversion will bring  
Than twice twenty thousand cock pheasants on wing;

and, though it is not our intention to argue that shooting should be arbitrarily sacrificed in the interests of fox-hunting, yet, as the fox-preserving covert owner confers more benefits upon agriculture, and gives greater pleasure to his neighbouring farmers than the non-

resident shooting tenant, it is right that he should be protected against the malpractices of the latter and his servants, malpractices which constitute a heinous crime against the orthodoxy of sport. It is not within the scope of our text to discuss the details of the feud between hunting men and non-resident shooting tenants. The question before us is whether these tenants have such a beneficial influence upon agriculture as to authorise them in undermining the fox-hunting influence. It is argued that they put money into the pocket of the landowner, which money he spends upon the improvement of the land. If the landowner did spend his shooting rents upon the improvement of the land the argument would be unanswerable; but in the cases which have come within our knowledge such is not the case. On the contrary, the landowners, unable to get their sporting pleasure at home, seek it abroad, and consequently spend less money in their native country than they spent before they let their shooting. Lincolnshire, especially the Blankney division of the county, during the past season has suffered severely from the custom. The farmers complain that they reap no benefit from the shooting tenants, and not even the courtesy which, in the case of landowners, assumes the practical shape of a present of game. Briefly, the experience of the season has taught us that shooting tenancies confer no benefit upon agriculture, and are detrimental to fox-hunting. It would be futile to suggest any arbitrary remedy, as the shooting tenant would reply that he pays his money for the right to shoot, and is not concerned with either agriculture or fox-hunting. The remedy must be a legal one, operating so mildly as not to cause any friction between shooting and hunting. We suggest that there should be a combination of the landowners in any particular county in which shooting tenancies are prevalent—which combination could easily be effected at Quarter Sessions—in order that they may agree amongst themselves to insert a clause in the leases of all shooting tenancies, under which the tenant should be liable to a fine whenever his coverts failed to hold a fox, providing that hounds did not visit them more than a specified number of times, with specified intervals, during the season. This portion of our subject immediately concerns only landowners and shooting tenants, between whom the controversy must be fought, though the issue of the controversy will be awaited with anxiety by every member of the farming and hunting classes.

History teaches us that any institution can be destroyed by an excess of popularity, and the same lesson is applicable to sport. We have alluded to the popular sport of shooting, though it was beyond our province to intimate that the popularity of shooting has increased the number of poachers; but it is within our province to prove how the popularity of fox-hunting, fostered by enterprising journalists and editors, has been detrimental to agriculture. We confess that we approach this portion of our subject with much diffidence, for we believe that the public interest in fox-hunting, if directed into proper



channels, would contribute towards agricultural prosperity. Unfortunately, this interest has been directed into improper channels. It has been a constant complaint that the fashionable meets of hounds are attended by crowds of foot-people and cyclists, whose only motives are idle curiosity and the *éclat* of saying afterwards that they have been out with hounds. We commend their ambition to see hounds, though we wish that they would learn the rudiments of 'the noble science.' There was a time, not more than five years ago, when the foot-people were the sons and daughters of the soil: now they are the outpourings of excursion trains. It is hardly necessary for us to state that these outpourings spoil sport, but it is necessary to state that they spoil land, and that their spoliations are considered as the result of hunting. It is futile to argue that the consideration is illogical. The stern fact remains that these people attend the meets and cause damage to the land through ignorance. We do not suggest that their actions, which arouse the animosity of the farmer, are done with any sinister intention, and we believe that if any method could be devised by which their ardour could be kept, under control, the farmer would encourage their presence. To follow hounds on foot in the early spring is the first practical lesson in agriculture that the agricultural student can be taught; but he should try to learn his lesson before he comes up for the practical examination of the hunting field. If it had not been for articles which were published during February in the leading organs of the daily press, we should not have drawn the attention of our readers to foot-people; but these articles and the complaints of farmers make it imperative that we should call attention to their delinquencies and their enthusiasm. We feel sure that their delinquencies will be abolished and their enthusiasm will become a source of agricultural welfare, if we as agricultural and hunting enthusiasts take as our motto, *suaviter in modo*. As cyclists are admitted to be enemies to horse-breeding, *fortiter in re* can be the only *modus operandi* by which their absence from the hunting field can be assured.

There are certain occasions upon which it is a wise policy for an optimist to issue pessimistic statements to his constituents. The end of the hunting season is such an occasion. Pessimistic statements are only words of warning, but they form the text of a sermon which many hunting agriculturists will preach. During the summer months we are hunting optimists. We believe that fox-hunting will exist so long as there is a grass field between London and York. We do not belong to that class of preachers of whom Juvenal wrote—

Obiter aut leget, aut scribet, vel dormiet intus;

for our preaching has for its text practical experience. We have stated our arguments, and hope that the verdict may be delivered before the commencement of the next hunting season.

GEORGE F. UNDERHILL.

*NICHOLAS CULPEPER,*  
*SOLDIER, PHYSICIAN, ASTROLOGER, AND POLITICIAN*

I WISH that some one would make a study of the effect of increase of population upon the customs and character of men. Few people are the same in town as they are in the country, or the same in England as they are in Africa. These are commonplaces of observation. Men are so susceptible to the influence and opinions of others, that often, as the points of contact with other persons multiply, so their whole character modifies in the direction of a dull uniformity with their neighbours, and they become, if not less themselves, for the change is real if sometimes temporary, at least less individually distinct.

No doubt these changes are temporary and vary as the number of those with whom we are in contact varies, but if we enormously increase the cause of these changes, it is plain that some great effect must be produced.

In England to-day there are roughly about eight times as many people as there were at the beginning of the seventeenth century. The results of this increase are difficult to over-estimate, but one of the most important is the decrease of personal influence in history. Court intrigues are but little now, but they were everything in Queen Elizabeth's day, when it was possible for the sovereign to have personal knowledge of and personal influence upon all her most distinguished subjects.

Another effect which I wish particularly to emphasise is the greater dulness and lack of individuality in ordinary lives. Amid this great mass of people men's lives and characters are dissipated vaguely; it is difficult to grasp any salient features. And change, which is essential to the picturesque, is so much more difficult. We get it, of course, in new colonies and waste places of the earth, but not in England.

That is why biography is becoming a lost art. Every one must have his two volumes, full of minute details, which must all be put in, because all are equally important or unimportant. But all these pages present no definite picture of the man, except to those who knew him, and after a year no one reads them.

Contrast the usual type of seventeenth-century biography: a few

pages, a preface possibly to some treatise on philosophy, politics, or medicine, written in frank, trenchant English, and there is the man drawn in bold outlines, a living picture of him and his life. The modern biographer is not to blame, his task is so much more difficult; in those days even ordinary men were so much more distinct from each other, and that was because they were so much fewer in number.

If Nicholas Culpeper had lived in England in the nineteenth century, he would probably have been a fashionable physician, with a tendency to dabble in hypnotism and other mysterious byways of physical science, looked upon askance by the majority of his profession, and treated contemptuously by the medical papers. He would have given largely to charities, and done a great deal of good besides in unostentatious ways. He would have had a large and varied acquaintance, to whom his wit and experience of life would always have made him acceptable; he would have become more and more conventional in his practice as years went by, and would at last have died comfortably at a good old age, amid the lamentations of his patients. His biography would have been published along with a selection from his letters, and he would never have been heard of again.

But living in the seventeenth century, with greater freedom and opportunity of change, he stands out a distinct figure, characteristic in some respects of his age, yet peculiarly himself.

The chief authorities for his life besides his own writings are a narrative of his life, prefixed to his *School of Physic*, published in 1659, and a nativity calculated by a brother astrologer, John Gadbury. This nativity had the advantage of being calculated in the light of experience after his death by one who knew him well, and therefore has more claim to confidence than the ordinary prophetic type.

Into the short space of thirty-eight years he managed to pack an astonishing amount of labour and incident.

He was born in 1616, the son of a Sussex clergyman, and a scion of the famous house of Culpeper. His father died when he was yet young, and at the age of eighteen he went up to Cambridge. Here his generous temper began to display itself, for he contrived to squander great part of his patrimony. At the same time he is stated to have acquired a good knowledge of Greek and Latin, and it is more charitable to assume that the money was squandered on books and tutors than on riotous living.

In one of his vacations it chanced that he made the acquaintance of a beautiful girl of good family in the county of Sussex. Acquaintance soon mutually ripened to something warmer, but the parents of the lady were obdurate in their objections to the penniless undergraduate. Love, however, was not to be so easily thwarted, and a runaway match was arranged.

Nicholas was to start from Cambridge and the lady from Sussex; they were to meet and be married. But man appointeth, God disappointeth; this happiness was not to be. 'Mars and other envious planets' intervened. On her way to the place of rendezvous the lady was struck and killed by lightning, and the fatal news was conveyed to Culpeper as he was travelling towards 'his dead to him, but otherwise still living saint.'

A friend, who happened to be passing at the moment, one Sir Nicholas Astey, 'comforted him with the best rhetoric he could, and took him to his mother in a coach.' Taking him to his mother was probably more effective than the rhetoric. She was delighted to receive her son so unexpectedly returned from Cambridge, but presently, on learning his grief, she fell into a sickness, from which she never afterwards recovered.

The lady was an heiress, for she possessed the sum of 2,000*l.* and 500*l.* a year, a very handsome fortune, and this may have accentuated the grief of the mother, but we are expressly told that her riches had no power over Culpeper.

For a time Culpeper was crushed by this great misfortune, but he was not the man to give way utterly, and he devoted himself to the study of medicine and astrology. Time assuaged his grief, but he was never wholly the same man again. Though he could be cheerful and merry on occasion, the shock had been so great that he was always really a melancholy man.

One consolation he might reap from so great a blow: though life might and did prove very fruitful of evil, he could never experience anything so grievous again, and this was the secret of his patient equanimity through the remainder of his life.

The profession of medicine has generally been more remarkable for doing good than receiving, and Nicholas Culpeper made early proof of this. His grandfather, who had intended to leave him his estate, was so incensed at his refusal to become a clergyman, and his pursuit of medicine instead, that he changed his will and left him no more than 40*s.* But nothing could make him forsake the course that he had chosen, and he received this small sum with a smile when it was paid over to him.

Other obstacles followed: an apothecary to whom he had apprenticed himself failed and absconded; another did not prove much more satisfactory; but at last, about 1640, he set up as an astrologer and physician in Red Lion Street, Spitalfields.

It must have been about this time that he had to flee to France in consequence of a duel which he fought, but what the occasion and result of it was I have been unable to discover.

Once settled as a doctor, he did not altogether confine himself to his craft, but took a great interest in political and religious controversy. He was strongly on the side of the Parliamentarians, and

in 1643, by one of those changes of profession which were then so frequent, took up arms and enlisted in the Parliamentary army.

Here his ill-luck pursued him; in one battle he was wounded by a small-shot in the chest. His health never recovered; he was forced to abandon the profession of arms and return to his former occupation.

By this time he had tired of living as a bachelor, and one Mrs. Alice Field engaged his affections. She brought him, besides her other qualities, a considerable fortune. This time we are not told that the fortune did not weigh with him in his choice. The marriage was only fairly prosperous; six out of seven children died—a curious commentary on Culpeper's reputation as an authority on the rearing of children. Mrs. Culpeper survived her husband, but she must have been not discontented with her mode of life, for she shortly afterwards married another astrologer, John Heydon.

The incidents of the battlefield do not seem to have interfered with his practice. From this time on he lived in the East End of London, labouring without a pause at his profession and his books, beloved by his poor neighbours, and engaged in constant controversies and conflicts with those who accused him of quackery and plagiarism. At last, in 1654, while still comparatively a young man, but broken down prematurely by the many troubles and incessant labours of his busy life, he died. Two other circumstances contributed to his end—one was the wound from which he had never recovered, the other was the fact that he 'excessively took destructive tobacco, which deprived him of his stomach.' Even the near approach of death could not quell his indomitable spirit. 'If I die,' he said, 'I do but go out of this miserable world to receive a crown of immortality.'

'And thus,' says his biographer, 'in the strength of the flower of his age he departed this life, who, if he had lived a few years longer, Christendom had been filled with his fame.'

There are two or three portraits of Culpeper extant. He was of a lean and spare habit of person; his dark hair, after the fashion of that day, which was by no means confined to Cavaliers, hung in long curls on each side of his head, and was cut in a straight fringe over his forehead; he wore a slight moustache, up-turned at the ends; the face is long and narrow, and of a swarthy complexion; the whole expression sad, yet with a twinkle in the dark eyes; not a strong face, but a pleasant one.

There are two aspects of a man on which his fame may rest—that under which he appears to those who know him personally, and that under which he appears to the world at large.

There is something wonderfully attractive in Culpeper's personal character. Though himself a constant prey to that melancholy which was in him partly characteristic of the temper of his time, partly the result of his own great sorrows, though often 'wanting company he would

seem like a dead man,' he was ever a witty and eloquent companion, full of jests and conceits. Of himself he says that mirth was the best cordial he could prescribe; and John Gadbury, who drew his horoscope, remarks with some acrimony, 'that with things of the most serious concernment he would mingle matters of levity and extremely please himself in so doing,' which reads more like a personal reminiscence than a calculation of starry influences.

I cannot find that any of his witty sayings have survived but one—that in curing a patient he would not remove the consumption from their persons into their purses, which, however vile a pun, must have fallen gratefully upon the sick man's ears.

'No money, no doctor,' was never his maxim. In the exercise of his art, as in every other department of life, he was generous to prodigality. The money he received from rich persons 'he spread upon the waters and laid it forth for those that were in want.' A contemporary said of him, 'The poor must perish if his charity did not relieve them.'

Such a man was not likely to amass a fortune, and it is not surprising to learn that he was always in financial difficulties. Though he spent himself early and late for the good of his countrymen, he was always an enemy to his own preferment, and never could be persuaded to take those steps which common-sense would urge to place his fortunes on a satisfactory basis.

It is strange to be told that he had few friends, and it is of a piece with the ill-luck that always pursued him that 'those mostly deceived him.' 'But that,' pathetically remarks his biographer, 'was not to him alone, 'tis generally *morbis mundi*, the distemper of the whole world.'

We need not attribute Culpeper's lack of friends to any defects of temper. Friendship is a plant of rare and doubtful growth. While one cause is working to foster and preserve it, a thousand may be urging its overthrow and destruction. Time and distance alone, the most common of circumstances, are enough to loosen the closest ties. A busy man has often the least opportunities, and of all busy men a doctor, especially if he be also a writer, is the busiest. In both departments Culpeper was the most laborious of men. At his death he left behind him no fewer than seventy-nine unpublished works, besides those which appeared in his lifetime. If we take into account his extreme activity as a practising physician in one of the poorest, dirtiest, and most unhealthy quarters of a city remarkable for dirt and poverty, and remember that all this was crowded into the short space of fifteen to eighteen years, his industry appears to be indeed phenomenal.

On his published works Culpeper's title to fame must rest. Nothing is more difficult than to decide upon a man's claims when the art in which he laboured was hardly emerging from the

swaddling-bands of an ignorant superstition. At that time a few close corporations kept whatever scientific knowledge there was tightly wrapped up in Latin formulæ and antiquated rituals, which to many even of their own members were no more than a sort of fetish, by means of which fees might be extracted from a credulous public, just as law was a gold-mine to the augurs and pontiffs of Rome before the publication of the Twelve Tables. As a consequence the most extravagant belief in witchcraft and necromancy was widely spread : a quack differed little except in the more moderate nature of his fees from his orthodox brother, and to the popular mind astrology was a very natural and almost essential part of a doctor's equipment.

Culpeper, while himself essentially a quack, totally lacking in what we should consider scientific methods, and relying in his practice upon the crudest empiricism, seems yet almost unconsciously to have grasped some of the principles of true progress. At least he had grasped the true spirit in which a doctor should approach his art. 'I wish,' he says, speaking of his publisher, 'that Peter Cole would hereafter print me, Nich. Culpeper, Doctor of Physick, and leave out Gent., for all the world must of themselves know that a Doctor of Physick is a Gentleman in the superlative degree.'

It was, too, a dim feeling that science must rest on light and knowledge, and not ignorance, that inspired him to his two great undertakings, his English translation of the College of Physicians' Pharmacopœia, which he called *A Physical Directory, or a Translation of the London Dispensatory*, published in 1649 ; and the *English Physician, with 369 Medicines made of English Herbs*, published in 1653, which had an enormous sale (unprofitable to him, however), and of which the last edition was published in 1820 by Dr. Gordon, M.D.

This invasion of the sacred precincts immediately brought down upon his head the wrath of those who saw the source of their profits tapped at the root. It was a time when party conflicts had embittered men's tongues and sharpened their pens. When anyone had determined to abuse a man, he set to work with a will, and did not rest till he had exhausted a good part of the plentiful vocabulary of invective. A Royalist periodical, the *Mercurius Pragmaticus*, after mentioning that the Pharmacopœia had been 'done (very filthily) into English by one Nicholas Culpeper,' goes on to remark that he 'by two years' drunken labour hath gallimawfred the Apothecaries' Book into nonsense, mixing every receipt therein with some samples, at least, of rebellion or atheisme, besides the danger of poysoning men's bodies. And (to supply his drunkenness and leachery with a thirty shillings reward) endeavoured to bring into obloquy the famous societies of Apothecaries and Chyrurgeons.' There is a grain of truth in most invective ; I find it here in the amount of Culpeper's profits.

In reality these works were well conceived and well carried out, and reflect great credit upon their author. They brought him little, however, except the implacable hostility of the regular practitioners, who did their best to ruin his reputation and brand him as a quack. 'His most public enemies were Physicians and his most private ones Divines. The first hated him for discovering the use of medicine in his mother-tongue; the second did disgust him for studying astrology: he that did these things was not of their college.' Culpeper published several other works on the practice of different branches of medicine which show real ability and research, when the standard of his time is taken into account.

Yet upon all this solid foundation of knowledge was imposed a strange medley of quackery. A work published posthumously in 1660 was entitled, *Art's Masterpiece, or the Beautifying part of Physic, whereby all defects of nature in both sexes are amended, Age renewed, youth continued, and all imperfections fairly remedied*. Never was such a comprehensive compendium of attractive medicines. There were potions to make the body fat or lean, recipes to smooth wrinkles and raze out the marks of the small-pox, cures for scales and even lice in the eyebrows, all sorts of ointments, unguents, and dentifrices, and last, but not least, Pomanders for the Pestilence.

Another work was entitled, *An Astrological Judgment of Diseases*, which cannot fairly be accused of possessing any medical value. Pure quackery all this, but thoroughly well suited to the mental habits of those amongst whom Culpeper laboured.

The most successful doctors are those who have most sympathy with their patients and most knowledge of their peculiar idiosyncrasies. A bread pill may be the best medicine for one man, whilst another with the same complaint may need as many drugs as a chemist can name. When all is said and done, faith, and time, which means Nature, have cured more maladies than the whole College of Physicians. The difference between the regular practitioner and the quack lies mainly in their methods of calling these sovereign remedies into action. It was once my good fortune to attend a public fair at Angoulême. The greatest attraction of the show was a large van on which was emblazoned in large letters, 'The Dental Institute of London,' though probably the owners had as good title to belong to the Dental Institute of Kamtschatka. On the roof of the van were seated four men armed with drums and cymbals. Presently a lady of attractive appearance and, as it turned out, of iron wrist mounted upon the box-seat and harangued us in good Parisian (not the French of Stratford-atte-Bow) upon the merits of her dentistry, and invited us to make trial of it for a moderate fee. The crowd listened intently, but no one stirred till a Zouave came forward and took the vacant seat. He explained that he had a toothache, but did not know exactly in which tooth. Grasping his head in one hand, and flourishing some pincers, her sole weapon, in the other, the lady continued her speech.



Suddenly at a word from her the men on the van raised a hideous din with drum and cymbal; she thrust her pincers into his mouth, and with one dexterous twist wrenched out a tooth, which she held high in triumph, and then jerked it dramatically over her shoulder into the crowd. The effect was electrical; murmurs of applause broke out, and patients streamed up to the box-seat. Doubtless many a sound tooth was sacrificed that day, but everybody believed that they were the better for the loss, and generally Nature did the rest, when faith had led the way. A skilled dentist could hardly do more, at any rate in the time.

An examination of Culpeper's prescriptions shows that he acted very largely on these principles. Trust in God was ever his first advice. One of his special and most universal remedies was a substance called 'Aurum Potabile.' This, he says, 'cures the gout, being fitly administered and the patient *abstaining from the causes.*' Another prescription, for a strained thigh, illustrates even more remarkably his reliance on time. 'Take great earth worms,' it runs, 'and beat them all to a mash, and add unto them a little mastick in powder, then boyl them in oyle, till it be thick like a salve, and lay it to the grieved place, let it lye on *nine days, and by that time all will be well.*'

Boiled earthworms and mastick to affect the imagination, and nine days' rest to cure the strain, for you cannot walk about and keep such a poultice in position.

So if Culpeper was a quack, he was also a philosopher; he had gone to the root of the matter, and understood that the mind is more important than the body. And if he does promise to renew age and perpetuate youth, he is candid in recognising the limits of his art. When he perceived death approaching, 'he would not leave or desert his patient till he had procured and opened a fair and easy passage for him to go out of this life.'

There remains Culpeper the astrologer and Culpeper the politician. We have already seen how to suit the popular taste he mixed astrology with medicine. It is not surprising to find that he made equal use of that mysterious art in the vaguer field of politics. A pamphlet of the day, entitled, *Black Monday turned white, or an answer to the great prognosticks and gross predictions of Mr. Lilly, Mr. C. and others*, shows how wide his reputation was, and how high he stood among the band of quasi-magicians who form such a curious feature among the many curious phenomena of that age.

On another occasion I hope to have something to say about one of these astrologers and the extent of their influence. We must not suppose that astrologers were in any inferior position. One fact alone among many—that the rival armies at the siege of Colchester engaged astrologers to curse their enemies and prophesy evil con-

cerning them like any witch of Endor—shows in what high esteem they were held.

After what has been said, it is not necessary to repeat that Culpeper was an enthusiastic Parliamentary. As he had fought with the sword, so he fought with the pen. His indefatigable industry, backed by astrology, made him a powerful ally. His *Catastrophe Magnatum, or the fall of Monarchie, a caveat to Magistrates, deduced from an Eclipse of the Sunne*, is a curious medley of political shrewdness and superstition. In his *Ephemerides*, or astrological almanacks, which were published annually, are scattered many political reflections. It derogates somewhat from his prophetic gifts, but not from his common-sense, to find that the *Catastrophe Magnatum* was published three years after, and not before, the execution of Charles the First. But if eclipses may be easily made to appear prophetic in the light of experience, one remark, at least, shows a real political instinct in gauging the future of England under a Stuart Restoration. ‘Kingship will,’ he said, ‘returning like the devil cast out, bring seven devils worse than itself.’

It would be easy to multiply specimens of his political wisdom, but in troublous times every man of intelligence must perforce be a politician, and it is not easy to distinguish the opinions of an individual from the creed of a party. Nevertheless it is creditable to one whose profession would naturally have excused him from participation in that troublesome arena, to have found time amid so many cares and occupations to wield both sword and pen so actively in the cause of what he held to be his country’s good.

The controversies which surrounded Culpeper did not end with his life. Of the numerous unpublished works which he left behind him, some remained with his widow and Peter Cole, his own publisher, others fell into the hands of a rival publisher named Nathaniel Brooks. Though all may reasonably be supposed to have been genuine, both parties, actuated more, it is to be feared, by considerations of gain than regard for their author’s fame, did not scruple to stigmatise the volumes in the other’s possession as impudent forgeries. The widow, in a preface to the work oddly termed *Aurum Potabile and Mr. Culpeper’s Ghost*, speaks of ‘the forgeries of one who, though he calls himself Nathaniel, is far from being an Israelite in whom there is no guile.’ How the controversy ended we are not told; most of the debated works have fallen, probably happily, into oblivion.

But though much has been forgotten, much remains, and Nicholas Culpeper, soldier, physician, astrologer, and politician, deserves to be remembered among those who with tireless industry and unconquerable resolution have laboured unceasingly upon many fields to promote the happiness of their fellow-men, ungrudging of their own.

SIDNEY PEEL.

## A POSTAL UTOPIA

It is a delicate task to admonish powerful personages or institutions, accustomed to adulation and impatient of censure. For twelve years I have occupied the invidious position of Preacher-in-Ordinary to the Post-Office. I am told that the utterance of my name in the corridors of St. Martin's-le-Grand produces an explosion of wrath in high quarters similar to that given vent to by King George the Third when his son, the Prince of Wales, in revenge for some paternal punishment, shouted 'Wilkes for ever!' outside His Majesty's door at Windsor. Unfortunately a perusal of this article will show that the work of a postal reformer is far from being completed.

### AUTOCRATS AT ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND

The postal laws, rules, and regulations of Great Britain and Ireland are framed by officials who have had no commercial training. These gentlemen are theoretically subordinates of their chief, and servants of the public. Yet no Russian autocrat, no Chinese mandarin, rules with more absolute power than they possess. In my day one of the kindest, most accomplished, and most sympathetic members of the House of Commons was appointed Postmaster-General. He and I discussed the reforms asked for by the people, and he promised to grant them. He tried to do so. Within two months every official was against him, and he informed me that with the exception of his own private secretary, every prominent person in the department had signed a memorial of sympathy with the permanent official head. They were too astute to quarrel with their political chief in regard to his reforms; they shifted the ground, so as to put him in the wrong, on to some question of patronage. He submitted.

### A CONSULTATIVE COMMITTEE

In this state of affairs I submitted to the House of Commons a resolution in the following words:

To call attention to the friction, obstacles, and delays invariably attending any effort to procure the acceptance by the Postal and Telegraph Authorities of reforms

or changes in their rules and methods, called for in the public interest, and to move 'That there be established a Postal and Telegraphic Consultative Committee, similar to that existing in France called "*La Commission Consultative des Postes et des Télégraphes*," to consist as in France of twenty-six members, selected from the Members of both Houses of Parliament, Presidents of Chambers of Commerce, Chairmen of Railway Companies, and representatives of the principal Commercial, Industrial, and Social bodies; the Postmaster-General to be President of such Committee. That it be the duty of such Committee to invite, consider, and report upon suggestions for the improvement of the Postal and Telegraphic services.'

The effect of this resolution would have been to deprive the officials of all power; they would no longer have been the masters but the servants of the public. It was hopeless to expect any Government to give a day to discuss the motion, because the fiction is kept up that the Postmaster-General, who is the political head of his office, is all-powerful in it; and my resolution was regarded as aiming a blow at responsible government. The officials (except on one memorable occasion) have invariably included in their letters an intimation that 'The Postmaster-General has carefully considered the question submitted to him, and has come to the conclusion that there are serious objections to your proposal,' &c.

#### POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S POSITION CRITICAL

It is now no secret that the position of the Postmaster-General, with no seat in the Cabinet and no seat in the House of Commons, is becoming intolerable; and in the Cabinet itself it is felt that something must soon be done to strengthen it. Ministers recognise that the controller of an army of 140,000 men—a body greater in numbers and less tolerant of discipline than the active army—the supreme director of a department handling thirteen millions of revenue, must be a Cabinet Minister on the Front Bench in the Lower House. The memorable letter written by Mr. W. H. Smith, advocating this arrangement, was read with considerable effect on one of the last days of last session by Sir H. H. Fowler.

But the contemplated changes may take many months, and I am too old a parliamentary hand to waste time on speculation. Let us therefore confine our investigations to the patent defects in the administrations of the Post Office.

Before doing so it is necessary to point out, with regard to the large number of reforms (over forty) granted during the past twelve years, that the Postmaster-General never obtained the thanks of the community for one, because each was wrested from the authorities after violent opposition on their part. A most sweeping series of changes was announced in the 1897 Budget Speech of the Chancellor of the Exchequer—perhaps the most important, from a postal point of view, since Rowland Hill's penny postage scheme—yet no one thought of giving credit to the Duke of Norfolk.

Of his Grace it must be said, that a more amiable, genial, and withal businesslike Postmaster-General never reigned.

#### A PAROCHIAL, *not* IMPERIAL, DEPARTMENT

The British Post Office, as now administered, is not an imperial but a parochial organisation, and I doubt if a single individual one of the dictators ruling there has ever travelled to a British colony.

Many years ago, when I exposed the scandal of the French and Italian Governments appropriating 100,000*l.* a year for carrying our Indian and Australian mails through their territories, while only paying the railway companies 40,000*l.* a year for doing the work, I advocated the appointment of a Superintendent of Foreign Mails. My suggestion was supposed to have been adopted, but I have only seen the term applied on one occasion to an officer in the Post Office.

Now there is in the whole postal hierarchy below the Postmaster-General no more important office, with greater possibilities, than that of Superintendent of Foreign and Imperial Government Mails and Telegraphs. No branch of the Post Office business is conducted with a more indistinct idea of splendid opportunities, or in a more happy-go-lucky style. This is because we have never yet had a Postmaster-General with imperial instincts.

For forty years I have seen from a quarter of a million to three hundred thousand of our sons and daughters leave their native land every year, never to return, but no effort has been made to cheapen and so encourage communication between them and the 'old folks at home.' For a quarter of a century I have watched the growth of an immense cable monopoly, with enormously high charges, to our colonies and dependencies, and not one word has been spoken by a British Postmaster-General in favour of reducing the high cable rates. I have sat at great State cable conferences side by side with representatives of the Government of Great Britain, and not one attempt was made by them to lessen the cost of cabling.

Yet the Postmaster-General has absolute control over the cables in his hands, because he held (and will always hold) the landing rights and inland transmission for Great Britain, without which not a single cable message could be sent by the monopolist companies.

The reductions we obtained for Australia were only obtained by pressure from the Australian colonies, and by the payment of high subsidies, not one fraction of which is contributed by the mother country.

#### PROHIBITIVE CABLE CHARGES

The high telegraph cable rates demand immediate attention. An English traveller upon the high seas who would realise in the

most convincing fashion his distance from home has only to send at intervals a cablegram to London. He will be called upon to pay (always to an English company) at first twice, and ultimately from eight to ten times the sum required to yield a fair profit on the transmission of his message. Every British colonist, every British merchant dealing with our colonies, frets and fumes under the exaction of unconscionable charges, ruthlessly levied on his necessities, his anxieties, and even on his misfortunes.

Infuriated correspondents in India, China, Australasia, the Cape and Natal have denounced these high charges. In a *Times* article of the 16th of January of last year the following passage occurs :

The public refuses to believe that the (Post Office) Department has done all it could do with respect to the rates of continental telegrams. Whether Mr. Henniker Heaton is right in saying we should be able to telegraph to any European country at the rate of one penny per word, and yet the Department obtain a considerable revenue, is a question which we need not discuss. But the best opinion appears to be that the charges have not been lowered in accordance with the increased capabilities or carrying powers of wires—in other words, that the Department has not kept pace with the progress in telegraphic science.

There is no reason why we should not be able to cable to France, Germany, or Belgium for a penny a word, and to India for 6*d.* a word, with a fair profit to the agencies concerned. Again, the just and logical principle is that the charge for telegrams between two countries, either neighbouring or separated only by a narrow streak of sea, should be the sum of the internal charges of those countries. Now the internal English rate is a halfpenny per word, and throughout France it is rather less than a halfpenny per word; so that the charge for a telegram sent from one country to the other should be one penny per word, not 2*d.* per word as it is at present.

I do not blame, but rather praise for their astuteness, the cable monopolists who control our extra-European telegraph system.

The fact is, many good people appear to believe that electricity is only concocted in Great Broad Street like some precious elixir, whereas it can be 'laid on' easily and cheaply, almost like water; and I hope yet to see it brought, like water, into every poor man's house. It is absurd to talk about Imperial Federation until we make communication between our sundered coasts as easy as speech and as free as air.

#### AN ILLUSTRATION AND A SOLUTION

I shall content myself with one other illustration of high telegraph rates, and point out how easily it could be remedied in this particular case. The telegraph charge to our great Empire of India is 4*s.* per word. It is in the power of the British Post Office to take steps which will result in the charge being reduced to 6*d.* per word. Let us see what countries intervene between England and India, and their

local telegraph rates. There are only Germany, Russia, and Afghanistan. Now, we can telegraph from London to Germany, and to the eastern frontier of Germany up to the western frontier of Russia, for 2*d.* per word. The Russian internal rate to the frontier of Afghanistan is 2½*d.* per word. The Indian internal rate is less than a halfpenny per word. If we allow 1*d.* per word for a short connecting line across Afghanistan, the sum of these charges is just 6*d.* Q.E.D.

I repeat that the British Post Office is a parochial office, and the rulers there have no idea of empire. To these officials the blame is almost entirely due for the present prohibitive telegraph rates to our colonies and dependencies. The question is, What steps ought to be taken to put an end to the present state of affairs, steps which would enable 50,000 people in the colonies to send 50,000 greetings on next Christmas morning to their fathers, mothers, sisters, wives, and sweet-hearts in the old home?

What is required is the appointment of a small committee of business men to rouse the Postmaster-General and to act as his advisers.

#### THE AMERICAN MAILS

The Transatlantic mail arrangements reveal the deficiencies of our postal administration even more completely. Mr. Smalley, one of the most brilliant writers in the newspaper world of to-day, deserves the thanks of the English and American people for his spirited efforts to shame our Post Office into making more worthy efforts to improve the conveyance of the American mails. But the department is as impervious to ridicule as to argument. A mosquito will disquiet a hero, but it will not disquiet a hippopotamus. The mere statement of the facts as presented by Mr. Smalley should cause any official with proper feelings to hang himself, or at least to resign. Elsewhere every resource of art and human energy is employed to deliver correspondence in the shortest possible period. No expense is spared, no obstacle is allowed to stand in the way. Yet the British Post Office, having our American mails to deliver, deliberately places them on board an antiquated tub which is certain to arrive three days after a swift clipper starting at the same time. There is no such flagrant, persistent betrayal of the public interest in any other branch of the public service; and the abuse will not endure five minutes' discussion in the House of Commons.

The excuse that the slow vessels must be employed because they are subsidised British ships, whereas the swift vessels carry foreign flags, will not hold water. The subsidising of British shipping, and the conveyance of our mails, are distinct objects, and one is not to be pursued at the expense of the other. We might as reasonably insist on harnessing cart horses of pure British blood to our fire engines. We can encourage horse breeding without suffering the shops in our

streets to be burned down. Let our Post Office, like the American, secure the swiftest ships available from day to day, without regard to subsidies, and let the President of the Board of Trade pay the subsidies, as at present, to British shipping without regard to the mails. This would be frank and English, and moreover it would be common sense.

There is a *pis aller*. The subsidy to slow British ships amounts to 3s. per lb. weight of mails, whereas swift German and American ships are only paid by us at the rate of 1s. 8d. per lb. Indeed our own ships are hired by the American Post Office for the lower sum. Once I crossed to New York in the fine British ship the *Majestic*. She carried the British mails, and our Post Office paid 1,000*l.* for this service. I returned in her, and she brought back the American mails of about the same weight as ours, for which the American Government, however, only paid something over 500*l.*

What I would suggest is that our officials should entrust the mails to the swift ships, paying 1s. 8d. per lb. for the work, and hand over the balance of 1s. 4d. per lb. to the discarded slow British boats for resigning all claim to delay our correspondence.

Half-civilised chieftains on the Indian frontier accept subsidies for abstaining from interference with our telegraph wires; surely patriotic English shipowners would be equally reasonable.

#### THE EASTERN AND AUSTRALIAN MAIL CONTRACTS

The summit of Post Office maladministration is reached in dealing with Post Office mail contracts to India, Australia, and the East. Twenty-five millions of pounds sterling have been paid by the General Post Office to a powerful company, and the result has been the building up of a monopoly which destroyed British competition, but enabled German and French rivals to win a foothold, and a position of vantage, that we shall never regain. Let me say at once that I have the highest respect for the P. and O. Company and its directors. And no body of men in the mercantile marine are held in higher estimation and regard for high qualities, seamanship, vigour, love of their duties, and gentlemanly and honourable demeanour than the officers and men of the Peninsular and Oriental Company; yet it would be safe to say that no company is more unpopular in the Orient. I have before me a petition signed by a thousand army men and merchants in the East asking the Government not to give another contract to the P. and O. Company, in view of its high passenger rates, slow ships, and mischievous shipping 'rings.'

The Post Office officials take care that there shall be no competition. They never think of giving three years' notice of a contract of this magnitude, but content themselves with calling for tenders in



April to close in July for contracts to commence in January twelve months. No one charges these gentlemen with corruption, but 'I would rather have a rogue in my employ than a fool,' said a great man to me one day, and the man of the world is not inclined to disagree with him. At length the contracts are given, and it is found that the rate of speed is less than that of the French mail steamers to our colonies and dependencies; and that no protection is given to traders; no proviso is entered against the company charging high passenger rates or carrying goods to the East for foreigners at lower rates than are charged to Englishmen; and no protection is given to passengers against absurdly high prices for wines, spirits, &c., on board. No blame is, of course, attachable to the P. and O. Company, and the man of the world takes off his hat to the astute directors.

#### IMPERIAL PENNY POSTAGE

There is no need to say anything of imperial penny postage. As the last generation of postal officials fought against inland penny postage, so their successors have waged implacable war against an extension of cheap postage to the Empire at large. Our public health authorities have not more zealously and watchfully guarded us against the admission and dissemination of the plague bacillus, than their colleagues at the Post Office against the moral dynamite of cheap colonial correspondence. The colonies may exchange products with us to any extent: their corn, mutton, wool and cotton are welcome, but their letters, never!

This controversy has, however, been virtually closed in my favour. An imperial statesman has arisen, who has made the memorable declaration to the assembled colonial premiers. The hamberlain told them that the British Government would willingly sanction any expenditure required to carry the reform of imperial penny postage into immediate effect.

Our officials no longer dare to oppose, but they murmur spitefully, 'Que Messieurs les Coloniaux commencent!'

#### BUMBLE IN THE PARISH

The postal official is particularly unhappy if required to adopt new methods, to step out of the beaten track. He is as melancholy as a 'turnspit' dog stolen by a Punch and Judy man, and forced to play Toby. If we wish (as we often do) to write to one of the colonies, or to the Continent, and prepay a reply, or to order a newspaper, or some article costing twopence, and to enclose the cost, our postal friend offers us a money order, his charge for which is sixpence. He has been over and over again requested to keep a small stock of colonial and foreign stamps for sale at the chief offices in London,

Liverpool, Manchester, Birmingham, Dublin, Edinburgh, Belfast, and Glasgow, so that the required penny or twopence may be enclosed. This plan is in force in Australia, but the British official will not entertain it for a moment, 'Perish the colonies rather!' He regards his department as a kind of vestry, and the United Kingdom as a vast parish, of which he is beadle. As to other parishes beyond the seas, let them shift for themselves!

Yet the same Bumble is guilty of the grossest neglect towards the poor of his own parish. In other words, our Post Office (with an annual surplus of nearly four millions sterling), while overwhelming the fortunate dwellers in towns with postal privileges, practically leaves the villages and the rural, remote, and sparsely peopled districts to shift for themselves. The postal and telegraphic service outside of certain favoured localities is a mockery. A villager 'commands the telegraph,' we will suppose. Yes, but he must wade several miles along a miry lane before he reaches the nearest office, and priceless hours are lost before the doctor receives the summons, or the customer the offer of stock or crops. And what is the use of a post which brings him yesterday's papers, and forces him to lag twenty-four or forty-eight hours behind the march of civilisation? My contention is that every man in this country is entitled to equal postal and telegraphic advantages, irrespective of his place of abode. A farmer and his labourer are rendering signal service to the nation by 'sticking to the soil;' they should not be fleeced and persecuted by a wealthy public department, which exists for the good of the whole, not of a class. Even Squire Western would have appreciated that ancient and witty fable of the belly and the members. With a flourish of trumpets, our request for free telegraph deliveries was said to have been granted this year. But a particularly petty and mean policy was at the same time brought into operation. The postal authorities in effect said: 'Although we have granted free deliveries of telegrams to all persons living within three miles of a telegraph office in this country, yet if a person lives 3 miles and 100 yards away he will be charged 3*d.* per mile from the telegraph office door, in other words 1*s.* 3*d.* I sent a batch of letters of complaint against this law to the Postmaster-General. He only said I was ungrateful!

#### THE TELEPHONE MONOPOLY

The most indisputable failure of the postal administration of this country is in connection with the telephone. The story is to an ordinary common-sense person incredible. To tell it in a few words, one must recall the fact that more than thirty years ago the Post Office first allowed private companies to monopolise telegraphy. Then it paid the huge sum of ten millions to buy back its rights. The blunder and injury to the public interests made a deep impression. While the

fiasco was freshly remembered, ten years afterwards—the telephone was discovered to be of practical use. The Government sent over to America their most capable expert, the most honoured of English electricians, to examine the invention. He brought back interesting reports as to the value of telephones. Although the Post Office authorities claimed and established in courts of law their right to the monopoly of telephones as well as telegraphs, yet they played into the hands of a number of astute financiers. They made secret agreements with these men, and they prevented parliamentary action by delaying the production of the agreement. Their negligence will cost the people a hundred millions of money if the Government ever attempt to buy back their telephone rights. But the assertion that they will do this in 1911 may be treated with contempt. We are doomed for ever to submit to high telephone charges because no Government can afford to buy back the telephones. Suppose some heroic reformer in the Government resolved to do this. He would have to commence now to lay down duplicate telephone wires all over England in order to be ready to commence operations in 1911. Meanwhile, by leaps and bounds the able managing director of the National Telephone Company is building up its service. I directed attention to this, and asked the Postmaster-General at least to show us in his annual report the statistics of the progress of the National Telephone Company. This could be easily done by publishing the royalties (that is the percentage) received by him. I refer my readers to the parliamentary report of his curt refusal, on the ground that it was a matter of no public interest! Some powerful people, including Mr. Harmsworth, are boasting that they will break up the monopoly. They do not know the astute business men who are controlling the monopoly. There is here one consolation to a public man, and it is this: That the people are saved from having to add 50,000 more civil servants to the List, and so will not have to provide them with pensions. And members of Parliament will be saved from the temptation to degrade their functions by exercising pressure on the Government to give these 50,000 a higher rate of pay than the Telephone Company is likely to give them. The highest charge for a telephone to a private house should not exceed 5*l.* per annum:

#### 1. FURTHER AGENDA FOR THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL

When Scrooge came to himself, after that trying night with the spirits, and heard the lingering music of the Christmas bells, he was seized with a burning anxiety to do good, to help the poor, to employ his fortune in furthering the happiness of his neighbours, and in making atonement for long years of selfish indifference to want and suffering. His only difficulty was where and how to begin. He

would have been delighted if somebody had placed in his hands a philanthropical programme, sufficiently extensive to absorb all his energies. In like manner, if, as I hope, the Postmaster-General, after perusing what is already set down, should be the prey of remorse, and should purpose amendment, he will be at a loss for guidance and encouragement. (One can imagine the expression of 'the Secretary's' face if his chief should summon *him*, and ask for a list of urgently needed reforms.) At this point, therefore, I may be excused for coming to his Grace's aid with the following paper of *agenda*—a sort of postal Magna Charta, or Bill of Rights, which only requires his signature to be accepted by my lords, and to become law.

(1) There shall be instituted an Agricultural Parcels Post for British fruit, vegetables, and dairy produce, &c., at special low rates, so as to provide cheap and rapid transport for perishable food, and to divert into British pockets the 30,000,000*l.* annually paid to foreigners for such produce.

(2) A Parcel Post shall without further delay be established to the United States, it being 406 years since Columbus discovered that country.

(3) The Indian and Continental system of Cash on Delivery Post, by which the Post Office collects the price of parcels entrusted to it, shall be put in operation in the United Kingdom, with a view to place the postal organisation at the service of retail trade.

(4) The *Mandat Carte* (or money-order postcard) so extensively employed in Germany, Switzerland, and elsewhere, shall be introduced in this country.

(It may here be explained to my lords that the remitter, on paying in his money at a post office, receives a postcard marked with the amount, on which he writes a message. The money is delivered with the card by the postman at the addressee's door; the frauds, thefts, delays, and mistakes incident to the 'postal order' system being thus obviated.)

(5) Compensation shall be accorded to any person suffering by the act, neglect or default of a postal official; and in particular the loss of money or valuable articles stolen in transit shall be made good.

(6) Postcards, envelopes, and covers shall (as in other civilised countries) be sold for their face or stamp value, no fractional charge being added under the pretence of charging for material.

(7) The public shall be permitted to exchange small sums of money with the colonies by postal order, as has been formally proposed by the Australian post offices.

(8) No postal order shall be sold without a detachable counterfoil, stamped with the number, amount, date and issuing office, so as to leave in the remitter's hands the means of tracing theft.

(9) Some simple mechanical check shall be applied to pillar-boxes to prevent the withdrawal of letters, &c.; and there shall be placed inside the pillar a locked box (as in Austria) with a slit to receive correspondence, such box to be removed to the sorting office to be unlocked.

(10) Letter-boxes and mail vans shall be attached to all through trains, and letter-boxes to omnibuses and tramcars passing along main routes, and shall be collected at suitable points, so as to reduce the time of transmission to a minimum.

(11) The mails in all great cities shall be transmitted between the various sorting offices and the railway termini by pneumatic tubes, so as to do away with the present throng of mail carts which add to the congestion of street traffic, and to save much of the time occupied in transit.

(My lords will learn with some interest that by this reform alone a saving of 50,000*l.* per annum can be effected in London.)

(12) *Cartes-télégrammes*, or express letter-cards, forwarded by pneumatic tube to the nearest point of despatch, shall be provided for sale, as in Paris, Berlin, and other capitals.

(13) All periodicals, whatever their size, weight, contents, arrangement of matter, or intervals of publication, shall be forwarded at the halfpenny or 'registered' rate of postage; the present system of charging more for the circulation of religious, scientific, educational, and elevating literature than for the dissemination of news being finally abandoned.

(14) There shall henceforth be three classes of mail-matter: (1) letters and postcards; (2) newspapers and book post packets, and (3) parcels. Each class shall be dealt with and delivered by a separate staff, so as to expedite transmission; and by suitable arrangements with newspaper publishers the distribution of newspapers shall be acquired by the Post Office, to the great benefit of the revenue.

(15) Express envelopes (or stamps) of a crimson colour shall be sold, the use of which shall entitle a letter or other packet to 'express' delivery, without the necessity of handing it in at a counter, or any other needless formality.

(16) No fine shall in future be imposed in the case of delay in presentation of a money or postal order; the department shall be satisfied with the use of the money so lying in its hands.

(17) It shall be lawful to write, instead of printing or stamping, the maker's name on a packet of samples; the existing rule being oppressive to small traders, and useless to prevent fraud.

(18) In future the Savings Banks shall accept deposits of 1*s.* and upwards, including odd pence (pence having hitherto been refused in forgetfulness of the fact that the penny, not the shilling, is the unit of calculation and the basis of thrift among the poor and the young).

(19) Parcels shall be conveyed at the rate of one penny per pound, with a minimum charge of one penny.

(20) Inland parcels shall be re-directed free, as parcels coming from abroad are already re-directed.

(21) The British postcard, which has been (I fear truly) described as the meanest, smallest and dearest in the world, shall be of the full size permitted by the Postal Union.

(22) The post marking of letters and packets shall be effected by means of such machines as are employed in Canada and the United States, so that the names of the sorting and delivering offices, together with the date, hour and minute of posting, may be legibly and distinctly impressed; the present smudged, blurred, and undecipherable hieroglyphics being done away with.

(23) The person who has posted a letter which he desires to recall (because it is enclosed in the wrong envelope, or because its substance or wording no longer represents his wishes, or for any other reason), may (as in Germany or in the United States), on signing a formal demand, and satisfying the postmaster of his identity, have the letter returned to him.

(24) The address of an inland telegram shall, as in the Australian colonies, be transmitted free.

(25) The name of any person, place, building or locality, whether it be a single word or compounded of two or more words, shall be charged for in a telegram as one word; and any combination of words necessarily used together to define or denominate any single person or place (such as 'father-in-law,' 'Charing Cross') shall also be counted as one word.

(26) All charges for the portorage of telegrams and all local guarantees against loss on the erection of telegraph or telephone lines, shall be for ever abolished. . .

(27) As the telegraph wires are to a great extent unused during the night, a secondary kind of despatches, to be called 'night messages,' and to be delivered with the next mail delivery, shall be accepted at half the usual rates.

(28) The charge for the receipt given for a telegram shall be one penny.

(29) The charges on the issue of a telegraph money order shall be: for sums not exceeding 3*l.*, 2*d.*; and for any sum above 3*l.* and not exceeding 10*l.*, 3*d.*; and for the official telegram, 6*d.* .

(30) Telegraph money orders shall be delivered to the payee with the money at his residence at the earliest possible moment, as in India and on the Continent. This saves time, ensures accuracy, and prevents frauds.

(31) Arrangements shall be made for the remittance of money by telegraph at a low rate between the United Kingdom and the principal colonies and foreign countries.

(I may here remind my lords that while a Frenchman in Paris can remit by telegraph to Egypt, an Englishman in London cannot do so, but must cross to Calais for the purpose.)

(32) A 'capital account' shall be included in the accounts annually submitted to Parliament by the department; in which account shall be entered the value of all buildings, land, and property of the Post Office, and the amounts expended on sites and buildings; and all amounts so expended shall be advanced out of the Consolidated Fund, and repaid by the Post Office by means of a sinking fund, spread over a period of twenty-five years.

(33) It being established by a select committee that the so-called mail subsidies are paid to steamship companies, not merely for the conveyance of the mails, but primarily for the encouragement of ship-building, the maintenance of our commercial and marine supremacy, and the provision of a reserve or auxiliary naval force, such subsidies shall in future be charged, as to nine-tenths against the Admiralty, and as to the remaining tenth against the Post Office.

(It may be here observed, for the information of my lords, that while we have been paying 280,000*l.* a year for 'mail subsidies' to India, the postage received on Indian correspondence amounted to 60,000*l.* only. In another case we paid 40,000*l.* a year for the conveyance of a few bags of mails, the postage on which amounted to a few hundreds of pounds.)

(34) Full statistics of telegraph and telephone business, inland and foreign, shall be annually laid before Parliament.

(35) The charge for a telephonic conversation with a person in France shall be 2*s.* 6*d.* instead of 8*s.* for each period of three minutes.

(36) The postage on a letter weighing an ounce from the United Kingdom to any part of the British Empire shall be 1*d.*

(37) The manager of a great insurance company shall be appointed for a period of three years to reorganise the insurance and annuities branch of the Post Office on a businesslike basis.

(38) A person shall not, in future, be fined for using conventional terms, or phrases of courtesy in circulars, statements of account, or orders for goods, such as the word 'please' or 'with thanks.'

(39) The weight allowed for a letter to the colonies shall be increased to one ounce for a single stamp, as four ounces are now allowed to go in England.

(40) Postal officials at all post offices shall undertake the registration of births and deaths.

(41) The fine for insufficient postage shall not exceed 1*d.* on an inland and 2*d.* on a foreign letter in addition to the deficient postage (from 2*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* is often charged now—that is, double the deficiency).

(42) The charge for the registration of a letter shall not exceed 1*d.*

(43) An international, or at least an Imperial, postage stamp shall be provided ; and stamps of the Colonies and India, of America, and of the principal countries of Europe shall be purchasable at the principal post offices in the United Kingdom.

(44) The parcel post rates to the colonies and foreign countries shall be reduced by one half.

(45) The commission on colonial and foreign and telegraph money orders shall be reduced by one half.

(46) Naturalists' specimens shall be conveyed through the post at  $\frac{1}{2}d.$  per packet.

(47) Registered benefit societies shall be permitted to open current accounts at the Post Office Savings Banks.

(48) The order not to re-direct or re-address lodgers' letters shall be and is hereby repealed.

(49) The fine for posting a registered letter envelope, even if the word 'registered' be effaced by the sender before posting, is hereby abolished.

(50) Telegraph charges to France, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Holland, and Italy, shall be reduced to  $1d.$  per word ; to Russia, Turkey, Norway, and Sweden, to  $2d.$  per word ; to Egypt to  $3d.$  per word ; to India to  $6d.$  per word ; to America to  $6d.$  per word ; and to Australia and South Africa to  $1s.$  per word.

#### THE POSTMASTER-GENERAL AND HOUSE OF COMMONS

The reader almost becomes bewildered on merely reading this rough list of blots in administration and suggestions for reforms. Let me repeat the protest made at the beginning of this article against the appointment to the office of Postmaster-General of any person, however capable or distinguished, who is not a member of the House of Commons. It is not treating the representatives of the people fairly to expect hon. members to lavish argument and persuasion on a powerless though benevolent deputy. My right hon. friend, Mr. Hanbury, who replies for the Postmaster-General, has never been in the General Post Office in his life (unless since my last bout with him he has paid *one* visit to see that wonderful institution). To send an ambassador to the House, or anywhere else, without full powers is highly provocative.

We all know what it means when an importunate visitor is requested to state his business to the butler. This system of an invisible, unapproachable Postmaster-General is doubtless the invention of some astute official. One cannot help sympathising with my right hon. friend, who is like the steward of an absentee landlord, hearing appeals he knows to be just but which he has no authority to grant. His popularity in the House of Commons has twice saved the department, but it is evident that the strain is great. He knows



his own mind, and does his own work to the high satisfaction and amid the applause of the best and most critical House of Commons of modern times. But he declines to act as the mouthpiece of officials, in uttering statements which are purposely made unintelligible, and which he knows to be weak or untrue. Personally we entertain the kindest feelings for the Postmaster-General, for his high character and his common sense; but he takes the course every minister takes who is at the mercy of the officials. He is apparently a despotic personage controlling 140,000 officials, but he reminds one of the elephant. If you look carefully at an Indian elephant, you see the mahout perched behind those vast ears, guiding and controlling the monster at will. In this case the mahout is some member of the postal permanent staff.

#### THE IMPOLICY OF A HUGE POSTAL SURPLUS

From an economical standpoint the Post Office has no right to make any profit on its transactions. The postman is properly a public messenger, not a tax-gatherer. The achievement on which the officials most complacently plume themselves—the annual payment of a surplus of nearly 4,000,000*l.* to the Treasury—is alone sufficient to convict them of ignoring their mission and abusing their powers. For of all forms of taxation postal and telegraphic imposts are the most injurious to the progress of the State. The difference between a trading and a non-trading nation (between Turkey and Germany, between the England of Rufus and the England of Victoria) is, that in the one there is constant correspondence between towns, communities, and individuals placed at a distance from one another; in the other there is not. The history of our Post Office is bound up with the history of modern England (just as the history of the Empire is bound up with the history of the cables). Now at every step in our commercial progress postal administrators, from James Duke of York to Henry Duke of Norfolk, have hampered us, and weighed upon us, as the Old Man of the Sea weighed upon the unlucky Sinbad. By posts and telegraphs business is created and fostered; and it is as unscientific to tax such agencies as it would be to tax wheels, boots, ploughs, finger-posts or shop signs (the Post Office does indeed tax advertisements, which is worse than taxing shop signs), machinery, or ships. The profit derived from stamps is equivalent to the hated poll tax, against which our forefathers revolted; and while we have abolished turnpike-keepers, we pay a far more oppressive toll (55 per cent. of the postage) to the railway companies. At every turn, cabling, telegraphing or telephoning, writing, remitting, advertising, cultivating gardens or pasture, farming, dairy-keeping, pushing manufactures or forwarding goods—the postal hand is heavy upon us, dipping in our pockets

and tithing from our seed-corn. Our Post Office surplus exceeds the total annual revenue of Denmark, Bulgaria, and other States. No other country in the world submits to this suicidal financial phlebotomy. In our colonies, in the United States, in France or Germany, profit in one postal department is expended in developing another, and the people are never told, as in England, 'Such and such reforms are doubtless desirable; but they would necessitate resort to the sacred surplus, and therefore you must go without them.' The huge postal profit is, in short, a crying public scandal, a monument of financial incompetence or ignorance, a tribute worthy of Pharaoh, wrung from sweat and tears and penury. Yet our Chancellors of the Exchequer, just and high-minded men, versed in affairs, skilled in economics, thinkers and reasoners, proud of British financial traditions and anxious to perfect the science of taxation, and condemn the plucking of unripe financial fruit—these great ministers cannot see that the system of levying imposts on the communications of the people is as antiquated and barbarous as that of taxing Nile water-wheels or date trees.

#### L'ENVOI

Once more I repeat that what I have given is not an exhaustive catalogue of postal grievances and official failings, but the examples set forth will suffice to illustrate my main complaint—that the department is utterly out of touch with public opinion. If the staff regarded themselves as servants of the public whose bread they eat, we should long ago have seen the 'Cash on Delivery' system in operation; the Savings Bank would not refuse to take charge of the pence of the poor; the insurance department would be managed on business principles; sites, buildings, and permanent improvements would be charged on capital, instead of current revenue; mail matter would be classified as in the United States, letters being first delivered; the postmarks on letters would be legible; parcels would be re-directed free, and the entire cable and telephone system would belong to the State. There was a conscientious autocrat who was unhappy at night if he had not accomplished some great and beneficent action during the day. The British Postmaster-General's power for good (with a willing staff) is at least comparable to that of a Roman emperor. Is it too much to hope that he will arise in his might, and that he will put the first of the boons above claimed upon his *agenda* paper for a Monday, the second for Tuesday, and so on, until all have been carried into effect?

J. HENNIKER HEATON.

*THE ENGLISH BIBLE*  
*WYCLIF TO COVERDALE*

AMONG all our national treasures the greatest is the English Bible. Its primary appeal, as every one would admit, is to our common Christianity; but it appeals also, and with scarcely less power, to our common patriotism. Transcending every difference and distinction of rank, and sect, and party, it unites us all as Englishmen. Historically it is interwoven with the growth of our political liberties, and its successive versions are indissolubly linked with names for ever memorable in our annals. In its moral and social influence it lies at the root of what is strongest and best in the national character. Unique among books in its unapproachable dignity and grandeur, it holds amongst us an undisputed pre-eminence as the most splendid literary monument that we possess of the genius of our native tongue.

For nearly eight hundred years the only Bible from which paraphrases or metrical versions could be made was the Latin Vulgate, the knowledge of Greek and Hebrew being during that period practically non-existent. In the famous abbey on the cliffs at Whitby, Cædmon had sung the scripture story of man's creation and of his fall, of Israel and of Christ. The dying hours of Bæde, the grand old monk of Jarrow, had been devoted to the completion of a translation into English of the Gospel according to St. John. Aldhelm had made a version of the Psalter, King Alfred of the four Evangelists, Ælfric of the seven first books of the Old Testament. But for our present purpose we may set on one side the merely fragmentary renderings that have come down to us. Adaptations rather than translations of the more familiar portions of the Vulgate, they are full of interest as witnessing to the continuity of our literature; but what with the costliness of early manuscripts, the tardiness with which copies were multiplied, and the absence of any reading public, their circulation must have been practically confined to circles of private friends or of brother ecclesiastics. It is not until we reach the fourteenth century that we find a really close translation of any one complete book of scripture. Dating from the first half of that

century we have two such translations of the Psalms, the one by William de Schorham, the other by Richard Rolle, the author of *The Pricke of Conscience*, and better known as the Hermit of Hampole. To the last half of the century belong two works whose widespread and lasting influence it would be difficult to exaggerate, and which, by their rapid dissemination among the common people, contributed in no inconsiderable degree to that great religious revolution in England which we call the Reformation. The one is Langland's *Vision of Piers the Ploughman*, the other is Wyclif's Bible (1380). The extent of his own personal share in it is not quite satisfactorily determined, but the greater part of the New Testament and part of the Old are from his pen. His friend Nicholas de Hereford is responsible for the first portion of the Old Testament as far as the book of Baruch, iii. 20. At this point his manuscript, now in the Bodleian Library, breaks off abruptly, owing no doubt to the peremptory action of the ecclesiastical authorities, for we know that in the summer of 1382 he was excommunicated. What remained to be done was most probably done by Wyclif. This first edition was soon seen to be in many ways defective, and Wyclif was still working at a revision of it in December 1384, when he died from a stroke of paralysis. It was completed under the direction of his faithful friend and curate, John Purvey, with 'myche trauaile,' as he tells us, and with the aid of 'diuerse felawis and helperis,' not earlier, it is supposed, than 1390.

Both the original and the revised version are reproduced in parallel columns in the splendid work of Förshall and Madden which issued from the Clarendon Press in 1850. Two short quotations will show how comparatively little our language has changed in the course of five centuries.

But in o day of the woke ful earli thei camen to the grave and broughten swete smelling spices that thei hadden arayed, and thei founden the stoon turnyd away from the grave. And thei geden in and founden not the Lord Jhesus.—(Luke xxiv.)

And after these thingis he seide to his discipulis, Go we eft in to Judee. The discipulis seien to hym, Maister, now the Jewis soughten for to stoon thee and eft goist thou thidir?—(John xi.)

Wyclif's Bible was indeed a notable beginning, but it could lay no claim to finality. As a translation it is a noble work, but it lacks uniformity of style and is of very uneven merit. The diction is homely, rugged, and primitive, for our language was only in process of formation, and the expressions are often of refreshing naivety and quaintness. Furthermore, the whole version is at best but a translation of a translation. Yet with all its blemishes it is of imperishable interest. Many of its phrases, 'the straight gate,' 'the narrow way,' 'the beam and the mote,' have passed for ever into our language. It is, above all things, our first and oldest Bible. Even

were it of less literary merit than it is, it would still be secure of immortality as an integral part of English history. It was born in an age of intense national excitement. It is the 'provocatio ad populum' of our first Reformer. It is the dying legacy to the people of England of the sturdiest fighter of his day. It is from the hand of the father of English prose. It embodies the great principle that the Bible is the people's book, and should speak the language of the people.

The fourteenth century, if we stand back and endeavour to take a comprehensive view of it, may be best described as a time of transition. Mediævalism was slowly passing away, but the new world was not yet plainly in sight. We are reminded, as we watch the sweep of events, of a dissolving view where the picture that is departing is fading into indistinctness, while the lines of the picture that is to take its place have still to come into focus. We seem to be looking at a blurred image which is neither picture because it is both. Pope and Emperor are both there, but not the empire or the papacy as they were of old. The Emperor has become a mere shadow of his former self. The Pope is a fugitive from Rome. Under many forms and in many lands a spirit of disquiet and unrest, be it social, political, or religious, is moving over the long stagnant waters, and ruffling their repose. Rome is confronted with rising nationalities impatient of her authority and claims. The long supremacy of the Latin tongue is threatened by the rivalry of modern languages, for it is the century of Petrarch, of Froissart, and of Chaucer. The old order and the new stand face to face. Over against the king stands the parliament, over against the mailed knight and the feudal lord stand the burgess and the merchant, the artisan and the peasant. Under the influence of great political thinkers and writers like Marsilius of Padua and William of Occam, there is dawning in men's minds the idea of an orderly independent state organised with a view to the common weal. All along the line there is an awakening of the human spirit to a sense of individuality, a feeling not of the moral impotence but of the moral dignity of man. The supernatural claims of a sacerdotal hierarchy from whom all spirituality and unworldliness seem to have died out are being challenged by an appeal to the instincts of the conscience and the heart. Everywhere great principles are in antagonism, Latin Christianity and Teutonic tradition and Scripture, realism and nominalism, authority and experience, capital and labour.

In an age thus profoundly agitated John Wyclif's lot was cast, and it is his attitude towards the papacy, with its materialised oligarchy of luxurious and lazy ecclesiastics, which gives the key to his life. 'I take it as a wholesome counsell,' he says, 'that the Pope leeve his wordly lordship to wordly lords as Christ gave him and move all his Clerks to do so.'

In 1360 he was Master of Balliol, and waging unceasing war against the Mendicant Orders, whose shameless eavesdropping and brazen-faced beggary made them the target of poet and preacher and pamphleteer alike. It was in 1366 that, famous already as an Oxford divine, he came first into public and political prominence. The papacy had fallen on evil days. It was the period of the Babylonish captivity. Exiles from Rome, the Popes at Avignon were at a threefold disadvantage. There had been a magic and a witchery in the very name of Rome. Avignon was only Avignon. But besides the loss of prestige there was the material loss of the Italian revenues, and, finally, there was the humiliating descent from the proud position of the world's umpire to that of a mere tool of the King of France. Still the Court at Avignon was prodigiously expensive, and England had long occupied the unenviable position of the milch cow of the papacy. Urban the Fifth accordingly preferred a demand on Edward the Third for all the arrears of the tribute to the Papal See annually due since the death of King John. The demand was referred to Parliament. It was the last straw. Half ruined by the awful ravages of the Black Death, owing to which the population had been reduced from five millions to two millions and a half, and by the slow drain of the never-ending wars with France, the Estates were not unnaturally disposed to rebel against sending out English gold for the support of the liegeman of their hereditary foe. 'Ils resisteront,' they unanimously decided, 'et contre esteront ove toute leur puissance.' This decision was expanded and supported by Wyclif, then one of the King's chaplains, in a most vigorous and able pamphlet. That he should have had this task imposed on him by the Court shows in what reputation he was held, and how his anti-papal opinions were even then notorious. In 1378 occurred the Great Schism. The moral effect on Wyclif was electrical. It was of the very essence of the papacy that the supreme Pontiff claimed to personify the indivisibility of truth. In him men saw the symbol and the guarantee of religious unity. Suddenly to exhibit to the world the seamless vesture of Latin Christianity as rent in twain, and the papacy as a self-advertised imposture, was to give to religious faith a shock such as, at this distance of time, we can scarcely realise. Torn from its old moorings, spiritual obedience drifted away into a divided allegiance, with no better bond of cohesion than the mere accident of country. Wyclif's impetuous spirit at once urged him to the only logical inference. If there could be two Popes why not twenty? Why any Pope at all? The whole system was a fraud. It was not of God but of man. It had no warranty of Holy Scripture. It was Antichrist. They who should have been the faithful shepherds of the sheep had not only fleeced but had deceived their flocks. The accredited guide of Christendom had been tried and found wanting. Whither then in their bewilderment of mind were men to

turn? Wyclif's answer was to translate the Bible. When we remember that his heretical tracts and pamphlets, written in pithiest English, were being scattered broadcast over England, and that in 1381 he went on even to assail the central citadel itself, and to deny the doctrine of Transubstantiation so far as it included miraculous power in the consecrating priest, it is astonishing that he should have died in his bed.

It is because in Wyclif we have the embodiment and the representative of the great cause of independence, whether in Church or State or in the tribunal of conscience, the champion of intellectual and spiritual freedom from the tyranny of foreign dominion, the voice that gave due form and utterance to what thousands of smaller minds were thinking, that his Bible, which is in a sense himself, is of such abiding interest to a nation to whom freedom and independence are as the very breath of life.

Let us briefly summarise the objects that Wyclif had in view in organising his army of 'poor preachers' to distribute the Scriptures among his fellow-countrymen. He was anxious in the first place that a fragmentary Bible should be superseded by a complete one. He was convinced that the best remedy for the sybaritism of the Church was to go back to the simplicity that was in Jesus Christ and in His apostles. He believed that a study of the Christian records would satisfy any honest mind that the papal claims, the position taken up by each and every grade of the Pope's representatives, the existing system of miracle-working priests, of compulsory penances, compulsory confessions, compulsory pilgrimages, and the like, had no Divine right behind them to support them. He hoped that the many-sided disorders of his age might in some degree be abated by bringing men face to face with the inspired source of purity and simplicity, of loyalty and justice. No doubt he was over-sanguine, was in no sense a 'wise master-builder,' was not sufficiently alive to the revolutionary tendency of his abstract doctrine of 'Dominion.' But he was a brave, single-hearted, sincere man, and the keenness of his intellectual powers was happily allied with a character against which not even his enemies ventured to throw a stone. His influence, transmitted though it was through Huss to Luther, did not long retain prominence in England. He was before his day. A reaction against his opinions soon set in, and the constitution of Archbishop Arundel was so far successful that no new translation of any book of Scripture was published in this country for a hundred years. But if the flames were extinguished the embers smouldered on. The prohibited tracts and pamphlets passed secretly in many a quiet parish from hand to hand, and when in 1529 a royal proclamation appeared against unorthodox books, it is not surprising to find 'Lollardies' grouped with other 'heresies and errors.' With the reign of Henry the Eighth

we come in sight of the second of our great translators, William Tyndale (1484–1536), perhaps the noblest figure among them all.

The times were fully ripe for a new national Bible. The English of Wyclif's version had become antiquated and out of date. Intellectual development in Europe had made great strides. Upon the Roman renaissance of the preceding centuries had followed the revival of Greek letters, and Greece, as it has been finely said, 'had arisen from the grave with the New Testament in her hand.' No longer tied down to the Latin Scriptures of the Church, scholars were now qualified for the study of the original Greek and Hebrew. The Bible had been translated into all the principal languages of Europe. The printing press, long since established throughout the continent, had been introduced in 1477 by Caxton into England. The stimulating revelations of maritime enterprise under the auspices of such men as Columbus, Magellan, and Vasco di Garma, had caused a great ferment in the human mind. The new learning was everywhere extending its influence. The world of the west was ringing from end to end with the name of Luther.

William Tyndale was born near Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, in or about 1484. His brief life of fifty-two years comprises a period of the first historical importance. Within it are included the breach of Henry with Rome, the rise and fall of Wolsey, the reign of terror under Thomas Cromwell, the dissolution of the monasteries, the fermentation all over England of the idea of impending religious revolution. For some years Tyndale studied at Magdalen Hall, Oxford. From Oxford, attracted in all probability by the fame of Erasmus, he went to Cambridge, where he remained for six or seven years. Erasmus was engaged from 1509 to 1514 in teaching Greek in the University, and in preparing for the press with the aid of the college libraries a book which was shortly to astonish the world. This book was the Greek Testament (1516), soon to be followed by the famous *Paraphrases*. The Greek text was set side by side with Erasmus's Latin version in parallel columns, and a prologue and notes completed the volume. Though dedicated to the Pope, it sounded a note of defiance to the Church. Hitherto the Vulgate had reigned supreme, and its interpretation had been based on the received dogmas of the faith. By Erasmus's New Testament the Vulgate was set aside, and his rendering of the text was based on the philological sense of the words. 'For the first time,' says Froude, 'the laity were able to see, side by side, the Christianity which converted the world and the Christianity of the Church with a Borgia Pope, cardinal princes, ecclesiastical courts, and a mythology of lies. The effect was to be a spiritual earthquake.'

From a Greek New Testament to an English one was but a single step, and it was in the course of his university career that Tyndale both laid the foundations of his sound scholarship and conceived that



great design, the idea of which governed all his subsequent life, and gave to England its earliest printed Bible. From 1521 to 1523 he acted as tutor to the family of Sir John Walsh at Little Sodbury, a village in South Gloucestershire. Full of admiration for Erasmus he there employed his leisure in translating a well known book from his pen, called *The Manual of a Christian Soldier*. It was a work of somewhat pronounced anti-papal tendencies, and Tyndale began to draw on himself the displeasure of the hierarchy. Soon we find him in vigorous conflict with one of the good knight's guests, a certain learned doctor who had ventured upon the proposition that 'we were better without God's law than the Pope's.' One can see the flashing eyes and the mantling blood as the rejoinder bursts from him, 'I defy the Pope and all his laws. If God spare my life, ere many years I will cause a boy that driveth the plough shall know more of the Scripture than thou dost.' Evidently Little Sodbury was becoming impossible for him. So 'turmoiled' was he, we are told, that in 1523 he bade Sir John farewell and sought to attach himself to the service of Tunstall, Bishop of London, well known as a good Greek scholar. In this he was disappointed, but the earnestness of his preaching at St. Dunstan's brought him an unlooked-for friend. Humphrey Monmouth, a wealthy merchant and alderman, took him up and made him free of his house, and there for nearly a year Tyndale worked assiduously 'day and night' at his translation. But he was now a marked man. Twelve months had not gone by before, in his own words, 'I understood not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England.' With bitter sorrow he found himself driven to seek shelter on the continent, and in May 1524 he sailed for Hamburg. Whether he published anything while there is not certain, but the next year we are on sure ground. Accompanied by his amanuensis, Roye, he had gone in 1525 to Cologne, a strongly papal town, to superintend the issue of the English Testament, which had at length been completed. The printer was Peter Quental, who had apparently been selected as having correspondents in London, and the edition was in quarto. But there was a spy in the camp. A cunning priest, Cochläus by name, happened to hear the printers boasting over their wine that England would very soon be Lutheran, and that, in point of fact, thousands of copies of an English New Testament were on the point of being consigned across the sea. Without delay Cochläus sent news of his discovery to Henry the Eighth, to Wolsey, and to Fisher, Tyndale having in the meantime fled with his printed sheets to the safer haven of Protestant Worms. Here, at Schæffer's press, a new edition of 3,000 copies was prepared. It was obviously essential to baffle, as far as possible, the expectant spies on the other side. The new issue was therefore not in quarto, but in octavo. Tyndale's

name was left out, and all prologues and notes were dispensed with. Between the spring and summer of 1526, the precious Testaments arrived on English shores, and between the agents of the great Cardinal and those of the secret association of 'The Brethren,' it became a case of 'diamond cut diamond.' What happened we do not know in detail, but there is good evidence that the inquisitorial search met with some measure of success; for we have the witness of the solemn ceremonial which was held on Shrove Sunday in February 1527, before the gate of St. Paul's, and under the great crucifix called the Rood of Northen, when in the presence of Wolsey himself, and of a great conclave of abbots, and priors, and bishops, large basketfuls of heretical books were given to the flames. But we must not be tempted too far into the pleasant paths of the biographer or of the bibliographer, or enter into the detail either of Tyndale's life, or of the history of successive editions of his works. Suffice it to say that it has been estimated that between 1526 and 1536, in spite of all opposition and persecution, not far short of 30,000 copies of the New Testament must have been put into circulation. 'So eager,' says a contemporary writer, 'were Englishmen for the Gospel, as to affirm they would buy a Testament even if they had to give a hundred thousand pieces of money for it.' Very possibly this is the language of exaggeration, but at the same time it is well to bear in mind that the moral atmosphere of the self-centred and materialised times in which we live affords us little or no idea of the tremendous power with which the newly discovered truths of the Bible came home to hearts sad and sick with the moral and spiritual corruption, the unreality, the hopelessness, that overshadowed their life. It was to them nothing less than a new heaven and a new earth. The history of God's works, the tables of God's law, the thunders of His vengeance, the sweet music of His promises, all came upon them like a sudden revelation. The conscience of England had found a new King. In the open English Bible men heard Him speaking to them face to face. Before many more years they were making answer to Him in an English Liturgy.

Between 1530 and 1534 Tyndale was occupied with a translation of the Old Testament. With the assistance of friends among the learned Jews, who were to be found in every considerable city of the Netherlands, he had made himself a good Hebrew scholar, and his version is without doubt based on a study of the Hebrew text, while it derives all available help from constant reference to the Latin Vulgate, Luther's Bible, and Purdey's revision of Wyclif. In 1531 appeared the book of Genesis, and subsequently the entire Pentateuch, to which was added, in 1531, the book of Jonah. In 1534 a new and carefully revised edition of the New Testament was issued, its expenses having been unwittingly defrayed by the Bishop of London, who, in his eagerness to buy up and destroy all copies in current circulation, had indirectly supplied Tyndale with ample funds.

In the spring of the next year Tyndale was treacherously betrayed, while living at Antwerp in the house of his friend Thomas Poyntz, and thrown into prison in Vilvorde Castle, not far from Brussels. Here he was kept in confinement from May 1535 to October 6, 1536, when he was put to death by strangulation, and his body burnt at the stake. In the archives of the Council of Brabant has been preserved a pathetic letter, which speaks for itself:—

I wish permission to have a candle in the evening, for it is wearisome to sit alone in the dark. But above all I entreat and beseech your clemency to be urgent with the Procureur that he may kindly permit me to have my Hebrew bible, grammar and dictionary, that I may spend my time with that study.

It is practically certain that to Tyndale's labours in this foreign dungeon we owe the translation of that part of the Old Testament (Joshua to II. Chronicles inclusive) which he left in manuscript in the hands of his intimate friend and literary executor, John Rogers. The following specimens of Tyndale's translation, taken from passages with which everyone is familiar, will, perhaps, be not without interest:—

And he began his parable and sayed: Balam the sonne of Beor hath sayed, and the man that hath his eye open hath sayed, and he hath sayed that heareth the wordes of God and hath the knowledge of the most hye, and beholdeth the vision of the Allmightie, and when he falleth downe hath his eyes opened. I see him but not now, I beholde him but not nye. There shall come a starre of Jacob and ryse a cepter of Israel. . . .—(Numbers xxiv. 15.)

And what shall I more say? the time would be too short for me to tell of Gedeon, of Barak, and of Samson, and of Jephthæ; also of David, and Samuel, and of the prophets; which through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained the promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, of weak were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.—(Heb. xi. 29; spelling modernised.)

It may be worth while to pause a moment at this point to ask ourselves how it was that Tyndale's New Testament was looked upon by the hierarchy in England, by Sir Thomas More, one of the foremost men of letters of his day, and by the King himself, with such intense hostility, while within a year of his death an English Bible, which was really Tyndale's in the main, was ordered to be placed in every parish church. With regard to the Bishops, it is plain that, at any rate to the conservatives among them, a vernacular Bible would be in principle incurably objectionable. Their conviction that the Bible derived its authority from the Church, and not the Church from the Bible, made it impossible for them to approve of committing the interpretation of the text to private judgment. To the reforming party, on the other hand, an English Bible would, as such, have been generally welcome. What excited their indignation was that Tyndale's Testament, with its prologues and annotations, was tainted with the heresies of his extra-biblical writings, in which the whole system of the Latin obedience and faith had been openly and

persistently assailed. And not only so, but Tyndale suggested Luther, and, as they cast their eyes over the sea, it was alarmingly evident that Lutheranism was a principle of anarchy, and had a strong tendency to assume the form not merely of ecclesiastical insubordination, but of social and political revolt. And on this point they were at one with the King. To the mind of that masterful monarch it is hardly likely that the question of an English Bible was of any deep personal interest. He had broken a lance with Luther. He was 'Defender of the faith.' But if we may give the name of Roman Catholicism to the religious system represented by the papacy, it was primarily with the Romanism and not with the Catholicism that his matrimonial affairs gradually forced him into such violent antagonism. The pendulum might swing this way with Anne Boleyn, and that way with Catharine Howard; the standard of truth might be as nearly identical with the King's personal belief as the standard of right was with his personal will, but none the less as against Lutheran doctrines Henry was a consistent Catholic. He was fully determined to be master in his own house, but he could see no reason why the old religion should not go on unchanged under its home-grown Pope. Just so far as their appeal to scripture served to support him in his denial of any Divine right in the papacy, he was ready to favour the party of reform, and indeed on the 25th of June, 1535, he went so far as to declare to the assembled judges that 'the advancement of God's word and of his own authority were one and the same thing.' In short, we shall not be seriously at fault if we conclude that, both as regards Rome and his own clergy at home, he was disposed rather to use the prevalent cry for an English Bible for political purposes than to give it serious attention on its own religious merits. But the hostility which Tyndale excited had special as well as general grounds. Long established usage and ecclesiastical tradition had invested the terminology of the Church with a peculiar sanctity. To appeal to philology and the plain meaning of words against the rendering consecrated by prescription and association was to provoke intense repugnance in the conservative camp. And this is precisely what Tyndale did, though he did it in no spirit of sectarian prejudice. For 'charity' he substituted 'love,' for 'church' 'congregation,' for 'grace' 'favour,' for 'penance' 'repentance,' for 'contrite' 'troubled.' Not merely, therefore, was he deemed an enemy of the cause of order, but also a heresiarch regardless even of the limitations of good taste.

It remains now to offer some brief estimate both of our indebtedness to Tyndale's biblical labours and of the nobility of his character.

He did not live to give us a complete Bible. If we include the manuscript which he left to Rogers we have from his pen (1) the entire New Testament; (2) the Old Testament from Genesis to II. Chronicles inclusive; (3) a translation, published in his revised

edition of 1354, of 'The Epistles out of the Old Testament which are read in the Church after the Use of Salisbury.' But though not complete as regards the Old Testament, yet, so far as his work extends, it may be said almost to constitute our English Bible of to-day. Of our Old Testament it is estimated to represent, in the books which it comprises, about 80 per cent., and of our New Testament about 90 per cent. To Tyndale, moreover, and in some measure to Wyclif before him, we owe it—and this is a point on which it is impossible to lay too much stress—that the Bible speaks in the popular tongue as distinguished from the language of the Court or of the Schools. 'The style of Wyclif,' writes Professor Plumptre, 'is to that of Chaucer as Tyndale's is to Surrey's, or that of the authorised version to Ben Jonson's.' 'The peculiar genius which breathes through it'—the words are from Froude's eloquent tribute to Tyndale's version—'the mingled tenderness and majesty, the preternatural grandeur, unequalled, unapproached in the attempted improvements of modern scholars, all are here, all bear the impress of the mind of one man, William Tyndale.'

Finally, when we look at Tyndale's life as a whole, when we trace through its checkered scenes his unwavering persistency of purpose, the indomitable spirit that neither lonely exile nor repeated disappointment could quench, the unfailing courage that no persecutions, no plots, no intrigues could deflect from its appointed path, his rich qualifications as a scholar, the transparent honesty and fidelity, the conscientiousness and truthfulness that distinguish him as a translator, his faithfulness even unto death to the work with which he felt himself entrusted, the feeling is borne in upon us from every side that in Tyndale we have a man to whom we may justly assign a place among the great ones of the earth. Yet it was not until some three centuries and a half after his death that the statue which now stands in the Embankment Gardens, near Whitehall Court, was erected in honour of his memory.

Just a year before that death, and while Tyndale lay a prisoner at Vilvorde, a Bible from another hand had stolen unobserved into England. It was dated the 4th of October, 1535, dedicated to Henry the Eighth, and signed by his 'humble subjecte and daylye orator, Myles Coverdale.' No name either of place or printer was given. In respect of the larger portion of the Old Testament it was altogether new, and as a Bible it was the first *complete* version in English that was ever printed in this country.

Miles Coverdale was born in 1488, and, like Wyclif, was a Yorkshireman. He was attached as a young man to an Augustinian convent at Cambridge, but before 1527 he had joined the Reformers and was a trusted friend of Thomas Cromwell. This friendship enables us to some extent to follow the history of the Coverdale Bible. In December 1530 Hugh Latimer had written his famous letter to the

King, reminding him of his promise of an authorised English version of the scriptures. In 1531 Henry was acknowledged as supreme head of the Church, and the breach with Rome had become a fact. Tyndale's New Testament was already formally condemned and proscribed. It is in the highest degree probable that Cromwell, taking advantage of the flowing tide, decided to anticipate the realisation of the royal pledge, and commissioned Coverdale to prepare a new translation. Once more, therefore, did private enterprise take the wind out of the episcopal sails, and make Cranmer grumble that if the country was to wait till the Bishops were ready, it would have to wait 'till a day after doomsday.' At any rate, from 1528 to 1535 we lose sight of Coverdale, who seems during that period to have been quietly at work on the continent.

There could scarcely be a stronger contrast between two men than there is between Coverdale and Tyndale. If the latter be the Hercules among our biblical labourers, the former is certainly the Orpheus. Diffident and retiring in disposition, of delicate susceptibility, of great literary dexterity and resource, with a wonderful ear for cadence and rhythm, it is to Coverdale we owe much of that beautiful music which seems to well up out of the perennial springs of our Authorised Version. 'Cast me not away from Thy presence, and take not Thy Holy Spirit from me;' 'Thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth, and the heavens are the work of Thy hands. They shall perish, but Thou shalt endure: they all shall wax old as doth a garment, and as a vesture shalt Thou change them, and they shall be changed. But Thou art the same, and Thy years shall not fail.' Where can we find anything more perfect, unless indeed it be in passages scattered up and down in our Prayer-book version of the Psalms, which is almost wholly, or in the Isaiah of our Bibles, which is very largely, from the hand of this beautiful translator? But though contrasted with Tyndale in the main features of his character, he is also his indispensable literary complement, standing in relation to him as gentleness does to strength, pliability and grace to robustness and vigour, modesty to self-confidence, as the ivy does to the oak. 'There is, moreover, something very attractive in the unaffected humility, the sincerity, the frankness of the man himself. Tyndale's zeal to give his countrymen an English Bible was the consuming fire of his life. Coverdale tells us, with perfect simplicity, that he became a translator because he was asked to become so by those whom he thought it his duty to obey. Tyndale went straight to the Greek and Hebrew. Coverdale was probably no great Hebrew scholar. In his dedication to Henry he speaks of himself as having 'faithfully translated out of five sundry interpreters,' and these five, according to the high authority of Bishop Westcott, were the Latin Vulgate, the excellent Latin version of Pagninus (a Dominican monk and a pupil of Savonarola), Luther's

German version, Tyndale, and the Swiss-German or Zurich Bible by Leo Judæ and others (1525-29). And not the dedication only, but also the original title of Coverdale's Bible makes the same admission, for it describes itself as 'The Bible . . . faithfully and truly *translated out of the Douche and Latyn.*'

The Coverdale Bible as first published in 1535 does not appear to have received the royal license, though it had the warm approval of Church and State in the persons of Cranmer and Cromwell. In the next year, however, a revised edition was issued from Nicholson's press, St. Thomas's Hospital, Southwark, and on the title-page we find the words 'with the King's most gracious license.' Whether this license was prior in date to that given to the so-called 'Matthew's Bible' of 1537, it is impossible to say.

Tyndale, it will be remembered, had left his friend Rogers a manuscript translation of the books Joshua to II. Chronicles inclusive. The manuscript was first published in the version just referred to. In the summer of that year this Bible made its appearance in a large folio volume, printed we not know where, and in black letter. It is conjectured that, in view of the constant and increasing popular demand for English Bibles, Rogers and Tyndale may have been commissioned by some Antwerp booksellers to make a complete translation of both Testaments, in the hope that such a book, being based on the original Greek and Hebrew, might drive the second-hand Coverdale Bible out of the market. After Tyndale's death, Rogers went on with the work alone, and brought it up to Isaiah, when the capital provided in Antwerp was found to be exhausted. At this stage the English printers, Richard Grafton and Edward Whitchurch, intervened, bought up the book as it stood, and advanced the necessary funds for its completion. Rogers's name, intimately associated as it was with that of Tyndale, was left out on the score of prudence, and the name of Thomas Matthew, whoever he may have been, was used as a mask. This Bible when completed was dedicated to the King, and although two-thirds of it were none other than Tyndale's condemned translation, although moreover the tell-tale initials 'W. T.' were conspicuous on the last page of Malachi, Grafton had the audacity to submit his venture for Cranmer's approval. Cranmer, who can hardly have looked very carefully into it, expressed himself delighted with it, the royal license was obtained through Grafton's influence with Cromwell, and in the summer of 1537 the 'Matthew's Bible' duly appeared, within a year of Tyndale's martyrdom, as the first royally authorised English version. It was not a new translation, but a carefully edited compilation, of which two-thirds were Tyndale and one-third Coverdale. It is chiefly remarkable for the excessive Lutheranism of its annotations, in which it out-Tyndales Tyndale himself, and exhibits a characteristic contrast to the gentler spirit of Coverdale. Moreover, this Bible has a special interest of its

own as being the direct ancestor, through the Great Bible of 1539 and the Bishops' Bible of 1568, of our own Authorised Version of 1611.

The necessary limits of a brief sketch preclude anything more than a passing reference to the 'Taverner Bible' of 1539, which is not much more than what we may term a pirated Matthew's, and we come finally to the Bible which, unless we take into account whatever share he may have taken in the famous version of 1560 by the Genevan exiles, was the last of Coverdale's labours.

This 'Great Bible' of 1539, which for nearly thirty years held its place as the standard Bible of the kingdom, had its foundations laid, not in London but in Paris, that city having been selected as headquarters, owing to the excellence of French paper and French typography. Its history is as follows. Towards the end of Cromwell's career there were two English Bibles in circulation, neither of which could be said to give unmixed satisfaction. Coverdale's own version was not derived from the original Greek and Hebrew, and in its attempt to please both parties had in fact pleased neither. The 'Matthew's Bible' was faulty in the opposite sense. Its polemical notes gave it the character of a Lutheran manifesto. Cromwell was not slow to see that there was room for another attempt. Accordingly, in or about the year 1537 he commissioned Coverdale, with whom he had been closely connected for some years, to act for him not on this occasion as a translator, but as the editor of a new issue. The French printer Regnault was associated with Grafton in the preparation of the sheets under the license of King Francis. The revision was based on the 'Matthew's Bible,' but the offensive annotations were omitted, and in settling the text recourse was had to the best available sources. The revisers did in point of fact make considerable alterations in the text, derived for the most part from Latin versions, such as the Vulgate itself, Münster's Hebrew-Latin Bible of 1534, and the well-known Polyglot Bible, which, at a somewhat earlier date, was published by the University of Alcalá, near Toledo.

For a few months all went well, but on the 17th of December, 1538, the Inquisition appeared on the scene, and the company were dispersed as by a bomb-shell. Many sheets were destroyed, but some were saved, and Cromwell contrived to transport both plant and proofs to England, where the first edition was hurried through the press by April 1539. It bore no dedication, but Hans Holbein had contributed a striking illustration for the title-page, in which Henry is represented as receiving the Divine commission to transmit the scriptures to laity and clergy alike in the persons of Cromwell and Cranmer. A second edition was got ready by November 1540, and in it is found the interesting preface which Cranmer had prepared in the interval, and which has caused his name to be so closely asso-



ciated with the 'Great Bible.' It was this edition which received Henry's personal authorisation, on the assurance made to him by the Bishops that it contained no 'heresies.' No less than seven editions of the splendid and stately volume were printed before the King's death in 1547, and between the dates of the third and fourth editions Cromwell, to whose initiative and determination its production was due, had been beheaded. His arms, which ornament the first three editions, are accordingly erased from the last four. The special illuminated copy on vellum which had been printed for him has been preserved, and is now in the library of St. John's College, Cambridge. It is perhaps not generally known that our Prayer-book contains a special note announcing that the version of the Psalms therein adopted 'followeth the translation of the Great English Bible.' Close upon its appearance there came the Catholic reaction which marks the close of Henry's reign, and no fresh Bible issued from the press until after the Marian persecution in which John Rogers and Thomas Cranmer were martyred, while Coverdale himself escaped only by exile.

H. W. HOARE.

*A YOUNG LADY'S JOURNEY  
FROM DUBLIN TO LONDON IN 1791*<sup>1</sup>

[JOHN REILLY, of Scarvagh House, County of Down, Member of Parliament for Blessington at the time of the Union, married in 1773 Jane, the only child of Colonel Lushington, of Sittingbourne, Kent; their daughter Jane Heister, the writer of this diary, was born in 1774 and died in 1813.]

*Friday, May 6th.*—At ten at night came down to the Packet House. Mr. Dawson and Mrs. Benson (a friend of his) met us there. We set off in a little open boat down the river and found it very pleasant, being a fine, warm night, went down into the cabin; when we got on board the ship and mother played cards. We got under way at two o'clock past midnight, and then went to bed and were not the least sick, but were kept awake all night by a drunken passenger.

Saturday we got up at nine, went on deck and saw the Wicklow Mountains faintly on one side and Holyhead on the other; we spent the day very pleasantly on deck, eat heartily, Mr. Benson played the flute, we passed many ships in the course of the day and toward evening the *Queen* passed pretty close, we saluted her with one gun and hoisted our Irish colours; about the same time we were so near Holyhead as to enable me to take a slight sketch of the coast which is rocky with blue mountains appearing behind; a little later we had a fine view of the Skerry Islands with the Lighthouse on top of them and the sun just setting behind them; all the Welsh coast we passed that evening is bold and rocky but not a tree to be seen, we went down into the cabin after sunset, part of the passengers went to bed, mother and some gentlemen whom we had got acquainted with sat down to whist and others looked on, I began to net, a little odd figure of a quaker in a red night cap got out of his berth and came over to the table where we sat and began to preach against gambling in general, but particularly when we were in danger of going to the bottom, mother prevailed on the gentlemen to leave off and we sat

<sup>1</sup> [The style and punctuation of this interesting little fragment have been left quite unaltered lest any of the characteristics of 'sweet seventeen' of 100 years ago (long before the 'advanced woman' was invented) should be interfered with.—EDITOR, *Nineteenth Century*.]

down to supper; our party at table consisted of Mr. Dawson, Mr. Benson, a good sort of civil young man, Mr. Evans an elderly man, whom mother had once known, a rough good sort of quizz his son, his father said he was agreeable, going to the Temple, Dr. Thomas a good humoured fat person with very laughing eyes, Mrs. Collier a short broad woman with a cross countenance, but something in her manner which indicates a better heart than you would at first suppose and rather agreeable, a bouncing female Quaker who was very lively and pleasant, and Mr. Galbraith a young gentleman who wore a short blue jacket over a long grey coat, there were besides in a berth just by us Mrs. Thomas, wife of the parson, an ugly quiet little woman, too sick to eat, in another berth was a Miss Hoar, a tall, handsome English woman, who luckily for her fellow passengers was very sick, as we found the next morning she would have talked us all to death; there were many other passengers particularly Quakers; at ten o'clock we had finished our supper and part of us went on deck; there was rather a better gale than we had before, the moon was just setting and was a most beautiful sight; the Captain told us we were just crossing Beaumaris Bay; we did not stay long on deck but came down and went to bed at twelve o'clock; the ship was so quiet there was not a voice to be heard.

*Sunday 8th.*—I awoke at four o'clock and heard a good smart breeze; it was a little lowered at five and finding I could not sleep and wishing to see the Welsh coast I got mother to get up and went on deck; the sun was not long risen, we were near the coast, which had altered its appearance much since we saw it the preceeding evening, it was more cultivated but still bold; we were told we had got on a good way in the night and had passed the Bar of Chester; mother and I got into the carriage, and while we were there a small Merchantman passed us so close as to be near breaking it, some of our ropes got entangled with it, but we were soon disengaged; about eight o'clock while we were at breakfast it became quite calm and we waited for the tide to carry us down the river Dee to Parkgate; at this time we had the coast of Wales on the right, which had not changed its appearance that morning but continued a steep shore much wooded and here and there some houses; on the left we had sand banks; at a distance the Coast of Lancaster; when we got into the river it was much nearer but not a pleasing object as it seemed to consist of steep banks of barren sand; we were here shewn the mast of a ship which had been wrecked in the late storms coming out of Liverpool; it continued fine and we were carried by the tide at a very pleasant rate down the river; we passed a large Dutch vessel. After sailing close enough to the coast of Lancaster to see some fine houses we arrived about ten o'clock at Parkgate, but the tide not being quite in we could not get close to the shore, but went some part of the way in a small boat and were carried by the men.

the rest of the way. We found chaises on the beach to take us to the Inn where we dressed as soon as we could get the luggage from the Custom house; our fellow passengers soon dispersed; some of our friends went on in the stage to Chester. While we were dressing there came a Merchantman into the harbour (I suppose the one we had passed in the morning as it was coming slowly the same way as we were) on fire, and the whole time we were there they were striving to save the cargo and sink her. Just as we were setting off from Parkgate the *King* arrived in the harbour, it had left Dublin twelve hours later than the *Prince of Wales* in which we sailed, but had more of the breeze which blew up in the evening than us. Mr. Montgomery and his sisters were in it and Mr. and Mrs. Pomeroy. We set out for Chester at two o'clock with excellent horses and saw some coal mines at a distance and passed through Neston a neat little village. The country from Parkgate is flat and not remarkably planted, but the neatness of the houses pleased me, the frightful wooden ones also surprised me much at first, as they are striped and figured in a most ridiculous manner. The road is narrow and bad; towards Chester it grew broader but was very bad still. Chester appears a fine old town as you drive into it. We dined at the White Lion Inn with some of our sea friends, it is a very good one and the man who keeps it is remarkable for his fine carriages, we saw many quite elegant. After dinner we walked to King Street to Mr. Gray's; we supped at nine which appeared odd to me, but I was very glad to get to bed as I was very much tired and more giddy with the sea than I was when I was on it.

*Monday.*—After breakfast Mrs. Gray took us out in her chaise to see the town, we went first to the Castle, where we met Mr. G. and got out of the carriage; here we were first shewn the model of a new jail that is to be built after the plan of Howard's; there is a great deal of it done, which we saw from the room in which the model was, it will be most magnificent. We next walked to the inner castle yard, which is a fine fortification very high and looks down on the river Dee and has a fine prospect, we here saw the convicts who were working at the new jail all dressed in yellow jackets and hats, with chains on their legs. We then got into the chaise and drove to the East Gate, which is an extremely fine arch. We here got up on the walls which encircle the town and are broad enough for two people to walk abreast on them; there is on one side of them a small parapet wall and on the other a slight paling, and we walked along them for some way; though it is the public promenade for all the beaux and belles in Chester it is by no means pretty, only one peep of the Dee and its banks; there are here and there little watch towers which are now converted into resting places for the Masters and Misses of the town to flirt in; they were once used for a very different purpose. We next walked in the Rows which are piazzas under which you may

walk all through the town with shops on either side, they are like everything else in Chester very old; we next went to the Cathedral which is Gothic and very fine and very old, but in tolerable repair; what entertained me most were some little figures round the Bishop's throne, whose heads we were told had been cut off by Oliver Cromwell, but were found some years since and put on again. There is a fine tapestry altar piece, of Saint Paul; we then drove into the court of the Bishop's Palace, where there was nothing remarkable but the gate into it, a fine old Gothic arch. After dinner the Miss Grey's came home from a visit, where they had been for some days. Mrs. G. took mother and me out in the evening to see the Linen Hall which is thought a good one. She then took us to where we could have a good view of the race course which is small, but prettily circumstanced; there is near it another fine new arch under the walls. When we came home I was so sick I was obliged to go to bed.

*Tuesday 10th.*—Left Chester at nine o'clock, Mr. Dawson riding with us he had been so good as to wait to conduct us part of the way. As we left the town we had a fine view of it as it stands on the banks of the Dee. We found the roads bad, but were recompensed by a fine cultivated country, a good deal of planting, and a fine view of Besan<sup>2</sup> Castle; it stands on the top of a very high steep mount, which raises its head beyond the near trees, which together with some more blue distant mountains would make a good picture; it changes its appearance often as you go along and is in all points of view beautiful; we also passed a neat little village with a beautiful church, it is called Acton. We came next to Tarporley, a neat village, where we changed horses, but did not alight; the road from Tarporley to Nantwich (our next stage) is better than the others and lies through a cultivated country, but there is not much variety; we did not lose sight of Besan Castle till we had passed Tarporley some time. Nantwich is an old town chiefly built of wood; we did not get out there either, we next came to Woore, a small neat village, and next to Stone where we dined. The country during these last two stages had little altered, except once for a short space it grew more mountainy and in my opinion more beautiful; in this spot there was a neat country seat situated on the side of a small lake surrounded by wooded mountains; the postilion told us the name of it was Mear and that it belonged to some lady whose name he forgot. I now first observed the paling which I have admired so much all through England. There is an excellent Inn at Stone. We set out next for Wolseley Bridge, we passed by Lord Harrowby's, a little further on we were surprised by a man crying out 'Ladies, a gentleman told me to tell you the park which you are just coming in sight of is Ingestre Hall, Lord Talbot's' (it was Mr. Dawson who had ridden on before us, who had desired him). We passed it with great pleasure, both on account

<sup>2</sup> Peckforton Castle.

of the owner and the beauty of the place ; it is a large range of hills well laid down and planted with some pretty buildings ; it is joined by another place more beautiful, as the hills grow more steep and uneven with a river running at the bottom ; it belongs to a Lady Anson and is the prettiest park I have yet seen in England ; it extends to the sweet village of Wolseley Bridge and helps to beautify it, we got out there for a moment, as the Inn which is situated on the banks of the river looked so inviting we could not resist. On the other side of the village is Sir William Wolseley's, a pretty place, we got to a comfortable Inn at Lichfield about dusk, and were very glad to get soon to bed after travelling [blank in original] miles that day.

*Wednesday 11th.*—Went to see the Cathedral at Lichfield at seven o'clock, it is extremely worth seeing ; we first went round the outside, which is magnificent ; it is entirely Gothic, the ornaments wonderfully light, but many of them much defaced ; they are cut out of the same soft stone as at Chester ; on the top of the front there is a figure of Charles the Second, which is much newer than the rest ; there are numbers of odd figures, besides others almost imperceivable and some quite gone ; there are some curious old tombs ; the inside is delightfully fine ; they are at present repairing it ; the entire roof is stone and nearly all the ornaments light and beautiful, the caps of the pillars and everything carved in a degree of taste that would do honour to a modern artist. There is but very little painted glass and no altar piece ; there is a pretty monument to the memory of Lady Wortley Montagu. We then went to Coleshill this town has nothing remarkable in it. We breakfasted there ; our hostess told us that Baddington, the seat of Mr. Bromley, was near it ; the country from it to Coventry is uninteresting till you come in sight of the town, which you see on rising a small hill after a long flat, four spires appearing among the trees, three of them belonging to Coventry and one to a new little village romantically situated which you pass through before you come to the town, as we left Coleshill we overtook four men riding with twenty fine young horses that they were taking to a dealer in London. At Coventry there was nothing worth observing but Peeping Tom, a ridiculous old ugly figure in a wig and a gold laced hat stuck out of a hole in the wall. Our next stage was to Dunchurch ; though some part of the country is extremely well planted it is all ugly from the excessive flatness of it till you come within six miles of Dunchurch, when the road becomes very broad and good planted on each side with fine large trees which hide the flatness of the country from you and beautify the road very much ; they were planted by the Duke of Montagu. We next came to Daventry where we bought cheap silk stockings, which are manufactured in the town ; we then set off for Northampton ; first the road lay through a fine country, not so flat as the preceding day and

much wooded ; afterwards we turned off the great road and for the rest of the way it was dreary with high hedge rows on each side and not a house to be seen ; before we reached Northampton it was later than was pleasant to travel, but not so dark as to prevent our seeing the town as we came in ; it was by far the prettiest I had yet seen in England, the Inn we alighted at was very old and dismal ; we sat in an old fashioned large ball room all night and had a good supper prepared for us by Mr. Dawson ; there is a fine chime clock in a church just by the Inn, which chimes every quarter of an hour and plays *Britons strike home*, every four hours ; in the middle of the night we were awakened by it.

*Thursday 12th.*—Saw the outside of the Church, it is erected in memory of Charles 2nd, who gave a sum towards repairing the town and old Cathedral. Bought cheap laces, which are made all about the country. From Northampton we came to Newport, and from Newport to Woburn, a very neat town then to Dunstable, where we bought some hats and boxes of the manufacture of the town ; then to St. Albans, we dined there and set up for the night ; the country we came through this day was for the most part rich with fine seats particularly from Northampton to Newport ; from Newport to Woburn there was a great variety, near the former you mount a great chalk hill from which you have an extensive prospect ; up the hill you are attended by some of the people that live about, who make it their business with great mallets in their hands to keep up the carriage when the horses stop to rest ; for this piece of service you give them some halfpence. From this the road to Woburn lies through deep sandy hills which are all finely planted by the Duke of Bedford ; in this road you meet some romantic spots. At St. Albans Mr. Dawson left us to hurry on to London ; my mother and I went to see the Cathedral ; it was shewn us by the clerk a fine venerable old man who had been forty years in his office. The outside has nothing to boast of but its size, but when I entered I was astonished indeed, it is not so elegant as Lichfield, but the size and the great air of antiquity delighted me ; the aisle is painted and wonderfully fresh ; it is in compartments in each of which are in Saxon Characters I.H.S. The old clerk who was sensible and intelligent told us the abbey had been founded by Offa King of the Mercians, which is the more likely as there are some arches towards the middle of the aisle not in the Gothic order like the rest of the buildings but of the Saxon. Our conductor then clapped his hands which produced the most extraordinary vibration, rattling over our heads like thunder. Between the great aisle and the choir is the belfry where you stand under a large dome, part painted and part glass through which you look up at another painted ceiling ; from this you go into the choir there the ceiling alters, the compartments instead of the letters are filled with coats of arms ; as you walk up the aisle you go over many tombs on

which you see the marks of inlaying ; they had all been inlaid with brass, there is one remaining entire, but all the rest were taken away by Oliver Cromwell who plundered the Abbey and made a stable of it. In the wall on each side of the altar there are the burying places of some of the priors inclosed by great iron gates. Under the altars there are four niches in which stood little figures of the Four Evangelists in gold which were also taken by Oliver Cromwell ; we then went into one of the side aisles, at the end of which you are shewn the monument of Humfry, the good Duke of Gloucester ; it is only scratched out in black on the wall with a Latin inscription. The clerk then unlocked a door which leads into a place now used as a vestry room, it had once held St. Alban's shrine, which was of massive gold ; we saw the marks of six feet on the floor ; on one side of this place is a gallery of cut stone in which the monks used to watch the shrine every night, on the other side there is an iron grating for the people to look through at it, but there is a wall built up now, the grating remains on the outside, we saw it ; in the side aisle from which we entered what was most interesting was the vault of Duke Humfry, our venerable conductor unlocked a trap door which discovered a flight of stone steps at the bottom ; this had not been discovered till eight years ago, we saw the stone coffin which contained the bones of that famous man ; the old clerk told us that he himself remembered the flesh on the bones and the hair on the head and it had been preserved with some spirit which had evaporated when it was exposed to the air. In the middle of the ceiling of one of the cross aisles there is a rough old painting of the Martyrdom of St. Alban. There is also an altar piece in the choir the ' Last Supper,' done by James Thornhill, it is so much faded there is no forming any judgment on it. This great building is 550 feet in length by 60 in breadth and the height of the cross aisles 350. There is a great deal more than we saw now turned into a school. We remained at St. Albans that night and set off the next morning at seven for Barnet, where we found a good breakfast which had been bespoke for us by Mr. Dawson. From St. Albans the country begins to have the appearance of approaching near the great city by the superior degree of cultivation and the frequency of the villages and villas. We dressed at Barnet, and then set out for London ; the first thing remarkable in this road is Finchley Common, a fine green plain surrounded by the neat little villas of the citizens, just off Finchley Common we came into Highgate where the great citizens come out of a Saturday to spend Sunday in a little recreation. From Highgate you roll down a steep hill almost on London, which you now see part of it at least, and indeed even that appears to a person coming from the country a continuation of the town. About four miles from London we observed a soldier with a knapsack on his back, he had sat down on a stone and appeared quite overcome and so ill that my mother stopped the carriage and called



him over to her to give him some trifle; she asked him what regiment he belonged to, he said the 30th that he had been discharged for illness, and that he had long lain in an hospital in London unable to begin this last journey to his own country to die with his friends which he now scarce hoped even to accomplish. Where was he going to—to Liverpool—what was his country—Ireland—what part—the county Down—Oh! whereabouts—a town called Banbridge; he then described exactly the spot on which he was born, it was my father's estate and he gave him a blessing before he knew how welcome that blessing was to us. It was an odd and pleasant adventure to us and I hope a lucky one to the poor man who was enabled by it to pursue his journey more comfortably. London as we came into it did not at all surprise me. Mr. Dawson met us at the end of Albemarle Street and conducted us to the Leycesters, where we were introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Leycester and their son Mr. L.; and Mr. D., then took us to see the lodgings he thought of for us, which we liked very well; they are at the house of an agreeable French milliner in Duke Street, near all our friends. We dined at Mr. L.'s, where we were introduced to the two Miss L.'s, Mr. Dumbleton, Miss Pery and Mr. W. Lushington; the latter set us at home in his coach at ten o'clock as Mrs. Leycester was going out.

*Saturday the 14th.*—Mr. Dawson breakfasted here. Mr. Mrs. and Miss Leycester came to see us, also Lady Blackwood, Miss Pery, Mr. Dawson, Mr. Benson, and Lord Hillsboro' who desired us to go and dine at Hanover Square every day we were disengaged; he made us promise particularly for Monday and charged mother to employ him for everything wanted to be done; some time after he had left us he returned again and roared at the window that Lady Salisbury would be glad to see us the next day at two o'clock; Mother thought it would be better to rest this day so we did not stir out, and in the evening Mr. T. Dawson came in and Lord Erne.

*Sunday the 15th.*—Lady Hillsboro' called and took us to Lady Salisbury whom we found in her bed of state ill; it was her last day of giving caudle; the child<sup>3</sup> was to be christened in the evening, the christening suit was on the bed, it was most magnificent and ridiculous. I did not see much of the house this day, but what I did see was grand indeed. We next called on the Leycesters and there were two coachfulls to Kensington Gardens; on the way thither we went down Hyde Park which is far inferior to the Phoenix Park at Dublin, it was much crowded with carriages and horses, walking in the garden; I should have liked it better had I been more used to not seeing any faces I knew, or had known the Miss L.'s enough to make remarks on the strange figures we met, which were equal in oddity and superior in quantity to what one meets on a Sunday night at the Rotunda in Dublin; the Brownlows were the only ones we met there that we

<sup>3</sup> James Brownlow William, second Marquis.

knew. The Queens Palace which you see from this is by no means fine, but a heavy brick building; in one of the walks there is a pretty view of the Serpentine River but it is only the great quizzes that walk there. We went home with the L.'s to dinner, Miss Pery and Mr. Tilotson, another cousin of my mother's; in the evening we went to Lady Blackwood's where we saw Mrs. Ryder who was very low, Lady More, Mr. and Mrs. Dallas, Miss Blackwood and Mr. Fitzgerald; it was too dark to see their paintings, which I regretted greatly. We came home early.

*Monday the 16th.*—Miss Pery, Lord Clanbrassil, and Mr. Fitzgerald in the morning. We then went to pay visits; we were let in at Lady Londonderry's; I had never seen her before and though I had heard more of her than any one in the world, she greatly exceeded my expectations; we dined at Lord H.'s there was no one but my Lord and my Lady, the Marquis of Downshire, and D. Burton; they played cards till ten o'clock and then we came away; Lord Barrington came in in the evening and slept the whole time we stayed.

*Tuesday 17th.*—The two Miss Leycesters, Mr. Fitzgerald, my mother, and I, in the coach, and Mr. Dawson and Leicester, riding, went to the review at Blackheath where we were much entertained; we got a tolerable situation where we had a very good view of the troops, but did not get so near the King as we wished, we then went to Greenwich with an intention to see the hospital, and all that is worth seeing there, which is a great deal more than we saw that day as the gentlemen were impatient to return to town, however we were delighted with the chapel and hall, which was all we then saw. As we approached near this immense building, which is far beyond anything I had yet seen, I was struck with admiration and pleasure to see an edifice appropriated for so noble a use as for the support and comfort of so many old seamen, and to make the evening of their days, who had spent the mornings of them in the service of their country. The whole scene here pleased me much the number of little boats besides two large vessels sailing down the Thames, the richness of whose banks together with the magnificence of the building by which we stood gave one a great idea of the prosperity of the Kingdom. We first were shewn the chapel which is only just finished; the ornaments are light, elegant and well executed, those on the walls consist chiefly of paintings, either done by Cipriano or exactly in the same style, and where the light answers you might be deceived and take them for bas reliefs; in the middle of the aisle there is an anchor and cable inlaid in stone, the prospect of which is so perfect that though there is no shading you think the end of it quite raised off the ground; there is also a fine altar about which I ought to know a great deal as an old sailor stood up with a white wand in his hand and in an audible voice described to the whole company the different merits and meanings of the piece, but he was so tedious and stupid

that by hindering me from getting near enough to the picture, he prevented me from trying to learn that for myself which I never could from him so we left him to continue his harangue, and those of his auditors who had not patience proceeded to the hall. The deceptions here were in two colours, once thought wonderful, but I was glad to observe how much the style of painting is improved on; after the paintings of the same sort in the chapel they appeared nothing; the shadows are quite strong and harsh instead of the beautiful softness of colouring which deceives the eye so much in Cipriano's; the ceiling is painted in colours and much finer in its kind than the black and white figures on the wall, it is allegorical, and seems finely imagined, but I was so confused by the attempts to explain of another old man, who held forth here, besides our large party, that I could not consider it as much as I wished and hope to do another time; after seeing this we were hurried to town where we arrived safe but tired to death of the wind and dust which was excessive; we all separated immediately and mother in pity to my head, which ached sadly, sent an excuse to Lord Hillsboro's where we were engaged to dinner but the servant who had been sent with the excuse returned; he brought three tickets from Lady H. for her box at the Opera at the Pantheon; this tempted us and we determined to go. As soon as we dined we set off to Mrs. Leycester to get her to go with us, as Lady H. had sent three tickets, and then to the Strand which is near the City to buy a gown my mother wanted for the next day; returned dressed in a quarter of an hour, went to Mrs. L. who was not ready, so drank coffee there, and then proceeded to the Pantheon. There are now two opera houses, both supported by different parties, the Pantheon and the Haymarket, the former is of the court party and the latter that of the opposing; when the old opera house was burned down, they fitted up the Pantheon as a temporary thing, and got a license from the King; when the new one in the Haymarket was finished the managers of it applied also for a license which was refused by the High Chamberlain, (Lord Salisbury) as he said they did not choose to license two at a time, and as they had once granted it to the other they could not take it from them again; as there were some gentlemen of consequence who interested themselves for the new theatre and who were chiefly in opposition they thought they were ill-treated by the Chamberlain; party runs so high that there are many who would not go to the Pantheon for the World, though they must like it better as they are afraid to dress or act regular operas at the other. The Pantheon is certainly very small and is under great disadvantages from the stage being so confined, but it is altogether fitted in most elegant style. The scenery beyond anything I have yet seen, the only fault I could find was in the curtain that drops between the acts, which is a confusion of figures strongly coloured representing Poets and I don't know what Graces and Satyrs, Poets

and Bacchus, and dancing fauns and Tragedy Queens, Cupids and Furies Venuses and Hobgoblins, etc., a green curtain would rest the eye better after all the gay and tawdry finery of an Italian Opera. The first act was near over when we came in, the opera was *La Molinarella*, the music is very pretty, one actor pleased me greatly, Morelle, he plays with a vast deal of ease and hums and sings pleasantly; there was one beautiful scene of a mill going, and another of the inside of the Miller's House most beautifully designed and executed; the last dance was beautiful, I could not nor would not think till I had seen it that I should be entertained with a thing of the sort it was *la siege de Cythere*; the scenery, machinery, and dresses are most beautiful, particularly some dear little children who acted Cupids; little Teadore dances charmingly. At last after waiting a great while we got away; I was so tired I thought I should have died. When we came home we found a note from Lady Salisbury with two tickets for the ball at Almack's the next night.

*Wednesday 18th.*—Mrs. T. Dawson came in the morning and went into the city with us, where we went to shop, we met Mr. Leycester in our drive and took him into the coach and set him at home; we then came home ourselves. Mother dined at Lord H.'s but I was obliged to stay for the hair dresser. Mother came home to dress at nine and at half past eleven we called on Lord H. at Lady Salisbury's and then went to the ball. The room is very large and a charming one for the purpose but not ornamented with taste, though there was a great number in the room when we went in I was surprised at seeing so few fine women, there were some very pretty to be sure, but I have seen one or two in Ireland much more elegant than any here, and this ball was an extraordinary thing, almost all the people of fashion were there; it was patronised by the Duchess of Gordon; when I had said I had seen more beautiful women than any there I forgot the Duchess of Rutland who was beyond anything, and Mrs. Fitzherbert who was there. I think her handsome, she has a fine animated countenance, the Prince was not there, the Brownlows and Mr. R. Stewart were there; as I knew no one I did not expect to dance but Lord Hillsborough asked me just as we got up; before we began to dance we were called to supper but afterwards we danced a set and I found it full enough as it was long and crowded; there was a bad supper but we were very pleasant; about four we got away; our own coach could not get up so Lord H. sent us home in his; indeed there was never anything like his good nature on every occasion. It was daylight and a charming morning when we came home.

*Thursday 19th.*—Awakened with a dreadful headache and was too ill to go out with my mother in the morning; when she returned found myself too ill to dress to go to Lord Clanbrassils, where we had been long engaged to dinner; mother went out again to buy me a

book and then went to dinner at Lord C.'s, from which she went to Lady Salisbury's who sees company every evening. With sitting quiet pouring over my book and drinking coffee I had got well when she got home about ten o'clock and sat and worked and supped afterwards.

*Friday 20th.*—In the morning the two Mr. Dawsons Mr. Leicester, and Lord Erne came, we then went out in the coach, dined at Lord H.'s, where dined also Lady Stowell and the two Mr. Knowles'; in the evening went to Mr. Leicester's and accompanied Mrs. Leicester to a party of a friend of hers, a Mrs. Lawrell, the two Miss Leycesters were ill and could not come; there were some strange figures, but I had no one to make remarks to; we were introduced to Mr. Mrs. and Miss Lawrell. Mrs. Lawrell seems a pleasing woman; we met here Mrs. Gardner, Miss Porter, that was she, whom we had known at Sir Richard Johnstone's; mother sat down to cards; Mrs. Leicester was so good as not to play but walked about with me and introduced mother and me to Mrs. Lushington, and Mrs. Blackshaw, her daughter; we came home rather early.

*Saturday 21st.*—Mr. W. Lushington came in the morning; we went out shopping and dined at Mr. Leicester's; there was a great deal of company; I did not know any of them except Mr. Lushington, he gave us his tickets and box for the Haymarket Opera; he came with us himself and Mr. Mrs. and Miss Leicester; all these are violent Haymarket people. Without prejudice or any regard to party, for I should be very sorry to let party blind my judgment in anything, I think the Pantheon much the best; the Haymarket is much the larger, indeed its size astonishes you but it is not fitted up either as comfortably or as elegantly as the other. The scenery is I think far inferior too, but I have heard great people, even of the court party, say it was better for the other was abominable but that don't mind as I liked what I saw at the Pantheon much and great people are apt to fancy they are connoisseurs because great and ought to be so and their cleverness generally consists in abusing everything indiscriminately; there is no opera but the singers come out in their everyday dresses and stand behind a low screen and squall a parcel of Italian songs; the dancing at this house is what they pride themselves on and I hear everyone say it is better than at the other, but for my own part I am no judge of the mere dancing, and the decorations and the plot of the ballet I saw at the Pantheon pleased me much more than the Vestris and the Helesbery Haymarket; even Mrs. L. who was at both houses with us and is a violent partisan of the latter place agreed that she was more entertained with the former. What entertained me most here was Cupid in a little surtout, a most agreeable figure; after it was over we went into the coffee room for some time, and found it very difficult to get away.

*Sunday 22nd.*—Did not go to Church. We went out in the coach to pay visits; was let in at Lady Lushington's, found Mr. R. Leycester; liked lady L. mightily, a comical lively pretty woman; dined at Mr. Leycester's, where dined Mr. H. Leycester; went in the evening to Lady Salisbury's found three or four card tables, sat some time, and came away. There Lady S. gave us four tickets for the King's box at Westminster Hall for Hastings's trial the next day; returned to Mr. L.'s; Mrs. L. made us stay supper.

*Monday 23rd.*—Went to Hastings's trial at Westminster Hall Mr. Leycester and Mr. Dawson met us there. This hall is not fine but venerable from its antiquity, the roof is all arched and carved wood and one end of the hall is almost entirely casement, through which you see into another apartment which is lighted by a large gothic window. We were a great while there before the procession began, which was as grand as a parcel of ugly old Dukes, Lords, and Bishops could make it; they were all of them dressed in their robes, which are magnificent, and in my opinion graceful; the Duke of Gloucester came in the procession with his train held up by two attendants in scarlet and black; he looked very much like a Prince and I should have known him by his likeness to all the halfpence and guineas I ever saw to be one of the Royal Family. The trial was opened by Mr. St. John, who stated the charges against poor Hastings; this was very dull, as the subject was very uninteresting and it was delivered in plain language without much choice of words or any cadence, but I am told those who understand this sort of thing say that it was done very clearly. Mr. Hastings himself then got up and spoke; in an instant all were silent; he seemed greatly agitated; his language would have been good had he been more collected; he contradicted himself once or twice and spoke very low, he complained of the delays and said he saw no prospect of an end to his trial, indeed that he never expected it would come to a close; a little after he said he now hoped his torments were near at an end that he had every reason to suppose that his cause would soon be decided on, whether for or against him; one part of his speech was very affecting where he said that if his memory did not fail him he was then in his sixtieth year, that the last four had been wasted in the most painful situation that any man could be in, indeed he could date his torments still earlier from the very hour he landed in England when he was told that an attack of this sort was meditated against him; he also observed that there were differences of no less than sixty Lords since they first sat on his trial who had died in the meantime; Mr. Burke then got up and from the beginning of his speech I expected something very great but he got into such a passion that it was nothing but a continuation of abuse to poor Hastings and cavilling at his speech; he called him a murderer on which one of the counsel for the prisoner got up and attempted to interrupt him by saying he ought not to call him a

murderer without bringing proof of it ; this made Mr. Burke very angry ; indeed he said that when the gentleman chose to speak he certainly would not interrupt him, therefore would by no means allow himself to be interrupted. Mr. Fox afterwards got up and he spoke much more gently than Burke and with a good deal of compassion for poor Hastings ; at the same time he said he perfectly agreed with all his honourable friend had said ; that he thought that the public had as much reason to complain as Mr. Hastings if there had been any unneedy delays made, and as they had been deputed by the House of Commons as managers in this business he did not think they were answerable to any one else, nor would they answer at any other tribunal. His speech was short. Mr. H. then got up and made a short apology and said that he did not mean to offend either the Lords or any of the gentlemen. A clerk then got up to read the evidence and we came away, as there was to be no more speaking. We took a peep through a casement into the Court of King's Bench and the Court of Chancery which are exactly the same. I saw nothing remarkable but a parcel of old ugly figures ; nobody could tell me who they were ; we also peeped into the House of Lords, a large room hung with dirty old tapestry. We dined in the evening with the Leycesters and came home early.

## *THE PRISONS BILL AND PROGRESS IN CRIMINAL TREATMENT*

OF the changes which will be effected by the Bill which Sir M. W. Ridley has introduced to amend the law relating to prisons, the most important are the following: (1) It repeals all the statutory rules under which local prisons have been governed since 1865, and empowers the Secretary of State to make rules in place of them, and in relation to the subjects they deal with; (2) it also repeals the clause of the Act of 1865 which ensures that all adult male prisoners (with exceptions) sentenced to hard labour shall be employed on laborious bodily work; (3) it introduces the principle of a remission for good conduct and industry of part of any sentence of imprisonment over nine months, on the same principle as remission has been given on a sentence of penal servitude; (4) it also enables a person sentenced to imprisonment as the alternative of not paying a fine to purge a part of his sentence by paying a part of the fine; (5) it adds a third class to the two into which misdemeanants not sentenced to hard labour may be placed by order of the court, so as to give greater latitude in the treatment of persons convicted of certain offences; (6) it gives certain local and unpaid visitors, to be appointed by the Secretary of State, to convict prisons, the same powers as the visiting committees of local prisons, powers hitherto exercised only by the directors of prisons; (7) the repeal of the statutory rules of 1865, among other things, allows of a change in the treatment of persons committed by county courts for contempt of court in wilfully omitting to comply with an order to pay a debt, who have hitherto been treated under the Act of 1865 as debtors, although imprisonment for debt was abolished after that Act was passed.

The 1st and 2nd of these are effected by clauses 2 and 4, and by the repeal by clause 14 of section 19 of the Prison Act, 1865, which defines hard labour, and of the rules which form Schedule I. of that Act. These clauses may have far-reaching consequences, for they involve the fundamental principles on which a prison system ought to be conducted. They make it possible and not difficult to effect an entire revolution in those principles at the will of a Secretary of



State, although nothing of that sort may be intended under the rules now proposed.

I propose in this paper to offer some observations on each of these changes, and on some which are made possible and might follow if the views of some who discuss these subjects should prevail.

With a view to their proper appreciation it is for many reasons desirable briefly to recall the position in which the Prisons Act 1877 left the subject, as well as the state of affairs which led to that enactment, particularly because some of the proposals we hear made from time to time, and loudly advocated, are such that it is necessary to demonstrate that change is not necessarily progress, but that movement which brings one back towards the place one started from can only be called retrogression and may destroy or at least put in peril all that has been gained by years of thought and effort and by unstinted expenditure of money.

There are two classes of prisons in the United Kingdom—those for convicts sentenced to penal servitude, and those for all other classes of prisoners, untried as well as tried. The convict prisons, successors of the hulks, and substitutes for the transportation system, were in 1850, after going through various experimental stages, put under a body called Directors of Convict Prisons, who act under the Home Secretary. The rules under which they are governed and administered are issued on the sole authority of the Home Secretary. They are the outcome of long and varied experience, and of public discussion, extending over many years, in which people of the highest authority took part. Except in so far as different convict prisons are appropriated to special purposes, such as invalid prisons, all are conducted under a uniform code of rules, and speaking broadly every convict passes through the same course of discipline, medical reasons being almost, or perhaps altogether, the sole ground for difference.

The history of the local prisons, in which all sentences other than that of penal servitude are passed, differs entirely from the foregoing, and the point that is most remarkable about it is that whereas at present the advocates for thorough change favour a less penal régime and greater elasticity in the treatment of prisoners, to be effected by giving the local authorities more direct power in prisons, the whole tendency for at least fifty or sixty years was in a diametrically opposite direction.

Repeated Acts of Parliament limited and controlled the elasticity which resulted from the power of the local authorities to conduct their prisons in their own way, until in 1865 an Act was passed in order to ensure complete uniformity in the prison system throughout the country. To this end is prescribed in great detail the system on which a sentence of imprisonment was to be carried out; one of the principal characteristics of that system being its distinctly penal and deterrent character.

The Act of 1877 made only one or two very slight changes in the system prescribed in the Act of 1865, but those changes were in the direction of diminishing its rigour. The main object of the Act of 1877 was rather to ensure the Act of 1865 being properly carried into effect—and so further promote uniformity—making the treatment in all prisons alike by taking away from the local authorities such power as the Act of 1865 had left them. It effected this object by placing these prisons entirely under the Home Secretary, giving him power to make rules which, of course, had to be consistent with the system laid down in the Act of 1865 and had to be approved by Parliament. As a necessary corollary of this transfer of authority it placed the whole administration under him assisted by a body of Commissioners and its cost on the State.

The successive changes above referred to, leading up to the important Act of 1865, which may be considered as embodying our present penal system, had all been adopted on the recommendation of Parliamentary Committees and Royal Commissions, and these had their origin mainly, if not entirely, in public agitation caused by an increase of crime. The contrast between all former and the existing movements for a change in the prison system is in nothing greater than in this, that on this occasion there has been no public agitation or alarm on account of an increase of crime, because, in fact, crime has very largely decreased most notably in recent years, from which it would be reasonable to infer that the measures taken with that object have been effectual—the prison system and its administration among the rest—and some other reason therefore has to be found by those who advocate the adoption of principles the opposite of those which have guided all our previous legislation with regard to prisons. It is sometimes well to remember the epitaph on the man who was too fond of doctoring himself, ‘Was well—would be better, and here I am.’

It is somewhat important to make clear that the present system and the existing uniformity in our penal establishments are specifically required by statute, the final phase of a long course of legislation in the same direction, and after ample experience and discussion, because the advocates of non-uniformity and of greater variety—or elasticity as it is termed—in the mode of carrying a sentence into effect in order to suit it to individual cases, have given the present writer much more credit for the existing uniformity than he deserves; sometimes they have done so, perhaps, from want of knowledge of the facts above related, but sometimes because a certain class of controversialists find it easier to enlist the sympathies of the public by persuading them that they are attacking only the personal views of some individual, than if they let them see they are attacking the opinions of a great body of experienced authorities whose views are expressed in an Act of Parliament. Uniformity, in fact, has not been

enforced or promoted as they would represent from mere blind love for symmetry.

Prison rules should be essentially uniform for the same reason that laws are uniform. Each judge or magistrate should be able to know exactly the effect of any sentence he pronounces, just as a physician should know the precise strength of the drugs he prescribes, and if the reaction against uniformity goes, as by some proposed, so far that the mode of carrying out a sentence is to be varied to suit individual prisoners, it follows as a consequence that it must vary according to the views or idiosyncrasy or character of those who have to carry the punishment into effect, and the power of varying it, and this, it is obvious, must in most cases be the views of the governor or warders of each prison, who alone can study the individual peculiarities of prisoners. This is as if the druggist could vary the strength and quality of the drugs prescribed by the physician.

I have pointed out above that another principal object and characteristic of the Act of 1865 besides the promotion of uniformity was the distinctly penal and deterrent element it enforced. The penal elements of a sentence used to be defined as 'hard labour, hard fare, and a hard bed.' 'Hard labour' is a very old term introduced, I believe, in Howard's time as part of a sentence of imprisonment, but it had no very definite or statutory meaning attached to it until 1865, though no doubt it was intended to convey the idea of 'laborious' in the sense, perhaps, of the curse in Genesis, 'in the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread.' It has, therefore, a very respectable origin as a penal element. But as it was desired that this penal element should be compulsory, the Act of 1865 gave a definition of the hard labour that was intended by enacting that there should be in every prison means of enforcing 'first class hard labour,' defined as of the type of the treadmill or crank, stone breaking, &c., and that every adult male prisoner with exceptions should undergo this for at least three months if his sentence was so long, and it might at the discretion of the local authorities be enforced for the whole sentence however long. The Act of 1877 diminished the minimum period to one month, and the action taken by the Commissioners under that Act has been confined to carrying out the law of 1865, adopting and enforcing the minimum period allowed by the Act of 1877, but making use of such elasticity as is permitted in order to promote reformation among the prisoners by enabling them by good conduct and industry to free themselves from the more penal elements. This was done by the introduction of the system of Progressive Stages, which is now to be adopted among the new rules.

The Bill now before the House of Commons repeals the above penal clause of the Act of 1865, and further repeals all the prison rules made under that Act, so that for the future the rules of the prisons, the prison system in fact, may be whatever each Home Secretary may

make it. Although there are risks attaching to this important step, it is reasonable that the Home Secretary should have more power of revising rules than he now has. At present he must pass an Act of Parliament to enable him to make the smallest alteration from the prescriptions of the Act of 1865. But risks there undoubtedly are. In the days when hanging was a very common punishment, Burke said that 'if a country gentleman can obtain no other favour from Government, he is sure to be accommodated with a new felony without benefit of clergy.' It is possible that there may be times when a similar complacency may be displayed in the enactment of prison rules. When a Government is weak and the goodwill of every supporter or the conciliation of opponents is of consequence, it will cost little to oblige any such persons who may happen to have views which could be gratified by altering prison rules. It is true that new rules have to be laid before Parliament, but it is only in exceptional times that they would attract much attention, or that an address could be carried against a Minister's proposals. I can from my own experience testify that this is not by any means an imaginary danger, and by gradually whittling away it might lead insensibly to considerable alterations in any system which may be at first established, to improve or replace what now exists. The tendency to bring pressure with a view to this whittling process is evident already in the debate on the second reading. If the Act is silent, governors may hold various views of what constitutes hard bodily labour.

The point principally relied on by those who advocate a fundamental change in our prison system is that a large number of prisoners are found to have been previously convicted, and from this it is inferred that the penal treatment which is followed in the present system is proved not to achieve its object. This raises or begs the question: What is the object which a sentence of imprisonment should serve? The persons referred to would no doubt say, and indeed do say, that object should be the reformation of the individual offender, they set aside altogether the question of the deterring effect of the fear of punishment on those who have not yet committed crime. If this is left out of consideration I believe there are few people of any authority who would not prefer to preserve those who have committed crime from doing so in future by gentle and reformatory methods if it were practicable. But if this is to be the object, no amount of tinkering at prison rules will suffice. An entire recasting of the criminal law will be necessary, and it will be necessary to provide for the establishment of reformatories for adults in which persons without limit of age may be confined for whatever period may be thought adequate to effect a reform. The existing Reformatory Acts which apply only to young people fix the minimum period in which reform can be expected at two years, but the actual average period of confinement in reformatories is more than three years.

This is a most important point, which is always evaded or perhaps not perceived by the advocates of reformatory imprisonment. Reform is distinctly a process requiring time. To reform a person means to alter their whole habits of thought and action, to make the idle industrious; to train the self-indulgent to exercise self-restraint; to teach the selfish to respect the rights and wishes of others, and so on; and this cannot be effected in a few days or weeks by mere talking or preaching; the patient, if he may so be called, must be put to live for a considerable period among right-minded people so as gradually to imbibe their tone of thought, and form good habits in place of bad, good prejudices in place of evil. I cannot conceive that any person who has seriously and practically considered the process of reformation will not have arrived at this conclusion, and this being so it is manifest that, in order to give reformatory treatment a chance, laws which permit only short sentences must be replaced by others. Moreover if such laws should be passed, it would then be necessary to educate and convince all the judges and magistrates who have to carry out the law, that they ought to pass sentences of sufficient duration; and it would also be necessary to provide prison reformatories sufficient in number and capacity to contain the vastly increased accumulated population which such longer average of the duration of sentences would require.

I will not encumber this paper with a flood of figures on this point, but by way of illustration of the immense magnitude of the problem I will observe that in 1896 out of 148,148 sentences passed, 111,586 were for four weeks or under, 59,566 for two weeks or under, only 1,696 had sentences of twelve months or over. Could anybody dream of effecting in a month or a week that radical alteration in a lad or a young man of his habits of thought which is involved in the word 'reformation'—still more in an older man whose whole course of life has been passed among those who habitually evade or defy the law and have no principle or motive of action to induce them to do otherwise?

Our criminal laws were in fact made for the most part before the idea of reformatories was common, or at all events have been framed in direct descent from the laws of those times, and are adapted only to the idea that the period will be one of deterrent punishment—deterrent on the individual and still more as an example.

But, say the advocates of root and branch change, the penal system does not deter the individual subjected to it, and they point to the number of prisoners who in spite of punishment again commit crime. They ignore, however, the very much larger proportion who *are* deterred by their first punishment. The Departmental Committee in 1894 presented a return which showed that 70 per cent. of persons sentenced to imprisonment never are heard of as criminals again, and about half the remainder are cured after a second course of the

same treatment, making 85 per cent.—a very fair measure of success. So that the re-convicted part of the prison population is furnished by at most 15 per cent. of the whole number sentenced. On only this small proportion the deterrent system has little or no effect, yet the system is discussed solely with reference to the 15 per cent., ignoring the success with 85 per cent. of those subjected to it. Moreover against these failures should certainly be set the large number who are prevented from committing crime at all by the fear of deterrent punishment. Failures there must be, whether deterrence or reformation is the principal object a sentence is desired to effect; and in fact reformatories, according to the official returns, can claim no greater success than the above. Some of the worst convicts I ever knew were men who had been reformatory boys. What would be said of a person who pronounced the treatment at Carlsbad or Bath to be a failure because some of those who are treated there had to return again and again year after year? I venture to think that any health resort or system of medical practice which permanently cured 85 per cent. of those who underwent its treatment would be thought a great success, and would not be condemned because it only temporarily alleviated the diseases of some of the remaining 15 per cent.

Few people will deny that a long sentence even if conducted on reformatory principles has its own peculiar disadvantages, and that a short penal sentence is preferable if it effects its object. It should be sharp in order that it may be shorter. We should not therefore lightly alter on theoretical grounds a system which is practically shown to be in so large a degree successful.

The system of indeterminate sentences followed in some of the United States is the logical outcome of the adoption of the reformatory theory. The mode of reforming there seems to be founded on the idea that the mental and physical improvement of the patients will ensure the moral improvement, so that ample feeding, gymnastics and open-air amusements, lectures and education as in a college, constitute the discipline. The duration of the detention in each case is determined practically by the Governor as the adviser of certain authorities that the person who has been subjected to it is permanently cured of his bad disposition. The system does not seem to have 'caught on' or been generally adopted in the country which has tried this experiment. Without adopting any such theory as this for general application, it would, as it seems to me, be quite reasonable if it were lawful for the protection of society to confine for long periods those incorrigibles who persist in defying the law, on the same ground as lunatics are confined, and perhaps it might be found that such continued removal from freedom would not be altogether longer than the repeated short periods they are now condemned to. There are magistrates and judges who give effect to

the principle that repetition of crime justifies a longer sentence so far as the law allows them, but they certainly are not encouraged by the authorities; and there are also magistrates and judges who perversely treat each crime as if it were the first, perhaps even more leniently on the ground that punishment has been proved to be of no avail.

Those who object to the deterrent principle of our prison system advocate also the substitution of industrial labour for the 'first class hard labour' which is made compulsory by the Prison Act 1865. Few will deny that hard labour which gives scope to the employment of the intelligence by making the result in some degree depend on the use of the mental faculties is much to be preferred to the more dull mechanical sort of hard labour. But in this again the shortness of the sentences interposes an absolute block between one's desires and the possibility of realising them. It is obvious that only a small minority of the occupations which prisoners follow while free are possible in a prison, and many of them are by no means 'laborious,' and the shortness of the sentence prevents the great majority being taught a trade which can be carried on there. The consequence is that the hard labour has to be mechanical, and the Progressive Stage system, introduced into all prisons by the Commissioners after the Act of 1877, took advantage of this necessity by making industrial labour a reward which those whose sentences were long enough could gain by steady work and good conduct. It is some satisfaction to find that this system is referred to in the papers laid before Parliament as so pre-eminently useful and important that it is embodied in the new rules. There is among some an idea that a compromise between the necessity for mechanical labour and the desire, which cannot be gratified, for some productive employment can be made by turning the mechanical labour to some account, *e.g.* making the treadmill turn stones for grinding corn, or pump water. I cannot believe that the mechanical labour of stepping on a treadmill or turning a crank has in the smallest degree any better moral effect because the power is, by means of cogwheels and gearing, ultimately turned to some account—the labour in either case demands no intelligent effort, and can be performed just as well by an animal or a steam engine. A great deal of money may be thrown away on this futile idea, and the result as often as not may be that flour is produced at a greater cost than it can be bought in the market. But as the application of the idea of productive mechanical labour does no other harm than to waste money, it probably is expedient to conciliate the faddist to that extent. Not so, however, the desire to promote productive labour if it leads to the 'physically laborious' stage being sacrificed to the desire for productiveness, still less if it leads to a relaxation of the rule of separation of prisoners, and the introduction of associated labour in local prisons. This would be a fatal mistake. Separation of prisoners was adopted after long years of

discussion, and at great expense. It is in all countries admitted as the best system. The mutual contamination of prisoners was in former years known to be the source of a great deal of crime, and the reason for its increase; and whatever share our present prison system may have had in the great decrease of crime for many years past, it is quite certain that the prevention of contamination in prison has, at all events, prevented the increase which association used to lead to.

The repeal of the rules of the Act of 1865 will get rid of the anomaly that the Rules for Debtors made previous to the Act of 1869, which abolished imprisonment for a debt which they were unable to pay, will not be applied to the only persons who can now be imprisoned in connection with debt, viz. those refusing to pay when they have means to do so, and who are, therefore, more or less dishonest. These will be, according to the new rules, treated as misdemeanants of the second class; they will be denied the small luxuries of diet they can now obtain by spending money which ought to go to their creditors, and made to labour instead of listlessly idling away their time. It may be anticipated that this measure will produce a diminution in the number of debtors confined in prison, and be to the advantage of their creditors.

The creation of a new class of misdemeanants will meet a very natural feeling that persons who are convicted of offences which may be described as violations of social discipline, and arise in many cases rather from wrong-headedness than from any criminal motive, should in prison be distinguished from those who have committed more disgraceful crimes. There are certain offences which will come under the former description in which the offenders have the sympathy of large numbers of respectable people, and it is most desirable that this sympathy should not by confusion of thought be extended to offenders of the more criminal kind. This will be guarded against by making a distinction in dress and in every way possible between the two classes of offenders. In these cases, again, it is obvious that the reformatory theory of imprisonment is entirely inapplicable. How could an anti-vaccinator, for instance, be converted to common sense by seven days' reformatory treatment? By penal treatment he might be deterred and, still more, others might be deterred from imitating him. The compromise which some seem to advocate, under which imprisonment should in such cases be deprived of all penal elements, is as foolish as the conduct of the lady in reduced circumstances, who had to sell muffins for her livelihood, and who compromised with her gentility by calling them in a very low tone of voice.

The introduction of the practice of remitting a portion of a sentence of imprisonment for good conduct and industry in prison is a concession to some who think it logical that what has been applied to sentences of penal servitude should also be applied to sentences of imprisonment. But the anomaly, if such it is, will not be removed,



because remission is to be given only to persons sentenced to over nine months, who constitute a very small proportion of those sentenced to imprisonment; and a still greater anomaly will be introduced, because these prisoners will not, like the convicts, be discharged conditionally on good conduct, with a licence revocable if they should fail in the conditions, or under supervision, but will be held to have absolutely completed their sentences. Some very important authorities have objected to the systematic remission even of sentences of penal servitude, holding that the sentence the judge pronounces should be carried out, and not habitually set aside (see the reports of the Royal Commission of 1864); but the reason of the practice is found in the history of the transportation and penal servitude systems. It originated in the established practice that prisoners sentenced to transportation never were detained in custody for more than a part of their sentences. When actual transportation came to be less frequently carried out and penal servitude substituted, the nominal length of sentence being the same, the system of discharging convicts, before their sentences expired, on revocable ticket-of-leave was adopted. A sentence of penal servitude was therefore always on a different footing from a sentence of imprisonment; the one never involved confinement during the whole sentence, and the other did, and it will probably be found confusing when some sentences of imprisonment are not intended to be fully served, while others are.

It is not very clear what is gained by introducing the principle of remission into local prisons without the security of the licence or police supervision. Certainly all prisoners so released should *ipso facto* be under police supervision till the actual sentence has expired. Nor, although imitation is the sincerest flattery, do I think the introduction of the star class into local prisons serves any purpose but to create an appearance of uniformity. It was a very useful measure when very carefully carried into effect in the case of convict prisons, because prisoners in convict prisons are necessarily much in association, and preserving first convictions from contact with the more hardened criminal clearly was very desirable. But in local prisons, all prisoners are, or should be, individually separate; therefore, the need for a separate class should not arise.

The clause which enables a person who cannot pay the full fine, which would release him from a sentence of imprisonment, to purge a part of his sentence by paying a part of the fine is obviously eminently reasonable, and requires no comment.

The clause by which unpaid local visitors may be appointed to do the same duties in convict prisons as they do in local prisons has been referred to by some writers as letting the light of the outer world into the mysteries the convict prison walls are supposed to hide. These writers evidently are entirely unconscious that outside visitors

have let the outer light in for the last eighteen years, when they were first appointed by Lord Cross after Lord Kimberley's Commission.

As there never have been any mysteries to reveal, no great or striking *exposé* followed these appointments, which may account for their existence being forgotten, but they have furnished useful independent tribunals when clamorous assertions have been made as to the ill treatment of prisoners. The change now made will give them powers of punishment, and so will relieve the Directors of a duty they will no doubt gladly relinquish. But even in this the change is not an entire novelty, for under the Penal Servitude Act of 1864, power—which was, however, never exercised—was given to the Secretary of State to appoint persons to exercise some of these powers. Twenty years ago, when we had upwards of 10,000 convicts in fourteen prisons in England, some in very isolated positions, it might have been difficult to find local magistrates to attend regularly at all these prisons, and do the work required of them efficiently, for it must be understood that the whole of the discipline of these important establishments may depend on those who exercise these powers, and this discipline is far more difficult to maintain among large bodies of prisoners working in association, of whom some are very able and very mischievous and turbulent, than it is in a local prison where every prisoner ordinarily passes his time in a separate cell. Times are changed, however, and the experiment is worth trying; there are only five convict prisons and only 3,500 convict prisoners, a large part being more or less invalids or incapable of hard labour—they certainly are not so difficult to manage as they used to be—I don't think there has been an organised mutiny for more than thirty years. It should be remembered that this measure certainly will result in practically putting more power into the governor's hands, and it is possible that difficulties may arise from there being two independent authorities, the directors and the visitors both exercising powers of punishment for prison offences.

The clause (1) by which inspectors may be delegated to do for the directors of convict prisons the same duties as they do for local prisons is a useful change, and like the foregoing will relieve the Board of some of their present duties. There are some prison reformers who advocate the entirely impracticable view that the inspectors, instead of being as they are under the Act of 1877 assistants to the Commissioners, by whose agency they can keep themselves informed of the condition of the prisons and the conduct of officers, should be direct agents of the Secretary of State to keep an eye on the proceedings of the commissioners and directors. This proposal seems to contemplate the Secretary of State appointing as commissioners and directors persons he cannot trust to execute his orders or to give him honest information, and that to remedy this error he appoints other persons whom he can trust to look after them.

The idea finds no parallel in any practical organisation for the conduct of business, public or private, nor is it likely to find any countenance in any Bill framed by a practical statesman.

I do not expect that any change in the prison system under the present criminal law will produce any remarkable improvement over our existing system in the repression of crime, which undeniably has greatly decreased concurrently at all events with the present system. But, as I have already suggested, the power of making rules conferred on the Secretary of State by this Bill might conceivably, if some ill-advised theorist should prevail with some future Secretary of State, undo much of what previous generations of reformers have effected.

It is to the care and proper bringing up of the young that we must look for further advance in the effort to uproot crime by instilling proper principles into them at a time of life when habits and tones of thoughts are established. The Reformatory and Industrial School Acts of 1866 are probably the chief among the causes which have led to the decrease of crime; but it is admitted that they are now susceptible of great improvements, for which the evidence furnished by Lord Aberdare's Commission and Sir Godfrey Lushington's Committee ought to furnish guidance. It is admitted that their management is very unequal; and though it is not a case in which it is at all desirable to require uniformity of practice, the standard of efficiency of many of them might with advantage be raised. The measures which have recently been taken for more entirely separating juveniles under sixteen years old in prison, under sentence of a month or over, from adults, are of course in the right direction, though the total number who can come under these conditions is very small and their stay in prison very short. The difference it makes in the former practice has probably been exaggerated by those who do not remember that as every prisoner occupies a separate cell, and as juveniles have for many years been kept in a separate part of the prison and treated apart from other prisoners, there have been no grounds for supposing they were contaminated by intercourse with adult prisoners. The greatest number whom the new rule admits of being collected together appears by the last report to be seven, and as these would in any case have been kept apart from adults in company with those who have less than a month's sentence, the change is practically a very small one.

The truth is that most of these juveniles ought not to be in prison at all; and small as their number now is, it would be smaller if some of the judicial authorities exercised greater discretion than they do.

The great step which might be made in this matter would be to extend the reformatory system, so that certain young people over sixteen years of age could be kept for longer periods than the usual sentence of imprisonment in a separate establishment, in order that they might be for a sufficient time kept away from their bad habits

and bad associations, and subjected to reformatory influences, but without neglecting the elements of deterrence in due measure. It would not be desirable to add these older youths to the population of the reformatories in which the juveniles are confined. It is just between sixteen and twenty-one or twenty-two that the larrikin and the half-developed young criminal is most mischievous and most likely to exercise an evil influence on those who are a little younger, so that a complete separation between these classes is desirable, because in a reformatory there must necessarily be a great deal of association, which there should not be in a prison. A special establishment should therefore be created for them. The uninhabited convict prison at Dover is ready to hand, and would serve excellently for this purpose. The adjoining farmland, not at present very profitable, would furnish a great deal of useful occupation; and a good deal of mechanical employment in workshops, by which the inmates could be trained to various useful trades, could be furnished in connection with the construction of the proposed breakwater, to help in which the prison was originally erected. The convict prison at Borstal might also very well be vacated and turned into a reformatory for the older youths. A measure such as this would, I venture to think, constitute legitimate progress; for it would be developing a system which has been successful, and not upsetting it as some would do with our prison system.

E. F. DU CANE.

*E. MEISSONIER.**PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS AND ANECDOTES*

MEISSONIER, the celebrated French artist, is such a well-known figure, his works, reproduced by engravings, are so wide spread throughout the whole world, that it seems to me as if his name alone were sufficient to recall his image. A little man, with a thickset and powerful frame, a head of the type of Michael Angelo, a flowing beard like that of a river god, and short thick hair that hides a narrow forehead, one hand supporting a pensive brow, while in the other he holds an immense palette worthy of a giant's thumb, and robed from head to foot in a blood red Arab garment—such is the portrait he has left of himself in three pictures, and thus he is represented by Antoine Mercié, the great sculptor who has carved his image in marble, and thus immortalised his features on the façade of the Gallery of Apollo of the Louvre, in the gardens of the Infanta.

As a man he liked to create an impression, loved show and display, and thirsted for fame and distinction; nevertheless he strove more to deserve these than merely to seek for them, and honours came to him as to the most worthy. Correct in all things, he had a natural love of retirement, and led a secluded life in the country, at his lovely residence the Abbey of Poissy, and even after he became famous and wealthy, and had built the handsome mansion, *Plate Malesherbes*—of which the memory alone survives—his house was barred from intruders, his life given up to incessant work, and his doors opened only to true friends, chosen among the greatest and most worthy.

Of all the celebrated modern painters of Europe, most of whom I have been personally acquainted with, Meissonier's personality stands out as the most curious and interesting in regard to painting, both on account of his particular method and process of work, and because of his wonderful power, conscientiousness, and respect for his Art.

The man himself was extremely picturesque and living, his physiognomy and character invite study, and his life is full of anecdotes.

Meissonnier was born at Grenoble in 1815, and was the son of well-to-do tradespeople, who were, however, ruined by the Revolution of 1830. M. Gréard, the Provost of the University of Paris, who was a confidant of the family, has quoted from the class books of the Institution Petit of the rue de Jouy, where the boy was at school, the following memorandum, dated the 14th of June 1823 :—‘ Ernest has a decided taste for drawing, the mere sight of an engraving will make him neglect his lessons.’ The child was then only eight years old, but he already felt that he was a painter; however, after his family were ruined, the future painter of the ‘ Campaign of France ’ became a chemist’s apprentice in the rue des Lombards, Maison Menier, where he was employed in tying up parcels and preparing plaisters. At night he would stealthily draw; his father knew this and strove, but in vain, to combat this tendency; one day, however, his son boldly proposed the following compact: his father was to give him twelve pounds, and he, Ernest, would start for Naples, and take up painting as a profession, giving his word never to ask for a farthing more from his family, so certain did he feel of success. The father hesitated but did not yield; he consented, however, to grant his son a short delay, in which he might find a master and a studio. If he succeeded he would then be at liberty to go where his instinct called him, and should have an allowance of fivepence a day, with the family dinner on Wednesdays. Meissonnier, nothing daunted, at once accepted his father’s proposal; the first studio he went to was that of Paul Delaroche, at that time held in high repute, but into which no one was admitted without payment. From there he went to a certain Pottier, a worthy man of little talent, who as soon as he heard the young man’s plans for his future career said to him, ‘ I am dying of hunger, better be a cobbler than a painter!’ However, when at a second interview the young man showed Pottier a composition he had designed but not dared to show the first time, the painter, struck with admiration, not only took the sketch to Léon Coignet, the master under whom Bonnat and many other artists of our day have studied, but actually paid out of his own pocket in advance the price of several months’ tuition. Meissonnier was at that time about seventeen years old, and was beginning a period of severe hardship, although he never underwent the pangs of hunger like so many other struggling artists, such as poor François Millet, for instance, endured. His pencil saved him from this, for he illustrated magazines, drew headings for chapters, and, when he was able, painted small pictures. In 1834 he sent up to the Annual Salon and obtained admittance for his first painting, ‘ Une visite chez le bourgeois ’ (the visitors). During twenty years I had this small painting under my eyes, Sir Richard Wallace having purchased it in 1872, in order to place it as a companion picture to one of the finest works of the master in the Hertford collection. The *Société des Amis des*

*Arts*, already in existence, had thought this small canvas worth purchasing for four pounds. The painting is in a good Flemish style, somewhat recalling Ostade and Terburg, but the execution lacks freedom and firmness. Between 1834 and 1836 the artist devoted his time to illustrations, and found many purchasers; and among these a somewhat neglected master, Tony Johannot. Curmer, the celebrated publisher, was just then bringing out the famous *Bible de Roquaumont*, to which Meissonier contributed some designs, and he also illustrated the *Chaumière Indienne* (the Indian hut), besides executing any order he could get for ornamental letters, emblematic designs, tail pieces, headings of chapters and frontispieces; this work gave him his daily bread, for painting pictures did not at that time provide him with the necessities of life; moreover, each picture required models, a studio, costumes, and many other items which the young artist was not rich enough to purchase. It was to his pencil that Meissonier looked for his livelihood, and although his fare was often scanty, he was able to live; he himself has stated that in three years, from 1836 to 1839, he made three hundred and seventy-six pounds, that is a little over a hundred and twenty pounds a year. In 1838 the artist married Mdlle. Steinkel, the daughter of a well-known and very artistic painter on glass. He was now twenty-three years of age, and to enable him to start housekeeping his father gave him six silver spoons and forks, a year's allowance of forty pounds, besides paying a year's rent for his rooms. This was considered setting up a young artist in life. The newly married man had henceforth to provide for others, and it was by illustrating books that he was able to do this, executing series after series; all those he executed at that period have become extremely rare and difficult to find. All Meissonier's talent lay in genre in his illustrations for *Les Français peints par eux-mêmes* (the French depicted by themselves); *Paul and Virginia*; the first illustrations for M. de Chevigné's *Contes Rémois*, to which the greatest artists of that day contributed their assistance, and the *Popular Songs of France*. At that time he became acquainted with all the most distinguished novelists and writers: Dumas père, Eugène Sue, and Balzac, to whom he furnished the illustrations for his *Comédie Humaine*.

The painter, however, now asserted himself; hitherto his subjects had been dictated to him, now he chose them, and after a certain amount of hesitation, a few concessions to the necessities of life, and some attempt at religious subjects, Meissonier struck out his own line, and determined to devote himself to the reproduction of little incidents and *scènes de genre*, taken from the life of past days.

Costume formed his groundwork; and he frequented the *Marché du Temple* and the *rag fairs*, where remnants of historical costumes, cast off uniforms, cheap materials, and all the odds and ends which

transform a model can be found; later on he bought at a trifling cost all the necessary accessories and collected together the most extraordinary and varied wardrobe of all the cast off uniforms of the French regiments and of the Encyclopædic salons and Court of Louis the Fifteenth. Often he would purchase, in order to be thoroughly accurate, a piece of furniture to place in a background, or he would have the uniforms necessary for his drawings expressly made for him, or he would diligently seek for the weapons of his military personages, so as to leave nothing to chance or haphazard. •

This was his earlier style; the subjects he treated were simple: an interior with a single personage, always in costume, ensconced in a snug corner of a library or salon of the eighteenth century; a 'Liseur' (a reader), a 'Penseur' (young man studying); a 'Cavalier' choosing a sword; an 'Ecrivain chez lui' (a writer at home); an 'Amoureux qui écrit une lettre' (a lover writing a letter). Then he gradually endowed his personages with a more animated existence, and painted a meeting, confidants whispering together; and after these he passed on to a more vivacious style of action, in which he not only observed but delineated the passions. Each year, at every annual exhibition, the public would crowd round the artist's small panels, and he became so popular that a special constable had to be placed near his pictures, while the spectators awaited their turn to cast a rapid glance at the success of the day. 'La Rixe' (the tavern brawl) at last made its appearance; this was the famous picture given by the Emperor Napoleon the Third to the Queen of England; then followed the 'Bravi': two bravos treacherously lying in wait for their victim to emerge from a door in front of them; and then the little masterpieces quickly followed one another, 'La lecture chez Diderot' (a reading at Diderot's) bringing back to us the eighteenth century in its lifelike group of eagerly listening philosophers. This was followed by 'Une halte à la porte d'un cabaret' (travellers halting at an inn); 'Duplissis Bertaux dessinant dans la caserne des Gardes Françaises' (the portrait of the sergeant), and forty pictures of a similar nature. This was the artist's first style—the study of former days in their different aspects. Meissonier was still but an admirable delineator of anecdote, and a kind of archæologist who reproduced the customs, manners, and plastic side of a past century; but his work was so accurate in form, type, costume, attitude, and architectural detail, that with him it became a veritable creation. A few years later he made a fresh departure; hitherto his pictures had been like a kind of legal document, prodigiously exact, it is true; henceforth, however, the artist threw his whole heart into his work; his pictures became dramas, and he was able to make the spectator share his own emotion.

At the restoration of the Second Empire, the painter, now a master of his art, turned his thoughts to the delineation of military



life, and although he could not yet be classed as one of the *modern* school, his circle became widened. The French Revolution first inspired him; 'La Vedette' and 'Renseignements' (a bearer of intelligence) are the best specimens of his second manner; the 'Battle of Solferino' marked his first step in modern art. The painting is now in the Luxembourg Gallery; the artist had been attached to the Emperor's staff during the Italian war, he had been under fire and was present at all the various battles and picturesque scenes of a campaign, and this proved an excellent school for him. However, he was not yet converted to *modernism* and was still a disciple of the retrospective school; his larger works are faultless reconstructions. Created a Knight of the Legion of Honour in 1846 under Louis Philippe, he was made an Officer in 1855, and a Commander of the order in 1867; in 1880 he was promoted Grand Officer, and under the Republic the Grand Cordon of that order was conferred on him; he was the first artist to whom this decoration has been given, since its foundation by Napoleon the First.

Meissonier was nevertheless of an independent character, and although full of respect for the existing power, he formed no ties with any political party; his position was none the less an eminent one and he exercised an authoritative influence in Art. His mode of life was simple; he loved open air, home life, and clung to his own habits, leading an unconventional life, following his own whims, which often estranged him from the usual worldly throng. He was fond of sport, riding, indulged in original costumes, and insisted on freedom of action. Rich by the products of his brush, he was the first artist who in his own lifetime knew what is called big prices; for he received twelve thousand pounds for a picture which was afterwards sold for double that sum. Meissonier's signature was worth that of the Bank of France, and his credit was unlimited; he was always in need of money, and if he paid the interest on his debt with a drawing, a study, or a sketch, it was assuredly the lender who then became the debtor. This was the case with Alexandre Dumas fils, who was often his banker and yet never would accept money in repayment of his loans.

We now reach the artist's third manner. The idea of Napoleon the First haunted Meissonier; the hero had ever been his idol, for already in 1863 I saw on his easel a Napoleon on horseback painted in camæu for the English photographer Bingham, who was preparing the work with plain photographic plates, different processes of reproduction being unknown at that time. In the same month he painted another Napoleon walking alone in a park in the moonlight, while under the shadow of the trees a faithful grenadier mounts guard over him. Then he produced the sketch for the 'Campaign of France,' the embryo of his wonderful picture which shows the hero still great, although drawing to his end, riding at the

head of his marshals along a snowy and trampled road, thoughtful and gloomy, soon to be driven to bay and certain disaster, notwithstanding prodigies of valour. Meissonier painted this picture for the financier M. Delahante; it is really the first time that with the same scrupulous conscientiousness, the same search after truth, and the most perfect finish of execution, the artist inspires a deep feeling of emotion, and penetrates to the very heart of his subject. Once indeed he had already attained the same degree of intensity, when, during the insurrection of June 1848, while serving as captain of artillery in the National Guard, and having taken part in the repression, he sketched from life 'La Barricade.' The great painter Eugène Delacroix had been so impressed by this sketch that Meissonier gave it to him, saying that the emotion he saw on his face when he looked at this study gave him the greatest pleasure he had ever felt during his artistic career.

'I have dreamed,' Meissonier writes in the notes he has left, 'of representing the *épopée* of Napoleon, the whole cycle, down to the last disasters: "The Dawn," that is, the battle of Castiglione (1796-1807); "Friedland," the apogee of power and fortune; "Erfurth" (1810), the moment when pride intoxicated the hero and led him to his ruin; 1814, the moment when, under a low grey sky that hangs like a shroud over the disgrace of the favourite of Fortune, the followers of Napoleon, now reduced to act on the defensive, felt overcome by doubt and were on the verge of losing their belief in his star.' As for the fifth and last picture Meissonier said, 'I have it in my innermost soul. Napoleon shall stand alone on the deck of the *Bellerophon*, behind him at a distance the English sentinels, and in front of him nothing but the boundless ocean and spaceless sky.'

Such was the superb programme of the artist, but if he dreamed these five grand scenes, Meissonier in reality only executed three of them: '1807,' '1814,' and the 'Morning of Castiglione.'

• One last aspiration, little known to the public, reveals the height of the painter's ambition, and gives a correct idea of his confidence in his own powers. It will be remembered that the French Government had since the year 1874 undertaken the decoration of the Panthéon, and had chosen the most celebrated artists the country possessed to contribute in this work. The decoration was necessarily carried out on large proportions of a monumental character, suitable to the architecture of the Panthéon; Meissonier, who was more of a *miniaturist*, although his painting was always broad, was desirous of taking part in the great work; and a wall of thirty-nine feet on the left side of the high altar was assigned to him, to execute a companion decoration to the 'Death of Saint Genevieve' by Jean Paul Laurens on the other side. Meissonier intended to paint thereon an allegory of the 'Siege of Paris;' he has left a sketch of this composition in black and white, which he had transformed at a later period into an

'Allegory of the Glories of France,' from Clovis at Tolbiac, from Joan of Arc to Henry the Fourth, from Louis the Fourteenth to the First Republic, and the Napoleonic *épopée*. I had been appointed by Government to follow the different stages of his work, and I was at that time the confidant of his projects. It would indeed have been a curious sight to watch this wonderful little short-sighted man, with his blinking eyes, armed with his enormous brushes, attacking this great wall and those colossal heroes. But the old white-bearded lion did not flinch from the task; he made his sketch, which I saw, and it was submitted to the official committee for final approbation. Gathered around the painter, ready to assist him in the work, were his pupils: his son Charles, Edouard Détaillé, the best known among them, now himself a master of his art, his relation Gros, and a certain Alphonse Moutte. But the old man's health, hitherto so robust, gave way, disease wore him out, for he was exhausted by a series of operations, and death struck him down. On the 31st of January 1891 the great Master died at seventy-six years of age. Meissonier had been a widower and had married again some years before Mdle. Besançon, who has given herself up to the worship of his memory. As the possessor since 1889 of the Grand Cordon of the Legion of Honour, trains of artillery followed his coffin, and salutes were fired as for a conqueror; thus surrounded by a military display, which fulfilled his dearest wish, was the great painter of the *épopée* laid at rest.

#### THE HABITS AND METHODS OF THE MASTER

Meissonier, already famous at thirty years of age, spent the greater part of his life at Poissy, where his father had also resided; he had taken a great fancy to a picturesque enclosure pertaining to the ancient Abbey of Poissy, which he purchased. The ruins of the celebrated cloister which witnessed the colloquy of Poissy between the Protestants and the Ligue, represented by Catherine de Médicis and her two sons, are still visible. The house itself, already of a good size, soon increased in importance by the addition of a large studio opening on to the park, built especially for the study of horses and landscapes, and large stables and coach-houses; Meissonier finally adding a small mediæval castle for his son, in case the latter should marry. When the house was being restored a sealed bottle was discovered under the flooring of one of the rooms; it contained a folded piece of paper, signed by a monk of the monastery of St. Louis, setting forth that he had come to Poissy in 1697 to this sanctuary, in order to repair it and re-establish the order, in the name of the king. The good monk prayed that whosoever found the bottle would have masses said for the repose of his soul. Meissonier when relat-

ing the story always added : ' You may be sure that I have not failed to do this.' '

The artist bestowed the same minute care on the architecture of his little castle as he did on his paintings ; and the mouldings, capitals, friezes, and even the minutest details of sculpture, master-pieces of execution and patience, were designed by him. Meissonier settled there in 1845, and remained there all his life, although at a later period he built a mansion on the Boulevard Malesherbes, which with its cloisters, its carved oak staircase, mullioned windows, and immense studio, was as perfect a gem as his small castle at Poissy.

In 1846 I happened to be at the Château of Piquenard, part of which I occupied during the summer months with my guardian, Major Frazer, a personal friend of the great painter. My dawning taste for Art led me to take great interest in the artist's proceedings, and although at that time but a very young man, I distantly followed in his track. At this time Meissonier, who was full of whims and fancies, had enthusiastically taken to boating. By degrees he had collected a regular flotilla, of which each specimen, from the tiniest boat to the cutter or yacht, was perfect in every detail. His crew, on the days he went out pleasuring, was chiefly composed of his own pupils. As for the skipper, in his pilot coat and sou'wester covering his shoulders, his wide breeches and all the accessories of an Iceland fisherman, he quite looked the Jack tar, as he carried up the rigging, in the hollow lane that led from the Seine to his house, and rang at his own gate.

One day, as I was walking on the banks of the Seine, between Poissy and the mill at Vilaisme, I saw on a recently whitewashed wall a charcoal sketch representing the life-sized figure of a soldier of the First Republic. The perfect anatomical accuracy and boldness of execution, the style of costume as well as something indescribable, revealed the master as the improvised decorator. Later on this habit of sketching on walls became a regular mania of the artist. Between two sittings, as a kind of rest from work, the whim would seize him, and he would paint on the walls wherever he happened to be. The famous ' Polichinello ' he painted, as he himself said, as a joke, on Madame Sabatier's door is well known, for she had the panel cut out and framed, and at her sale it was sold for a considerable sum.

The staircase which led to another studio at Poissy must still possess, painted in oils on the wall, a ' Cavalier of the time of Henry the Fourth,' a Spanish bravo of arrogant mien, with his hand on his rapier, a reminiscence of the famous picture in Sir Richard Wallace's collection, the ' Bravos ; ' and an old whimpering ' Polichinello ' reading a letter. On the walls of the passage leading to this same studio was a ' Volunteer of the Republic,' of the same family as the one that has disappeared from the wall at Vilaisme, and a second

Polichinello, cudgel in hand, ready to drub the constable. Here and there, scattered about on the different walls of the house, were sketches of large dimensions, some of them three feet high. It was the same at his mansion in the Boulevard Malesherbes, and it is certain that when this was pulled down (it is now replaced by a house let in flats) care must have been taken, in cutting away the walls, to preserve the exquisite fragments and pieces, the products of a few hours' amusement, which have now become most valuable. This habit of drawing anywhere and everywhere sometimes assumed another form and came into full force on different occasions. After Eugène Delacroix's death, for whom—although the painter of the 'Massacre of Scio' had such a different kind of talent from his own—Meissonier professed the greatest admiration, the latter never came to any of the meetings at the Institute except on great occasions. Comte de Nieuwerkerke, at that time Superintendent of the Fine Arts, who sat near him, told me that his neighbour, hypnotised by the white sheet of paper which the usher placed on the desk of each Academician, would take up any pen or pencil lying near him, and idly draw a cavalier, a soldier, or a figure; then, forgetful of everything else as the drawing progressed, he would finish it off and leave the charming souvenir to any one who was clever enough to ask for it discreetly, when the sitting was over.

At times the act of drawing seemed almost involuntary, and the sketch would be made on a sheet of the blotting book or on a torn bit of paper. I have now in my possession three such sketches that were in Comte de Nieuwerkerke's collection. One of them is the reproduction of the principal figure in a picture belonging to Sir James Joicey. Many people who corresponded with Meissonier possess, drawn on the margin of his letters, charming little figures, running into the text, so that the whole letter has had to be framed. A letter to M. Spitzer bears on the margin a minute water colour which is a gem; and the 'Napoleon at Wagram,' representing the Emperor, on the margin of a business letter written to M. Boitelle, a former prefect of police, is as valuable as any small painting of the master.

I must also recall the habit the painter had adopted, in his mature age, of modelling in clay and wax small statuettes of horses in various forms of motion in order to study their different action. He had attained a remarkable degree of proficiency in this work, and had a certain number of these studies cast in bronze, which at the present time are of great value.

The presence of a young Italian sculptor, Gumito, well known for a statuette he made of the painter—which is a little masterpiece—had a certain influence on this habit of Meissonier's. These models were for him a kind of documentary evidence, a means of controlling the correctness of his drawing, which his scrupulous

conscientiousness and wonderful perseverance led him to make use of more and more as he advanced in years.

#### MEISSONIER AT WORK

It may amuse the reader if I now give the best examples of the conscientious manner in which Meissonier carried on his work, and the preliminary researches he made in order to place himself in the atmosphere and surroundings he was about to represent, whether he drew a mediæval interior, a Louis the Fifteenth salon, a barrack-yard of the French Guard, a village tavern, or a scene on a battle-field. The same accurate minuteness was by him applied to everything, even to the construction of his own house. In Paris he had arranged in his mansion corners in such or such a style, intended to serve as backgrounds, and they can be recognised in his pictures, from different points of view, which give them a varied aspect. In his country residence at Poissy everything was also arranged in view of his future pictures: the principal house was large and comfortable; on the top story he had built an immense studio, which he, however, soon forsook in order to paint in a glass annexe on the same level as the garden, almost in the open air. Adjoining this were the large stables, where he kept some handsome horses, which he was not always content to hire for the occasion, but which he often purchased (frequently reselling them at a loss) so as to have them completely at his disposal. After having indulged in a fancy for boating, which was a somewhat expensive amusement, he was seized with a passion for horses and carriages, and his coach-houses were filled with every description of vehicle—landau, berlin, victoria, brougham, and mail coach. Moreover, he gratified every passing whim, and without being ostentatious and aiming at being a sportsman, he went so far as to decorate with his own brush the panels of his carriage, painting thereon a crest he had adopted, ‘a faithful hound,’ with the motto ‘*Omnia labor*’ (everything by work). These panels were ultimately cut out and utilised. As he was now entering into the period in which he became enamoured of Napoleon’s genius, of whom he may be said to have been the historian, the painter having learned by tradition and from memories that at such and such a battle his hero had ridden a piebald horse, he insisted on having an animal of that colour as a model, and he commissioned a horse dealer to find him one, which he purchased for a hundred and twenty pounds. He acted in the same way for every different epoch, historical personage, or accessory. It may be thought that it is contrary to genius to work in this manner, but Meissonier’s conscientiousness would not allow him to paint anything except from nature, and forced him to surround himself with everything that would make his picture conform with time and place, real life, and historical truth. One day I was calling on the

painter Heilbuth in Paris, when Meissonier came in, carrying under his arm, like a tailor, a large bundle of clothes. As I expressed my astonishment he quietly remarked: 'It is Marshal Ney's uniform, which is uncomfortable; I am taking it to the tailor, M. Sombret, to be altered.' One would have thought from the seriousness of his reply that the Marshal was still alive and waiting for him at Poissy, in order to resume his sitting when his coat should be repaired. During his Louis the Fifteenth period the artist had required spangled satin coats, flowing knots of ribbon, perukes, shoes of the period, silk stockings, embroidered waistcoats, lace cravats, and he had purchased everything he wanted, even down to the *stras* buttons and dainty gilt swords worn at that time by the fops of the day.

When he took the 'Great Epopée' in hand, the master surrounded himself with all the relics of the Empire, borrowed from the families of the Marshals; he insisted on everything being authentic—costumes, arms, decorations, and even the most insignificant trifles. He borrowed from the Musée des Souverains Napoleon's famous grey riding coat, and had it copied by a tailor, with Chinese fidelity, even in its creases and frayed bits; and being unable to secure the original buttons, he had a moulding done of them and had them recast. Then, after having exposed it to the wind and rain, he kept the heroic-looking coat in his studio for several months on a lay figure, with the notorious cocked hat set on its head. Even the artillery pieces procured from the arsenal were kept for a long time in his coach house; and at the present moment a collection of sabretaches is being arranged at the Hôtel des Invalides, dedicated to the army, to which Meissonier contributed, by the donation of a whole series of uniforms on lay figures, specimens of the different regiments of the Imperial Guard, which had been for him instruments of his daily work.

Everything, therefore, had an importance of its own, the backgrounds as well as the foregrounds, and knowing all the bric-à-brac dealers in Paris, the painter could either borrow or purchase whatever he required. The beautiful water-colour, a 'Reiter in armour,' which was sold by auction at the famous Spitzer sale (his heirs realised about twenty-eight thousand pounds at this sale), bore by the side of Meissonier's signature a special dedication to this celebrated dealer, who had become one of the greatest amateurs of Europe. This 'Reiter in armour' was merely a sketch in a letter, in which the artist thanked M. Spitzer for the loan of a Maximilian suit of armour he had made use of in painting the 'Bravos.' When Meissonier painted Diderot reading, standing in the foreground of a library, he required the table, armchair, dusty worn-out books of the period, and he bestirred himself to find an interior of that epoch, with a panelling that would harmonise with his subject. For the

perukes he applied to Giovanni, the well-known hair-dresser of the *Comédie Française*, who was as well-informed on the subject of historical periwigs as an archæologist would be on the architectural designs of any age; and he would make any wig or toupee the painter required, without sparing his labour or time. Hence the fine specimens possessed by Giovanni of Meissonier's work, which Coquelin, the popular comedian, paid such a high price for, in order to enrich his small collection. Hence also the life-like look imparted to Meissonier's models, when his scrutinising gaze had become almost hypnotised by the object he was about to represent—costume, ornament, bronze, jewel, or superb hangings, borrowed from some amateur, which he knew how to tone down and blend with the atmosphere of an interior, and reconstruct by dint of such research and perseverance that it became a lifelike reality.

One day I entered his studio at Poissy at a moment when the master was absent; two of his models, two French Guardsmen of the time of Louis the Fifteenth, were playing cards on a bench. The first impression gave a complete illusion; I found myself transported in imagination into the barrack yard of the French Guard in the rue de la Pépinière, so natural an attitude had the artist given his models, so truthful and exact was their costume, down to the most trivial detail in the arrangement of their leathern belting. That day he was busy at a well-known picture ordered by Mr. Oppenheim. Another time I was invited to dine at Poissy to meet Heilbuth the artist, now dead, who was nicknamed 'The Painter of Cardinals;' on opening the front gates I saw Meissonier on horseback in an alley, seated on the Emperor Napoleon the First saddle, which had been lent to him by Prince Napoleon, the nephew of the sovereign, dressed in the green uniform waistcoat and chamois leather breeches of the *Chasseurs de la Garde*; with a small box of colours and a palette in one hand, while in the other he held a brush. In this singular attitude Meissonier was studying his own figure in a large mirror placed vertically in front of him; he wanted to obtain the exact folds of the garments, which the model failed to give. Philippe Burty, the art critic, told me he had also found him in this same attitude on a stifling summer's day.

All this may seem somewhat excessive, but the painter considered nothing too unimportant to ensure a faithful representation of Nature, and it has been aptly remarked that Meissonier's characters are so true and lifelike just because the fold is always in the right place.

#### STUDY OF HORSES IN VARIOUS FORMS OF MOTION; STUDIES SPECIAL TO THE PAINTER

As the house at Poissy had been adapted to the purpose of painting, so the garden and park had been laid out and arranged with a



view to carrying out the same purpose on a larger scale. The earth had been dug over, and dales and hillocks made, while parts of the ground were left fallow and neglected in order that they might represent a wide open country. When the artist wished to place in his foreground the person or personages of a military scene, whether an episode of the Empire or an incident in the wars of the First Republic, he would send off a few horsemen to the further end of the enclosure to represent vedettes, in order to get the exact perspective and to mark out clearly the figures on the horizon. The picture called '1814,' that is the retreat from Russia, shows the Emperor returning at the head of his staff over the rough broken ground, half covered with snow and torn up by tumbrils and artillery waggons, retiring with the remains of his *Grande Armée* before the Allied Powers; it furnishes the most striking example of the preliminary work done by Meissonier, in order to obtain an impression perfectly in harmony with the solemnity of the moment at this decisive hour of the hero's life. It was in 1863; the painter who intended to represent a snowy scene, was awaiting the appropriate weather to paint the road from Nature. Charles Meissonier, his son, a few days after his father's death gave an account of the scene to an art critic, M. Thilbaut Sisson:

At last the snow fell. When it had covered the ground, my father set to work; he had the earth trampled down by his servants, and broken up by the passing to and fro of heavy carts. When the track had become sufficiently muddy, my father started working in the open air, and notwithstanding the bitterly cold weather he placed his models on horseback; then, with prodigious activity he hurried on all the study of details, in order to get them finished before a thaw set in. Fortunately the weather continued cold; sometimes it froze and sometimes it snowed, but the same sad, grey sky, shrouded with opaque clouds, remained—the sky, in fact, necessary for the desired effect. After the escort of generals, Napoleon's figure was his next work. All the different parts of his costume were ready, and had been executed under Prince Napoleon's supervision, and rigorously copied on the authentic relics of the Emperor in the possession of the Prince. When the time came to dress the model, it was found that he could not put on the clothes. He was a stout young man and the riding coat was too small for the big fellow, while the hat fell over his eyes. My father then tried on the costume; the coat fitted him like a glove, the hat seemed made for him. He did not hesitate for a moment, but at once took the model's place on the white horse that had been sent from the Imperial stables, caused a mirror to be placed before him, and hastily set to work to copy his own outline and the background before which it was set. The cold was intense; my father's feet froze in the iron stirrups, and we were obliged to place foot warmers under them, and put near him a chafing dish over which he occasionally held his hands.

This was, indeed, exactly how I had found him in 1864, probably when he was either executing a fresh study for some new episode or continuing his studies begun in 1863.

In '1807,' which is generally called a 'Charge of Cuirassiers' or 'Friedland,' the Emperor is represented on horseback, in the middle distance of the picture, slightly to the left; the whole of the right

side is taken up by a regiment passing at full gallop in front of the Emperor, who salutes them, and each man, as he passes the mound on which Napoleon stands, turns round and rising in his stirrups waves his sword and rends the air with his hurrahs; while the field of corn over which they are passing is crushed under the horses' hoofs and the wheat ears lie scattered on the ground. This time Meissonier had purchased the whole crop, and had made a troop of heavy cavalry, lent for the occasion by some good-natured colonel, trample under foot the fine golden field. In the same way at St. Germain where the Imperial Guard was quartered, and at Versailles with the artillery, the painter used to follow on horseback the manœuvres specially ordered for his benefit by Colonel Dupressoir. On those occasions, bending over his saddle, with every nerve on the stretch, gazing till as if hypnotised, Meissonier would follow each movement, watching and taking notes.

At that date, towards the end of the Empire, from 1869 to July 1870, the various forms of motion in horses, which the keenest observation often fails to catch, had become a subject of deep interest to the artist; and he was determined if possible to master them. Already a kind of photography called 'the Revolver' was in use, and by it all the successive and graduating movements had been reproduced, but this did not satisfy the artist. He turned his garden upside down, established a ride with a little tramway running parallel to it. A good horseman, a model, would be sent to put his horse through its paces, at first walking and then gradually increasing the speed, while the master sat in a wagonette on the rails and was pushed along at the same rate of speed by a couple of men, and pencil in hand jotted down the action, the strain of the muscles, every detail of the motion and the different transitions. When he had done this for some time, Meissonier would pass on to the effect—that is, to the movement as a whole, and he filled several albums with this kind of documentary evidence. M. Charles Meissonier has given his recollections on this subject in the newspaper *Le Temps*: 'In order to study the trot and gallop of a horse, my father followed a similar method; we used to ride together in the early morn, on the road leading to Maison Lafitte, the widest and quietest around Poissy. When we thought we had got far enough away and were alone, my father would say to me, "Make your horse gallop;" and then putting his own horse at the same pace and keeping on the opposite side of the road, he would study each movement in the same way as he had done for the walking pace. The rapidity of the motions made them difficult to seize, and he would correct his observations by mine; when he thought he had caught the rhythm and successive modifications of the horse's action, he would stop and minutely relate what he had seen, adding, "It is now your turn to watch," and he would then set off at a gallop.

while I in my turn verified on his horse the movements he had remarked in mine. If our observations agreed, he would immediately jot down the result and show me the sketch to see if the movement was correct. If I expressed the slightest doubt as to its accuracy, he would make another drawing, and the final result was only entered as documentary evidence when we were both thoroughly satisfied.'

Meissonier's habit of constant observation was also displayed in the first interview he had with Mr. Leland Stanford, ex-Governor of California; who, armed with an introduction, presented himself at his studio at Poissy. After visiting the master's studio, Mr. Stanford, who was accompanied by his wife, asked him to paint his portrait. Meissonier, who had been disturbed at his work, refused, alleging his numerous engagements, and in order to show him how busy he was he took them into that part of the studio where his picture '1807' was in progress. Mr. Leland Stanford seemed to take a great interest in the numerous studies of horses, and his remarks struck the painter, who, astonished at the knowledge he displayed on such a difficult point, inquired how he had attained such a correct view. Mr. L. Stanford at last told him that he had spent several years of his life analysing by means of photography the different movements of the walk, trot, and gallop of a horse, and that he had still hundreds of plates in his possession. Meissonier, who had been at first somewhat cold and formal, immediately changed his tone and inquired 'which day he would like to begin sitting for his portrait.'

I have personal recollections about the '1807' picture which will serve for future historians of French art; they will give a convincing proof of the artist's superhuman patience, his unconquerable longing to do well, and his long and conscientious labour. During the war 1870-71, Meissonier, an ardent patriot, after having accompanied the army to Metz, where he was attached to the staff of the commander-in-chief, returned to shut himself up in Paris the moment its investment was foreseen. Abandoning his house at Poissy to the enemy (who as a matter of fact respected it), he had brought back to his house, Boulevard Malesherbes, all the studies which would permit of his finishing his great work, but work was impossible at such a time of suspense. On the other hand an unoccupied life or one of enforced idleness on the ramparts could satisfy no one. As Lieutenant-Colonel of the Mounted National Guard the artist wore the uniform, and always booted and spurred he only sought to cheat time, going from post to post, although fully convinced of the uselessness of his efforts. One day he even thought of escaping in a balloon, and he presented himself before the Governor asking to be permitted to go and organise the defence of the provinces. Sometimes I would meet him at the General Staff Office, sometimes he would come to call on Sir Richard Wallace, who like himself was shut up in the capital, mounting

guard over his artistic treasures, and also detained by a feeling of loyalty to his adopted country. The name of this Mécénas was soon to become famous throughout the country for his philanthropy in founding ambulances and in revictualling Paris. One day M. Francis Petit, the well-known Parisian picture-dealer, told Sir Richard Wallace that Meissonier was busily engaged on an important work (the largest he had ever undertaken) which might eventually prove a worthy addition to the masterpieces already in his galleries, his father the Marquis of Hertford having purchased fifteen examples of this favourite master. The painter in this disastrous year, seeing like everybody else his life and power of production at a standstill, M. F. Petit suggested that a sum of money might be advanced on the work, which had already reached a certain stage, and that later on the final conditions could be settled according to its importance. Wallace at once advanced 4,000*l.*; the war followed its course, and was succeeded by the Commune, and as soon as the city gates were opened the great connoisseur crossed the Channel, after having honourably upheld the name of England by his generous conduct towards the vanquished French people. Rewarded by the Queen, who bestowed on him a baronetcy, Sir Richard determined (while retaining his lovely country house, 'Bagatelle,' on the Bois de Boulogne, and his apartment Boulevard des Italiens) to settle in England, where he had just been elected Member of Parliament for Antrim; and to convey thither his Paris collections in order to add them to those he had inherited from the Marquis of Hertford.

Three years had elapsed when in 1873 I accompanied Sir Richard to the International Exhibition at Vienna. On going into the hall set apart for the French exhibition of fine arts, in company with the Prince of Wales, Sir Richard, Lord Dudley, Lord Cowper, and Mr. Thomas Brassey (afterwards Lord Brassey), we were attracted by the '1807' which was displayed on its walls. At first sight this admirable work drew a cry of admiration from our whole party, and M. Francis Petit informed the Prince of Wales that he might congratulate Sir Richard on being its fortunate owner. Sir Richard, who since the 1st of January 1871 had not heard a word from Meissonier nor of a picture having been executed for him, modestly declined the honour. The picture was then, if not completely finished (in reality it lacked but a few finishing touches in the corn trampled down by the cuirassiers in the right foreground), in a very advanced stage, and the execution was sufficiently thorough not to require any further work from the master. However, at the close of the Exhibition, '1807' resumed its place in his studio, and Meissonier, who always divided his time between a great work and one of less importance, while intending to retouch the cornfield and complete his work, let the time slip by, maintaining a complete silence towards Sir Richard, who on his side did nothing to break it. I must add

that the Channel divided them, and that each one was absorbed by his different occupations.

In 1875, that is five years after M. Francis Petit's first visit, the latter took advantage of a sojourn Sir Richard made in Paris, in his house Rue Lafitte, to announce to him that his '1807' was finished and was ready for delivery. It is difficult to relate the exact words, gestures, and tone of these two personages, for the interview was brief and few words passed between them. Anyway, Sir Richard assumed an attitude of surprise and seemed somewhat offended by the artist's protracted silence. No doubt he thought that either the intermediary agent or the painter might in the course of the past years have offered some excuse or reason for the delay, or at least have invited him to see the work, or have spoken about it. The painter on his side, conscious that he was in the right and could give an excellent reason for his conduct, probably thought it just as strange—being what he was and having already shown the value and force of his work by exhibiting it in 1873 at Vienna—that the amateur for whom it was intended should never have displayed any curiosity about it. In a word there was a misunderstanding, and as each of the interested parties retained his own opinion, feeling certain that he had right on his side, the misunderstanding was never cleared up. After this interview M. Francis Petit considered himself free, and signed a cheque for 4,000*l.* payable to Sir Richard, thus returning the sum that had been originally advanced. Taking possession of the picture '1807,' he at once offered it by telegraph to a customer of his, Mr. Stewart of New York, for the sum of 12,000*l.*, just treble the sum advanced in 1871. At the present day the painting, bequeathed by its purchaser to the city of Boston, is installed in the place of honour of that city.

Ten years after this episode, Meissonier, who had reached the age of seventy, was desirous of celebrating his golden wedding with art, and wished to gather together all his works (or as many as possible) in Mr. Georges Petit's exhibition rooms, Rue de Sèze. The artist's idea was to set before the public fifty years of uninterrupted work, from the Alpha, that is, 'The Visit to the Burgomaster'—his first picture exhibited at the Salon in 1834—down to the Omega, his last picture of '1807,' and the 'Morning of the Battle of Castiglione.' As an excuse for his glorification of his own talent and person, Meissonier declared that the produce of the exhibition would be handed over to the Society for Night Refugees.

The negotiations were difficult, the works being scattered all over Europe and America, and the sacrifices necessitated in order to guarantee the safety of the pictures which had to cross the seas, and to run certain risks that might be foreseen and which the possessors might insist on being made good, nearly led to the failure of the plan. On all sides the utmost liberality was displayed: the

financier M. Delahante lent '1814,' Mr. Van Praet, the Belgian Secretary of State, lent the 'Barricade,' Baron Edmund Rothschild sent 'La lecture chez Diderot' (a reading at Diderot's), Alexandre Dumas 'Le peintre dans son atelier' (the painter at his easel); and soon most of the amateurs of Europe seemed to look upon it as a duty to give the master at the close of his life the joy of throwing a glance over fifty years' work, and to pass in review the different stages of his career. When they appealed to the English collectors, Sir Richard Wallace, who possessed fifteen works of this artist, refused to lend any. Meissonier, who considered that this collection contained two or three of his best works, was deeply wounded by this refusal; and a few days later I received the following letter from Alexandre Dumas:

My dear friend,—Meissonier tells me that Sir Richard Wallace refuses to lend his pictures for the Exhibition on the 15th of May; try and persuade him. A man of his position should not be influenced by such petty spite, and his refusal will assume that regrettable character in public opinion. I am writing to you without Meissonier's knowledge, but I assure you quite as much in the interest of Sir Richard, with whom I am not acquainted, as in that of the painter, whom I do know and like. Both men will belong to posterity. Imagine, a hundred years hence, an Yriarte writing a life of Meissonier—as you have written that of the painter Goya—and adding to it the life of a London patrician, just as you have written the *Life of a Patrician of Venice*, and stating that this London patrician refused to lend his pictures to the Painter of France, for an exhibition of the works covering the whole of his artistic career—an exhibition held at the close of his life. You would blame such conduct as much a hundred years hence as to-day. Prevent this if possible.

Yours always,  
A. DUMAS.

It was easy to say but not so easy to do; although Sir Richard was a kind-hearted man and capable of noble impulses. I will only quote one word of his answer, in reply to the urgent appeal I made; it was on the whole satisfactory, for he concluded his letter by saying 'Remember that you are making me do what I do not wish to do.' M. Georges Petit, who had succeeded his father, thereupon started for London, and brought back six of the best pictures, chosen by the painter out of the sixteen in Sir Richard's possession. The Queen of England consented to lend 'La Rixe' (the tavern brawl), and the Luxembourg Museum was by special decree authorised to lend the 'Battle of Solferino.' Henceforth the day was won.

I must add that either in 1874 or 1875 I was the spectator of a strange scene in Meissonier's studio at Poissy, which thoroughly explained the delay in the delivery of '1807,' which to all intents and purposes was finished in 1873, when shown at the Vienna Exhibition. When I entered the studio, the picture, returned from Vienna, was again placed upon the easel. The whole of the right wing of the squadron which is rushing like a torrent over the corn-

field in an entanglement of men and horses, a confused mass of legs, arms, and heads, had been painted out ; and on a piece of canvas paper stuck over this, Meissonier was patiently repainting the subject. He told me that the squadron was too much in the front and that the Imperial group did not in consequence stand out sufficiently. However, the picture as exhibited in 1873 had seemed so perfect a composition that not even the most severe judges had been able to find fault with it ; yet Meissonier after a year's absence, on seeing it afresh, with rested eye and brain, at once detected where an improvement could be made, and simply explained to us that the three inches gained on the right would enhance the interest of the general effect. This reconstruction represented six months of assiduous work, which a less conscientious painter would have shirked. Such was his respect for his work, his solicitude for the future, and, it may be said, such was his anxiety about the opinion of posterity !

The glorious anniversary celebrated by this exhibition seemed to endow the master with renewed strength ; at the age of seventy-three he painted 'The Morning of Castiglione' and the following year, continuing the *Epopee*, he painted 'Rivoli.' At a still later date he sketched out 'Les Fastes de la France' (the glories of France), the first conception for the monumental composition that he wished to display on the walls of the Panthéon, as an audacious contrast to his minute masterpieces. But the brush fell from the hand of the great artist, whose body was indeed conquered, but whose mind remained clear and strong, and whose enthusiasm for Art and for the Great *Epopee* he had striven to revive remained predominant to the end of his days.

CHARLES YRIARTE.

.THE ROMANCE OF  
AN ANCIENT CITY CHURCH

CLOSE by the Tower of London, to name an ancient landmark, and to name the most conspicuous modern one, immediately under the vast and hideous pile of buildings which bears the sky-sign of the Mazawattee Tea Company, lies one of the eight old churches of the City which escaped the Great Fire of London.

Any observant person issuing out of Mark Lane Station on the underground railway, exactly opposite, would now be struck by the graceful and dignified porch, with a chamber over it, which Mr. Pearson has recently added to the building, adorned with figures of the Blessed Virgin and Child, of St. Elthelburga, and of Bishop Andrewes; behind which rises the dull red brick tower—one of the few attempts at ecclesiastical building in the time of the Commonwealth. Danckerts' panorama of London, made in 1637, gives a pleasing impression of the former old tower, with its short spire. This was destroyed, a few years after that panorama was printed, by a great explosion of gunpowder in the adjoining street, which, while it killed some scores of people, is said to have deposited a little girl in a cradle, unhurt, upon the roof of the church.

The great fire of 1666 swept round the building, destroyed the parsonage-house which touched it, and burned the porch and the dial, but was there stopped. Its course was arrested by the efforts of Sir William Penn, the father of the famous Quaker, who was himself christened in Allhallows Barking, and was disowned by Sir William when he disowned the church of his baptism. Pepys, who lived in Seething Lane close by, records in his diary how his wife called him up at two in the morning, in alarm at the fire 'being come to Barking Church.'

As soon as you enter, you are struck with the old-world character of the place, which, it is to be hoped, will never be lost at the restorer's hands. The nave is Norman in character, though in the seventeenth century, for some reason, they raised and altered the capitals of the piers, and changed the shape of the arches supported by them. One pier and arch remain, to show what they all used to be, in a



portion of the church which was for long used as a coal-hole, but is now made into an excellent choir vestry. The chancel, on the other hand, is a very pretty specimen of deeply moulded Perpendicular work—no doubt erected about the time of Richard the Third.

The first thing which catches the eye inside the church is the lofty oak pulpit of James the First's reign, with its noble sounding-board, or 'pulpit head,' as it used to be called, of twenty-five years later. The Vestry Minutes record in 1638 an injunction to the churchwardens to 'take care a new pulpitt hedd be made, in regarde that the old one is too small.' Those churchwardens did their duty well. There swings out from the half Norman half Perpendicular pillar the great carved hexagonal canopy, and on each face of it, in gilt letters, is a text. Inferior artists would have put a variety of nice texts on the different faces, but this artist found one good text, and he keeps to it. With quaint abbreviations, and a mixture of Greek characters with the Roman, he has written up—'Xpm prædicam crucifixum.' Whether the preacher in that pulpit looks south or west, or east, his one subject is to be Christ crucified.

Like most of the City churches, Barking Church has plenty of handsome woodwork besides the pulpit. There is a fine carved parclose at the back of the church behind the old pews of the parish officers, and another carved screen between the nave and chancel. The altar, which is enclosed by a handsome square balustrade of brass (put up in 1750), and is itself an excellent piece of oak carving, with an inlaid top, is backed by a good reredos, into which are let, along with oil paintings of Moses and Aaron, scrolls and festoons of lime wood from the hand of Grinling Gibbons, who also made the cover of the font. Upon the screen across the chancel stand up three of those sword-rests which form so marked a feature of the City churches, and which are so puzzling to the uninstructed visitor. In former times the Lord Mayor used to attend some church in the City in state every Sunday; and the parish to which the Lord Mayor belonged often testified its pride by erecting for him in his official pew a stand for his state sword. But no church in the City has such fine hammered Sussex ironwork as the sword-rests in Allhallows Barking of the Lord Mayors John Chitty and Slingsby Bethell, and even these sword-rests are not so fine as the hand-rail to the pulpit, or an elaborate hat-peg close by, where some great merchant must have had his pew.

The floor of the church is all strewn with brasses, well known to antiquaries. So many people come to rub them, that since a small charge has been made, they bring in quite a little income to the restoration fund. The finest of them is a Flemish brass of the first half of the sixteenth century, representing, against a background of arches and foliage, a merchant named Evyngar and his wife, with their children; and overhead an exquisitely graceful *pietà*. The few firm

lines of this brass, not like the conventional stiffness of most of the other brasses, give a lifelike portrait of the good couple who lie below ; and the drawing, as has been well said, might have come from the hand of Memling. There, as in most of the other brasses in the church, rude hands have hacked out the request that the charitable would pray for mercy on the souls of Andrew and Ellen Evyngar.

So much for the building of Allhallows Barking and its furniture, now for something of its history. And first, why is it called Allhallows Barking ? All who read this paper must make a pilgrimage before long to see the church ; but, unless they have much time to spare, they had better not take ticket for Barking town, as many pilgrims to it have done before now. That would take them eight miles away from the Tower of London and Allhallows. The connection with the town of Barking is not geographical but antiquarian. Many of the City churches past and present have surnames, like St. Benet Fink, St. Andrew Hubbard, St. Margaret Moses, St. Martin Pomeroy. These surnames are those of the lords on whose manors they stood. Allhallows Barking takes its surname, not from a secular lord, but from a great religious establishment with which it was connected. The origin of the connection is not easy to trace, but it seems to have been of this kind. One of the most celebrated English saints of the seventh century, St. Erkenwald, afterwards Bishop of London, who became the tutelary of the diocese, founded a convent at Barking in Essex, and made his own sister, St. Ethelburga, the first abbess of it, as may be read in Bede. It is presumed that the fifteen acres which constitute the parish of Allhallows belonged to St. Erkenwald, and that the manorial rights over them, and the tithes, were part of his endowment for the magnificent foundation. At any rate, as far back as the reign of Stephen the parish is called Barking Church ; and though at that time the advowson was in other hands—those of the Cathedral Chapter of Rochester—it passed, or passed back, at an early time to the convent at Barking, who founded the vicarage in 1387. Over the new porch of the church are carved the arms of the See of London on the one side, and those of the convent of Barking on the other, to commemorate its connection with St. Erkenwald and St. Ethelburga. The name is one to be proud of, and old-fashioned people who have lived long in Allhallows parish always boast of being ‘regular Barking people.’ The abbesses of Barking were mitred abbesses, only second to those of Shaftesbury. They were reckoned as peeresses of the realm. One of the deeds by which Henry the Second sought to make reparation for the murder of Thomas Becket was to appoint his sister, Mary, abbess of Barking. The last abbess was one Dorothy Barley, who surrendered her house to Henry the Eighth. Only one gateway of it now stands ; but I saw a man at Barking some years ago who informed me that he had himself pulled down another. When I told this to a friend, the friend

immediately asked, 'Where did you bury him?' and, indeed, I humbly crave forgiveness for having been so paralysed by this announcement that I did not lynch him then and there.

The chief interest of the place, however, in the middle ages lay rather in another direction than than of Barking Convent. The Tower of London was anciently not only a fortress, to overawe the proud city outside which it lay, it was also a royal residence. The Church of Allhallows profited by the neighbourhood of our kings. The first royal benefactor on record was the adventurous Richard Cœur de Lion. He was the founder of 'a fair chapel' on the north side of the church, which was destined for many years to be the most famous part of the building. It is maintained at Barking that the Lion Heart was deposited under the altar of this chapel, and that the so-called heart at Rouen is a fraud and an imposture. It is true that Matthew Paris, who is usually well informed, says that Richard willed that his heart should be buried at Rouen, and quotes an epitaph, 'Neustria tuque tegis cor inexpugnabile regis;' but he does not say that it was actually done, and there is very high authority for the counter assertion. About one hundred years after Richard's death, the legate of Pope Honorius the Fourth in England, in a formal instrument granting special privileges to the chapel, says without any hesitation, 'his heart rests buried in the same chapel beneath the high altar;' and if he is not right, it may be asked what is the good of infallibility. In spite of unbelieving suggestions that the document in question (which may be found in Newcourt's *Repertorium*) is a forgery, it is patriotically maintained that the dust of the 'cor inexpugnabile' is at Barking.

The next King to show special favour to the Church of Allhallows was the greatest of the Kings of England, Edward the First. His religion was that of his own age, not of ours. Before his accession to the throne, Edward had a vision which assured him of good success in all his undertakings if he would erect a 'picture'—that is, a painted image—of 'the Glorious Virgin' and Child in this chapel of his uncle's. The picture was made and painted by a Jew in Billingsgate, named Marlibrun; and Edward vowed that while he was in England he would visit it five times every year, and would always keep the chapel and its ornaments in repair. This vow he religiously observed. The chapel of the Glorious Virgin Mary of Barking became one of the most favoured places of pilgrimage in England. In London, except perhaps St. Erkenwald's shrine in the Cathedral, and St. Edward the Confessor's at Westminster, there was nothing to rival it. There is a touchingly ironical reference to its popularity in a letter of the enlightened Sir Thomas More to Bishop Fisher, soon after he had entered the service of Henry the Eighth. 'Our Prince,' he says, 'is so affable and courteous to all men, that every one who hath never so little hope of himself, may find somewhat whereby he may imagine

that he loveth him; even as the citizens' wives of London do, who imagine that our Lady's picture near the Tower doth smile upon them as they pray before it.'

Nearly 200 years after Edward the First, Edward the Fourth endowed two new chantries in this chapel, with manors at Tooting Beck and Streatham, which had belonged to the Abbey of Bec in Normandy, and gave it the title of the Royal Free Chapel of the Glorious Virgin Mary of Barking; and his brother, Richard the Third, who is viewed more favourably at Barking than in most other places, not only founded a chantry in it while he was still Duke of Gloucester, but, after he became King, he rebuilt the chapel from the ground, and made it a Collegiate Church, with a Dean and six Canons, Edmund Chaderton, a great favourite of his, being the first Dean. But those were the last days of such institutions. The smiling 'picture' must have perished by the hands of Henry the Eighth's Commissioners, the chantries were dissolved under Edward the Sixth; and no trace now remains of the once celebrated chapel unless it be a handsome tomb against the wall of the north aisle.

The mention of this tomb may serve to link Allhallows Barking to a name which is famous in the history of English literature. It is the tomb of a certain Sir John Croke, one of the first wardens of a confraternity or guild connected with the church. The confraternity was founded by John Tibetot, or Tiptoft, Earl of Worcester and Constable of the Tower of London. Tiptoft was himself a man of learning and the first of English Humanists. In his youth he had studied Greek under Guarino at Ferrara. For a time he occupied a professor's chair at Padua. The most literary of the mediæval Popes, Pius the Second, who heard his orations there, is said to have wept at the unapproachable elegance of his Latin. But English literature owes a greater debt to Tiptoft than he could claim by works of his own. Tiptoft was the nursing father of English printing. He was the warmest friend and supporter of Caxton and his wonderful press; and when he perished in one of the turns of fortune during the struggle of the Red and White Roses, Caxton wrote almost in despair at the loss 'of that noble, virtuous, and well disposed lord,' 'which in his time flowered in virtue and cunning, to whom I know none like among the lords of the temporality in science and moral virtue.'

Tiptoft's body was not buried in the place where he had provided masses for his soul; but some three-quarters of a century later Barking Church received the body of another slaughtered Earl, whose place in English letters is even yet not recognised as it should be. This was the unfortunate Lord Surrey, the last and one of the most innocent victims of the caprice of Henry the Eighth. He was 'the first of the English nobility,' says Camden, 'who did illustrate his birth with the beauty of learning.' If the description is not

quite accurate, it can at least be said that he was the greatest poet between Chaucer and Spenser, and that he began the new era of English verse. Of his hand might be used the words which he generously used of his friend Sir Thomas Wyatt's:—

A hand that taught what might be said in rhyme;  
That reft Chaucere the glory of his wit;  
A mark, the which, unperfected for time,  
Some may approach, but never none may hit.

He was buried at Allhallows on the 21st of January, 1547, and Henry the Eighth died on the 27th, still urging the execution of his father, the Duke of Norfolk.

To Henry's tyranny Barking Church owes a brief possession of relics more sacred than those of the poet Surrey, the relics of a man whose splendid services to education and culture are eclipsed by the still greater splendour of his services to liberty of conscience. 'About eight of the clock in the evening' of the 22nd of June, 1535, says the somewhat highly coloured account of Bishop Fisher's martyrdom, 'orders came from the Commissioners to the Sheriff's men who watched the' bishop's headless 'body, to bury it; two of which took up the body on a halberd, and so carried it' from the scaffold in East Smithfield 'into the churchyard of Allhallows Barking, where they dug a grave with the halberds, on the north side of it, and without any reverence tumbled the body into it flat on its belly.' Not long after, however, the body was taken from its rough resting place, and laid alongside of that of the bishop's friend, Sir Thomas More, in the chapel of the Tower.

A brass on the floor of the south aisle commemorates another good servant of the cause of English literature, who died between Fisher and Surrey, but a less tragical death. William Thynne, the founder of the fortunes of a noble house, and an officer of the court of Henry the Eighth, was the first to edit a complete collection of the works of Chaucer. His preface, addressed to Henry, is evidence of the assiduity with which he devoted his leisure to the task, out of a patriotic desire to show that England had her classics as well as other nations—'Take in good part my poor study and desirous mind in reducing into light this so precious and necessary an ornament of the tongue of this your realm, over piteous to have been in any point lost, falsified, or neglected.' If he was the same person as the 'Thynnus aulicus' described by Erasmus, William Thynne was at one time morally no better than he should be, but the identification is more than uncertain. He appears to have taken up the position of what was then called a 'favourer of the Gospel.' His son, who inherited his father's love of Chaucer, records how he was compelled to omit the (spurious) 'Plowman's Tale' from his first edition for fear of the Church authorities. 'This tale, when King Henry the Eighth had read, he called my father unto him and said,

"William Thynne, I doubt this will not be allowed; for I suspect the bishops will call thee in question for it." To whom my father, being in great favour, with his prince, said, "If your grace be not offended, I hope to be protected by you." Whereupon the King did bid him go his way and fear not. All which notwithstanding, my father was called in question by the bishops, and heaved at by Cardinal Wolsey, his old enemy.' The brass which covers Thynne's tomb is a remarkable one, not only because it had done duty before for some one else, being engraved on the under side, but also because of its long preaching inscription. Whereas most tombs of the time invite prayers for the dead within, this one makes a statement that Thynne's 'body and every part thereof at the last day shall be raised up again at the sound of the loud trumpet, in whose coming that we may all joyfully meet Him our Heavenly Father grant to us, whose mercies are so great that He freely offereth to all them that earnestly repent their sins eternal life, through the death of His dearly beloved Son Jesus, to whom be everlasting praises. Amen.'

The Gospel appears to have been favoured by others at Barking, besides Thynne, from an early period. Sometimes this favour was shown in curious, sometimes in pathetic ways. An instance of curious ways is the history of a former vicar, Thomas Virby, who died in 1464 and has an enigmatic tombstone in the north aisle. During his incumbency a poor clergyman was burned for heresy—that is, for being a Lollard—on Tower Hill. Mr. Virby, either sympathising with the man's teaching, or perhaps with some eye to business, proceeded to appeal to the people to regard him as a martyr. He collected his ashes from the fire and professed to work miracles with them, and was himself confined to the Tower for doing so.

From a theological point of view, perhaps the most interesting monument in the church is that of Christopher Rawson, on the floor of the south aisle. He was a great merchant of a celebrated family, who died in 1518, and lies there, between his two wives, Agnes and Ellen. From the mouths of the three figures issue scrolls, which unite over their heads in an invocation to the Blessed Trinity. But these scrolls are in one respect absolutely unique. While Ellen cries *Salva nos* ('Save us'), and Agnes cries *Libera nos* ('Deliver us'), the husband in the middle cries, from a heart in anguish to be right himself, and to have his beloved ones right with God, *Iustifica nos, O beata Trinitas* ('O Blessed Trinity, justify us'). 'Save us' and 'deliver us' are of course expressions common enough; *vivifica nos*, 'quicken us,' occurs in a similar context in medieval services; but search may be made without finding anywhere else, I believe, in liturgical formulas or in sepulchral inscriptions, another example of 'Justify us.' There is indeed one other example, but it is perhaps no Irish bull to say that it only serves to show the uniqueness of this. In the neighbouring church of St. Olave, Hart Street, are fragments

of a brass in memory of a Mayor of London of nearly the same date, among which is found this very invocation, '*Libera nos, Salva nos, Iustifica nos, O beata Trinitas.*' But not only is it probable on internal evidence that that brass proceeded from the same workshop as the one at Allhallows, it is still more significant that the rector of St. Olave's at the date of its making was brother to this Christopher Rawson. In the year 1518 the controversies about justification raised on the Continent by Luther had not begun to convulse England; and indeed Rawson's invocation takes no side in the controversy. He does not say whether he hopes to be justified by faith or justified by works, but he has laid hold upon the long-forgotten word, and craves that the blessing contained in it, whatever that might consist of, may be given to him and to his wives.

A more conspicuous patron of the Reformation was living in Barking parish at the time of Rawson's death, and was buried in it some twenty years later. This was none other than Humphrey Monmouth, the friend of William Tyndale, the translator of the New Testament; and much of Tyndale's preparatory work was done at Allhallows Barking. Monmouth, who became an Alderman and Sheriff of London, had travelled much; he had visited Rome and even Jerusalem, and his ideas were large and enlightened. When in 1528 he was thrown into prison for befriending Tyndale, he wrote a petition to Cardinal Wolsey, in which he gives an interesting description of his intercourse with the obnoxious priest:—

Upon four years and a half past and more, I heard the foresaid Sir William preach two or three sermons at St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, in London; and after that I chanced to meet him, and with communication I examined him what living he had. He said he had none at all; . . . so I took him into my house half a year; and there he lived like a good priest as methought. He studied most part of the day and of the night at his book; and he would eat but sodden meat by his good wife, and drink but small single beer. I never saw him wear linen about him in the space he was with me. I did promise him ten pounds sterling to pray for my father and mother, their souls, and all Christian souls. . . . When I heard my Lord of London preach at Paul's Cross that Sir William Tyndale had translated the New Testament in English, and was naughtily translated, that was the first time that ever I suspected or knew any evil by him. And shortly after, all the letters and treatises that he sent me, with divers copies of books that my servant did write, and the sermons that the priest did make at St. Dunstan's, I did burn them in my house. He that did write them did see it; I did burn them for fear of the translator more than for any ill that I knew by them.

By the time that Monmouth died, it was an easier matter to speak openly in favour of Reformation principles, although not to the length to which Tyndale went; and in his will, Monmouth made a curious provision. Instead of providing masses to be said for his soul, he left money for the holding of what we might almost call a Mission in Allhallows Barking by the four chief preachers of the period. Four days a week, for more than seven weeks, sermons were delivered in Barking Church by Barnes and Crome, by

Latimer, then Bishop of Worcester, and by that Rowland Taylor who in Mary's days 'set a frisk or twain' when he came in sight of the place where he was to burn. John Naylor, the vicar, although he was appointed on a commission about this time to try Latimer's friend Bainham, must have been in some sympathy with Monmouth's views to have allowed of such preaching in Allhallows. It may be added that Naylor's successor, William Dawes, retained his position through all the changes of those momentous years, being appointed in 1542, under Henry the Eighth, remaining vicar under Edward the Sixth and Mary, and dying vicar in 1562 under Elizabeth.

Mention has been made of the connection between Allhallows Barking and Tyndale's work upon the New Testament. The connection between Allhallows Barking and our present Authorised Version was much closer. No fewer than four of the translators were Barking men. One of the four was vicar of the parish at the time, Dr. Robert Tyghe, Archdeacon of Middlesex. Another had been formerly vicar, Thomas Ravis, Bishop of Gloucester and then of London. It is to him that we owe the manuscript account which is our best authority for the history of the making of our English Bible. He was a man deeply beloved in both his dioceses, and was described on his monument in St. Paul's as 'a grave and good Bishop.' The other two translators to whom reference has been made were brothers, sons of a Master of the Trinity House, who belonged to a family of long standing in Barking parish, and one of them may be said to be amongst the chief glories of the Church of England, as well as of the parish in which he was born. Roger Andrewes, one of the two, became Master of Jesus College at Cambridge. His brother, the great Lancelot Andrewes, after being Master of Pembroke, became Bishop of Ely first and then of Winchester.

Lancelot Andrewes may well be claimed as the patron saint of Barking. It is to Bishop Andrewes more than to any one other man that the English Church owes her escape from becoming a merely Protestant sect. With his wide sympathies, his genial delight in nature, his reverence for Catholic antiquity, his unrivalled learning, above all his genius for prayer, he practically laid the foundation of Anglicanism as we see it to-day, with its bold appeal to Scripture and the primitive Fathers, its uncompromising resistance to the narrow pretensions of Rome on the one hand and of Geneva on the other.

Of all those whose piety was remarkable in that troubled age [says a historian who has no prejudice in favour of Andrewes' theology] there was none who could bear comparison with the good and gentle Andrewes. Going in and out as he did amongst the frivolous and grasping courtiers who gathered round the King, he seemed to live in a peculiar atmosphere of holiness. His life was a devotional testimony against the Roman dogmatism on the one side and the Puritan dogmatism on the other. His reverence for the past and breadth of intelligence gave him a foremost place in the midst of that band which met the Roman argument from antiquity by a deeper and more thoughtful study of antiquity,



and the Puritan argument from the Scriptures by an appeal to the interpretation of the Scriptures by the Church writers of the early centuries.

Bishop Andrewes never forgot that he was a Barking man. He left in his will a good sum of money for the poor widows of the parish. The original manuscript of his private devotions, given by him to Archbishop Laud, has of recent years been brought to light and was exhibited in the Laud Exhibition of 1895, bearing the traces of his tears, and (as his biographer says) 'slubbered with his pious hands;' and in these devotions, every Saturday, as long as he lived, he duly prayed—his prayers were in Greek—ὕπὲρ τῆς παροικίας τῶν Παναγίων Βερκυγγί ἐν ᾗ ἐβαπτίσθη ('for the parish of All-hallows Barking wherein I was baptized').

The type of religion which Bishop Andrewes cherished was that which has generally prevailed in the parish where he first drank it in. For ten years he lived under the pastorate of that compliant Mr. Dawes of whom I have spoken. Of Dawes's successor little is known, but after him came the favourite chaplain of Archbishop Whitgift, Dr. Richard Wood, who bore the brunt of the conflict with the Puritan 'Mar-prelate' faction, and was known by them for his pains as 'Richard Never-be-good.' After him came Ravis, and then Tyghe; and then came what must have made something of a breach in the tradition. Archbishop Abbot appointed a relative of his own, who appears to have taken what would now be called a Low Church line. He was, nevertheless, an excellent and much loved parish priest; and it is interesting to note that he carried through an extensive restoration of the church which he barely lived to complete.

The 25th of December, 1634 [so run the Vestry Minutes] being the yearly solemn festival for the birth of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, the parishioners, who for thirty-five weeks, wanting the use of their own church, sought their spiritual food at other neighbouring churches, this joyful day, with gladness of heart, met again to offer their prayers and praises to Almighty God in their own parish church of Allhallows Barking, London. Mr. Edward Abbott, that faithful minister of God's Word, and vicar of the said parish, then preached there his last sweet and swanlike sermon, taking for his text the first verse of the CXXII. Psalm, 'I was glad when they said unto me, We will go into the House of the Lord.'

He was taken ill immediately after and was buried on the 6th of March.

Abbot's successor was born to see troublous days. His name was Edward Layfield, and he was sister's son to Archbishop Laud, who appointed him. The majority of the parishioners took kindly to the return, under his guidance, to a more churchlike style. The Vestry 'agreed that the Communion Table be set up to the upper end of the chancel, and that the Table should be raised one step according to order.' It 'ordered that a new font should be erected near the place

where the old one stood.' The cost at which this was done shows that it must have been done in handsome style. But there was a malcontent party in the parish. In 1639 they presented a petition to the Bishop and to Parliament complaining of the alterations. They did not get much encouragement from Bishop Juxon; and three years later, ignoring the Bishop, they petitioned Parliament for leave to appoint an evening lecturer of their own choosing, which was granted; and Parliament, adopting a Papal kind of supremacy, 'ordered that Dr. Layfield, Mr. Nash, his curate, and the churchwardens do permit certain learned orthodox divines in orders'—this safeguard of being in orders was afterwards struck out—'to preach as the parishioners shall appoint,' under pain of suspension. Two months more, and another petition went up to Parliament, stating that Layfield—dreadful accusation!—had put up the letters I.H.S. in the church, that he spent his time with the army as a chaplain, and that he had called the people who would not come up to the altar to receive their Communion, but expected it to be brought to them where they sat, by the name of 'toads.' He was accused by others of preaching that the King's commands ought to be obeyed, even if what he commanded were a sin against God. Parliament declared Layfield 'a delinquent,' deprived him of his office, and declared him for ever incapable of holding any preferment in the Church. Dr. Layfield defied the illegal order, and continued to officiate, supported by the main body of the inhabitants. They assembled in vestry and sent up a counter petition to Parliament, certifying among other things:—

That the said petition was devised and delivered without any consent, knowledge, or approbation of ourselves. That we do not know the said Dr. Layfield guilty of any blame, but we account him worthy of much honour and esteem for his frequent preaching, his grave and loving conversation amongst us. That we did never hear him with any word savouring of envy, malice, or contention, but always such words as might well become his office and place amongst us. That the rail before the Communion Table in the chancel hath been there time out of mind, and those little wooden figures of angels which were lately sawn down, were placed at the corner of the said rail before Dr. Layfield was vicar. That the communicants have ever been accustomed to come to the rail, and there receive the Holy Sacrament kneeling; the minister never known to go forth of the rail and carry the blessed Sacrament into pews. That the gestures and behaviour of Dr. Layfield in time of the celebration and administration of the Holy Communion hath always seemed to us full of reverence, religion, gravity and devotion.

The only reply of Parliament was to send sergeants to Allhallows Barking, who burst into the church while divine service was going on, and arrested the vicar on the spot. He was dragged out of church, set upon horseback in full canonicals, with the Prayer-book tied round his neck in token of derision, and in this guise hounded through the streets of the city till he reached the prison for which he was destined. There everything he possessed was taken from

him. He was passed on from gaol to gaol, and at last put on board a galley, with other clergymen, under the impression that they were going to be made slaves on a foreign plantation. The captain of the galley offered to release him on a payment of 1,500*l.* After a time he came down to 5*l.*, but even that was more than Layfield possessed, and at length he was turped ashore for nothing.

The intruded minister, meanwhile, Thomas Clendon, who was one of the thirty-five 'Tryers' appointed by Parliament in 1654 to examine all ministers in England before they were appointed to livings, failed to make himself popular at Barking. Disputes between him and the parishioners were frequent. Complaints were made of 'the overlate beginning of service.' People would not come to church. The Vestry in 1655 records 'that there are several housekeepers, parishioners of this parish, that do not come to this church,' and resolves that their poor rate assessment shall be raised accordingly. When the Restoration came, the parish welcomed Dr. Layfield back with joy. He gave them leave once more to choose a lecturer to their liking, and they entertained him at a public dinner which cost 8*l.* 9*s.* 4*d.*, which was a large sum in those days.

Great events had happened at Allhallows during Layfield's deprivation. On the 10th of January, 1645, his uncle, Archbishop Laud, laid down his life on the scaffold in what is now the garden of Trinity Square. Laud had naturally been interested in the parish of which he had made his nephew vicar, and it is on record that Laud had reintroduced at Allhallows the custom of mingling water with the Eucharistic wine, and that the custom was never afterwards dropped—probably not until near the beginning of this century. It was a fitting thing that Barking Church should be thrown open to receive the martyr's body, although the vicar was away in prison. We are not informed where it was placed between his death on the morning of the 10th and his burial next day. On the 11th it was laid by the Archbishop's servants in the vicar's vault beneath the high altar.

And if [says Heylin] the bodies of us men be capable of any happiness in the grave, he had as great a share therein as he could desire; his body being accompanied to the earth with great multitudes of people, whom love or curiosity, or remorse of conscience, had drawn together purposely to perform that office, and decently interred in the church of Allhallows Barking, a church of his own patronage and jurisdiction.

Heylin's last word, by the way, is incorrect, for Barking has never been one of the Canterbury peculiars, like its neighbour, St. Dunstan's. The Prayer-book Service was no longer allowed by Parliament to be read, but an intrepid priest was found to read it over the Archbishop. His name was Fletcher. Eighteen years later he petitioned King Charles the Second for a living, partly on that ground; and Laud's cousin, Sir John Robinson, endorses the petition with the words,

'True it is, he buried that most reverend prelate, when many would not have undertaken it.'

Those who visit the church should see the register of the burial: 'Died January 10th, buried 11th, William Laude, Archbishop of Canterbury, Beheaded'; and then followed something which has been erased so thoroughly that no letter can be made out, except, perhaps, the cross of a 't.' There can be little doubt that the erased words contained in some form the charge of treason; for the first entry of that month in the same hand is 'Jan. 1. John Hotham Esq. beheaded for betraying his trust to the State;' and the third is, 'Jan. 2. Sir John Hotham, Knight, beheaded for betraying his trust to the Parliament.' The record for that month altogether is a striking and pathetic example of the impartial tread of death, beginning with these distinguished sufferers, and ending with, 'A child laid at Mr. Thomas Crathorne's door.'

The body of the great prelate was removed in the year 1663 to his own college at Oxford, where it now lies on the south side of the chapel altar. But it formed the centre of quite a cultus at Allhallows. As the tombs of the kings clustered round Edward the Confessor at Westminster, so devout men sought to be laid near the martyred Laud. The gallant Colonel Eusebius Andrewes—possibly a relative of the famous Barking family—who had been entrapped by 'a pack of setters,' as he calls them, and was beheaded as a Royalist in 1650, was the first recorded to have obtained this favour. A poet in the Vestry books of the parish describes the inviolable sanctity of Laud's burying place:—

Where he's untainted too, free from distrust  
Of a vile mixture with rebellious dust;  
To make that sure, brave Andrewes begged it meet  
To rott att's Coffin, and to rise att's feet.

The faithful steward who superintended Laud's burial came in 1651 to be buried in the same church as his master, though at a respectful distance. Near the bottom of the north aisle lies his epitaph on a brass plate: 'Here lyeth the body of George Snayth Esq., sometime Auditor to William Laud, late Archbishop of Canterbury.' Thinking no doubt of Laud's 'comfortablest saying' upon the scaffold, he adds, *Mors mihi lucrum*. Many years later, in 1695, the gentle and moderate Nonjuror, John Kettlewell, begged that he might be laid on the spot where Laud had lain, and there he now lies. Bishop Ken, who calls Kettlewell 'as saint-like a man as ever I knew,' himself read the burial service over him; and although as a Nonjuror he was not in open Communion at the time with the Established Church, Dr. Gaskarth, the vicar, invited him to read the evening service afterwards, which he did. The name of the Archbishop was held in such reverence at Barking that it came to be used in Baptism, and

the registers mention several persons whose Christian name was Laud.

The most exciting part of the story is now over. But the name of the vicar who succeeded Layfield is not to be passed over in silence, for it was a name very famous in the history of the Nonjurors. This was the erudite George Hickes, presented to the living by Archbishop Sancroft. His knowledge of the Teutonic dialects of the North was unrivalled, and his acquaintance with early Christian history and literature, if less scarce, was little less extensive. His 'devotions'—an adaptation of services to the seven canonical hours of prayer—is a work of great beauty and tenderness. He had resigned Allhallows before the Revolution which placed William and Mary on the throne, upon taking a benefice nearer to his Deanery of Worcester, and he died a poor Nonjuring Bishop.

His successor, a fine old Cumberland 'statesman,' Dr. Gaskarth, though he too was presented by Sancroft, and had, like Hickes before him, been chaplain to the famous Duke of Lauderdale, had no scruple about taking the oath to William and Mary, and continued for forty-six years one of the leading clergy of London, taking a foremost place among the founders of the Propagation of the Gospel and the Christian Knowledge Societies, and all such movements. He is the only vicar whose portrait is kept at Barking, a comely, kindly face. His tomb was unavoidably disturbed during recent repairs; and the writer of this paper saw his venerated remains, and solemnly buried them afresh in the same place where they lay before.

Of Dr. Geekie, who came next, not much is known. Dr. Stinton, who followed, was the trusted friend of Archbishop Secker, and the editor of his works. When Dr. Stinton died, the Archbishopric of Canterbury was vacant, and the Crown appointed a young Fellow of All Souls, who had been tutor to one of the Royal Princes. This gentleman held the living for nine-and-sixty years, and only came near the place twice a year to take his tithe. His successor, Dr. Thomas, with thirty-one years' incumbency, completed the hundred years; a most kind and generous pastor, who, as the next incumbent was often assured, was constant in visiting his poor parishioners, and never went away without leaving half a crown behind him.

Upon Dr. Thomas's death in 1883, Archbishop Benson was determined to make Allhallows serve a more than parochial purpose. The large endowment has now for fourteen years, under two successive incumbents, been utilised for the support of a body of clergymen who are not needed by the parish itself, but devote themselves, after all parochial claims are abundantly satisfied, to Mission work on behalf of the Church at large.

A. J. MASON.

## REPRESENTATION OF THE COLONIES IN THE HOME PARLIAMENT

THE problems to be considered in this paper are, *Why, when and how* the colonies should be represented at home, and *how not* to do it. No elaborate argument really is required. It is only necessary to quote a few weighty authorities to show the more obvious reasons for this representation.

Long before the American colonies separated themselves from England, Adam Smith and Edmund Burke strongly urged their being represented in the home Parliament and emphatically stated the urgent necessity and cogent reasons for this representation. Had the advice of those far-seeing men been taken, the War of Independence would probably have been averted altogether.

Adam Smith wrote these memorable words :

There is not the least probability that the British Constitution would in any way be hurt by the greater union of Britain with her colonies. That Constitution, on the contrary, would be completed by such union, and seems to be imperfect without it. The assembly which deliberates and decides concerning the affairs of the whole empire, in order to be properly informed of those affairs, ought certainly to contain representatives of every part of that Empire.

• Charles Fox, speaking of Edmund Burke's celebrated speech on the conciliation of the American colonies, emphasised the importance of the matter in these words :

Let gentlemen read this speech by day and meditate upon it by night. Let them peruse it again and again, study it, imprint it on their minds, and impress it on their hearts. They would then see that representation was the sovereign remedy for every evil!

What Burke proposed was perfect local autonomy combined with home representation in England.

• Burke's grand utterances in the speech referred to cannot better be quoted than here. While defending colonial autonomy: 'My idea,' he says, 'is, without considering whether we yield it as a matter of *favour* or grant it as a *right*, to admit the people of our colonies to an interest in the Constitution.' Referring to the then

great difficulties of distance, he said : ' What Nature has disjoined in one way, Wisdom may unite in another.' It is as though he foresaw how steam and electricity would sweep away the obstacles of time and space, and looked forward in spirit to the great gathering which this year has seen, of Parliamentary leaders and other representatives of the whole Colonial Empire, met together 'at home' and yet in close and momentary touch with the ends of the earth ; as though he felt, too, how this great gathering foreshadows a yet more perfect representative unity in the future. For this important meeting and its results, with those of former Colonial Conferences, show the conviction to be growing and well grounded, that the Empire needs common councils in which every part of it is to be represented.

But although the subject has been under more or less organised agitation for the last quarter of a century, no practical step has been taken towards attaining the desired object. This object is to obtain a permanent grant to the colonies, the now grown-up children of England, of some voice in those matters which directly or indirectly concern them, when these are debated in the councils of the Empire, and there, for good or ill, influenced or determined.

The time would *now* appear to be quite ripe for some immediate practical action in this direction, and the desire for it is not confined to statesmen of any one part or any one party of the Empire.

The Royal Colonial Institute, whose motto is ' The Unity of the Empire,' has been in existence for five-and-twenty years, and it is well known that its desire, voiced by its earliest president, the late Duke of Manchester, has all along been strongly in favour of the representation of the colonies in both Houses of Parliament. He thus enunciated the principles of the Institute : ' I feel that the great colonies have as much right to exercise a voice in our councils and to govern and influence the foreign policy of the nation as the county of Kent or any other county in England.'

When Lord Beaconsfield came into office about 1872, he announced (at Bristol, I think it was), on behalf of the incoming Ministry, that it would not fail to take into practical consideration the claims of the colonies "to representation in some form or other. He suggested as one practical mode of doing so, a council like that of India, but elective. His Ministry failed, however, to take the question into serious consideration.

The late William Forster and also Earl Carnarvon both spoke hopefully of colonial representation, in speeches delivered at Edinburgh about the year 1878. William Forster's words were : ' Representation is the life-blood of the Constitution.' The late Earl Grey, about the same time, suggested that elected delegates from the colonies should be made members of the Queen's Privy Council and of a committee of that council to advise Secretaries of State for the Colonies.

Lord Rosebery, too, some years ago, moved in favour of according representation to the colonies for the present in the House of Lords. But he seems to me to have overweighted the proposal by mixing it up with one for an organic reform of the House of Lords, for which it was not prepared.

It has lately appeared from a cablegram that Mr. Chamberlain, a man of practical character, with plenty of initiative force, has declared himself in favour of giving the power to the colonies of sending delegates to sit in the House of Lords. We have yet to see what actual steps he and the present Ministry will take in the matter.

Turning now from the statesmen of England to those of the colonies, we find the same fundamental views strongly and representatively expressed. Thousands of eminent and representative colonists have joined the Royal Colonial Institute and other bodies similarly formed to promote the closer union of England with her colonies and their representation in her councils.

One well-stated colonial utterance will be sufficient for present illustration. Many years ago the then Premier of New Zealand, Mr. James Service, wrote a statement of his reasons in favour of the measure in question in the following words :

The chief of these considerations is the very anomalous position which these colonies occupy as regards local government and the exercise of Imperial authority respectively. In regard to the *first* (i.e. local government) the fullest measure of Constitutional freedom and Parliamentary representation has been conceded to them, at least to the most important of them ; but as regards the *second* (i.e. the exercise of Imperial authority) they have no voice whatever in the Imperial system. Subjects of the Empire in this part of it may be deeply interested in the action (or it may be the inaction) of the Imperial authorities, but they have no voice nor vote in those councils of the Empire to which Her Majesty's Ministers are responsible. Thus in all matters in which the exercise of the Imperial authority has interest for them, that authority is, to all intents and purposes, an unqualified autocracy, or at best bureaucracy.

And so we have, from the time of Burke to the present, a growing consensus of opinion on the part of great home and colonial statesmen that there is a great defect in the system uniting England with her colonies, a split in the very foundation of it, requiring that something should be done to remedy it. No objections against this proposed remedy will stand investigation. They are easily refuted ; they represent mere removable impediments.

It is often asked, for instance, 'Does not the fact that all this concurrence of opinion and combined agitation for so long a time have failed to bring about any practical result, tend to show that, although *theoretically* the measure appears reasonable and requisite, some *practically* insuperable impediments must exist, and become evident to the statesmen who have made a special study of the question?' The answer is, No! This is only an instance of the



well-known *vis inertiae* of a huge human organisation like the Empire, and of the difficulty of bringing a great number of people to see alike and clearly where lies the line of least resistance, and to start moving and join intelligently in 'a long pull and a strong pull and a pull altogether' in the right direction. The great mistake, so fatal to concerted action, has too frequently been made, here as elsewhere, of educating public opinion on the abstract question only, while avoiding the formulation of any distinct scheme of representation to be considered by the bodies organised to promote the movement. Now it is impossible to work up any effective public movement without showing the people some clear object within their reach; there can be no enthusiasm about vague, abstract questions to be solved in another generation or two. Let the hour and the man but come; let a strong leader (and Mr. Chamberlain may be the needed one) but indicate the right direction and the first easy practical step to be taken towards it. He will find no lack of force and enthusiasm to back him; and that first practical step once secured, the next ones will follow naturally and in course of time, as reason may direct.

As things now stand, many earnest men have spent their energies in devising how, by some mighty organic changes, the British Empire might be wholly reformed and a great Federal Parliament supersede the present Imperial and Colonial Parliaments, who would have to surrender some of their powers to it. But the great Mother of Parliaments and her children will not be found at all disposed thus to abdicate their powers; and the only effect of such proposals is to make the public, or many of them, in the absence of more sensible leading, feel doubtful of the practical nature of the movement for colonial representation.

Some have even mischievously mixed up matters by speaking of taxation as a necessary correlative of representation, whereas representation is really the correlative of power over intelligent free men; and has existed without any taxation. What all who desire to be true *Unionists* must take as their cry is the principle of Burke's speech: full Local Autonomy and central Home Representation. Whoever desires local autonomy without home representation, or home representation without local autonomy, is a true separatist, as those who despised Burke's pregnant speech proved themselves to be.

The proceeding suggested by Mr. Chamberlain does not profess to claim any symmetry or perfection. It purports to be only a step; but it has this advantage, that it is something which could be adopted and passed in one session, and which the public could at once support by acclamation. It is also a thing which has actually been tried and done before.

The French and Spanish colonies, who have no local autonomy, have been given representation in their mother countries, and even

the right of voting there; indeed, a black man has once represented Martinique in the Parliament of France, and surely English colonists, educated to manage their local affairs by means of free representative institutions, would be found as much more fit than delegates from such colonies to sit in a home Parliament as a grown-up man is more competent to exercise the duties of a citizen than a child in swaddling clothes.

But it has also been objected that to allow colonists to come and sit in one or both Houses of Parliament would be unjustly and unwisely to give them the power to interfere by their votes in the domestic affairs of the British Isles, which do not concern them, and perhaps even to upset a Ministry enjoying the confidence of the people of England.

To this the answer is that representation can exist, and indeed did, as a necessary fact, exist, in reasonable governments, for thousands of years before voting was ever dreamt of, and still exists where voting is unknown. So that representation is an absolutely distinct and separate thing from voting power, which is not at all in question in this discussion, in which likewise the subject of proportionate representation has no place. The latter comes in with taxation, which is not to be thought of. As an illustration of what I have stated, I may quote the fact that what are called 'Territories' in the United States—that is, parts enjoying local autonomy, of course, but not included in any recognised 'State,' and not possessing sufficient population to be constituted a State—are allowed, as a matter of course, to be represented in the National Legislature by delegates who have a *voice* but no *vote* in its deliberations. And in like manner the representatives of any of the British colonies might be given a *voice*, but no *vote*, in one or other, or both Houses of Parliament, if they wished to make use of the privilege, and a small new colony would be heard just as well as a big one, and perhaps might need a hearing more urgently.

Such colonial representatives might even be restricted from speaking, or even from sitting, while subjects which in no way concerned them were under deliberation; although it is possible that even in home matters colonial statesmen might teach English ones something. They certainly did so effectively in regard to the ballot. They study political problems sometimes under simpler or more favourable conditions. It must also be assumed that colonists will not be likely to elect, or retain as their representatives, fools who would make themselves a nuisance, and that the Houses of Parliament, and those who preside in them, may be trusted to manage their own affairs in these respects.

Some objectors point out that the time of members in the House of Commons is too overwhelmingly taken up with other business to listen to more speeches, and those from outsiders. Well, that House

is already managing to diminish the incubus of talk, although a number of bores and busybodies do still waste its time, and do mischievously 'darken counsel by words without knowledge,' putting questions and asking for papers about colonies, &c.; and probably the presence of men who knew what was being talkéd about would prevent such waste of time and such mischief, and contribute usefully to the occasional worthy discussions of colonial matters. It has also been argued that the accommodation which the House of Commons affords is notoriously too small when all the members are present, and that there would be no room for an additional host of colonial members. Well, the House is seldom full, and colonial members would probably trouble themselves to attend only when colonial matters came on, which, I imagine, is just the time when the House is apt to empty itself. It is said to do so when Indian affairs are discussed. And if the colonies were properly represented in all respects, as will be seen later on, there would be fewer colonial debates.

All these difficulties, however, have some real as well as apparent force, and require to be fairly met and overcome. When Mr. Chamberlain says that colonies had better be represented for the present by delegates given a seat in the House of Lords, he fairly obviates one of the objections. There is plenty of room and leisure in the House of Lords, and a word spoken there is pretty effective, and instantly known, if necessary, to all England and the world. Also Ministers can there, in a measure, be made responsible in discussion. This would not be *perfect* representation, but it would be *some* representation, whereas now there is none at all. It would afford a fulcrum on which to work for any further measures which experience would show to be desirable.

Besides representation in any body which can criticise the actions of Ministers, the colonies should be represented also in some sort of council which should advise in private. This is a great need, the supplying which might prevent the necessity for such criticism. The suggestion made by the late Earl Grey many years ago to the effect that elected delegates from the different colonies should be given seats, *ex officio*, in the Privy Council, and be called into that Council from time to time to advise on colonial or even on Imperial subjects in which colonies are interested, appears a practical one. The sphere of the Privy Council's duties might be somewhat enlarged, and the Sovereign might sometimes obtain in it the advice of statesmen otherwise than as mere party politicians; and great Imperial and colonial questions would thus be taken, as the Americans say, 'out of politics,' to their unspeakable advantage.

Just as the great Colonial Conferences shadow forth and have demonstrated the need of permanent home representation in Parliament, so the gratifying appointments lately made of colonial Premiers

as Privy Councillors foreshadow the real employment of colonial statesmen in that capacity and their being actually called to attend the deliberations of the Council. At present the distinction conferred is only a barren one, with the right to wear on state occasions a dark blue uniform with gold braid and a cocked hat and feathers. But merely to put colonial statesmen into livery will not long satisfy colonial feeling, and anything like a sham distinction will eventually be resented.

And now arises the question: *How* can Parliamentary representation be brought about, and how should colonial delegates be elected? Like nearly all colonial questions, this can be left to the colonies themselves, and all difficulty thus be obviated; they should be as free to accredit and recall delegates as Foreign Powers are to send and recall ambassadors. To put the thing clearly: let a motion be simply introduced into the House of Lords somewhat in these terms: 'To accord seats and a deliberative voice, subject to the regulations of the House, to such delegates from any colonies as may, for the time being, be accredited for the purpose by authority of the legislatures of such colonies.' There would thus be no going behind the authority of any colonial Parliament or of the Ministry which enjoyed its confidence at the time, and which such delegates would represent. They might be Agents-General or not.

It has often been said that these proposals must come from the colonies themselves, lest England offend their susceptibilities. But who has ever heard of feelings being wounded by the receipt of a warm unconditional invitation which leaves the recipient perfectly free to accept it or not as he pleases? On the other hand, to invite people by saying, 'If all of you together knock hard enough and long enough at my door I shall, after peering out for some time, perhaps consider means to let you in somewhere or other,' would be *the way not to do it*.

But, it has been argued, the press and the platform now virtually govern the world, and with the electric telegraph at work the colonies will do very well without representation. I say, let any who think so try to persuade any English constituencies to forego their electoral privileges and trust to the press and the platform to represent them, and a telegraph as a means through which they could be governed, and hear what *they* say! The press and the platform mean strife, and might, without representation, spell ruin, especially in countries separated in their institutions, or physically by the wide sea.

But some say 'Why not let well alone? See the splendid reciprocal good-feeling between the colonies and the mother country as shown during this very year of our Queen's Diamond Jubilee!' But was not much of this good-feeling caused by the degree of representation actually enjoyed by the colonies at the festivity? It was all, in fact, one great home representation. The colonial

Premiers were actually in council with Her Majesty's Government, and effectively too. The fact, indeed, brought about a change of policy and the abrogation of treaties with Foreign Powers who had till then had the ear of the mother country, while her children were left out in the cold. And what could have been greater than the loyalty and devotion—even unto death upon the battlefield—of the American colonies shortly before the War of Independence? That was just the 'nick of time' when they should have had the privileges of grown-up children granted to them, which far-seeing statesmen had claimed for them, and the refusal of which brought about the breach with their home. Then, again, after excitement comes reaction, after exceptional exertion comes relapse, and this may occur on both sides, especially if the promises such exertions betoken prove hollow and fail of their fulfilment. We have been accorded just a taste of what real Constitutional representation would mean to us. Mr. Chamberlain has suggested a definite measure: the representation at once of the colonies in at least one of the Houses of that Parliament which controls their interests and their destinies in peace and war. Our Premiers have been granted the name of Privy Counsellors, but none of the high duties connected with the title, and they may never be called into the Council itself. The doors have just been held invitingly open; let them now be slammed upon the guests again, and feelings must correspondingly undergo a change. When meddlers and muddlers again begin to prate in Parliament about things of which they can know nothing, while colonists who do know, and have as much right to be there as they, and to speak, are shut out, then these things will be felt much more keenly than they ever were before. For the acknowledgment has been made that colonists could and should be there when matters concerning them are under discussion, and the admission cannot be withdrawn; it must bear fruit. But perhaps one would do better to meet this cry of 'Let well alone' by turning one's back upon it for a time, to meet a very different cry—one which, sometimes muffled, is deep and struggling to be heard, and has to be reckoned with because it proceeds from natural sentiments which cannot be ignored with impunity. Dealing with this cry, I hope to expose the most fundamental want of the colonies, the 'one thing needful,' the lack of which representation alone will supply.

That cry is: 'To your tents, O Israel! What part or lot have we in England? She is a foreign country to us; let us build up our own independent separate nationality!' It is a cry not confined to colonists of non-English origin; and as long as colonists are excluded from the councils of the Empire, as long as they cannot say 'We are represented there; we have a share in those councils; they represent us,' so long will the separatist cry be heard in our midst. No rational ground exists for the exercise of power or

authority over intelligent freemen trained in self-government while they are denied representation in those councils which influence their affairs and destinies, and to which the supreme Government is responsible. Without such rational ground the full, true sentiment of loyalty and union cannot strike root and grow to maturity. Englishmen 'at home' must also please grasp the fact that our fond appellation of England as 'the mother country' is far from expressing the literal truth. Some colonies were occupied by other civilised nationalities before England acquired them. All colonies are the natural dumping-grounds of the surplus population of the whole civilised world. These and their descendants become by real preference good loyal citizens of the colonies which give them equal representation with themselves. But without the like rational grounds for the sentiment, by perfect representation in the home Parliament, they must naturally look upon England as a foreign country, exercising unjustifiable authority in regard to the colonies.

The Premier of the Dominion of Canada spoke lately of the deeply loyal feeling towards England entertained by his French fellow-citizens, and caused by gratitude to England for many and great benefits conferred upon them in the past. But that loyal feeling exists *in spite of* the lack of representation, and would be so much the stronger and more substantial if springing from the rational grounds of representation at home from its very root and origin.

England has conferred many benefits upon her colonies, including Constitutional government and a great expenditure in their defence by sea and land. But it has sometimes happened, and precisely through their not being represented in her councils, that she has had misunderstandings with them, and has blundered into steps that have alienated their sympathies and caused her benefits to be forgotten, so that now the desire is felt in several quarters rather to attenuate (or even to break) the ties that bind us to England than to draw them closer. The separatist party, who feel this desire, would seem to look only for an alliance of some sort, sufficient to ensure their protection against other Great Powers (without suggesting any *quid pro quo* for England), and they hold that representation would only afford more scope for mischievous interference (which it would really prevent).

Such views must be rationally met and combated, and not answered with indignation only. The fact is, that representation at home would not mean the abatement of a single atom of a colony's autonomy, its power to manage its own revenues and local affairs. It would ameliorate and temper the existing powers of the home Government where they touch our interests, directly or indirectly—as, for instance, by treaties with foreign Powers injurious to colonial trade. A mere alliance would in its very nature be temporary and flimsy, and could not possibly bring about that union, that organised

united action, which is the strength of empires, and which representation alone can permanently ensure. A mere treaty or alliance would not confer that confidence which would justify joint-defensive preparations for the strengthening of the Empire, and induce England or the sister colonies to exert themselves in the case of any one part of the Empire being exposed to danger. To the question: *When and how to give representation to the colonies?* the answer is therefore simple: At once! and in the only immediately practicable way, viz.—by the admission of delegates to the House of Lords and Privy Council.

In conclusion, to those who do not feel any strong desire for the greater unity of the Empire by representation, and in order to strengthen that desire in those who do feel it, I shall now mention some few of the material advantages of union, and afterwards some reasons of a more altruistic nature.

We colonists of the different parts of England's great Empire are communities possessing immense material wealth and rapidly amassing more. We thus offer a rich booty to the world. But as parts of a great Empire we form a great protective and mutual insurance association, and this although the colonies are not yet bound to the home country by representation on the board of directors, so to speak, and the protective organisation is therefore still defective and inadequate, considering the immense interests involved.

Still, the association is an immense economy, and promotes the comfort, wealth, and happiness of the hearths and homes of every one of us. It gives us great immunity from both foreign and civil wars, and secures for our Governments and ourselves a large amount of credit at low rates of interest. To us emphatically 'The Empire is peace.'

It is just this very Constitutional form of government which the Empire carries everywhere with it, and the purity of its courts of law giving us freedom of individual action and protection of individual enterprise everywhere, which has enabled us to become so rich and powerful, and is attracting populations of men from all parts of the world to join us, glad to share our freedom, content to live under our institutions, and requiring no force and no grinding taxation to enable one portion of the population to be kept wasting their time unproductively in keeping the other portion down. In short, it is representation which has built up the British Empire so far, and it is *more representation—home representation*—which is evidently wanted to cement and complete the structure.

As for the more altruistic reasons for this strengthening of our unity with the Empire, they are not Imperialism nor imperiousness, nor a mere vain-glorious desire to form part of something big and strong, controlling a great part of the world for the benefit of one race or class. It is, on the contrary, the conviction that the system

and principles developed peacefully in the British Isles are such as to afford the most secure platform for law and justice, for individual liberty and civilisation, that the world has ever seen.

Independently therefore of the desire to be strong and rich, and safe and at peace in our own homes, the cause of the unity of the Empire is one to struggle for, to live for, and to die for, if need be; and that unity will be cemented and made perfect by home representation only. So we may truthfully say with the great orator, Charles Fox, when he so warmly and heartily—and, alas! so vainly—pleaded for the American colonies more than a century ago: ‘Representation is the sovereign remedy for every evil.’

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### A NOTE ON 'BRITISH SHIPS IN FOREIGN NAVIES'

In the article bearing the above title, published in the April number of this Review, the following passages occur:—

'In not a few cases the ships which have been constructed by private firms have been superior, tonnage for tonnage, to the contemporary vessels intended for the British service. In excuse for this anomaly it is urged that the conditions required for British ships are entirely different from those of any other country.'

'Cruisers for foreign navies have . . . been recently constructed in this country which have not been inferior even in the matter of the storage of large reserves of coal, and which have also been superior in speed, protection, and armament to any vessels of equivalent displacement, the handiwork of our Royal Dockyards . . . and large staffs of highly trained naval architects and constructors.'

'The Japanese ironclad *Yashima* and the sister vessel *Fuji* . . . may be compared with the contemporary British battle ship *Renown*, and this comparison is decidedly not to the advantage of the *Renown*.'

Mr. Hurd supports these assertions by tabulated comparisons of certain particulars for selected ships built in this country for the Royal Navy and for foreign navies. Similar comparisons have been frequently made. In fact it is the common practice when a ship is launched or completed for a foreign navy to see comparisons of this kind instituted, and invariably to the disadvantage of the ships of the Royal Navy. As a rule I make no comment on such comparisons; but in the present instance, owing to the wide publicity given to the statements by their appearance in these pages, I have been urged by naval officers of high standing outside the Admiralty to depart from this rule and to show how incomplete and misleading these tabulated comparisons often are.

The subject is far too technical to be fully dealt with here. If other work permits I propose to discuss it elsewhere, under circumstances which will allow of technical treatment, and of reply by those who possess the professional knowledge necessary to the appreciation of the problems of war-ship design. Mr. Hurd obviously has had no technical training in naval architecture. He represents and writes for the 'man in the street.' His sources of information are accounts published by the press and in the many *Annals*, *Almanacs*, and *Pocket Books* now produced. His tables follow the form usually adopted in these publications; they embody a summary of certain leading particulars; but they leave unnoticed many most important features in designs, and do not furnish proper data for fair comparisons. A mere statement of *maximum speeds* attained conveys no definite meaning, unless one knows the duration and conditions of the trials, the extent to which boilers are 'forced,' and the loads carried. Again, to merely give *maximum thicknesses of armour* on sides or decks, without regard to the areas over which these thicknesses extend, or to the total areas protected, leaves the question of *relative defence* quite open as between ship and ship. A simple enumeration of the *numbers and calibres* of guns, unaccompanied by any details of *ammunition supplies*, is obviously an incomplete statement of the true power of the armament. And as regards 'coal capacity' there is no necessary or fixed relation between what the bunkers will hold and the weight of coal actually carried at the nominal displacement and the reputed speed. Mr. Hurd's tables, in short, omit so much that they have little

real value as bases of comparative fighting power. The tables are to experts more remarkable for what they leave out than for what they contain.

A single illustration will suffice for the present purpose. I will take the table (p. 552) in which the *Renown* and the Japanese ironclads are compared. Mr. Hurd appears to consider that it indicates some greatly superior constructive skill on the part of the designers of the Japanese ships. He is probably unaware of the history of this design. The Japanese naval authorities, after full investigation of various types of ironclads in existence, did us the honour to conclude that, on the whole, the *Royal Sovereign* class was to be preferred. They prepared a sketch design (based on the *Royal Sovereign*) in which they practically adopted the system of protection and armament which we had carried out in 1889. The secondary armament was almost identical with that of the *Royal Sovereign*. The principal armament was made practically the same as that which had been adopted by the Admiralty for the *Majestic* class. No handsomer acknowledgment of their obligation to us could have been made than was made by the Japanese. Their vessels were equipped, however, for service in home waters; they carried less weights of provisions, stores, and coal, and so were made of less 'displacement' tonnage. For the benefit of the non-technical reader it may be explained that 'displacement' simply means the *total weight* of a ship and all she carries—propelling apparatus, coals, armament, armour, equipment of all kinds. The two eminent English firms to whom the construction of these Japanese vessels was entrusted undertook the responsibility of the designs and the fulfilment of the stipulated conditions. They have been eminently successful, but they must have been surprised to find themselves credited by Mr. Hurd with such a triumph over the *Renown*.

Instead of being designed for service in home waters the *Renown* was avowedly built for service on distant foreign stations. Consequently she is equipped with weights of provisions, stores, &c., exceeding by more than 200 tons the corresponding weights in the Japanese ships. Besides this her steel hull is sheathed over with wood planking and coppered; so that she can keep the sea without foulness of bottom, and consequent loss of speed, for much longer periods than the Japanese ships, which are steel-bottomed. To provide the *Renown* with this sheathing involves not much less than 450 tons of weight, and probably from 25,000*l.* to 30,000*l.* in additional cost. Mr. Hurd does not mention this; perhaps he might have modified or omitted his reference to the *Renown* as 'the most expensive armoured vessel of her size' if he had realised the facts. He does admit that 'the *Renown* can carry considerably more coal' than the Japanese ships, but probably is not aware that, whereas the latter carry 700 tons on their displacement of about 12,400 tons, the *Renown* carries 1,200 to 1,300 tons on the same displacement. Summing up these excesses of load carried by the *Renown*, and necessary for the special services she was designed to fulfil on distant foreign stations, where independent sea-keeping for long periods might be required, it will be seen that she carries on the same displacement about 1,200 tons more than the Japanese ships—in the form of extra equipment, coals, and sheathing. The Japanese authorities were undoubtedly well advised in leaving their battle ships unsheathed, just as we do with our Channel and Mediterranean battle ships; and in accepting less weights of coal and equipment, since their ships were not intended to go far from their base of supplies. In this manner they were able to increase the weights assigned to armament and armour, and so to obtain increased fighting power. The weight assigned to propelling machinery was practically the same in the *Renown* and the Japanese ships. As Mr. Hurd says the ships are 'of approximately the same speed.' Taking 'natural draught' in stokeholds, the *Renown* on trial had an advantage of about half a knot over the *Yashima*. The latter was run for a short time at higher 'forced draught' than is accepted in the Royal Navy, and much higher than in the corresponding trial of the *Renown*. This gave her a maximum speed of a little under 19½ knots, as against 18½ knots for the *Renown*. With equal forcing the development of power and speeds would be practically identical,

and on-service high forced-draught is not used. All this refers to the speeds with *clean bottoms*. When the ships had been two or three months out of dock the copper-sheathed *Renown* would 'have the heels' of the others, and after longer periods afloat her superiority in speed would rapidly increase. It is unnecessary to pursue the subject further. It will be obvious that the differences between the British and Japanese ships are not due to any superior constructive skill, but simply to *different distribution of the weights*. In other words the keynote of the *Renown's* design was adaptability to carrying a specified armament and defensive armour, in association with qualities essential for distant foreign service. About two years later the Japanese decided to build their ships for service in home waters, and to restrict their supplies of coal and equipment, as well as to leave them unsheathed. They were thus able to increase the weight of armour and to mount 12-inch guns. For their purposes they were undoubtedly right; but the *Renown* can perform many services which would be impossible to the Japanese ships.

Enough has been said to show how necessary it is for fairness of comparison to have full information respecting the designs of ships, their intended service, and how the 'displacement tonnage' is distributed. Such information is not afforded by Mr. Hurd's tables either for battle ships or cruisers. Did space permit, it could be shown for the latter how much is lacking, and how easy it is by reducing supplies of ammunition to increase the numbers or calibres of the guns. With the *same total weight* assigned to armament there is no difficulty in practically *doubling* the number of guns of a given calibre; but the table gives no indication of 'how the thing is done.' Of course it may be argued that in the Royal Navy unduly large supplies of ammunition are carried. That is an independent question, into which I will not enter, except to say that the existing regulations were laid down after full consideration by the highest naval authority.

It is possible that Mr. Hurd has, in the 'back of his mind,' an idea that there is a lack of ability on the part of the officer responsible for the design of Her Majesty's ships, which explains their alleged inferiority 'tonnage for tonnage' to ships built in this country for foreign navies. This is a matter on which I will offer no opinion. But there may be no harm in saying that, at least, there is no lack of experience on my part as compared with my professional friends. No inconsiderable number of the foreign ships enumerated by Mr. Hurd on p. 553 were built by myself or from my designs. It may be admitted, therefore, that my knowledge of both sides of this subject—viz. Admiralty and private practice—is competent and extensive. On the basis of that experience and knowledge I do affirm (*pæce* Mr. Hurd) that 'the conditions required of British ships are entirely different from those of any other country.'

On the policy of building and arming large numbers of war ships for foreign countries one remark may be added. Mr. Hurd appears to doubt its wisdom. His argument, pushed to its logical conclusion, would involve our abdication of our position as the leading manufacturing country of the world. We should cease to build mercantile ships for foreigners, and to export machinery of all kinds, coals, and all other manufactured products which might eventually be used against us by possible competitors. The simple fact is we are the greatest ship-builders in the world, and the development and maintenance of the ship-building and engineering industry has been largely the result of foreign orders. Apart from such orders the great private establishments capable of building and arming war ships of all classes would not have attained their present positions. Government patronage alone could not have produced this result. The balance of advantage to the national defence undoubtedly lies on the side of the existing condition of things. Other manufacturing countries recognise the fact and are striving to emulate our example.

W. H. WHITE.

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*'SPLENDID ISOLATION' OR WHAT?*

THE uncovering of the fierce dragon mask of the Chinese Empire by Japan has exposed the trembling and effeminate youth that hid behind it. We all know now that it was only a big voice that kept the white barbarians so long at a respectful distance from the puny Celestial's treasures. In the reaction that has come from the discovery we begin to perceive a great danger to the peace of the world. Great Powers, whose aspirations were until lately vague and ill-formed, have suddenly given them shape, and are on fire to realise them.

Some few weeks ago I was tempted to speak in my constituency on foreign politics, and knowing how anxious people were in regard to them, I spoke about China and West Africa, and concluded my remarks by declaring somewhat imprudently that our 'Splendid Isolation' had been proved to be nothing more than 'Splendid Dotage.'

At the Society of Arts last week I took up the other alternative, and suggested that the time had come for us to respond to gratuitous insolence and unjustifiable provocation with something more than mannerly protests and an ever-forgiving temper. The suggestion was ill received—the speakers who followed denounced it as 'aggressive,' that I was making too much ado about a 'swamp.' It has of late become a custom to speak of any African territory that may be in dispute as a swamp. We must not, however, be indifferent to the fact, that in principle an acre of swamp is as important as a realm.

Being permitted by the editor of this Review to give my opinions more at large, the object of this article will be to discuss which of two alternatives we ought to adopt for the preservation of our rights, our dignity, and our prestige. If we cling to our isolation, we assume that we are self-sufficient, and there should be no hesitation to prove that we are able to hold our own. But so far, though our rights have been invaded, our dignity questioned, and our prestige lowered, we have done nothing to vindicate them; and the mere suggestion that we should demonstrate to those who have offended us that we are well able to do so evoked strong expressions of dissent. I am, therefore, forced to conclude from these that there is a disposition to shirk the obligations imposed upon us by our isolation, and that it is preferable to make no resistance to aggression. As this craven fear of resisting an invader may involve very soon larger and larger surrenders, we must constrain ourselves to examine the second alternative, which is to make an Alliance, offensive and defensive, with some Power, or combination of Powers. For, as I understand it, peace is preferable to the expense and the horrors of war, and at the same time we must have security for our rights and liberty to trade in all countries; but to my mind it does not seem possible that peace with security could be enjoyed without joining either the Dual or the Triple Alliance.

The murmurs at the Society of Arts confirmed me in my suspicion that the 'splendid isolation' was a gaudy air-bladder, and as it is liable to be pricked at any moment by a French sword, and our people do not want to fight, why should we cling to the conceit that we are self-sufficient, and remain aloof from the other Powers? From the moment we broached the idea of isolation we became suspected by the Alliances. As we were not of them, and might rise against one of them, or both, upon some question or other, suspicion became dislike, and the two European combinations, as the fancy possessed them, were able to thwart every policy we favoured upon the ground that it was mischievous or detrimental to their own. Two combinations of equal strength may exist—though opposed in some matters of general policy—on fairly peaceful terms, but for a third—supposed to be uncertain in its favours, ready to take one side to-day and shift to the other to-morrow—there is no place. Such a party is a source of irritation because of the doubt it engenders; it is incalculable, and therefore a danger.

Take any recent question—Armenia, Turkey, Crete, or Greece—and note the effect of our isolation. We succeeded in nothing that concerned either of them. The massacres of Armenia continued in spite of our protests and Guildhall warnings. Turkey was encouraged and upheld in its contumacy. King George persevered in his foolish enterprise despite friendly advice. The Cretan Question is not yet settled. The Dual Alliance professed to see a selfish design in all

that we proposed; the Triple Alliance assumed the 'indifferent rôle' and said: 'the whole Eastern Question was not worth the bones of a single Pomeranian Grenadier.' The threat of Russia to meet coercive measures towards Turkey with force paralysed us, for behind Russia was France. We were indeed 'splendidly isolated.'

The late events in China have still more demonstrated the inconveniences and the perils of isolation, as well as the futility of attempting single-handed to check any of the disturbing forces. Being disinterested and only seeking the general good of commercial nations, we see that the violent partition of China must end in a general upheaval and disintegration of nations. England's aloofness will only hasten the catastrophe. The most earnest pleading for the open door is unheeded. Russia, conscious of the support of France, has marched on and annexed the whole of Manchuria, and Port Arthur and Talienwan in a few months will be the Sevastopols of the Far East. France, in her turn, supported by Russia, is drawing closer to the Upper Yangtse Valley, and will make as short work with the Yunnanese as she did with the people of Tonking. As this is not what our diplomacy strove for, we have again failed. It is not the fault of our Foreign Office, as the Opposition leaders wish to make out; it is our 'splendid isolation' that causes us to be disregarded.

We know what will be the result in China of this action of the Dual Alliance; but while alone what can we do to avert the danger? Germany, the head of the Triple Alliance, has no need to be uneasy just yet. Any interference with her in China from France and Russia would send her precipitately to our side. Besides, is she not justified in looking after her own interests? She knows as well as we do that her commercial interests would be best served by keeping the gates of the interior of China open; but as we have not chosen to range ourselves on her side, she dare not stand, as we do, unprofitably waiting for the Millennium, lest there will be nothing left for her. Besides, she is not the object of envy and spite as we are. Her colonial possessions are as yet lean and immature, and hard knocks rather than material advantages are sure to be the result of meddling with them. Her military strength, an Imperial Commander of high spirit, with no fat colonies to excite cupidity, put Germany in a position impervious to fear and weakness; while, on the other hand, her objections to Franco-Russian policy may be overruled by substantial considerations.

Dismal as the outlook is for us, our Government is apparently not without hopes. Let us analyse these hopes. It is said that we declined to stir while Port Arthur and Talienwan might have been seized, for the reason that behind them lay the strength of the Russian Empire. It was accepted as a good and sufficient reason, for we are too practical to undertake to defend the Liao-tong Peninsula with a few thousands against the hundreds of thousands Russia could bring to bear against us. Therefore we selected Wei-hai-wei as a point of vantage.

But, in my humble opinion, by settling down at Wei-hai-wei we have gained nothing permanent ; we have only deferred the evil day by a few years. Mukden is almost as near to Peking as it is to Port Arthur. Of what use can Wei-hai-wei be to the defence of Peking when Peking is to be a terminus of the Russo-Siberian Railway? Once at Peking, may not the railway be continued to the South as far as the Yangtse Kiang without let or hindrance from the fleet away off at Wei-hai-wei? The Russian Empire follows the railhead, which may be shoved across the Yangtse Kiang—aye, as far as the neighbourhood of Hong Kong, for all we can do to stop it. We may batter down the walls of Port Arthur, Talienwan and Vladivostock, but until we devise some means of floating our ironclads in front of the railhead, it passes my comprehension how our fleet can put a limit to Russia's advance.

I regard Russia's acquisition of the main bulk of China as beyond our power—in our splendid isolation—to prevent, and have no doubt that France, who is to-day as near to the Upper Yangtse as Shinking is to Peking, will acquire the possession of the Upper Valley of the Great River. When Russia will have made the Celestials subservient to her in the manner she has made the Tartars of the Eastern and Western Steppes, and has by their help reached her southerly goal and united her forces with those of France, what will happen to the China bordering on the Eastern and Yellow Seas? I think Germany should be as interested in this question as we are.

Well now, what has brought affairs to the pass that our influence in the Far East, as in the near East, has thus been reduced to zero? I would answer, that it was due to the change in the Constitution of Europe, by which five individual states of the first rank were formed into two great military confederations, one of which possesses 133 sea-going warships and 5,000,000 soldiers, and the other 104 warships and 6,500,000 soldiers. Against these mighty fleets and hosts we have 161 sea-going warships and less than half a million of men. It must be obvious that, standing alone, we have been reduced to a position of great inferiority, and made ourselves liable to 'snubs and humiliations.' Nay, it should be clear to every thinking man that if we doubled our fleet and possessed 1,000,000 soldiers our position would not be much bettered, for even then we would be exposed to the danger of these two powerful combinations uniting to crush us, which they could easily do. Yet to double our Navy and Army would cost us 140,000,000*l.*, and 100,000,000*l.* a year to maintain these forces of sea and land. It must be equally obvious that if we joined our fleet and army to either Alliance we could make it of such preponderant strength that it would be unassailable.

Before proceeding further I should furnish my reasons why every one in Great Britain should be opposed to the military occupation of China by Russia. First of all, because it means the absorption of China within the Russian Empire, and the transformation of the

Chinese myriads into Russian soldiers. Secondly, it would mean as a natural consequence the absorption of all Asia. Not in ten years, nor in twenty years—but why think of a decade or two in the life of a nation? Ultimately it would be inevitable, for no Power, or scarcely a combination of Powers, could oppose the drilled myriads. Was it not the late Mr. Pearson who spoke of the Yellow Terror? He never imagined the strongest Power in Europe directing the Yellow Terror, and emptying all Asia for the Conquest of Europe. Of course, long before this period we shall have been expelled from India and Burmah, and will be eating the bread of humble contentment, perforce, within our own tight little island. But what of Germany, Austria-Hungary, and Italy? They are the nearest neighbours to overgrown Russia, who is lord of Asian millions, and must hide the brunt of her resistless armies, and then France, who will have done for Europe what Roderic the Goth did to Spain, who will have been the cause of the destruction of Europe, she also must perish, and after her it will be our turn. But, thank Heaven, there is a pretty broad ditch between us and Europe, and it may be that it will be decided in the Channel whether the whole of the old world shall become Russian—or England, the hated of Europe, shall avenge dead Europe.

Is this picture far-fetched? He who dares say so betrays his ignorance of the rate of Russian progress over Asia. Twenty-eight years ago she had just effected a landing on the eastern shore of the Caspian. During this short interval she has stridden across the continent, and is now at Port Arthur preparing for the locomotive from St. Petersburg. Every day her army is increasing by hundreds—every hour her destiny is being made more visible to every observer. One railway terminus is within easy reach of Herat—in 1900 the whistles of her locomotives will be heard at Port Arthur, the next year they will be heard in Peking. From Peking to Hong Kong is much shorter than from Lake Baikal to Port Arthur, a mere 2,000 miles. To a Power flushed with the achievement of the Siberian Railway, it will appear as nothing.

It will not be denied that any arrangement of the Powers which would reduce England to the rank of a third-rate Power would inevitably hasten the catastrophe above sketched. For she is the one Power whose strength cast in favour of the Triple Alliance could alone dissipate the dreams of such a world-empire. She is the one Power which, acting as Europe's scout, has detected the movement, foreseen the danger, and uttered the warning. It is as certain also that only an arrangement of Powers which shall include her can prevent the catastrophe. The retirement of England from China would soon render Germany's tenure of Kiao-chau precarious, for it will be evident that on the linking of Peking with Petersburg Germany would be in the same untenable position as England would have been at Port Arthur, or if the struggle between the two Alliances



for possessions in China must be decided in Europe, without England's assistance, the issue would be doubtful, and sure to be exhausting. And then? Well, England, assisted by her colonial children and kinsmen, becomes resurrected for vengeance and retribution.

It will be inferred from what I have written, with which of the two European Alliances Great Britain should join her strength. I regard the Triple Alliance as a security for peace; the object for which it was formed was peace; it is through it alone that Europe has enjoyed repose, and attained its present commercial prosperity. The Dual Alliance, though at first supposed to be a just equipoise to the other Alliance, is now seen to be disturbing and dangerous. Russia's ambitions, fanned by the hot breath of France, have become limitless. It is not the acquisition of icebound wastes, or parched Steppes thinly populated by Tartar shepherds, as we thought, that has been her aim. She covets China, India, Persia, and Ottoman Asia. The other partner to it, perceiving that England, ranging at will and independent of European policies, could always derange her designs, has apparently postponed her revenge on Germany, in order to remove a possible antagonist. Her methods have been artful, and her diplomatists deserve considerable praise for the patience and cunning they have displayed in the long-drawn game. They have used the pride and other national characteristics of Germans with sometimes admirable effect, they have weakened Italy, they have been strenuous and untiring and skilful and deft, with every opportunity that happened on the Continent; it is only with the handling and management of affairs immediately affecting us that they have been somewhat awkward and clumsy. A tiro in diplomacy might have taught French diplomatists that when through vacillation France had permitted England to enter upon the task of reconstructing Egypt, brow-beating, scolding, and threatening England were not the proper weapons to use to cause her withdrawal. In process of time France, has found that she must resort to other means, and these have shown that when she is opposed to England she loses her nerve and that fine touch she exhibits when dealing with the German, Russian, and Austrian Chancelleries. Her every move has been clumsy and always with the desire to annoy, but never to placate. She has thrust herself into our business, insouciant, and reckless, planted herself without right or logical reason directly in our path, jostled us pertinaciously, and with an insistence that even John Bull, stodgy and short-sighted though he be, thought was 'deuced cheeky.' She has broken her pledges in Tunis and in Siam; she occupied Madagascar proclaiming loudly that she was doing it with a view some day of destroying our Indian commerce. She has instigated Abyssinia to encroach upon our East African territory; from Obok she proposes to make a railway to the Nile, and she has sent Marchand and Bonchamp

to Fashoda on the White Nile to occupy what will be the terminus; she has drawn a line across Africa—which the British will be forbidden to approach; she has gone behind our African coast possessions, and annexed everything, shooting some of our officers and soldiers at Waima, and then darted off at tangents into Sokoto on one side, and Boussa on the other; she boasts that she will hold the counting-houses of Gambia, Sierra Leone, and Lagos in her hands, and where she will poach next, goodness knows; it may be Morocco, Tripoli, or the Canaries. It appears to me as if the spirit of France was near that pitch of violence when we might hear at any moment that delirious cry of *A Londres!* The curious thing about French aggressions is that whether they are accidental or purposeful 'honour always forbids France to withdraw, or apologise,' and the culture of words is so perfect in France that somehow she succeeds in persuading a large section of the world that she is innocent, while the aggression has come from us.

Well now, it is obvious that if we propose to remain contented with our isolation, it will rest on us to accept any challenge given to us in the spirit with which it is given, or, if our unwarlike habits have made us averse from this alternative because of the consequences, we must abandon that which has led us to the brink of war on more than one occasion, and seek some more peaceful and as effective means of safety—viz. join the Triple Alliance and unreservedly accept its obligations.

If we object to the partition of China, to being excluded from the commerce which might be ours by keeping the gates of China open, to being perpetually nagged and abused, to the invasion of our territory, to the incessant poaching upon our spheres of influence, we must certainly accept one or the other alternative. If we have not arrived at the conviction that either is necessary, must we for ever remain quiescent under all this tormenting and humiliating, and let France ride rough shod over our possessions and Russia do what she will with China and all Asia? These are questions worth earnest consideration.

We have often said, indeed times without number, that we hate war, and especially dislike war with the gifted French people; but if perpetual reiterations of this will not avail with the French Government, and have no effect on that of Russia, if they are always governed by wishes which too harshly clash with our own, what are we to do? Our wishes are very simple. We wish equal rights of trade, and our possessions and interests respected; but they, while glad enough to enjoy the perfect equality granted in our possessions, not only seek now to absorb the populous Empire of China, and fence it round with notices of 'No thoroughfare,' but one of the Powers, morally supported by the other, coolly walks towards the centre of one of our West African possessions, goes a thousand

miles out of its proper way to the Upper Nile, and at another place instigates a barbarous people to make encroachments upon our East African territory. If all these are not enough to make us aware of the danger of isolation, nothing can make us aware of it until the French have uncovered the leonine mask of Britain and pricked the dastard cowering beneath it.

Mr. Chamberlain hinted at Birmingham at the possibility of an Anglo-Saxon Alliance. Though there is, and always will be, I am thinking, a moral alliance between the branches of the Anglo-Saxon race, it will take many years of strenuous striving to make it a real one. Our own people are not unanimous upon it, and our kinsmen on the other side of the Atlantic are far from being assured of its necessity, or its wisdom. In China we have done America some service, in the war in which she is engaged we are doing her another, and we are certain to be at all times sympathetic, and do our utmost to impress on her the knowledge of our sincere friendship, whatever purblind and dense individuals may say to the contrary; but a nation of such a magnitude, possessed of such power to pervert right reason, make kindly offices and friendly feelings appear selfish and interested, labours under the disadvantage of not being able to discern the true from the false; so that though we may persevere hard to enlighten our kinsmen, ages may elapse before our ideal of inseparable brotherhood with America can become a solid and enduring reality. Circumstances may hasten the consolidation of the present floating sympathies and inclinations, and the alliance now dreamed of may suddenly take form and substance; but of one thing I am sure: it will never take place unless we are true to ourselves and prove worthy of it. One step, if a wrong one, will make it impossible; and one step, if the right one, will have more quickening effect than a century of professions. The little sentence which Sir Michael Hicks-Beach uttered at Bristol 'about keeping the open door even at the risk of war' wiped almost clean from American memories the bitterness caused by the Venezuelan Question. If those few words wrought such a change in American feeling, what might not one earnest deed for the world's freedom of commerce do?

Meantime, however, as I discovered at the Society of Arts the other day, the word 'aggressive'—which people give nowadays to what is purely Defensive—makes men shiver with horror, and the earnest deed appears to have no chance of being tried. Let us see therefore what may be said in favour of joining the Triple Alliance.

We must remember in the first place that the Triple Alliance was formed through the necessity of preserving the countries which composed it from the perils of the revenge which France was nourishing—and that the Treaty was framed with the sole object of providing against attack. If carefully read and studied, it will be seen that the

position of Germany was similar to what ours is to-day, except that we have given no cause of offence to France or to Russia.

Art I. If contrary to the hope and sincere wish of both the high contracting parties, one of the two empires (Germany and Austria-Hungary) should be *attacked* by Russia, then the high contracting parties bind themselves to assist each other with the entire military power of their empires, and accordingly, only to conclude peace by common agreement.

Art II. Should one of the high contracting parties be *attacked* by another power, then the other high contracting party hereby binds itself not only not to assist the assailant of its high ally, but also at least to observe an attitude of benevolent neutrality towards its high co-party.

But if, nevertheless, in such an event the *attacking* Power should be supported by Russia, whether in the form of active co-operation or by military measures involving menace to the *attacked*, then the obligation of mutual assistance with full military power stipulated for in Art I. of the Treaty, shall in this case immediately come into force, and then, also, the military operations of both the high contracting parties shall be conducted in common, until they conclude a peace in common.

The third article is unnecessary for my purpose. The italics are mine.

No one will refuse to admit that the peace of Europe has been due to this treaty, and that the treaty was a necessity caused by the *rapprochement* of Russia with France. Well, then, in view of the fact that the Alliance has been so instrumental in the preservation of peace, and was only to come into force in case of attack, the marvel is that our Foreign Office did not long ago sue to become a partner in the Triple Alliance, in order to ensure the lasting continuance of the peace of Europe. The treaty was signed in 1879, and it has remained to this day intact. There has been no sign of the Powers seeking a pretext to abuse its terms, no symptom of using their strength against the weak, or of extension of their boundaries; their mutual animosities have been forgotten, each Power has scrupulously avoided provocation, and only at the intercession of other Powers have they intervened in affairs outside of the Alliance. But the same cannot be said of the Franco-Russian Alliance. From the capture of Hanoi in April 1882 to the occupation of Boussa last year, French aggressions have been innumerable, while those of Russia have been no less continuous, sometimes towards Afghanistan, then in Abyssinia, and, lastly, in China.

Towards ourselves Germany has been greatly forbearing, though we have now and then been unnecessarily flurried by mistaking her intentions. But the proof of her straightforward conduct may be found in the absence of contentious questions in Africa. She is our neighbour in South Africa, in Nyassaland and in the Victorian Lake region, and yet nothing has arisen to hinder our peaceful relations, or excite suspicion all these years. Our officers in Uganda write in the highest terms of the German administrators, and though on

the Nyassa Lake German and British steamers ply in the same waters, I hear of nothing but courtesies exchanged. But whenever we neighbour French territory there springs up question after question, at Waima, at Nikki, Boussa, Sokoto, British East Africa, Fashoda, &c.

Therefore it comes to this, that loving peace as we do, we must consider whether our diplomacy does not need to be refashioned, directed to something more than temporary expedients, to policies that will ensure, so far as is humanly possible, the permanent welfare of other nations as well as our own. The Triple Alliance, supported by the military and naval strength of Great Britain, backed by the moral support of the United States, and by the military and naval forces of Japan, appears to me the only way by which the peace of the world can be secured, this nightmare of war dispelled, and this eternal agitation effectually stopped. Naturally concessions must be made for the privilege of joining the Alliance, but we have much that may be given to it in return which will redound to the advantage of Germany. What these concessions shall be lies within the special province of diplomacy to determine. My object has only been to prove that our 'splendid isolation,' being wholly inadequate and powerless to preserve good relations with the European Powers, ought to be abandoned as a delusion and a snare.

If the Fates forbid our joining the Triple Alliance, the alternatives before us then are either an active and obstinate resistance to the Dual Alliance or a grovelling quiescence with curtailment of empire and decline of power.

HENRY M<sup>RS</sup> STANLEY.

## OUR URGENT NEED OF A RESERVE OF WHEAT

At the present time the question of our food supply is forcing itself upon the country in a way which compels attention, and it is hardly possible to take up a paper without finding some reference to the rise in the price of bread, and the very deficient stocks of wheat, not in this country only, but all over the world.

It is now more than two years<sup>1</sup> since the editor of this Review did me the honour to publish an article entitled 'Corn Stores for War Time.' The very general attention which was accorded to the article by the press of this and other countries, and the numerous letters I received about it—due, I am well aware, chiefly to the importance of the subject and of the Review in which it appeared—led me a year later to publish a work entitled *War, Famine, and Our Food Supply*; in which the matter was dealt with more fully and in the light of the criticism which the article in this Review evoked.

It has been suggested to me that the time is now ripe for re-opening the subject, and, warning the reader that I do not pose and have never pretended to pose as an expert in matters connected with our food supply, I will only ask him to believe that I write with absolute conviction and with but one purpose. That purpose is to endeavour to make others see the position in which this country is placed as I see it. I have to the best of my ability studied the question for some years, I have listened over and over again to arguments *pro* and *con*, and I am more than ever convinced that no question affecting the interests of our empire, and especially of the United Kingdom, is of such importance as this of food supply.

Mr. Balfour on behalf of the Government recently stated, in effect, that he could not recommend the appointment of a Royal Commission to consider our food supplies, because they formed only one part of our defence. Surely if ever there was an instance of a part being greater than the whole, it is this food part of our

<sup>1</sup> *Nineteenth Century* for February, 1896.

defence; if that fails, it involves the whole defence with it—fleet, army, and our matchless resources of every kind. That is at the bottom of the anxiety which so many of us feel about this question. Of course, if it could be said with truth that it is impossible to make a reserve of food for a whole nation, or that such a reserve would be useless, we should have to be content to 'hope for the best.'

But the establishment of a reserve is not impossible; it is perfectly possible, not in my humble opinion only, but, in the opinion of some of the leading and most experienced corn-trade experts in this country, as I shall presently show; and not only is it their opinion that it can be established, it is their strong opinion and advice that it should be established.

Nothing has so impressed me as this attitude of leaders of the great corn-trade industry of this country, and the corn-trade journals, on this question, which they must of necessity understand far better than anyone outside the corn trade. When I wrote in this Review in February 1896, to point out what I thought was the danger of our position, I did so because I was impelled to do it from personal conviction, the result of living for years among millions dependent on foreign food. And when the Editor of the *Miller* called upon me to thank me for directing attention to the matter, and said that for eight years past the *Miller* had been doing the same, and when Mr. George J. S. Broomhall, the Editor of the *Corn Trade Year Book*, the *Corn Trade News*, &c., wrote to me in the most flattering and encouraging manner about it, I felt more than justified in having written what in some quarters was called an 'alarmist,' 'panic-stricken,' and 'Protectionist' article.

The *Standard*, referring to my expression of opinion that 'what is wanted is that, instead of only a precarious week's supply, we should have stored up in this country enough corn to last for at least twelve months,' said, 'Mr. Marston labours under the astounding delusion that we have only a precarious week's supply of corn in this country.' I was writing of course about our supply in case of war.

If there was any astounding delusion, I am afraid it was not on my part. Only a day or two ago the *Standard* published a statement to the effect that our visible supply of wheat was only sufficient for a few weeks, and this when we are at peace with all the world.

If war was declared against us, or if we declared war, in defence of our interests, against a great naval Power, what, I ask, would become of that 'few weeks' supply? Is it not absolutely certain that the price would be prohibitive for the great mass of the people. And bread practically non-existent for the people could only, it seems to me, mean this: that, although fully equal to the demands that any war might make on us in all other respects, we should be compelled to make peace at any price, simply because famine had broken out in our midst.

One argument of the Peace-at-any-price party against a reserve of food is that it would give the nation confidence, and so make us more ready to go to war; they are blind to the fact that the want of a reserve and the consequent want of confidence in our food supply might, and in fact *do*, invite attack.

Ask any foreign naval officer how we should be fought, and he will trace lines on a map like those on the diagram accompanying this article, showing the over-sea routes of our wheat supplies. He will say, 'those lines are the arteries through which your bread stream flows, and to cut them is our best way to fight you.' If he is a Russian naval officer, he will point out that it only needs one word from the Czar, and the lines of food supply from the Baltic and the Black Sea are wiped off the map, leaving her cruisers free to do their worst on other lines of supply to this country.

We have been having lately, in the mystery respecting the movements of the Spanish fleet, an object lesson on a small scale in the extraordinary effect produced by the existence of what naval experts call 'a fleet in being'—but not in sight. It is not the strength of the Spanish fleet which gives the Americans so much anxiety; it is the fact that they do not know where it is, or what it is going to do. Is it going to catch Admiral Dewey asleep at Manila, as he caught the Spaniards, or is it going to bombard New York, or is it going to do anything at all. We are interested spectators—one might say intensely interested spectators—of this object lesson in the influence of sea power. But suppose the Americans were depending on food supplies which had to cross the Atlantic and the Pacific as ours do, their anxiety as to the whereabouts of the Spanish fleet would *then* be tenfold what it is, and gives us an idea of what ours would be, with probably several such fleets at large, and our grain-carrying steamers and sailing-ships in danger from their attacks. One very important point given in the evidence taken by the Agricultural Committee on National Wheat Stores was the statement of Mr. Hugh Lyle Smith, of the firm of Ross T. Smith & Co., corn merchants, Liverpool. In reply to a question of the Chairman, Mr. B. St. John Ackers, he said that the bulk of our grain-carrying steamers do not average more than from eight to nine knots per hour, and the maximum rate is twelve to thirteen knots for any of them. It must also not be forgotten that nearly a quarter of our supply comes in sailing-ships round Cape Horn from California and Chili, occupying months on the voyage.

#### WHAT ARE THE OBJECTIONS TO A NATIONAL WHEAT RESERVE

I was in the House of Commons on the 6th of April, 1896, when the food supply question was debated, and heard Mr. Balfour object to a reserve on the ground that we could rely on our fleet to supply our needs; that it would turn the Government into a corn merchant;



and that, judging from the admirable behaviour of the Lancashire operatives during the cotton famine, we might confidently hope that, in the face of a possible corn famine in the future, the country would follow Lancashire's example.

In reply to this, I venture to say that, while fully sharing this confidence in our fleet, I am utterly at a loss to see how it is to obtain food for us to replace the supplies we now obtain from the United States and Russia. It is not, let us hope, at all likely that we shall be at war with Russia and the United States, but there is nothing to prevent a syndicate of corn speculators like Mr. Leiter buying up all the available wheat supplies in America, either for themselves or—for Russia. Mr. Leiter's gambling in human food has already caused a great rise in the price of bread here and on the Continent, and riots and bloodshed in Italy. If we can prevent it, as we undoubtedly can by creating a great wheat reserve in this country, why should we give any country the chance even, of using such a terrible weapon against us?

Have we not within the last month or two set other nations an example in this method of business by buying up all the available stocks of coal in the Far East and along the routes to it? We have forestalled Russia, France, and Germany in this case in coal, just as they may some day forestall us in corn.

It is, I think, a mistaken idea, but a very common one, to suppose that supplies of wheat or other grain to replace those from America and Russia, could be obtained elsewhere. A glance at the diagram I have drawn up to give a rough idea of the amounts and sources of our over-sea wheat supply will show at once the position. The utmost we can hope to get will be what countries other than America and Russia now send. They cannot produce more than they now supply unless they have *time* to grow it. To say that we shall be able to make up the deficiency of wheat by eating maize, beans, &c., is entirely to overlook the fact that the great bulk of them come from the United States and Russia, and will be stopped with the wheat.

#### MAGNITUDE OF OUR FOREIGN WHEAT SUPPLY

To give some idea of the magnitude of our annual import of wheat alone, it is only necessary to point out that, if the whole of the railway goods and passenger wagons in the United Kingdom (there are over 600,000 of them) were loaded with this foreign wheat, they would hold only about half of it, and our entire stock of railway locomotives (over 18,000) could only haul about half of it at once. Placed on a single line of rails, it would occupy over 3,000 miles, and a train nearly equally long would be required for our annual foreign import of *other* grain.

These figures are, I believe, perfectly correct, and give a better

idea of the possibility, if not certainty, of famine if such supplies are seriously cut down, than statistics of quarters or tons do.

For this reason I cannot see how Mr. Balfour can derive any confidence from the behaviour of the Lancashire cotton operatives. Their trial came in a time of profound peace for this country, and at a time when our imports of corn were practically half, and our home production double what it now is. They had the whole nation round them and assisting them, and the average price of wheat during the cotton famine years was little more than 40s. the quarter. To get an idea of what famine means, we must think of India and of Ireland, when millions died.

Mr. Balfour's other objection to a wheat reserve—viz. that it would turn the Government into a corn merchant and upset the corn trade—is, I think, fully answered by the opinions of the corn-trade experts examined by the Agricultural Committee on Wheat Stores to which I shall presently refer.

One of the arguments against a reserve of food is that, if we have a reserve of that, we ought to have a reserve of all the raw materials used in our other trades. But food is the raw material of the nation itself. Besides, the raw materials of our trades come largely from our own colonies and dependencies, or from countries with which we are not likely to be at war. Undoubtedly many of our trades will suffer in war time; but there is one great trade—war—for which we produce in this country all the necessary material—except food—and the extra labour of hundreds of thousands of workmen thrown out of employment by the war will be required in our docks, arsenals, foundries and workshops when we are again fighting a great nation or two.

In *War, Famine, and Our Food Supply*, in order to emphasise the fact that there is no certainty that the American farmers will always have a surplus for export, I pointed out that the American crop of 1893 was nearly twenty-seven million quarters less than the crop of 1891. The *Times* in reviewing my book said:—‘If this enormous shortage did not produce a rise of price in England, it is evident that very large reserves must exist somewhere.’ But it was not ‘reserves’ which replaced the American shortage. It so happened that the crops of Russia, Argentina, India, &c., were all much larger in 1893 than in 1891; the Russian crop was *twice* as large. I say it so ‘happened’ because it is only a few years since the readers of this Review subscribed to aid the sufferers from famine in Russia, and last year we got practically no corn from Argentina or India, as the crops failed.

In 1897 the corn-importing countries of Europe took roughly 50 per cent. from America, 40 per cent. from Russia, and only 10 per cent. from other sources; we have more than once been on the verge of a corn famine in peace time, and, apart from any war considerations,

we ought to have this reserve of ten or twenty million quarters safely stored *in this country*, instead of presuming, as my *Times* critic does, that it exists somewhere in the world, and that we shall be able to get it when we want it.

If we had it, the only people who would be injured by its existence would be the 'plunging gambler' in corn like 'young Mr. Leiter' of Chicago.

It would have the same steadying influence on the corn market as the 30,000,000*l.* gold reserve of the Bank of England has on the money market.

Its direct annual cost to the country would not be more than that of a battleship, as Mr. Seth Taylor, the great London corn merchant, points out.

Even in peace time the direct gain to the country by the steadying of prices and the prevention of 'corners' abroad would be great.

In case of our being compelled to go to war, it would give us *time* to grow food at home, to fight and beat any possible combination against us, and it would give our shipowners time to send to such markets as might be open to us for food, and raw materials for our trades.

We owe it not only to ourselves, but to our colonies and all under our flag, not to take even the remotest *risk* of disaster through famine, if it can be avoided.

#### SUGGESTIONS FOR SECURING A RESERVE

Among the many suggestions which have been made for forming a reserve, the three which find most supporters are:—

- (1) Taxing foreign wheat and so encouraging home production.
- (2) Paying a bounty on home-grown wheat with the same object.
- (3) The establishment of a reserve in State granaries.

With regard to numbers 1 and 2 I think that, supposing anything so utterly improbable as for this country to attempt to reverse its free-trade policy, especially in the case of such a staple as corn, the time has gone by when we could do so, even if we wished to. We have for better or worse so entirely placed ourselves in the hands of Russia and the United States that, if we began seriously to talk of putting such a duty or bounty on corn as would in time make us independent of their supplies, they must in their own interests at once checkmate such a move by prohibiting the export of corn to this country; and the mere threat on their part to do so would be sufficient. No power could prevent them—we are absolutely in their hands in this respect.

And here I should like to refer to what seems to me the utter fallacy of supposing that, even if fighting us, America and Russia would still be compelled to feed us for the reason that without our

market their farmers would be ruined. This argument has been put forward as absolutely unanswerable. But we know as a matter of fact that Russia has prohibited the export of corn when at war. The United States would imitate the action of Mr. Leiter of Chicago, and, to use a corn-trade expression, 'sit on its stock.'

My sympathies are, I hope, like those of the great majority of our people, with the Americans; and I believe that our and their safest policy is one of Alliance of the Anglo-Saxon race; but I also believe that it is our clear duty to leave nothing to chance—not even to the improbable, but not impossible, chance of war with the United States.\*

The third suggestion on my list is that of a national reserve in state granaries, and I believe it is the only practical one, until the time comes when these words of an English historian writing in 1737 are again true of this country:

'England yields all things necessary for life; which cannot be said of Holland, her rival in point of trade.'

#### THE AGRICULTURAL COMMITTEE ON A NATIONAL WHEAT RESERVE

I am indebted to Mr. R. A. Yerburgh, M.P., who, with Mr. H. Seton-Karr, M.P., has done so much both in the House of Commons and elsewhere to bring this question of our food supplies before the public, for an early and not quite complete copy of the *Minutes of Evidence*<sup>2</sup> taken before the Agricultural Committee, presided over by the Earl of Coventry, last year. Judging from some of the criticisms to which the published Report of the Committee has been subjected, it might be imagined that it was the object of Mr. Yerburgh and those who have so patriotically worked with him, to settle the question, whereas all they have proposed or attempted to do was to collect evidence from any experts who cared to give it as to whether it was or was not advisable to ask for a Royal Commission. It is significant that many of the gentlemen who gave evidence and were at the outset either not in favour of a reserve of some kind, or undecided about it, became strong supporters of the demand for a Royal Commission before the inquiry closed. It is manifestly impossible to do more than refer here generally to a volume of evidence extending over 300 folio pages of small type, but it is equally impossible, I think, for anyone to ignore the opinions of the corn trade and other experts contained in it.

<sup>2</sup> The *Minutes of Evidence* from which I have gathered the following extracts will be published shortly by Messrs. L. E. Newman & Co., 12 Finsbury Street, E.C., and I recommend all who are interested in this great question of our food supply to obtain a copy. It is packed with information as to how our country is fed with bread, and does great credit to Mr. E. G. Wall, the Secretary to the Committee.—R. B. M.

## OBJECT AND CONSTITUTION OF THE COMMITTEE

The Agricultural Committee on National Wheat Stores was nominated, in part by Mr. Yerburgh, M.P., and in part by the Council of the Central and Associated Chambers of Agriculture :

'To inquire and report how far, and in what way, the proposed establishment of national stores of wheat would affect the interests of British farmers.'

The Council nominated :—Mr. B. St. John Ackers, Gloucester ; Mr. W. W. Berry, Kent ; Mr. O. D. Johnson, Suffolk ; Mr. T. Latham, Oxfordshire ; Mr. C. Middleton, Yorkshire, Mr. James Stratton, Hampshire.

Mr. Yerburgh nominated :—Mr. F. S. W. Cornwallis ; the Earl of Coventry ; Major Rasch, M.P. ; Mr. R. Henry Rew ; and Mr. D'Arcy Wyvill, M.P., who, with himself, completed the Committee.

The Committee, which was expressly constituted with the view of representing agriculturists, examined fifty-four witnesses, including corn merchants, corn dealers, tenant farmers, and millers, and comprising many who are recognised as the most representative men in their particular vocations.

In their Report the Committee say :

Before stating the conclusions to which they have arrived, the Committee wish it to be distinctly understood that, in their opinion, under no circumstances should National Wheat Stores be drawn upon, except in case of grave national emergency caused by actual war.

The Committee are unable to conclude from the evidence that has been laid before them, that National Wheat Stores would have any material effect upon the interests of agriculture or of the corn trade.

The Committee are profoundly impressed by the evidence given as to the immense importance of Government Wheat Stores as an essential item of National Defence.

The Committee recommend that the Government be most strongly urged to, obtain the appointment, at the earliest possible date, of a Royal Commission, comprising representatives of Agriculture, the Corn Trade, Shipping, and the Army and Navy, to conduct an exhaustive inquiry into the whole subject of the National Food Supply in case of war.

Nearly all the gentlemen examined by the Committee were strongly in favour of the formation of a reserve of some kind 'to guard against the risk of famine.' Amongst them may be mentioned :

Mr. Seth Taylor, of the Waterloo Flour Mills and chairman of the Committee of the Baltic Company ; Mr. Bridges Webb, President of the London Corn Trade Association. (This Association manages the corn-trade business, not only of London, but also of the country, makes all the contracts, and settles by arbitration nearly all the disputes in the corn trade.) Mr. Webb considers our present position

is a dangerous one, and that a national wheat reserve will strengthen the hands of the Army and Navy.

Admiral F. A. Close, who has for years so ably advocated a strong navy and the necessity of a national reserve of wheat.

Mr. James Birch, farmer and miller, and Secretary of the Lancashire Agricultural Society, said the proposed grain stores would be an enormous benefit to the country, and that probably 'no one realised it more than those who attend the Liverpool Corn Exchange;' he said, 'At present we are practically in the hands of the plunging speculator. A national reserve would steady the position and be of advantage to our wheat-growers.'

Mr. Wilson Marriage, Vice-President of the National Association of British and Irish Millers, thought our present position very critical; that a national store of wheat was quite practical, but would prefer to see wheat-growing in this country encouraged by a bounty.

Mr. Henry Overman, farming 4,000 acres in Norfolk, advocated a national reserve of wheat in the interest of the country, and was of opinion that it might be so formed as to benefit our farmers.

Mr. Clare Sewell Read, formerly Parliamentary Secretary to the Local Government Board, and a large farmer, said our present position was one of 'incalculable danger.'

Colonel H. Hozier, Secretary of Lloyd's, spoke in favour of a reserve, and said it was quite possible we should find corn made contraband of war. He had long thought our present position a most dangerous one.

Mr. Seton-Karr, M.P., considered that wheat stores 'are as necessary to this country as our arsenals,' and added: 'I feel very strongly that we ought to have this reserve of grain, either in the land or in some form of granary.'

Captain Hunter, R.N., said a reserve of wheat would strengthen our Navy, as probably half our warships would have to be employed conveying grain ships, thus crippling its offensive power.

Mr. George Broomhall, Editor of the *Liverpool Corn Trade News*, *Milling*, and the *Corn Trade Year Book*, said the State is gratuitously running a great risk in allowing the country to be denuded of its food-stuff.

Mr. V. Walbran Chapman, whose scheme for a Government reserve of 10,000,000 quarters of wheat was before the Committee, gave most valuable evidence; he estimated the total annual cost to the country of such a reserve at little more than 800,000*l*.

#### MR. SETH TAYLOR'S ESTIMATE OF COST OF A RESERVE

Mr. Seth Taylor, of the Waterloo Flour Mills, and one of the largest corn merchants in London, said he felt that 'the only possible guarantee against danger from war is the system of national

granaries.' Mr. Seth Taylor is, I believe, the largest wheat operator in London, and it seems to me that it is difficult to exaggerate the importance of the fact that he, who knows perhaps better than anyone what a gigantic question the feeding of London is, should be so strongly in favour of national granaries. Mr. Seth Taylor said he had worked out the cost to the country annually of holding a reserve of 10,000,000 quarters of wheat, and he made it rather more than Mr. Chapman's figures; he put the total annual cost at 1,250,000*l.*, and added that it seemed to him 'an infinitesimally small cost, compared with the Navy estimates of 22,000,000*l.*,' and 'the result will be we shall have a store in case of war, or even famine. There is a point I have not heard mentioned, and that is, this scheme would also be an insurance against famine caused by universally short crops, which is a thing that is possible. We were within an ace of it six years ago.'

It is impossible to go here into the technical details so fully and clearly dealt with in the 'Minutes of Evidence' already referred to. They prove, I think, beyond possibility of contradiction, that it is perfectly possible to hold Government reserves of wheat in this country, without upsetting trade in any way, and at a trifling expense—*i.e.* trifling provided the necessity for having a reserve at all is made out, and I think it is.

The scheme which I have suggested in my book for providing and maintaining a reserve of wheat has been termed by the *Miller* 'an automatic granary' scheme, and my object has been to endeavour to do away with the necessity of buying and selling on the part of the Government, in order to renew the reserve, as is proposed in other granary schemes.

Under my scheme the Government would only buy *once*, and would *never* sell, except to ward off famine. To keep good the corn it bought originally, I suggest it should have the same power that it has now over tea, tobacco, wine &c.—*viz.* a control of entry—and that it should renew its reserve by taking the shipments of new corn arriving at our ports and giving the importer an order on the Government reserve for a corresponding quantity (value for value) of wheat imported twelve months previously. In this way the amount of new wheat taken off the market would be instantly replaced by the stored and improved year-old wheat out of the reserve. The Government, after completion of its first purchase, would never have to bother about the current price of wheat. The basis of exchange would simply be the quality and quantity of bread an equal weight of the new wheat and of the wheat a year old would make; and over a series of years this varies in best kinds of wheat on the average very little, if at all, although the price may be 25*s.* one year and 50*s.* the next. I do not suggest that the Government should be obliged to take new wheat, clean and improve it, and get nothing for doing

so—it would charge what a corn merchant now pays. The corn trade would find the Government granaries an immense boon in their business, saving delays in delivery, bothers of storage, &c. By automatically renewing the reserve in this way, the danger of upsetting the market by the periodical Government purchase and sale of great quantities of wheat is avoided, it seems to me, and we could keep the 'reserve' always about equal to the annual import. What does it matter to a corn merchant that the corn he sells is new or a year old, as long as he gets the same profit exactly; and what does it matter to the bread-eater? Most of the bread we eat is made from corn and flour more than a year old, and is better for being a year old. Corn merchants themselves deplore the fact that the tendency is to sell 'ex ship' and not to store, as formerly, in granaries. The effect of this is very much the same as for a town to attempt to do without a reservoir of water because a stream runs through it; it is all right until there is a drought or some other town above cuts the water off.

When our Henry the Fifth was besieging Rouen, he said: 'War has three terrible handmaidens ever waiting on her—Fire, Blood, and Famine—and I have chosen the meekest maid of the three.'

We have reserves in abundance of everything except food, and I am confident we need fear no foe if we can only keep famine at bay.

R. B. MARSTON.



*LORD SALISBURY'S SCORE IN CHINA*

IN concluding my article on 'The Partition of China,' in the January number of this Review, I urged that we wanted a policy for the Far East, and a statesman who would carry it out. A few days after the number was published a Cabinet Council was held, a policy was fixed on, and on the 10th of January it was announced at Manchester by Mr. Balfour. Speaking for the Government, Mr. Balfour informed us that our interests in China were not territorial, but commercial, and that the broad principles by which the details of our policy should be governed were :

(1) That it was a disadvantage to take territory, except so far as it was necessary to supply a base for possible warlike operations.

(2) That, owing to the extent of our trade in China, we had a special claim to see that the policy of that country was not directed towards the discouragement of foreign trade.

(3) And that no exclusive commercial privileges should be granted to any nation, but that all should alike enjoy freedom of trade.

We were, moreover, told that there were two ways alone by which our trade interests with China could be interfered with :

(1) The destruction of equality of opportunity by foreign Governments bringing pressure to bear upon China to make regulations adverse to us and favourable to them.

(2) And the dotting of the coast of China with stations under protectionist nations, through which the trade of the world would not be permitted to freely permeate, because of the erection of Customs barriers hostile to others and favourable to themselves.

The policy of the Government, we were assured, consisted in their determination to do their best to see that in neither of these ways should the trade of this country be injured. A little over four months, at the time I am writing, has passed since the policy was announced, and Lord Salisbury has asked the nation at large to judge the course taken by the Government by the results that have recently been made public.

Of course, in judging the results of a policy that has to be brought into conflict with the rival policy of antagonistic nations, we must take into consideration that the policy, to be successful, should not be

of a cast-iron nature, but flexible and to a certain extent malleable. It should likewise be remembered that a diplomatic campaign has many points of resemblance to a campaign in the field. Blows have to be taken and given, positions have to be advanced and retired, and the plan of battle has to be altered to suit the exigencies of the moment. The question is, how far Lord Salisbury has been successful in holding his own and in forcing the enemy to retreat from the positions they occupied, or attempted to occupy, at the time the policy was framed, and subsequently.

The position of affairs at the time was briefly and diplomatically described by Lord Salisbury on the 8th of February, as follows :

There is no doubt that there were suggestions—I do not say on what authority they rest, but there were suggestions—that our Treaty rights in China might be set aside, and that the comparative freedom of traffic which we have achieved by the Treaty of Tientsin might be destroyed by the action of other European Powers.

That these so-called suggestions had emanated from the Russian, French, and German Ministers at Peking and from their Foreign Offices is well known. These suggestions, or, rather, these designs against our interests, which Lord Salisbury had been, and was, bent upon frustrating, must be taken into account in our present task of judging by results. How far these designs conflicted with British interests can be judged by the following particulars.

Taking first the aims of the French Government. These first became apparent during the negotiations for the Chinese Anglo-German 5 per cent. loan of 1896, when the French Minister at Peking urged the Tsungli Yamen to accept a 4 per cent. loan from France instead, and laid down his five conditions of negotiating the loan, the first three of which were :

- (1) That it must be guaranteed by the French Government.
- (2) That the control of the Imperial Maritime Customs, then under Sir Robert Hart, must be placed in French hands.
- (3) That China must grant to France the monopoly of railway construction in the three southern provinces.

The Russian aims were partially disclosed by a telegram from our Minister at Peking on the 22nd of December last, at the time the negotiations over the 5 per cent. Chinese Anglo-German loan of this year had been temporarily suspended. From this and other sources we learnt that Russia was offering to guarantee a 4 per cent. loan, instead of the above, on the following terms :

- (1) That Russia should have the financing, construction, and control of all railways in Manchuria and North China.
- (2) That Russia should have a monopoly of mines north of the Great Wall, *i.e.* in Manchuria and Mongolia.
- (3) That a Russian should be appointed Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs when that post became vacant.

"(4) That Russia should have an ice-free port as a terminus for her railway.

The other Russian aims were the dismissal of all other Europeans in the service of the Chinese Government in Manchuria and the Northern Chinese provinces, and to obtain their posts for Russians; and to act in a precisely similar way in connection with Korea.

Germany, after her occupation of Kiao-Chau in November last, among other demands made upon China, had required preferential rights in connection with railways in the province of Shantung and mines along the tracks of the railways.

The demands of Russia, Germany, and France for the privilege of monopolising railway construction and working of mines in whole provinces of China, and the claim of Russia that only Russians should be employed in Manchuria and Northern China, because 'the Russian Government intended that the provinces of China bordering on the Russian frontier must not come under the influence of any nation except Russia,' conflicted with the most-favoured-nation clause of our Treaty of Tientsin. These, together with Russia's designs in Korea, and the attempt of France and Russia to get the control of the Imperial Maritime Customs into their hands, before or after the post of Inspector-General was vacated by Sir Robert Hart, had to be met and frustrated, if possible, by Lord Salisbury at the time Mr. Balfour announced the policy of the Government.

In order to clear the ground of extraneous matter, we will first deal with Lord Salisbury's action in the matter of the Russian aims in Korea. These were frustrated by sending a British squadron to Chemulpo, which doubtless paved the way for 'the friendly exchange of views' between Russia and Japan which led to the Russo-Japanese agreement of the 25th of April, whereby the Russian officials and military instructors in the employ of the Korean Government have been withdrawn, and the British subjects, whose dismissal Russia had demanded, have been retained. This may be counted as a point scored by Lord Salisbury.

The battle over Russia's claim to have the northern provinces of China considered as solely within her sphere of influence was fought over the Russian demand that Mr. Kinder, a British subject who had for seventeen years been an engineer in the service of the Chinese Government, should be removed from his post of Chief Engineer of the Northern Extension of the Peking-Tientsin-Shanhaikuan line to Kirin, the capital of the Central Province of Manchuria. This demand was withdrawn by Russia on the 18th of March, as is evidenced by the recent Blue Book 'respecting the Affairs of China,' and the Russian design for a monopoly of railways in Manchuria was thus given up. This is point number two scored by Lord Salisbury, and this was scored in face of the fact that Russia procured the dismissal of all the German military instructors in Northern China, and the replacement of them by Russians.

Point number three scored by Lord Salisbury was the offer of a British guaranteed loan to China in order to prevent China from accepting the loan proffered by Russia, and when, under pressure from Russia, the British guaranteed loan was refused, insisting that the Russian loan should be refused likewise. Thus Russia's designs for obtaining a monopoly of the railways and mines in North China, and the appointment of Inspector-General of I. M. Customs, were frustrated. The similar designs of France had been previously frustrated, and therefore do not come within our present purview.

Point number four scored by Lord Salisbury was the bringing such influence to bear upon the Governments of Germany and China as has prevented a grant of a monopoly of railway and mining privileges by China to Germany throughout the province of Shantung, a province containing a twelfth of the population of China. Thus, only concessions for particular specified railways and mines have been made to Germany; leaving it open to China to grant other railways and mines in Shantung to the subjects of any other Power.

Point number five scored by Lord Salisbury consists in the concession that, as long as British trade with China exceeds that of any other nation, the post of Inspector-General of I. M. Customs shall be held by an Englishman. This puts a final stop to the designs of other Powers to obtain the post for their own subjects.

Every attempt to infringe our treaty rights, or otherwise act to our detriment, was thus successfully dealt with by Lord Salisbury. Meanwhile, a contest was going on between Lord Salisbury and Count Mouravieff, apparently over Port Arthur and Talienwan, but really over the preservation of the balance of power in the Far East. In this struggle Lord Salisbury was seriously hampered and not on equal ground with his antagonist. To understand the situation we must, with an unprejudiced mind, take the following facts into consideration :

(1) Three Powers—Portugal, England, and Germany—had succeeded at one time or another in obtaining leases of ports and adjoining territory. As three Powers had already obtained commercial ports and naval bases from China, it was impossible to maintain a contention that China must not grant such to Russia.

(2) The natural points that Russia would select for a naval base and commercial port would be in the vicinity of the terminus of the Russian system of railways, and Port Arthur and Talienwan were the only ports that could be thus selected. At Talienwan Russia needed a large space for railway, residential, storage, and other purposes, and it was natural that she should desire to have the important terminus of her system of railways in her own hands, and fortified against possible attack. The security of the railway terminus likewise necessitated Port Arthur being in Russia's hands, because otherwise it would be liable to attack from its landward side.

(3) As soon as it was known that Germany intended to keep Kiao-

chau Bay as a commercial port and naval base, it was morally certain that Russia would demand leases of Port Arthur and Talienwan, and insist upon obtaining them. For two or three years she had been permitted by the Chinese Government to use Kiao-chau Bay as a winter anchorage for her fleet, and on Germany's seizing that bay, without China's consent, China had granted Russia leave to use Port Arthur as a winter anchorage. What guarantee had Russia that some other Power might not follow the example of Germany, and seize Port Arthur? It is true that we promised not to do so if it were not leased to Russia, but that would not prevent Japan or Germany from doing so at some future time.

(4) China not being a British Protectorate, we were unable to prevent her from taking any action not infringing our most-favoured-nation clause. If she chose to lease ports to other Powers we could not stay her, and had to restrict our claims to equality of treatment in such ports so far as the open door was concerned. If the status of Talienwan was altered by its being thrown open to Russian trade, subject to the Chinese Maritime Customs tariff, we had a right to the same advantage, whether the port were leased to Russia or not. If the status of Port Arthur were only altered by its becoming a Russian naval base, and not a commercial port, we could only claim the rights we had in that port before it was leased to Russia.

(5) Port Arthur and Talienwan being within a few miles of each other, and serving the same narrow trade area, it would be unreasonable to expect that both ports should be opened as treaty ports. In no other part of China would we require such action to be taken.

With our great commercial interests in Northern China to safeguard, and our prestige to maintain at the Court of Peking and elsewhere, it was impossible for Lord Salisbury, after the seizure of Kiao-chau bay and harbour by Germany as a naval base, to look with equanimity upon the leasing of Port Arthur as a naval base to Russia. With one Power on one side of the Gulf of Pechili, the water approach to Peking, and the other on the opposite side, the balance of power and influence in that gulf and at Peking would be seriously interfered with, to our detriment. To preserve the former equipoise, we should be compelled to lease Wei-hai-wei from China, it being the only other ice-free port in the Gulf and neighbouring seas that was suitable as a naval base. This would be a cause of considerable expense to us, and would entail the garrisoning of the port. However feeble his chances of success might be, Lord Salisbury considered it well to do his utmost to frustrate Russia's aim in this direction. Port Arthur would be useless to Russia as a naval base unless she had Talienwan in her hands, for one port was the back-door to the other. It was doubtless for this reason that Lord Salisbury endeavoured to prevail upon China to open Talienwan as a treaty port. Failing in this, through China's dread of the threats of

Russia, he could only safeguard our commercial and other interests in the ports about to be leased, and secure the lease of Wei-hai-wei in order to maintain our prestige, safeguard our interests, and put backbone into the cowed Government at Peking. Both of these points he succeeded in scoring.

We may here note that the lease of Wei-hai-wei from China was plainly foreshadowed by Mr. Balfour when he declared, in stating the policy of the Government, that it was a distinct disadvantage for us to take territory, 'except so far as it was necessary to supply a base for warlike operations.'

We will now consider the concessions which Lord Salisbury has gained for us from China. These may be ranged as follows:

(1) All the rivers and navigable streams and channels in the interior of China opened to steam navigation. This will be an enormous benefit to foreign trade, because the cargoes carried by steam-vessels are not subject to the vexatious delays at the likin and duty barriers that are dotted along the banks of rivers, streams, and canals at every few miles; and they have to pay a reasonable fixed tariff charge to the Imperial Maritime Customs Department, which is under European supervision, instead of heavy and frequent varying charges and exactions of all kinds at the will of native tax gatherers. This concession will probably within a few years increase our trade many-fold.

(2) The assurance that China will never alienate any territories of the provinces adjoining the Yang-tsze to any other Power. The demand for, and acceptance of, this assurance virtually binds us to protect these territories from foreign encroachment, and gives us the right to prevent such action as that of Germany at Kiao-chau being repeated in the basin of the Yang-tsze, and in the provinces adjoining that river that stretch into other basins.

(3) That the Inspector-General of the Imperial Maritime Customs shall be an Englishman as long as British trade with China is larger than that of any other nation. This prevents Russia and France for the future from repeating their endeavours to have this post filled, to our injury, by one of their own subjects.

(4) The opening of several treaty ports at important centres of trade in the basin of the Yang-tsze and on the sea coast. This will greatly tend to develop trade and European manufacturing establishments, which, under the Japanese Treaty, are allowed to be erected at such ports. It will also greatly facilitate and extend the transit pass system, and thus relieve trade from burdensome taxation.

(5) The lease of Wei-hai-wei to Great Britain on the same terms as Port Arthur has been leased to Russia. The lease to continue until Russia ceases to occupy the ports in the Liao-tung Peninsula.

In relation to the new treaty ports which are to be opened, it will be well to note the effect on trade that one of these, Chin-wang-

tao, which neighbours Shan-hai-kwan, and is situated on or close to the opened section of the Tientsin-Kirin Railway, will in all probability have. This treaty port, according to our Minister at Peking, is accessible in winter. It is being connected with the Russian and Russian-Manchurian railways at Kirin, and is already in connection with Tientsin and Peking by rail. Being about 100 miles further north than the now Russian port of Talienwan, and on the western side of the Gulf of Pechili, it is far more advantageously situated to draw the trade of Manchuria, with the exception of that of the Liao-tung Peninsula, and of the Eastern-Russian dominions, at least during the winter months, than any port leased to or belonging to Russia. Thus it matters little to us whether the Russian assurances with respect to Talienwan are broken or not. Again, the opening of Chin-wang-tao as a treaty port will be vexatious to Germany, and will tend greatly to lessen her hopes for the future of Kiao-chau. Chin-wang-tao is barely half the distance that Kiao-chau is from Peking, and the railway trade of Northern China will take the route in winter, when Tientsin is ice-bound, to Chin-wang-tao, and in summer it will go to Tientsin. Thus Kiao-chau will chiefly be dependent for trade on the hilly districts of Shantung. The above concessions have all been obtained without threats from China since the middle of February, and both the request for them on the part of our Government and the readiness with which China has granted them clearly indicate that the policy advocated by me for the preservation of the integrity of China in the March number of this Review for 1894 has been seriously taken to heart by both Governments and acted upon. The concessions made in connection with the recent Anglo-German loan were doubtless due to the advice of our Government, which has recognised that the only way by which China can be preserved from dismemberment is by the honest collection, and honest and enlightened administration, of her revenues.

To understand the position of affairs in China let us compare that country with Russia. The average density of the population in the Russian dominions was given in the last census as fifteen souls per square mile, and in European Russia it did not exceed fifty per square mile; whereas in the eighteen provinces of China the population exceeds 300 per square mile on an average. As there is little culturable land uncultivated in either of these countries, we thus get some idea of the richness of the soil and the general beneficence of the climate in China as compared with Russia. Again, the population of the whole of the Russia dominions was given as less than 130,000,000 souls, whereas the population of China proper, according to the most recent censuses to hand, is fully three times as great. The peasantry of China compares most favourably with that of Russia. The Chinese as a rule are far more intelligent, temperate, and industrious than Russians, equally tractable, and as

good material as any in the world out of which to manufacture soldiers and sailors.

If honestly collected and duly accounted for, the revenue of China would be at least thrice that of Russia. How is it, then, it may well be asked, that China has not acquired a well-trained, well-equipped, and well-officered army and fleet, that could defend her from all aggressors, instead of being in such a helpless condition as to knuckle down to a European antagonist who lately invaded her shores with the crews of two or three second or third class cruisers? The answer is that though the amounts squeezed out of the people by the tax-gatherers is enormous, not one-fiftieth enters the Treasury. That this statement rather fails on the opposite side to excess can be judged from a carefully written paper presented to the Throne in 1882 by the Viceroy Li Hung Chang, in which he stated that 'the expenses of collecting the revenue of the Inland Customs duties in every province exceeded the amount collected.' The whole of the vast revenues from this source of income was squandered away or peculated. So little money trickles through the fingers of the officials from all sources into the coffers of the State, that our Consul-General in China assures us that, on an average, only 89,000,000 taels, or, at 2s. 6d. exchange, about 11,000,000*l.*, is accounted for. How can it be expected that a huge country containing about 400,000,000 inhabitants can be properly administered and defended out of such an utterly inadequate sum? Mr. Chamberlain has well and tersely summed up the causes of the present powerlessness of China in the following passage of his recent speech at Birmingham :

The absolute corruption, the crass ignorance, and the gross misgovernment of the mandarins in China, have brought the ancient empire to a position of practical impotence, in which an effective resistance is for a time entirely destroyed.

China has everything that makes a great nation, except an honest and capable Government. For ages it has been renowned for the skill of its agriculturists and craftsmen, for the probity and enterprise of its merchants, and for the multitude and fearlessness of its seafaring population. It is an honest administration and skilled European or Japanese guidance that are required to set China up on her legs and to save her from disintegration. China's triple mail-coat of conceit must have been nearly rent off her by recent events. It is now eleven years since Prince Kung warned the Emperor that it was high time that some plan should be devised for infusing new elements of strength into the government of China, and that the only way of effecting this was to follow Japan's example and introduce the learning and mechanical arts of Western nations, and that nothing could be more disgraceful, when so small a country as Japan was putting forth all its energies, than for China alone to continue to tread indolently in the beaten track, without a single



effort in the way of improvement. This lesson must have been pretty well rubbed into the Emperor by recent events. His desire, which has been acceded to by Lord Salisbury, that the officers and men of his fleet shall be trained under the tuition of our officers at Wei-hai-wei, is certainly a step in advance. Prince Kung's warring was all very well as far as it went, but the acquirement of European learning and mechanical arts will not suffice to pour money into the Chinese Treasury, and thus give the Central Government what is needed for the proper defence of the country. Honesty must be breathed into the Central Administration and provincial officials, and the system of taxation must be thoroughly remodelled and reformed. With a Lord Cromer at Peking and the collection of the whole revenues under a Sir Robert Hart, and a few thousand 'Sergeant Whatsisnames' employed, China would soon be on her legs, and we should hear no more of attempted or intended Russian encroachments.

While the German Emperor is in raptures over having secured a base in China whence he can secure a fair share in the spoil as soon as China is ready for the knife, Lord Salisbury and M. Hanotaux have taken a statesmanlike view of the situation, and have resolved to do their utmost to prevent the dissolution of China. The welcome change in the attitude of France towards that empire has been apparent from the time that Lord Salisbury's policy was declared, but its full wholesomeness did not become evident until the 24th of March, when M. Hanotaux declared to a representative of the *Figaro* that:

Heaven grant that we are not to witness the death of China! That disaster would shake the world. Here there is no question of acquisition or of occupation. We should not seek in the Far East to augment our already vast colonial domain. We ought simply to seek to put it out of the reach of accidents. We should also, above all, seek to prop up the Middle Empire, whose ruins would make so many ruins.

The results of Lord Salisbury's policy have been that he has gained France as a coadjutor, if not as an ally, and the goodwill of Japan and of the United States, and of every commercial nation whose commerce would be injured by the destruction of the Chinese Empire and its extensive partitionment amongst protectionist Powers. I have proved that the policy of the Government has been carried out in its entirety, and that Lord Salisbury has virtually scored every trick in his contests with foreign diplomatists, and has secured most important and valuable concessions from the Chinese Government, which will tend greatly to add to the finances of that country, and thus strengthen it against the risk of future attack and disintegration.

HOLT S. HALLETT.

## *THE WORKMENS COMPENSATION ACT, 1897*

On the 1st of July there will come into operation an Act of Parliament which will do much to revolutionise the relations existing between masters and servants. Whatever may be the feeling of employers in regard to this new departure, there can be but one opinion as to the absolute necessity of meeting the increased liability in a businesslike manner, instead of pursuing the ostrich-like policy of ignoring the altered state of the law, and making no provision for future calls upon their financial resources. That the new Act, which may be said to be the product of a socialistic age, imposes a tax upon all employers, whilst conferring a boon upon the 'wounded soldiers of Industry,' there can be little doubt. The Marchioness of Londonderry was not far wrong in the opinion she formed as to these fresh obligations, and stated in her recent article in this Review. According to the estimate of the Home Secretary, the Act will apply to about 3,600,000 workmen in factories, docks and wharves; to 730,000 in mines; to 465,000 on railways; to 104,000 in quarries. Also, to something like 700,000 builders and bricklayers, and 800,000 navvies and general labourers. Altogether some 6,000,000 at least will be included in the Act, covering the most dangerous trades; and it is probable that its provisions will soon be extended to other industries.

The facility with which the measure was passed through both Houses of Parliament is quite remarkable, equalled only by the approbation it received from men of all shades of political opinion, from the extreme aristocrat on the one hand, to the democratic labour leader on the other. A recent writer pointed out that the average Briton troubles himself very little with the making of Acts of Parliament. Except when a party leader creates an occasion for a great speech with which he intends to stir the country, the ordinary elector finds the reading of debates dreary work. Though he may be a born politician, he hates to be bothered with details, and with the oft-repeated minutiae involved in passing Bills through the

House. The result is that he sometimes wakes up to find that an Act has been passed, about which he has some vague idea, but the actual provisions of which often greatly astonish him. The attempt to extend the Employers' Liability Act of 1880, which was made by Mr. Asquith in the previous Parliament, ended in lamentable failure, only to be followed by a more drastic measure, based upon the German system, and having the authority of the Conservative party, and which, at the same time, appealed with great effect to the sympathies of the Opposition; thus commanding the support of a large majority in both Houses. The far-reaching character of the Workmen's Compensation Act can best be seen by comparing the state of law under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, with that which will exist after the 1st of July (see Table on next page).

It is a common fallacy to suppose that the Act will only apply to employments in which machinery is used. As a matter of fact, there are several exceptions to this rule, and many masters who have no machinery whatever will find themselves within its range. The difference which will be produced by this Act will probably be still more astonishing in respect of the workman who may be the victim of an accident in the course of his employment. Statistics are often misleading, and capable of being made to prove either side of the question. We shall therefore do well to avoid them, as far as possible, in the present article. Perhaps a few examples will better answer the purpose. At an East-end hospital, chiefly filled with accident cases, the number of men who had lost one arm was so great that at a recent Christmas entertainment, an ingenious student hit upon the happy expedient of putting the men who were minus the left arm next to those who had lost the right arm, in order that the patients might be able to show their pleasure by clapping hands! Now it is not too much to say that most of these men would have no claim for compensation under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, or at Common Law, but their lot will be vastly different under the new Act. The amount which may be awarded by an arbitrator, for such an injury as the loss of a limb, will depend, partly upon the earnings of the injured workman, and partly upon his age, at the time of the accident, and may easily exceed one thousand pounds. Let us take another illustration: A working printer who had the misfortune to have his hands severely crushed in a machine, so that he became entirely dependent on charity, might often be seen in the London streets, a few years ago, with a card on which was written the fact that his employers had dispensed with his services, giving him the magnificent sum of 1*l.* sterling, with many good wishes for his future welfare. Of course the firm was not legally liable to pay him anything more than his bare wages up to the day of his ceasing to work; but such a man meeting with a similar accident, entailing permanent disablement, will be entitled to large compensation under

*A Comparison*

Employers' Liability under the Act of 1880	Employers' Liability under the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1897
A Employers only liable for injury caused by <i>negligence</i> of himself or responsible representative, or by <i>defective</i> ways, works, machinery or plant.	A <i>Employers</i> will be liable for <i>all</i> accidents, even though not caused by negligence or defects.
B Contributory negligence or knowledge of dangerous risk constitute a defence.	B <i>Contributory negligence</i> does not exempt, unless <i>serious and wilful</i> misconduct on the part of the injured man.
C Man injured through fault of irresponsible fellow-workman cannot recover compensation.	C <i>Common Employment</i> will now be no defence.
D Notice of injury has to be served on employer within six weeks.	D <i>Early notice</i> to employer not necessary unless latter is prejudiced by delay.
E Compensation for injury or death limited to three years' wages.	E (1) <i>Compensation for death</i> based on three years' wages, but not to be less than 150 <i>l.</i> or more than 300 <i>l.</i> (2) <i>Weekly Compensation</i> for injury is to be half weekly wages, not exceeding 1 <i>l.</i> per week (no claim unless two weeks disabled). (3) <i>No limit for the time</i> compensation has to be paid. It may continue for years, and exceed 1,000 <i>l.</i>
F Sub-contractors' men cannot recover from chief contractor.	F <i>Employers will be liable</i> for injuries sustained by men in the employ of <i>sub-contractors</i> .
G No provision against contracting out of liability.	G <i>Contracting out</i> is permitted subject to approval of Registrar of Friendly Societies; such scheme, however, must be as favourable to workpeople as the provisions of the Act.

NOTE.—A workman may take action to recover compensation under the new Act of 1897, under the Act of 1880, or at Common Law.

this Act. We need not multiply instances to prove the point that every accident (with the sole exception of those caused by the wilful and serious misconduct of the workman himself) will have to be paid for by the employer, provided that the disability exceeds a fortnight. In a pamphlet published by the *Daily Chronicle*, before the passing of this Act, we have this opening sentence :

Have we realised the dimensions and the urgency of this question of workmen's accidents—that black cloud that hangs over our busy, thriving, gallant industries? Scarcely, I fancy. If we had come to grips with the matter we should not be looking to other countries for the simplest statistics about accidents; we should not send widows whose husbands met their death at work to argue questions of contributory negligence with judges of the High Court; we should not leave the workman and his family to bear the whole brunt of the accidents which are 'nobody's fault'; we should not grudge the workman the best that science can do for him in the way of prevention, or the barest humanity and justice when he falls in his place in the ranks;

and the writer goes on to deplore the misery of the man who is injured in the course of his employment, and the difficulty he meets with in his efforts to obtain simple justice. It is no exaggeration to say that the change which will be wrought in the condition of the working classes, through the beneficent operation of this Act, will cause it to rank as one of the leading enactments of the century. Many of those who meet with accidents will be placed in circumstances of independence and luxury, when compared with their condition previous to the passing of this measure. Lord Salisbury said in the House of Lords, when advocating the second reading, that this legislation would have the effect of reducing the rates, inasmuch as thousands of workmen, who had hitherto been compelled to seek the tender mercies of the workhouse, would in the future become chargeable upon the funds of their respective trades. How far this altered state of things, with its attendant call upon the purse of the employer, will have the effect of adding to the friction already existing between masters and servants, is a matter of opinion. Whilst, on the one hand, the unions will look after their members' interests, there is every probability that vexatious and costly litigation will decrease, and much of the money which hitherto found its way into the pockets of the lawyers will in the future go to the workmen. As Mr. Augustine Birrell remarks:

The whole country has lost its temper with costs. It is scandalous, the country cries, that it should cost so much money to find out simple facts. Statistics are quoted to show how it costs £14 17s. 6d. to recover 50l.; and some stout solicitor who has made a snug fortune out of Railway Companies and Public Boards, and the Lands Clauses Consolidation Act, gets up in his place in Parliament and deplores the fact that there are in the ranks of his profession a few—a very few, but still a few—practitioners, lewd fellows of the baser sort, who are not above making costs out of a workman's accident. Parliament shudders at such infamy, and runs amuck at costs.

Of course, no one is sanguine enough to imagine that the legal profession can be eliminated altogether, and there are likely to be some nice points of law raised, which will only be settled by an appeal to the House of Lords. There seems to be a disposition on the part of many employers to leave this Act alone, as far as possible, in the belief that their workpeople do not know what is before them, reminding one of the old adage, 'Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to

be wise.' It is useless to lay this flattering unction to the soul, because, if anything, there is more curiosity among the men than there is anxiety on the part of the masters to ascertain their true position under the Act.

In a recent number of the *Building World* there appeared a full copy of the Act with notes by a barrister, showing pretty fully the immense advantages which the men would reap under the Act. Moreover, the unions are thoroughly on the alert, and anything which brings more money into the hands of the men, indirectly strengthens the unions. Many of the labour papers have had articles dealing with the Act, and there have been lectures and discussions in every centre of industry. Every working men's club is familiar with the subject; every public-house bar has been the scene of friendly talk as to the golden shore of the future. In addition to the regular unions there are numerous Legal Aid Societies and Workmen's Protection Societies, all of which have for their object the recovery of damages for injuries received by their members during employment. The officials of these associations fairly picket every hospital, and hang about every dock and factory. Being financially interested in every case which finds its way into the lawyer's hands, they leave no stone unturned to accomplish their purpose. If this has been the case in the past, how much more so will it be the case in the future, with this powerful machinery at their disposal? Therefore it is futile for the employers to suppose that the men are ignorant of their position under the Act. On the contrary, there can be no doubt that there will be a lively disposition on the part of the men to take full advantage of the immense benefits which a kind legislature has conferred upon them, in the earnest expectation that there are 'more to follow.'

Turning to the Act itself, it is important to bear in mind that it does not do away with any of the remedies already at the disposal of the workman. He will still be able to claim under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, or at Common Law. The present Act merely extends his powers and facilitates the recovery of compensation, arbitration being the method chosen for settling all disputes. Of course, there are many obvious defects in the Act. It has been said that no Act of Parliament was ever so constructed that it would not be possible to drive a carriage and pair through it; and it seems a great pity that the combined wisdom of our legislators could not produce a measure less open to objection and less prolific of difficulties of interpretation. Already we find a vast difference of opinion amongst lawyers as to the meaning of certain clauses. For instance, one legal gentleman has recently stated that under this Act an injured workman may claim compensation from the date of accident if his disablement exceeds two weeks; whilst another states that even after the Workmen's Compensation Act has come into operation the

liability of the employer under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, will be one of the most important branches of the law relating to the liability of a master for his servants' injuries; and he mentions a case where the plaintiff in an action under the Employers' Liability Act, 1880, who had little or no case against the defendant, was offered and refused nearly five times the amount which in such a case could have been awarded under the Workmen's Compensation Act. Some lawyers think hotels will come within the operation of the Act; others advise that a builder will not be liable unless the building is actually thirty feet in height above the level of the roadway. There have been several legal handbooks recently published, among which may be mentioned those by Mr. W. Addington Willis, Mr. W. Ellis Hill, and Mr. M. Roberts-Jones. There is also a useful summary, including the trades affected, compiled by Mr. F. Thoresby, and published at the *Post Magazine* Office, Wine Office Court, E.C. Anybody reading these interesting works cannot fail to be struck with the different opinions of the authors upon many vital points arising out of the Act, although on the general principle they are in agreement.

Mr. Addington Willis describes the Act as providing compulsory compensation for practically all accidents. 'The present Act,' he says, 'seeks to meet the various objections raised against the Act of 1880, by calling upon the employer to compensate his workmen when injured by accident in the course of his employment, irrespective of any question of negligence.' He also observes that a glance at the scheme which exists in Germany for the compensation of workmen injured by accidents shows us at once whence the idea embodied and worked out in the Act has been borrowed, and may act as a finger-post in the path which our legislators are inclined to tread now and in the future.

Mr. Ellis Hill, in the introduction to his book, says:—

For many years previous to the passing of the Workmen's Compensation Act it had been felt that the principle of the Common Law, which practically cast the burden of bearing the loss caused by personal injury to a workman sustained by him in his employment entirely upon the injured person, was inequitable; and although the severity of the Common Law had been considerably modified by the Employers' Liability Act of 1880, and by the Factory and Workshop Acts, yet there remained a large class of injuries caused either by the negligence of a fellow-workman in the same grade as the injured person, or by accident apart from negligence, in which the workman was unable to recover any compensation from his employers, and was thus compelled to bear the whole of the loss and damage caused by his injury or disablement. The Workmen's Compensation Act is an attempt to modify this state of affairs, and to divide the loss in such cases between the workman and his employer.

It is important to notice that both these writers view the Act as merely a tentative measure, which will certainly be extended after its principle has been tested.

Mr. Roberts-Jones says:—

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This Act applies to nearly one half of the total number of workmen employed in the United Kingdom, and, as far as proceedings under the Act are concerned, does away with the Doctrine of Common Employment, the defence of Contributory Negligence, the application of the maxim *volenti non fit injuria*, and nine-tenths of those technicalities which have disappointed the just hopes of the injured workman or of those who, by his death, have been left suddenly to helplessness and poverty.

Lastly, Mr. Augustine Birrell remarks in graphic language which we are not accustomed to associate with lawyers:—

You have here personal liability to pay, wholly irrespective of personal delinquency. Negligence, so long the genius of this branch of the law, is with sighing sent. Accident, chance takes her place. A flash of lightning strikes a chimney-stack, properly protected by conductors; the chimney falls and kills a man working at its base; the employer compensates his widow and dependents according to scale. A workman, not known to be of intemperate habits, flustered with drink, lights a match in a gaseous mine, and blows himself and a score of his fellow-workmen into eternity; the employer compensates the widows and children of the twenty, according to scale. A workman rushing recklessly along, trips and falls into a vat or pit which should have been fenced, and is gravely injured; the employer pays according to scale. A workman is engaged in dangerous works, the risks of which are fully explained to him; he suffers an injury; the employer pays according to scale.

The measure lays no claim to finality, and may be regarded as an honest attempt on the part of the Government to cope with a difficult social problem, by providing a stepping-stone towards a system of universal insurance for all trade accidents. In endeavouring to restrict the operations of the Act to certain hazardous trades enumerated in the Factory Acts in addition to those specially mentioned in the Act itself, *much confusion has arisen*, and this ambiguity will prove a fruitful source of dissatisfaction amongst employers of labour.

The work of the arbitrators will be no sinecure. For not only will they have to decide whether the particular employment comes under the Act, but, with the assistance of the official medical referees, they will have to assess the amount of damages, and decide whether the injured party brought about the accident by his own serious and wilful misconduct. Several nice questions will be bound to arise as to the meaning of such expressions as 'Arising out of, and in the course of the employment,' and 'On, in, or about, a Railway, Factory, Mine, Quarry, or Engineering Works.' Mr. Roberts-Jones thinks that a liberal construction will be given to these words, as is the rule both on the Continent and by the Miners' Relief Societies of this country, compensation being generally granted in cases of injuries received whilst going to or returning from work. It seems to be a flaw in the Act, and an incentive to litigation, that the costs of an unsuccessful action for damages for non-fatal injuries cannot be



deducted from the amount of compensation subsequently awarded by an arbitrator in another court. It would have greatly simplified the duties of the arbitrators if the Act had included all trades, seeing there are many employments which seem to be on the border-line of doubt, and the several Factory Acts upon which the Act is based are by no means clear in many instances; a fine distinction being often drawn between a factory and a workshop. In fact the various speakers and writers who have recently dealt with this subject from different points of view appear to have omitted to notice several inconsistencies in the wording of the Act, which must have struck any careful reader. To begin with the title of the Act, we find that whereas the Act applies to all employés (including clerks), the title expressly limits its operation to working men. Then, judging again from the title, the 'man in the street' would gather that it applied equally to *all* workmen, but one has not to read far into the Act to discover that it is somewhat limited in its scope, being restricted to certain hazardous trades only, whilst other trades, equally dangerous to limb and health, are outside the pale of the Act. In fact, the Legislature, whilst conferring a boon upon a large number of workmen (including a large number of employés who are not working men in the ordinary acceptation of the term), has made an arbitrary distinction between one trade and another, so that it will be difficult to decide as to whether a trade comes under the Act or not; and this question alone will prove a fruitful source of litigation or arbitration. For instance, a butcher who has a sausage machine worked by mechanical power will come under the Act, whilst his neighbour who has not such a machine will be outside its operation. The same sort of difference will arise between carmen and jobmasters who have mechanical chaff-cutting machines and those who have not such machines. Some bakers will come under the Act and some will not. In like manner, some laundries will be exempt. Other curious anomalies will arise in the case of hotels where there are hydraulic lifts and those which do not contain such conveniences. A still greater anomaly will be met with in the building trade, where some workmen will be able to recover compensation under the Act, whilst their brothers in the same grade of occupation will be left out in the cold, or be compelled to seek the cold comfort of the old Employers' Liability Act. Thus two men may meet with the same kind of accident resulting in equal disability, but simply because one was working on a building thirty feet high he will be able to recover heavy damages, whilst the other will be deprived of any compensation simply because his accident did not happen on a building thirty feet high! This is hardly likely to give satisfaction to the building trade, and raises a curious set of complications in forming any table of rates for insurance. Masters will naturally want to know how they stand in regard to their liability, and upon what basis their risk is

estimated. A workman falling downstairs may get heavy compensation, if there happens to be a steam machine on the premises, but another man will be unable to recover because there is only a hand machine in his workshop! Then as to the restriction about scaffolding: it is easy to imagine some curious points for the arbitrators in connection with accidents on buildings with scaffolds and accidents occurring on other buildings minus scaffolds. An interesting question will quickly arise as to: When is a scaffold not a scaffold? A man may meet with an accident whilst taking down a scaffold, the only remains of which may be a single pole. Plasterers may be working in a house over thirty feet high, but without scaffolding and without machinery—they will, therefore, be outside the scope of the Act; but if there happens to be a slight scaffold inside or outside the building, these men would be entitled to the full benefits of the Act. Then there remains the vexed question as to the height of the building. Where are the dimensions to be taken? Is the measurement to be from the ground on the level of the street or from the basement? Suppose a man falls from a house twenty feet high from the pavement, into the basement twenty feet below the level of the pavement, will he be entitled to compensation? That arbitrator would be a bold man who decided against an injured workman under such conditions. A house in course of erection may have reached twenty-nine and a half feet in height when a serious mishap occurs, and one may take it the surviving relatives of the workman killed would have a very fair chance of recovering compensation under the Act in spite of the thirty feet restriction, provided there was some sort of scaffold. The sympathy of the arbitrator will lean towards the injured party. Leaving the building trade with all its complex arrangements, let us take the case of a working cooper as an anomaly under the Act. If the man meets with an accident whilst working for an employer who has no machinery he would have no claim under the Act, but should he be working for a master who has machinery driven by steam he would be able to recover damages. If, however, the machinery was not worked by mechanical power he would be unable to recover. His case is typical of a large section of workmen whose right to compensation is dependent upon such curious issues. Much will, no doubt, depend upon the construction placed upon the Act by the arbitrator, but whilst it bristles with restrictions, presumably in favour of the employer, the Act is really wider in scope than many persons are disposed to think, and in its actual working will be found, in many respects, very much in favour of the injured workman. Then as to compensation: the Act practically provides an annuity for life in cases of permanent disablement, but whilst a master may stop weekly payments at the end of six months, and refer the matter to an arbitrator, it does not seem that a workman who has taken an inadequate sum in settlement of his claim at an early stage of the

disability can have the matter reopened, in the event of the injuries causing lifelong disablement. Of course, a great deal will depend upon the definition of terms used in the Act, as in the case of the word 'warehouse,' used in the Factory Act, 1895, to which this Act refers. The term is of very wide range, and many owners of warehouses will find themselves liable under this Act who never dreamed it applied to them. We have endeavoured to point out a few of the incongruities in connection with this Act. Many others will be found to exist, and the problem will tax the ingenuity of lawyers and arbitrators to the utmost; and several test cases will have to be settled before a solution is found. But, perhaps, before that time arrives the Act will be amended so as to include all trades and all accidents of occupation, with a satisfactory limit to the amount of compensation payable in case of permanent disablement.

Having dealt with some of the salient features of this important measure, and pointed out some of the anomalies which appear on its surface, let us now glance at the financial aspect of the subject, from the employers' point of view, and afterwards endeavour to indicate some methods of meeting the extra burden which has been placed on the shoulders of the masters. As to the operation of the Act and the number of trades affected, the Colonial Secretary stated in May 1897 :—

It [the Bill] deals with the whole of the accidents that occurred in the trades with which it is concerned, and I undertake to say that this Bill will deal with between 60 and 70 per cent. of the whole of the accidents which occurred in the country. . . . But as regards the question of including other trades, I can only say that, dealing with a constituency of 6,000,000, which is the least number of workmen we are dealing with in the Bill, you have got a field so large that there should be no difficulty in framing insurance regulations with regard to them, and I am assured by those most expert in the matter that there will be no difficulty whatever in framing insurance in connection with the trades specified in this Bill, if the schedule which deals with the amount of compensation is made more definite in all its particulars.—*Times*, the 25th of May, 1897.

Now it is obvious that a large number of these 6,000,000 workmen will meet with accidents for which compensation will become payable, and it is unnecessary to add that this will prove a serious charge upon the employers. Indeed, Mr. Chamberlain, during the debates in Parliament, estimated that the cost to the mining trade would be about 1 per cent. on the total wages disbursed, but the colliery proprietors and others placed it as high as 2½ per cent. Mr. Neison, the Government Actuary, seems to think both estimates equally erroneous, and in a letter to the *Times*, dated May 28, 1897, stated, 'Briefly, this difference of the method by which the risk has been measured accounts for the divergent views of the Government and the coal trade as to the financial burdens entailed by the Bill. The Colonial Secretary stated that 1s. to 2s. per cent. on the wages was sufficient for the textile manufacturers of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and Sir J. Kitson stated that 2s. 6d. per cent. was all

that was needful for engineering works ; but seeing that hitherto the insurance companies have charged similar rates to cover only the Employers' Liability Act of 1880 and common law risks for these trades, it is not likely that much reliance can be placed upon the above estimates. It is quite evident that this question of the extent of the liability of the employers has been greatly under-estimated in some cases, and greatly exaggerated in others. The undue lowering of the liability has been caused by a desire to appease the employers, and the overestimating has arisen chiefly from an innate dislike to the measure. The Colonial Secretary<sup>1</sup> and others who have relied upon the official Blue Books for data upon which to base their estimates of the cost, naturally came to different conclusions, seeing that the official reports, viewed as the basis of calculations, are totally fallacious. Speaking at the annual meeting of an insurance company of which he is the chairman, Mr. Thomas Hewitt said :—

The value of such an estimate may be gathered from the fact that persons who deal with this question on more practical grounds have come to a conclusion totally different to that laid down by Sir Matthew White Ridley. Our better judgment and experience leads us to the conclusion that the reports are formed from a very incorrect basis.

The truth probably lies between the two estimates, but in any case it is a serious item for the employers to face.

In view of these facts, the question is, in what manner can this increased liability best be dealt with by the masters ? Apart altogether from the trouble of looking after those who meet with accidents, in order to prevent malingering, and in addition to the anxiety connected with legal points in arbitration, there remains the great outstanding liability of the Act—namely, that attaching to injuries involving permanent disablement ; bearing in mind the fact that the amount recoverable for a permanent injury completely incapacitating a workman is very difficult to determine, but it may easily reach several hundred pounds. Even if the injury does not totally incapacitate a man permanently, but only renders him partially incapable of doing his usual work, the deficiency in his wages will have to be taken into consideration, so that a firm may in course of time have a large number of pensioners permanently on their books. It is this question of annuities for permanent injuries which has caused so much alarm in certain trades where there is a certain amount of bodily risk from the very nature of the employment.

To meet this increased liability, and to turn an unknown amount of loss into a known yearly outlay, three courses are open to the employer. First, he may confer with his workpeople, and form an accident fund of the works ; but the scheme must not only be acceptable to the men, but meet with the approval of the Registrar

<sup>1</sup> In his recent speech at Birmingham the Colonial Secretary said the rates being asked by the insurance offices were 'absolutely preposterous.'

of Friendly Societies, and must give benefits at least as advantageous to the men as those practically insured under the Act. No scheme will be so certified which contains an obligation upon the workmen to join the society as a condition of their employment. The conditions of contracting out of the Act are so difficult that probably very few masters will endeavour to do so, seeing that any scheme which may be devised does not really get rid of the liability altogether. Still, it must not be forgotten that Mr. Stanley Brown, a leading authority on liability insurance, when addressing the Insurance Institute in Bristol on the 21st of January last, advocated the policy of alternative schemes. He said:—

The workmen were feeling the drawback of not being able to get compensation in the first two weeks, and that their claims might be resisted on the ground of serious and wilful misconduct to almost unlimited extent, making it very difficult to get compensation except by costly process. He thought if the employers would think that over and see if they could give in on those two points—that was, give the men their two weeks' pay, and contract not to raise the question of serious and wilful misconduct, the men would be willing enough to give way upon the point of duration of compensation, and settle that very vexed question of duration by putting upon it a limit, which would enable the insurance companies and the employers then to calculate much better what was the value of a risk, and how it should be met.—*Post Magazine*, the 29th of January, 1898, p. 68.

Against this must be set the fact that the iron and steel manufacturers, who recently met at Dudley, resolved to stand by the Act and not to arrange for any alternative plan with the workmen. They decided in favour of insurance pure and simple, charging the premiums to the costs of production in all future contracts. Dealing with this same question of contracting out of the Act by the substitution of an alternative scheme, Mr. Charles H. Greer, in his address to the Manchester Insurance Institute, on the 18th of March last, combated the suggestions of Mr. Stanley Brown, and appositely remarked:—

If Mr. Brown means, by the words 'making it very difficult to get compensation except by costly process,' that the employers will resist all claims, and endeavour to prove wilful and serious misconduct when an accident occurs, I challenge such an accusation, and say the concession is worth nothing.

There appear, therefore, to be great difficulties in the way of arranging satisfactory alternative schemes.

Secondly, the employers in a certain district or trade may join together and form a system of mutual insurance. At first sight this appears to be an attractive remedy, and we know of several associations already projected in various parts of the country. There are, however, several objections to such a plan. To begin with, such an association must be based upon the system of average liability, which means that the careful employer, with good plant, will have to pay for the accidents of the employer whose business is carelessly

managed, and whose machinery is in a defective state. Another difficulty in the way of mutual associations is the complex machinery which will be required to cope with all the details connected with the investigation of accidents and the settlement of disputed claims, often requiring exceptional ability and tact. Much will necessarily depend upon the official staff, as to whether there is to be a profit or a loss. Then there is the question of annuities payable for cases of permanent disablement, which will be a serious charge upon the trades affected, and may ultimately devolve upon the stronger firms associated in such a society; and these permanent pensions will no doubt soon tire out the patience of even the most long-suffering business men, who will seek refuge at last in the regular insurance offices. It is a well-known fact that mutual insurance, as applied to fire insurance, has never been a signal success; and it will probably be found, in any such combination, that the natural result will be that the better employers will speedily retire from the association, and there will remain only those members who have a bad record, antiquated machinery, and loose methods of working. The majority of such attempts will only end in fiasco and disaster to those who join and remain members.

Thirdly, every employer may cover the risk by the method of insurance with the existing insurance offices, of which there are many possessing the necessary wealth and experience, as well as the necessary machinery for settling all claims that may arise under the Act. Since the passing of the Employers' Liability Act of 1880, a new branch of accident insurance has been developed; and during the past seventeen years a vast amount of data has been collected, and practical experience gained, which cannot fail to be of incalculable service to those offices transacting this class of insurance. There are many distinct advantages to be obtained by securing the policy of an established and substantial insurance company in preference to joining any mutual association or federation. (a) The capital and reserves of an established insurance company offer perfect security to the assured in the event of a disaster which would exhaust the funds or levies of most mutual combinations. Take the case of a big colliery explosion, or the collapse of a mill, in either of which cases many workpeople might be killed or maimed for life. (b) Insurance companies secure the services of officials who are trained to the business, and are skilled in the settlement of claims and in the prevention of imposition. (c) Insurance companies experienced in this class of business can better undertake this additional liability upon more favourable terms than mutual combinations guided by inexperienced persons. (d) They also generally select their risks, and consequently charge lower rates than mutual combinations, who have to include careful and careless employers on equal terms. (e) In the event of a dispute between the assured and

his company the former has a substantial body to proceed against, whereas with a mutual combination there is no one to sue. (f) With an insurance company the premium paid gives security for the whole of the period, whereas mutual societies are liable to extra levies up to almost any amount.

Speaking on the 20th of July, 1897, Lord Salisbury remarked :

To my mind the great attraction of this Bill is that it will turn out a great machinery for the saving of life. It will throw the necessity upon insurance offices that they shall take the utmost means in their power to see that accidents are avoided. This is really the history of this law of compensation. The law of compensation at the beginning of the century was begun by the juries, and instead of compensation for all the real injuries incurred being given, it was used as a punitive instrument to force these great owners and railway companies to strain their efforts to the utmost in avoiding and preventing accidents, which at one time were so numerous. It has been used successfully as regards the ordinary passenger and the ordinary citizen, but the law of common employment has impaired its efficacy for the working man. We are now, by a wise and general revision of the principle on which the law rests, applying it for the purpose for which it was originally destined, and has been profitably employed, namely, the purpose of forcing all who by the process of industry or the accident of their position have the lives of their fellow-men in their power, to spare neither labour nor ingenuity nor money in making our industries as safe as possible for those by whom they are carried on.

One of the leading trade organs, *The British Printer*, has boldly shown the absolute necessity for masters providing against loss by adequate insurance, this being the only safeguard of their interests. The editor has no hesitation in advising that, whatever the rates, employers must consider whether it is not worth the cost, to be absolutely safeguarded in the question of damages.

There are in the United Kingdom some thirty or forty companies transacting this kind of business, and their combined capital and reserve funds amount to several millions, thus affording ample security for all possible contingencies. In addition to the regular accident offices there has lately been a tendency on the part of some of the leading life companies to embark in this kind of insurance business, and to utilise their surplus capital by starting a liability department, with all its attendant risks and obligations. How far the existing life policy-holders will like this arrangement remains to be seen. Whilst it is true that under the terms of the Life Assurance Companies' Act no life office can use its life funds for other purposes than the interests of the policy-holders, it is only to be expected that a number of the members will look forward to the new development with some degree of anxiety, and may rightly think that the energy of the officials might be more usefully employed in legitimate life assurance, than in competing in the more speculative region of liability insurance, where a special kind of astuteness, knowledge, and experience is required in the

settlement of the claims of large bodies of workmen not usually to be met with in an ordinary life assurance company with its staff of actuaries and clerks, all of whom are very prone to take merely an academic view of business matters. It is more than probable that after a year's experience the directors of those few life companies that have commenced accident departments will see the wisdom of retiring from the field, and of confining themselves to their original business, instead of imperilling their funds by underwriting colliery and other hazardous risks. One would think that their legitimate business must inevitably suffer, as many intending life assurers will probably prefer to take out policies in other offices.

Most of the accident companies have formed a tariff association, and the rates of premium have been calculated and circulated throughout the country. The sub-committee charged with the duty of compiling the rates have not under-estimated the risk. Indeed there are many cogent reasons for believing that they have, if anything, taken a somewhat exaggerated view of the matter, and have, in many instances, fixed the premiums at too high a level; so much so that it is found that many firms object altogether to pay the rates now being asked by the tariff companies. Of course, an important factor in estimating the premiums has been the annuity payable to the injured workman, in certain cases during the remainder of his life, not exceeding 1*l.* per week, and which may run to a period of sixty years. There are a few offices doing business on non-tariff principles, and these companies profess to take into account any special features rendering the employment less dangerous, and in this way aim at fixing equitable rates, based upon the merits of each particular risk. Employers are therefore in the happy position of being able to choose their offices, and will no doubt select the company which seems best adapted to meet their particular needs. It would certainly seem advisable that every company affording indemnity under this Act should render their accounts annually to the Board of Trade, as is done by the life offices.

The main point is for the employer to seek protection against the liabilities connected with the Act. Very few firms are in the enviable position of being able to incur an almost unlimited risk, with its train of possible litigation, without having recourse to some form of insurance. In the case of private firms a serious accident involving several fatal injuries might mean insolvency, while in the case of limited liability companies it would mean reduced profits, and the compensation might have to be taken from the paid-up capital. One can fancy the look of dismay on the countenances of the expectant shareholders as they peruse the balance-sheet! It may therefore be assumed that no employer can afford to be his own insurer in respect of this Act, and whilst he has the proverbial three courses open to



him, we think there can be no reasonable doubt that the insurance companies offer the most satisfactory means of protection, always provided the rates of premium are not exorbitant.

R. T. THOMSON.

NOTE.—In the fourth edition of Mr. Addington Willis's book on the Workmen's Compensation Act he deals with the question of what constitutes a warehouse within the meaning of the Act, and he comes to the conclusion that it may be taken to apply to practically every kind of warehouse, whether there is machinery on the premises or not.

## *THE DIFFICULTIES AND THE LIMITS OF CO-OPERATION.*

WHEN the historian of the future passes in review the age in which we live, some dark and gloomy pages will be filled with the constantly recurring disputes between Capital and Labour. For months the daily journals have recorded the melancholy incidents of the strife between employers and employed in the trade in which it is our pride and boast that we pre-eminently excel. The occasion seems appropriate for a review of the progress which has thus far been made in co-operative and profit-sharing industries. Statesmen, political economists, men of business, and the great body of workers are alike looking for remedial measures. Under the wages system the interests of workers and employers are in a sense inevitably conflicting. Under the co-operative or profit-sharing system it is contended that unity of action and purpose will be secured.

Dealing first with co-operation, it may be defined as the union of small capitalists for the purchase, production, or distribution of goods, and for mitigating the baneful consequences of heartless and wasteful competition. Experiments in co-operation were first attempted at the end of the last century both in England and in Scotland. The results were unsatisfactory. The profits in those earlier societies being distributed to shareholders and not to purchasers, no special inducements were held out to the poorer class. In 1828 the movement for social improvement set on foot by Robert Owen was extended to general trading. Once more the results proved disappointing. Commercial experience was wanting. Agents unworthy of confidence were employed. Undeterred by many discouraging experiences, the friends of co-operation, of whom some were to be found in high places, persevered in their endeavours. At a meeting called by Mr. Owen, shortly after the accession of our gracious Queen, the Duke of Kent commended the principle of co-operation as conducive to the well-being and good order of society.

In establishing an industry on the co-operative plan a difficulty is encountered in the initial stage. Under any method of conducting the operations of trade and industry it is essential to have capital at command. For the working-man the process of accumulation by

cutting down expenditure must be slow and painful. It was seen, however, that a considerable saving could be effected by buying wholesale, and distributing profits to customers in proportion to the value of their purchases. With the moneys thus placed to credit contributions to capital could be made. The first association for the management of business on these principles was that of the Rochdale Pioneers. The system thus inaugurated has been widely extended. In a recent presidential address at the Co-operative Congress, Lord Winchilsea compared the statistics of 1865 and 1894. The number of co-operative societies had doubled, the membership had increased from 150,000 to 1,000,000; the capital from 1,000,000*l.* to 15,000,000*l.* sterling; the annual trade from 3,000,000*l.* to 50,000,000*l.*, and the profits from 270,000*l.* to 5,000,000*l.* a year. The value of the buildings held exceeded 5,000,000*l.*; while the investments were valued at no less than 6,000,000*l.* In the extent of their operations many societies subsequently established leave the parent society of Rochdale far behind. The Co-operative Wholesale Society of the United Kingdom, having its head-quarters at Manchester, may be described as a retail partnership on a vast scale, with no less than one thousand stores, a share capital of nearly 700,000*l.*, and a loan capital of over 1,000,000*l.* Some 4,000 persons are employed, while the sales in 1894 amounted to 9,443,000*l.*, and in 1895 to 10,141,000*l.* In various productive manufacturing establishments a capital of 600,000*l.* has been invested, while the goods annually produced exceed 1,000,000*l.* in value. In London five great co-operative stores have been organised. They are retail establishments working for profits like other traders, but originally confining their operations to customers belonging to the Navy, the Army, or the Civil Service. The sales of goods exceed in the aggregate the annual value of 6,000,000*l.* In London co-operative stores have not taken root among the masses. The retail trade is carried on by dealers having exceptional aptitude for their work. No co-operative store could compete with the costermongers in price, quality, or in the convenience of delivery at the very doors of the smallest customer.

In the belief that it would tend to raise the condition of the producers and workers, the Christian Socialists, among whom we may specially name Tom Hughes, Vansittart, Neale, Maurice, Ludlow, and Kingsley, were earnest promoters of the co-operative movement. They were looking not so much to the cheapening of commodities as to the moral and social elevation of the whole body of the workers. They desired to see them advance from the condition of wage-earners into a more independent position. They viewed, therefore, with apprehension the growth of the wholesale societies of Manchester and Glasgow, in numbers, in wealth, in prosperity. They disapproved of the concentration of the business of the miller, the baker, the shoemaker and the manufacturer under one central organisation. It

was not denied that vast operations were being conducted with conspicuous ability, but the departure was wide from the lines on which the first friends of co-operation had desired to proceed. Their aim had been that all necessary capital should be raised by the workmen, and that the management should be in the hands of committees chosen by popular election. In the workshops and factories, established by the wholesale societies, no contributions to capital had been made, nor had the principle of control by the workmen been accepted.

And now let us turn from the combination of consumers who employ producers to the combination of producers who employ themselves. It is with this branch only of the co-operative movement that it is proposed to deal in the present paper. The progress of industrial reforms, like other forces, has moved along the lines of least resistance. Co-operation in productive industries has until recently made little progress. Co-operative store-keeping has been largely successful. Its benefits, however, are limited to the cheapening of commodities. As a means of reconciling the conflicting claims of capital and labour it will have no effect. It does not exhibit a standard or gauge by which to determine the fair rate of wages, nor does it establish unity of interest between Capital and Labour.

Numerous attempts have been made by workmen to become their own employers. The last report of the Labour Association for promoting co-operative production, based on the co-partnership of the workers, gives a total for 1896 of 152 independent co-operative societies, with an aggregate capital (share, reserve and loan) of 1,077,716*l.*, and an annual sale of 2,164,802*l.* The profit made amounted to 112,991*l.*, of which 16,083*l.* was distributed as profit to labour. The aggregate losses were 12,070*l.*, so that the profit made on the capital invested in co-operative production may be taken as 10 per cent. When we compare these figures with the aggregate output by earners of wages under ordinary conditions, we see that co-operative production is, thus far, a comparatively unimportant factor in the industry of the United Kingdom. The establishments working on co-partnership principles embrace a great variety of trades—hosiery, silk, leather, pottery, building, printing, &c. Many of the most successful are connected with the boot trade, and depend upon Government contracts.

Having given the general statistics, let us pass in review the principal industries conducted in the United Kingdom. The Burnley Self-Help Cotton Manufacturing Society is a perfect illustration of the co-operative ideal. The management is vested in a committee elected by the workpeople, who number 320, all contributing to the capital, and sharing in the profits of their labour. The trade in 1895 aggregated nearly 61,000*l.*, the profits were over 2,000*l.*, the share capital nearly 6,000*l.* The other cotton factories established in Lancashire, more or less on a similar basis, known as 'the Oldham

Limiteds,' have rarely been commercially successful.. It was stated in evidence by witnesses before the Royal Commission on Labour that the operatives fought shy of mill shares.

We have another interesting example of co-operation in the business formed in 1886 by some sixty working men, chiefly employed in the Leicester boot and shoe factory of the Co-operative Wholesale Society, and receiving wages in the ordinary way. The management is vested in a committee, with a president, treasurer, and secretary, elected at the general meeting by the workers themselves. In the division of profits the aim is to treat them not only as individuals but as members of a community. While therefore each receives a personal share, contributions are set aside from profits for provident and educational funds, and other objects in which all are concerned. In the beginning it was difficult to raise the capital required. Perseverance has brought prosperity to the society. It now possesses 1,070 members, a share capital of 9,878*l.*, a loan capital of 14,334*l.*, a reserve of 881*l.*, and a trade of 47,296*l.* The profits in 1896 amounted to 2,484*l.*

The United Bakers Society of Glasgow may be quoted as another example of successful co-operation. Established in 1868 as a federation of distributive societies, its business, conducted on a co-partnership basis, is the largest in the United Kingdom. The workers are not taken into partnership individually. They form a Bonus Investment Society (Limited) which employees only are eligible to join. They are represented by delegates at meetings of the members, and are gradually securing a substantial holding in the business. In this federation the share capital belonging to societies is 37,907*l.*, and to workers 2,900*l.* The loan capital contributed by the societies is 79,114*l.*, by workers 580*l.*, and outside individuals 10,728*l.* Of the 830 workers employed 275 have become members. In 1896 the trade done was 220,536*l.*, while the profits amounted to 27,490*l.*

In many societies claiming to be co-operative the workers, while sharing in the profits, take no part in the management. The Hebdën Bridge Fustian Manufacturing Company is the leading example of this form of industrial partnership. When first founded in 1870 it was anticipated that the capital could be provided by the workers out of weekly wages. The capital of the society is actually held in the following proportions: Co-operative societies 10,415*l.*, workers 7,398*l.*, outside shareholders 8,032*l.* In 1895 the business yielded a profit of 5,185*l.*, the aggregate sales exceeding 43,000*l.*

Passing from the manufacturing industries to farming, co-operative experiments have been tried in the United Kingdom on a limited scale. The acreage cultivated is under 4,000, and thus far the losses have greatly exceeded the profits. Agriculture can only flourish under skilled management. The farmer should be a judge of stock, a chemist, a mechanic, a veterinary surgeon, and an

accountant. Such a combination of qualifications will not easily be found among our agricultural labourers at home. It is admitted by the most sanguine supporters of the movement that co-operative agriculture in the United Kingdom must await the wider spread of education and a larger capacity for taking in new ideas in our rural population. An exception must, however, be made in favour of the co-operative dairies which have been established in Ireland mainly through the untiring energy of Mr. Horace Plunket. The sales of these societies have already reached the considerable total of 280,000*l.*

Co-operative dairying has been largely developed in France, Switzerland, and Germany. In 1882 dairy factories were first established in Denmark. In ten years no less than 1,000 associations were at work, fitted to deal with the milk of from 400 to 2,000 cows. Almost every village in Denmark has its dairy. Factories have also been established for the production of bacon, the sales of Danish bacon in England amounting to 2,500,000*l.* annually.

In Germany co-operation has not flourished in its application to productive industry. Collective action has been chiefly directed to the establishment of the People's Banks, of which Mr. Schulze Delitsch was the first founder. These banks have been most successful, the majority of the shareholders being working-men. People's Banks on the German method have been established in Switzerland, Russia, and in Italy. In the latter country it has been found by experience that the financial institutions created by the people have only been successful when those concerned have been willing to act on the advice of men of experience in business. In Victoria, as we know, the advantages which it is sought to obtain in Europe by the institution of People's Banks have been provided by the State.

In Italy numerous co-operative societies for distribution have been established. The value of the goods annually sold exceeds 1,000,000*l.* sterling. The appropriation of profits is on the plan usually followed in the United Kingdom. The most extensive industrial co-operative business as yet established is conducted by 700 working cabinet-makers of Milan. The combination is organised for warehousing, upholstering, and joint selling of goods made in their own homes.

A review of the experiments hitherto tried, points to the conclusion that, while in theory the advantages of co-operative production are obvious and incontestable, in practice they are balanced by difficulties which in numerous instances have led to failure. In industry and commerce the ability to direct a large establishment is a rarer gift than strictly technical knowledge and manual skill. For a just appreciation of the qualities required in the man of business I turn to Dr. Jowett's admirable volume of *College Sermons*:—

To be a thorough man of business is really very high praise. It implies a clear head and mastery of details; it requires accuracy and constant attention and sound judgment. It begins with figures of arithmetic, it ends with a knowledge of the

characters of men. It is that uncommon quality 'common sense,' applied to daily life. The man of business is in his own sphere a man of the world also. 'He is not easily imposed upon, because he will never have anything to do with matters which he does not understand. He knows instinctively the familiar truth that 'high interest is another name for bad security.' If he has to invest property, he will not act upon fancies of his own, but upon the best advice and information which he can obtain. He will attend to his own concerns and will retain the threads of them in his own hands. There is nothing in it which appeals to the imagination, there is nothing grand about it, but it is useful. And it runs into higher qualities—uprightness, self-denial, self-control. The honourable man of business is one of the noblest forms of English character.

We have another description of the qualities necessary to success in industrial administration in Mr. Lecky's recent volumes on democracy and liberty :—

Experience has shown that Government organisation may be applied, with some success, to such industrial undertakings as can be managed on the system of strict routine, and by rigid and inflexible rules. But in all those departments of industry which are not susceptible of this kind of management it is certain to fail. Equally hopeless would be the attempt to convert the State into a gigantic shop-keeper or storekeeper or manufacturer. The rare combination of daring, caution, and insight, by which alone these great forms of industry can succeed, will never be found in routine-ridden Government officials.

A captain of industry should be a competent judge of the material upon which he works and understand the machinery in use in his trade. Theoretically and practically he must be master of his business. He should have natural abilities, special training, and long personal experience expanded by general reading and information; he must be honourable, and honest, alert, prompt, in action, inventive, versatile, and persevering. He must be happy in the choice of his assistants, and know how to reward and encourage their exertions by trust and confidence, and the large and liberal spirit in which the benefits derived from their exertions are rewarded. Decision on the part of the leader is as necessary in the operations of peace as in war, and a council of war never fights. Lines of policy may be laid down by a board. Corporate management is incapable of exercising an executive control over the huge ship-building yards, ironworks and factories of modern times. A competent commercial manager will rarely obtain in a co-operative concern such remuneration as is readily paid by individual capitalists. Hence the skilful management and general capacity required in great industries are seldom available. Capital, on the other hand, can be raised with fatal facility in an overflowing money market. Loans at usurious rates of interest to bankrupt governments, wild rushes into land booms, eager subscriptions to bubble companies, reckless investments in railways, gold mines, ironworks, sheep stations, cotton factories—these are among the many fields in which folly, ignorance, and the ungovernable appetite for gain have wrought mischief and havoc.

Having referred to the difficulty of securing good administration under the co-operative system, let us turn to the method of profit sharing. The idea seems to have had its origin in France, and it is in that country that we find the most successful examples. In the *Famillistère* of Guise, the largest establishment of its kind in the world, the entire capital of 450,000*l.* is owned by the workers, and the production of stoves and other ironwork reaches the value of 160,000*l.* a year. The strictly working-men's productive associations are said to number 140, with a business ranging from 40,000*l.* a year downwards. In Paris and Lyons these societies include a great variety of trades, and are federated together in Consultative Chambers. In addition to the societies founded by the workmen themselves, productive businesses, originally founded by private firms, have become co-operative by the sharing and capitalisation of profits. The painting and decorating business founded by Leclaire attracted much attention from John Stuart Mill. The first step in the conversion of the business was taken in 1838, when Mr. Leclaire established a Mutual Aid Society. The profit-sharing scheme followed in 1842. The foundations were laid with care and the structure was cautiously built up. It was necessary to overcome the prejudices of the men and to win their confidence in the sincerity of their employer. All this has been successfully accomplished, and perfect harmony between interests which were formerly conflicting has for many years prevailed. The results to Mr. Leclaire were entirely satisfactory. The son of a village shoemaker, he had divided among his men out of the profits of his house-painting business 40,600*l.*, and died leaving a property of approximately the same value. The *Maison Leclaire* endured the ordeal of the Commune unshaken, and in its direst hours gave succour and support to all connected with it. At the present time the management is entrusted to two partners, who receive a small salary and interest at 5 per cent. on the capital they have contributed. Of the remaining net profit, one half is divided among the workmen. In the beginning the benefits of participation were restricted to the permanent staff. They are now shared by every man employed. In the latest year of which we have returns, the participants were nearly 1,000 in number. The total amount paid in wages was 43,060*l.*, the bonus payments were nearly 10,000*l.*, the ratio of the bonus to wages being 22 per cent. For excellence of work the house of Leclaire is held in high repute among the architects of Paris.

It will not be possible to describe in detail the many establishments which are being successfully conducted in France on profit-sharing principles. In the building trade they are found in every branch. In the La Roche-Joubert Paper Mills at Angoulême the workers own 60,000*l.* out of a total capital of 180,000*l.* The Bon Marché, an enormous establishment, a combination of Whiteley's and the Army and Navy Stores of London, is a flourishing example



of profit sharing. Monsieur Boucicaut, the founder of the Bon Marché, was the son of a hatter in a small way. He and his wife were generous paymasters. Their employees have been able to invest more than 300,000*l.* in the business, while their employers have amassed handsome fortunes. Among other French examples, illustrating the material advantage to employers from the adoption of the profit-sharing plan, the case may be quoted of Monsieur Godin, the founder of the works which bear his name. While paying a bonus of 15 per cent. on the wages earned by his workers, he drew from his works an income which in a good year is said to have amounted to 10,000*l.*

In its simplest form a distribution is made in ready money at the close of the year. Monsieur Bord's piano factory in Paris is worked on this plan. Some hundreds of workmen are employed, and the pianos manufactured may be reckoned by tens of thousands. In consequence of a strike in 1865, participation was introduced. After deducting from the profits interest at 10 per cent. on the capital, the remainder is divided between Monsieur Bord and his workmen. To the former the distribution is proportional to the amount already drawn as interest on capital. The payment to the workmen is proportional to the amount paid during the year in wages.

The important work of Dr. Victor Bohmert, Professor of Political Economy at Dresden, contains an exhaustive enumeration of industrial profit-sharing establishments. The system established by the firm of Billon and Isaac, musical-box makers at St. Jean, near Geneva, is among the examples described. After deduction of interest on capital and payments to the reserve and maintenance funds, the entire net profits are divided into two parts. One half is annually distributed in cash bonuses proportional to wages earned individually during the year, while the remaining half is invested in the gradual purchase for the respective beneficiaries of 4*l.* shares in the company. In the letter addressed to Professor Bohmert in 1877, a workman writes as follows:—'We all consider ourselves as members of one and the same family. The good of the establishment has become the object of everyone's solicitude, because our own personal interest is bound up in it.'

Passing from Europe to the United States, profit-sharing establishments are few in number, and on the whole have not been successful. In the Pillsbury flour mills of Minneapolis, the most extensive in the world, and the gigantic dry goods store of John Wanamaker at Philadelphia, the results, however, are said to be highly satisfactory.

In the United Kingdom, though profit sharing has not been extensively developed, favourable examples may be quoted. In an article on the Labour problem, published in the *Fortnightly Review*,

of October 1889, Mr. Schloss describes the system established by Messrs. Thomas Bushill & Sons, printers and manufacturing stationers of Coventry, as deserving special notice. The plan adopted avoids the objection, to divulging figures which it is advisable to keep private. Messrs. Bushill have stipulated that out of each year's profits a certain sum called the reserve limit shall be first set apart for the benefit of the firm. The balance is divided between the firm and the workpeople. The amount of the reserve fund is made known to a chartered accountant, who thereupon certifies the sum due in respect of bonus to the workers. The result of this experiment, has been equally satisfactory to the Messrs. Bushill and the people in their employ. A disposition to economise both as to time and use of material has been noticed, combined with a fertility of resource in overcoming difficulties and in providing cheaper methods of production. The value of profit sharing as a lubricant, it is said, can scarcely be overestimated.

In this connection, it is a fact which merits attention that it is precisely from those employers who have most thoroughly developed the system that we have the most favourable judgment on its merits. Mr. Galpin, a director of the great publishing firm of Cassell & Co., is a strong advocate of profit sharing. His firm pays a dividend of 10 per cent., and profit sharing has been in force since 1878, with distinctly beneficial results both to the workpeople and their employers.

In 1895 a special report on gain sharing and other systems of bonus on production was issued by the Board of Trade. In that report are described at length the elaborate methods of the Gain and Town's Manufacturing Company of Stamford, Connecticut; the premium plan submitted to the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, by Mr. Halsey, manager of a Canadian company engaged in the manufacture of mining machinery; the system adopted at the works of Willans & Robinson, engine and steam-launch builders on the Upper Thames, and the good-fellowship participations of the Thames Ironwork Company at Blackwall. It will not be necessary to describe these schemes in detail. In each case, in addition to fixed or minimum wages, a premium is paid depending in amount on the saving effected upon a specified standard of cost of production.

In the application of the principle of profit sharing to practical conditions we have first to determine, to the satisfaction both of employer and employed, a standard of cost, and that standard must be maintained for a certain space of time. Such a standard can be most easily fixed, where we have to deal with staple articles uniform in character, and produced year after year by similar processes of manufacture. The difficulty increases in proportion to the variety of the articles with which we have to deal. In considering the items to be included, those only should be taken into view which have a direct bearing on the efficiency or the inefficiency of the labour.

employed. Charges for rent, interest and depreciation may obviously be excluded. So, too, questions must arise as to whether the whole or part only of the difference between the actual wages cost and the standard cost should be surrendered by the employer, observing that even where workers claim the whole or nearly the whole of the advantages derived from the higher efficiency of their labour, general and established charges are reduced by an increased output. Experience shows, as might have been expected, that the stimulus created by premiums for efficiency is the stronger in proportion to the promptitude with which the reward of labour follows upon the exertions put forth by the worker. We have further to distinguish between collective and individual payments. The larger the group amongst whom a bonus is divided, the less is the inducement offered to the exercise of intelligence and diligence by the individual workman. It has been objected to the system of remuneration by bonus that it tends to the scamping of work, and involves excessive complexity of accounts. It is urged in reply that where the bonus system has been applied, in establishments engaged upon work involving the highest degree of accuracy and skill, the workmanship has not been found to deteriorate. Nor can the keeping of full accounts in such cases be carried too far.

Premium payments do not find favour with Trades Unions. Being invited to express their views on the scheme proposed at the Thames Ironworks, the Amalgamated Society of Engineers declared their unshaken belief in the inherent badness of any system of industrial remuneration other than the time-wage system. That method had been productive of the best results morally, physically, and industrially. Payment by results, under whatever high-sounding name put forward, was only in effect piecework in another form. They held it, therefore, their bounden duty to resist all systems of payment by results so long as industry was conducted in its present form, whereby one class could exploit the industrial product of another by appealing to the worst and most sordid side of the workman's nature.

Let us now sum up the results of our inquiry. We have seen how vast are the operations of the associations for the distribution of commodities in some of the busiest and most populous countries of the United Kingdom. Their success may be accepted as evidence that the agencies which formerly existed left much to be desired. Goods were inferior and prices excessive. In the United Kingdom, however, co-operative distribution as an agency for the benefit of the masses of the people does not appear capable of further expansion. The later developments have been chiefly among the middle classes. When we turn from consumption to production little has thus far been done. Where close attention to detail, keen watching of every turn in the market, the perfecting of mechanical contrivances, brilliant intuitions and prompt decisions are required, no deliberative body,

no committee chosen by the popular vote, will compete in efficiency with personal management. Nor does co-operation relieve industry of its independence of capital. If provided by the workers severe economy must be practised, and life must be harder than now. It will be necessary to scorn delights and live laborious days. Is it well to get rid of capitalists and captains of industry at such a sacrifice? If, again, capital be borrowed, the rate of interest charged by the money-lender will certainly exceed that obtained by the employer in the form of profits. We may confidently claim that no other nationality rivals the Anglo-Saxon in the capacity for self-government and the quality of self-help. The principles of co-operation, though persistently recommended for more than a hundred years by persuasive advocates, have gained few adherents. The experiences of other nations enforce the same lesson. In Switzerland, the nursery of accomplished artisans, whose citizens are trained in self-government more perfectly than those of any other country in the world, we find only thirteen small co-operative societies of production. In Germany, Prince Bismarck and Von Ketteler, the Bishop of Mayence, were eager for a reconstruction of the methods of productive industry. By their influence the co-operative principle on the lines recommended by Lassalle was extensively tried, but with the result that the capital invested melted rapidly away.

Turning to profit sharing it may be claimed that it establishes a more perfect identity of interests between employers and workmen than payment by the piece, irrespective of what employers may gain. A good year for the employer means a good year for the men. If profits exceed a certain amount, the men know that a portion of the excess will belong to themselves. They have a strong motive to make them as large as possible. Profit sharing was much discussed in connection with the strike among the gas-stokers of London. The observations which follow give the substance of an able article published in *Engineering* on the 3rd of January 1890. In any co-partnership it is essential that the scheme shall be honest and fair to all concerned and that the mutual principle shall apply to all. Proceeds should be equitably distributed in proportion to risks and services. In a profit-sharing concern each party concerned surrenders something for the common good. To obtain greater security for his money the capitalist is willing to forego a proportion of his profits. The workman wants security of employment, and in order to obtain it he puts into his work a higher degree of personal interest. He undertakes extra labour and extra responsibility, he uses more skill and more care, he keeps always before him a high standard of efficiency. The man working on his own account is more alert and enterprising than the mere productive machine. He does not deliberately waste time. He does not require constant supervision. He is thrifty and thoughtful in the use of materials,

and in handling machinery and appliances. If the fusion of interests as between Capital and Labour is not so perfect under the profit-sharing as under the co-operative plan, the system seems capable of a wider expansion. While it does not abolish the capitalist or the wage-earner, profit sharing brings both together on terms more generally advantageous than under the wage system. It is adapted to the circumstances of those workers, necessarily the great majority, who have not sufficient capital to start on their own account. The principle of profit sharing has been strongly recommended by political economists. Mr. Fawcett, in his essay on Pauperism, wrote as follows :—' It is vain to expect any marked improvement in the general economic condition of the country so long as the production of wealth involves a keen conflict of pecuniary interests.' The more he thought of the plan of profit sharing the greater was the importance which he attributed to the extension of the principle.

The objections to profit sharing are similar to those which were urged before the Royal Commission on Labour in reference to piece-work. On purely economic grounds piece-work is justifiable; it secures a fixed ratio between the wages and the work. In practice it is contended that it operates injuriously, and, like overtime, is unfavourable to the steady and regular employment so essential to the general well-being of the workers. This aspect of the question was discussed at length in the report of the Commission. Trades-Unionists, they say, are inclined to distrust a system which seems to enlist the interest of the workmen in maintaining the rate of profits rather than the rate of wage, and which tends, to quote the evidence of Mr. Tom Mann, 'to lift the man out of the ranks of the army of labour.' Looking to profit sharing from the employers' point of view, considerable weight attaches to the objection put forward by Sir Robert Giffen, of the Statistical Department of the Board of Trade. As he pointed out to the Royal Commission, employers whose profits were small could only work the system by raising their earners' wages up to the level of the earnings of men employed by firms which had large profits to share. Such profits are rarely earned, and hence it is that the number of profit-sharing firms in the United Kingdom at the date of Sir Robert Giffen's evidence did not exceed seventy-nine, with some 16,000 employees.

In concluding this rapid survey of co-operation and profit-sharing industries, the admission must be made, though not without regret, that thus far the lessons of experience do not encourage the belief that thought and labour would be profitably employed in the endeavour to establish methods of industrial production. It is indeed greatly to be desired that the workers in every industry should be able to judge for themselves as to the fairness with which the profits earned are apportioned, as between wages, remuneration for skilled management, and interest on capital. Co-operation, in so far as it

may be practicable, will supply this knowledge. The Royal Commission on Labour did not anticipate any large extension of the co-operative industries. In the existing commercial world industrial establishments cannot face keen competition without that skill in business, energy, and concentration of power which can only be looked for in individual employers, and the highly trained managers in the service of great companies. For these reasons it must be assumed that industrial operations will continue to be conducted mainly by the combined efforts of employers working for profits and workers rewarded by wages. Co-operative industries will be few, but their influence will, as the Commissioners observe, spread far beyond their own members. They will be the means of spreading widely among the industrial classes a sound knowledge of the principles and the conditions which govern the remuneration of work.

While profit sharing and co-operation will achieve something in the solution of labour difficulties, we may anticipate far greater results through the agency, wisely directed, of Trades Unions. The present generation has witnessed a notable change in the popular view of Trades Unions. They are no longer dreaded or denounced as a danger to society. The Royal Commission on Labour, in the concluding observations of their report, describe the creation of considerable bodies of workmen, more or less separate in their lives and pursuits from those under whom they work, as a necessary result of the growth or development of large industrial establishments during the present century. It was in industries where the separation of classes was most marked that they observed the fullest developments of that organisation of the respective parties which is the most remarkable and important feature of the present industrial situation. Powerful Trades Unions and powerful associations of employers had been the means of bringing together in conference the representatives of both classes, thus enabling each to appreciate the position of the other, and to understand the conditions subject to which their joint undertakings must be conducted. The Commissioners saw reason to believe that in this way the course of events was tending towards a more settled period, and a clearer perception of the principles which must regulate the division of the proceeds of each industry, consistently with its permanency and prosperity, between those who labour and those who supply managing capital and ability.

Reviewing the publications of Mr. George Howell on Trades Unions, in his recent volumes on Democracy and Liberty, Mr. Lecky observes that it is clearly shown how entirely subordinate is the part which strikes have held in the policy of the most important Trades Unions, how admirable and conscientious their administration has usually been, what a vast sum of self-help and providence exists among the better class of the English labourers, and what incalculable benefits these Trades Unions have conferred upon their members.

The aggregate amount devoted by the fourteen largest societies to what might be called the constant and permanent requirements of workmen—namely, pecuniary assistance in cases of need over which they have little control—reached the grand sum of 7,331,952*l.*, while the total ascertained amount expended solely on strikes was only 462,818*l.*

It is not possible in the present paper to deal exhaustively with the subject of Trades Unions. Let us limit our view, therefore, to the essential services they are capable of rendering both in the collection and diffusion of information on the state and prospects of trade, on wages, and the standard of living at home and in the countries with which we compete. As a necessary preliminary to successful negotiation, workers must know their case, and they can only know it by the aid of their Trades Unions. They cannot individually keep in touch with all the seats of industry. To spread an accurate knowledge of trade conditions is a work of national and international co-operation in the best sense.

We may apply these observations to a case which for many weary weeks engaged the attention of the whole civilised world. I refer to the prolonged struggle in the engineering trade. The struggle was indeed most arduous for the workers. It imposed very heavy sacrifices on their employers, while the serious falling off in the exports of machinery from the United Kingdom showed clearly how serious was the loss to the community at large. Let us ask ourselves whether either of the contending parties would have engaged in a struggle so disastrous if all the facts had been fully ascertained in advance. Did employers and employed carefully compare the net wages earned, the efficiency of labour in the United Kingdom and in the commercial countries with which we compete, the cost of living, the prices obtainable for salaries and interest, and profits at home and abroad? If such an inquiry had been made, in the light of ample information, both sides might have been more ready for the compromises and concessions which, it is most earnestly to be hoped, will result from the conference now (14th of December, 1897) being held.

It was repeatedly stated that the employers in the recent regrettable struggle were contending even more against the growing tendency to interfere with the details of business than the reduction of hours. While concentration of command is necessary for successful management, the claim that wages and conditions of labour should be settled with the men individually and not through the Unions is not supported by the report of the Labour Commission. In the paragraph giving their general view of the methods of adjustment of wages, they say 'in the vast majority of cases workmen are paid by way of fixed wage-rates, varied from time to time in well-organised trades, the result of negotiations between the bodies of employers and workmen. The strong trade organisations, composed chiefly of males, skilled

workers, accustomed to act together in masses, have made the old method of settling individual wages by the higgling of the market impossible, and have for the most part already caused the substitution of wages boards, or other more or less formal institutions, by which they secure a consultative voice in the division of receipts between Capital and Labour. A standard wage is thus established.' Again, in the paragraph of the report in which 'their leading characteristics are described, it is said that 'a strong trade society having a central executive council, thoroughly representative of the members, and implicitly trusted' by them, possesses a machinery which will enable it to negotiate with employers with the least possible friction, either from time to time as occasion may require or by way of a permanent joint board, for the purpose of settling hour and wage rate questions and other points of dispute, and to give undertakings, and to enter into agreements upon which employers can rely.'

The passages quoted can scarcely be regarded as approving the conditions on which the employers in the negotiations now pending insist. And who were the Commissioners who signed the majority report which we have been quoting? They were not agitators. They were men with a great stake in the industry of the United Kingdom. Their Chairman was the Duke of Devonshire. His colleagues included, among public men, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, Mr. Gerald Balfour, Mr. Mundella, Mr. Leonard Courtney, Sir Frederick Pollock, and Mr. Marshall, Professor of Political Economy at Cambridge. Trade and industry were ably and influentially represented by Mr. David Dale, the late Sir Edward Harland, Mr. Ismay, of the famous White Star Line of Liverpool, Mr. Hewlett and Mr. Livesey. The Trades-unionists were represented by Thomas Burt.

To the views of the Royal Commission I may briefly add a recent personal experience. Up to the date of my departure from England for Victoria I was a director of the great ship-building company at Barrow. Our pay sheet amounted not rarely to the large sum of 1,000*l.* a day. The tonnage we had on hand for the Government alone was sometimes in excess of the total at any single dockyard. In conducting operations on so vast a scale it was found a convenient practice in all serious cases of dispute to call in the representatives of the Unions involved. It was a distinct advantage that they came from a distance and were thus free from local prejudices. Our managing director never failed to come to terms, and I may say that during all the years in which I was connected with Barrow, we had no serious difficulty in our relations with the large bodies of workmen, nor was there in any single case any important difference between the estimated and the actual cost of labour in the building of ships of the largest dimensions and most complicated design. Our greatest difficulty was caused not by the cost of labour, but the severe competition of rival shipbuilders. Thus estimates were cut



down and no reasonable margin remained for contingencies or profits. It is certain that the margin would have remained just as narrow if the cost of labour had been reduced all round by 50 per cent. Though the struggle was protracted, no opening presented itself for intervention in the Engineers' dispute. The public, however, were grave sufferers by the cessation of one of the most important industries in the United Kingdom.

In an article published in the *Economist* of the 9th of October last it is pointed out that the strike of the Engineers was not to be regarded as a proof that Socialism in the German sense had any appreciable hold on the mass of English skilled workmen. It might have been the object of the men to squeeze the capitalist on what was held to be a rising market. They might have overestimated the profits of their employers. They might have been working for a joint control with the capitalist. They had given no indication that they were working for socialist or collectivist objects.

In an earlier part of the present paper the claims of good employers on those whom they employ and on the community at large have been strongly insisted on. In closing it may not be unfitting to return once more to that special aspect of the question before us which has been under discussion. Employers are in full possession of all the facts. Their books are always open to their careful study. The workers in great industries are in a position of serious disadvantage from imperfect knowledge of costs, prices and profits, and yet it is upon a comparison of these essential elements that a just decision can alone be formed as to when it is prudent to accept existing conditions, and when a claim can be fairly pressed for shortened hours, higher wages, or improved conditions. The worker is compelled to accept statements without the means of verification. He sees his employer in better conditions of life than his own. He knows nothing of the painful and arduous struggle by which commerce and industry are built up. He knows nothing of the many who fail where one is successful. He does not see that every accumulation of capital means more and better-paid employment for his own class. He does not fully realise that if there were no profits there would be no wages. In the absence of any independent tribunal to which they can appeal, and with no information to guide them, coming from an impartial and trusted authority, neither the workers nor the public are in a position to decide as to the justice and the fairness of the demands which are from time to time put forward on behalf of labour. To use the forcible language of Mr. Mallock: 'Some demands are really made by misery, and can only be ignored by cruelty. There are other demands which could only be made by madmen and listened to by fools.' When the conditions would admit of an advance in the reward of labour, and when they require that the cost should be reduced, neither the workers nor the general

public are able to decide. Neither legislation nor the most powerful combination of workers can compel employers to carry on their business when it has ceased to be profitable.

It has been shown that co-operative industries would be of special advantage in fixing a gauge or standard of wages for the whole body of workmen. In view, however, of the slow and limited development of co-operative industry, there is no reason to anticipate any extensive transfer of difficult forms of enterprise from personal to co-operative management. We must look for other means of spreading light and knowledge. To open confidential books to public inspection being impracticable, it is the more incumbent on employers to go as far as they possibly can in friendly reasoning and full explanation of their position and their difficulties to their workmen. Courts of conciliation for mutual explanation and consultation should be set up in every industry. Now for more than a generation the schoolmaster has been abroad. The spread of education has created in every class a more democratic spirit. Organisation has given the workers more confidence in their own strength. Education has created a stronger desire to know reasons and to judge independently of the fitness of things. Every consideration points to the desirability of frequent and friendly conferences between employers and employed. They are in harmony with the liberal sentiment and tendency of the present age. Wherever they have been formed, good relations have grown up between employers and employed. They have never yet been found to fail, and we may confidently rely on their efficacy in the future as a safeguard and protection from the miseries of industrial war.

BRASSEY.

ON STYLE IN ENGLISH PROSE<sup>1</sup>

*Fili mi dilectissime* (if, sir, I may borrow the words of the late Lord Derby when, as Chancellor of the University, he conferred the degree of D.C.L. on Lord Stanley, his son)—I fear that I am about to do an unwise thing. When, in an hour of paternal weakness, I accepted your invitation to address the Bodley Society on *Style*, it escaped me that it was a subject to which I had hardly given a thought, one with which undergraduates have but small concern. And now I find myself talking on a matter whereof I know nothing, and could do you little good if I did, in presence of an illustrious historian, to say nothing of your own Head, who was an acknowledged master of English, when my own literary style aspired to nothing more elegant than the dry forms of pleadings and deeds.

Everyone knows how futile for any actual result are those elaborate disquisitions on Style which some of the most consummate masters have amused themselves in compiling, but which serve at best to show how quite hackneyed truisms can be graced by an almost miraculous neatness of phrase. It is in vain to enjoin on us 'propriety,' 'justness of expression,' 'suitability of our language to the subject we treat,' and all the commonplaces which the schools of Addison and of Johnson in the last century promulgated as canons of good style. 'Proper words in proper places,' says Swift, 'make the true definition of a style.' 'Each phrase in its right place,' says Voltaire. Well! Swift and Voltaire knew how to do this with supreme skill; but it does not help us, if they cannot teach their art. *How* are we to know what is the *proper* word? *How* are we to find the *right* place? And even a greater than Swift or Voltaire is not much more practical as a teacher. 'Suit the action to the word, and the word to the action,' says Hamlet. 'Be not too tame neither. Let your own discretion be your tutor.' Can you trust your own discretion? Have undergraduates this discretion? And how could I, in presence of your College authority, suggest that you should have no tutor but your own discretion?

<sup>1</sup> An (unreported) address to the Bodley Literary Society, Oxford. President, C. René Harrison.

All this is as if a music master were to say to a pupil, Sing always in tune and with the *right* intonation, and whatever you do, produce your voice in the *proper* way! Or, to make myself more intelligible to you here, it is as if W. G. Grace were to tell you, Play a 'yorker' in the *right* way, and place the ball in the *proper* spot with reference to the field! We know that neither the art of acting, nor of singing, nor of cricket can be taught by general commonplaces of this sort. And good prose is so far like cricket that the 'W. G.'s of literature, after ten or twenty 'centuries,' can tell you nothing more than this—to place your words in the right spot, and to choose the proper word, according to the 'field' that you have before you.

The most famous essay on Style, I suppose, is that by one of the greatest wizards who ever used language—I mean the *Ars Poetica* of Horace, almost every line of which has become a household word in the educated world. But what avail his inimitable epigrams in practice? Who is helped by being told not to draw a man's head on a horse's neck, or a beautiful woman with the tail end of a fish? 'Do not let brevity become obscurity; do not let your mountain in labour bring forth a mouse; turn over your Greek models night and day; your compositions must be not only correct, but must give delight, touch the heart,' and so forth, and so forth. All these imperishable maxims—as clean cut as a sardonyx gem—these 'chest-nuts,' as you call them, in the slang of the day—serve as hard nuts for a translator to crack, and as handy mottoes at the head of an essay; but they are barren of any solid food as the shell of a cocoa-nut.

Then Voltaire, perhaps the greatest master of prose in any modern language, wrote an essay on *Style*, in the same vein of epigrammatic platitude. No declamation, says he, in a work on physics. No jesting in a treatise on mathematics. Well! but did Douglas Jerrold himself ever try to compose a Comic Trigonometry; and could another Charles Lamb find any fun in Spencer's First Principles? A fine style, says Voltaire, makes anything delightful; but it is exceedingly difficult to acquire, and very rarely found. And all he has to say is, 'Avoid grandiloquence, confusion, vulgarity, cheap wit, and colloquial slang in a tragedy.' He might as well say, Take care to be as strong as Sandow, and as active as Prince Ranjitsinhji, and whatever you do, take care not to grow a nose like Cyrano de Bergerac in the new play!

An ingenious professor of literature has lately ventured to commit himself to an entire treatise on Style, wherein he has propounded everything that can usefully be said about this art, in a style which illustrates everything that you should avoid. At the end of his book he declares that style cannot be taught. This is true enough: but if this had been the first, instead of the last, sentence of his piece, the book would not have been written at all. I remember that, when

I stood for the Hertford Scholarship, we had to write a Latin epigram on the thesis:—

*Omnia liberius nullo poscente—*

*—fatemur, (I replied—)*

*Carmina cur poscas, carmine si sit opus?*

And so I say now. Style cannot be taught. And this perhaps puts out of court the Professor's essay, and no doubt my own also. Nothing practical can be said about style. And no good can come to a young student by being anxious about Style. None of you by taking thought can add one cubit to his stature—no! nor one gem to his English prose, unless nature has endowed him with that rare gift—a subtle ear for the melody of words, a fastidious instinct for the connotations of a phrase.

You will, of course, understand that I am speaking of Style in that higher sense as it was used by Horace, Swift, Voltaire, and great writers, that is, Style as an element of permanent literature. It is no doubt very easy by practice and good advice to gain a moderate facility in writing current language, and even to get the trick of turning out lively articles and smart reviews. 'Tis as easy as lying; govern these ventages with your finger and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music—quite up to the pitch of the journals and the magazines of our day, of which we are all proud. But this is a poor trade: and it would be a pity to waste your precious years of young study by learning to play on the literary 'recorders.' You may be taught to fret them. You will not learn to make them speak!

There are a few negative precepts, quite familiar common form, easy to remember, and not difficult to observe. These are all that any manual can lay down. The trouble comes in when we seek to apply them. What is it that is artificial, incongruous, obscure? How are we to be simple? Whence comes the music of language? What is the magic that can charm into life the apt and inevitable word that lies hidden somewhere at hand—so near and yet so far—so willing and yet so coy—did we only know the talisman which can awaken it? This is what no teaching can give us—what skilful tuition and assiduous practice can but improve in part—and even that only for the chosen few.

About Style, in the higher sense of the term, I think the young student should trouble himself as little as possible. When he does, it too often becomes the art of clothing thin ideas in well-made garments. To gain skill in expression before he has got thoughts or knowledge to express, is somewhat premature: and to waste in the study of form those irrevocable years which should be absorbed in the study of things, is mere decadence and fraud. The young student—*ex hypothesi*—has to learn, not to teach. His duty is to digest

knowledge, not to popularise it and carry it abroad. It is a grave mental defect to parade an external polish far more mature than the essential matter within. Where the learner is called on to express his thoughts in formal compositions—and the less he does this the better—it is enough that he put his ideas or his knowledge (if he has any) in clear and natural terms. But the less he labours the flow of his periods the more truly is he the honest learner, the less is his risk of being the smug purveyor of the crudities with which he has been crammed, the farther is he from becoming one of those voluble charlatans whom the idle study of language so often breeds.

I look with sorrow on the habit which has grown up in the University since my day (in the far-off fifties)—the habit of making a considerable part of the education of the place to turn on the art of serving up gobbets of prepared information in essays more or less smooth and correct—more or less successful imitations of the viands that are cooked for us daily in the press. I have heard that a student has been known to write as many as seven essays in a week, a task which would exhaust the fertility of a Swift. The bare art of writing readable paragraphs in passable English is easy enough to master; one that steady practice and good coaching can teach the average man. But it is a poor art, which readily lends itself to harm. It leads the shallow ones to suppose themselves to be deep, the raw ones to fancy they are cultured, and it burdens the world with a deluge of facile commonplace. It is the business of a university to train the mind to think and to impart solid knowledge, not to turn out nimble penmen who may earn a living as the clerks and salesmen of literature.

Almost all that can be laid down as law about Style is contained in a sentence of Madame de Sévigné in her twentieth letter to her daughter. 'Ne quittez jamais le naturel,' she says; 'votre tour s'y est formé, et cela compose un style parfait.' I suppose I must translate this; for Madame de Sévigné is no subject for modern Research, and our *Alma Mater* is concerned only with dead languages and remote epochs. 'Never forsake what is natural,' she writes; 'you have moulded yourself in that vein, and this produces a perfect style.' There is nothing more to be said. Be natural, be simple, be yourself; shun artifices, tricks, fashions. Gain the tone of ease, plainness, self-respect. To thine own self be true. Speak out frankly that which you have thought out in your own brain and have felt within your own soul. This, and this alone, creates a perfect style, as she says who wrote the most exquisite letters the world has known.

And so Molière, a consummate master of language and one of the soundest critics of any age, in that immortal scene of his *Misanthrope*, declares the euphuistic sonnets of the Court to be mere play of words, pure affectation, not worth a snatch from a peasant's song. That is not the way in which Nature speaks, cries Alceste—*J'aime mieux*

*ma vie*—that is how the heart gives utterance, without *colifichets*, with no quips and cranks of speech, very dear to fancy, and of very liberal conceit. And Sainte-Beuve cites an admirable saying: 'All peasants have style.' They speak as Nature prompts. They have never learned to play with words; they have picked up no tricks, mannerisms, and affectation like Osric and Oronte in the plays. They were not trained to write essays, and never got veterans to discourse to them on Style. Yet, as Sainte-Beuve says, they have style, because they have human nature, and they have never tried to get outside the natural, the simple, the homely. It is the secret of Wordsworth, as it was of Goldsmith, as it was of Homer.

Those masters of style of whom I have spoken were almost all French—Molière, Madame de Sévigné, Voltaire, Sainte-Beuve. Style, in truth, is a French art; there is hardly any other style in prose. I doubt if any English prose, when judged by the canons of perfect style, can be matched with the highest triumphs of French prose. The note of the purest French is a serene harmony of tone, an infallible nicety of keeping; a brightness and point never spasmodic, never careless, never ruffled, like the unvarying manner of a gentleman who is a thorough man of the world. Even our best English will sometimes grow impetuous, impatient, or slack, as if it were too much trouble to maintain an imperturbable air of quite inviolable good-breeding. In real life no people on earth, or perhaps we ought to say in Europe, in this surpass the English gentleman. In prose literature it is a French gift, and seems given as yet to the French alone. Italians, Spaniards, and Russians have an uncertain, casual, and fitful style, and Germans since Heine have no style at all.

Whilst we have hundreds of men and women to-day who write good English, and one or two who have a style of their own, our French critics will hardly admit that we show any example of the purest style when judged by their own standard of perfection. They require a combination of simplicity, ease, charm, precision, and serenity of tone, together with the memorable phrase and inimitable felicity which stamp the individual writer, and yet are obvious and delightful to every reader. Renan had this; Pierre Loti has it; Anatole France has it. But it is seldom that we read a piece of current English and feel it to be exquisite in form apart from its substance, refreshing as a work of art, and yet hall-marked from the mint of the one particular author. We have hall-marks enough, it is true, only too noisily conspicuous on the plate; but are they refreshing and inspiring? are they works of art? How is it that our poetry, even our minor poetry of the day, has its own felicitous harmony of tone, whilst our prose is notoriously wanting in that mellow refinement of form which the French call style?

If I hazard a few words about some famous masters of language, I must warn you that judgments of this kind amount to little more

than the likes and dislikes of the critic himself. There are no settled canons, and no accepted arbiter of the elegances of prose. It is more or less a matter of personal taste, even more than it is in verse. I never doubt that the greatest master of prose in recorded history is Plato. He alone (like Homer in poetry) is perfect. He has every mood, and all are faultless. He is easy, lucid, graceful, witty, pathetic, imaginative by turns; but in all kinds he is natural and inimitably sweet. He is never obscure, never abrupt, never tedious, never affected. He shows us as it were his own Athene, wisdom incarnate in immortal radiance of form.

Plato alone is faultless. I will not allow any Roman to be perfect. Cicero even in his letters is wordy, rhetorical, academic. Livy is too consciously painting in words, too sonorous and diffuse for perfection; as Tacitus carries conciseness into obscurity and epigram into paradox. Of Latin prose, for my own part, I value most the soldierly simplicity of Cæsar, though we can hardly tell if he could be witty, graceful, pathetic, and fantastic as we see these gifts in Plato.

One of the most suggestive points in the history of prose is Boccaccio's *Decameron*, where a style of strange fascination suddenly starts into life with hardly any earlier models, nay, two or three centuries earlier than organic prose in any of the tongues of Europe. For many generations the exquisite ease and melody of Boccaccio's language found no rival in any modern nation, nor had it any rival in Italy, and we have no evidence that anything in Italy had prepared the way for it. It is far from a perfect style, for it is often too fluid, loose, and voluminous for mature prose; but as a first effort towards an orderly array of lucid narrative it is an amazing triumph of the Italian genius for art.

Prose, as you all know, is always and everywhere a plant of much later growth than poetry. Plato came four or five centuries after Homer; Tacitus came two centuries later than Lucretius; Machiavelli came two centuries after Dante; Voltaire a century after Corneille; Addison a century after Shakespeare. And while the prose of Boccaccio, with all its native charm, can hardly be called an organic, mature, and mellow style; in poetry, for nearly a century before Boccaccio, Dante and the minor lyrists of Italy had reached absolute perfection of rhythmical form.

Although fairly good prose is much more common than fairly good verse, yet I hold that truly fine prose is more rare than truly fine poetry. I trust that it will be counted neither a whim nor a paradox if I give it as a reason that mastery in prose is an art more difficult than mastery in verse. The very freedom of prose, its want of conventions, of settled prosody, of musical inspiration, give wider scope for failure and afford no beaten paths. Poetry glides swiftly down the stream of a flowing and familiar river, where the banks are



always the helmsman's guide. Prose puts forth its lonely skiff upon a boundless sea, where a multitude of strange and different crafts are cutting about in contrary directions. At any rate, the higher triumphs of prose come later and come to fewer than do the great triumphs of verse.

When I lately had to study a body of despatches and State papers of the latter half of the sixteenth century, written in six modern languages of Europe, I observed that the Italian alone in that age was a formed and literary language, at the command of all educated men and women, possessed of organic canons and a perfectly mature type. The French, German, Dutch, English, and Spanish of that age, as used for practical ends, were still in the state of a language held in solution before it assumes a crystallised form. Even the men who wrote correct Latin could not write their own language with any real command. At the death of Tennyson, we may remember, it was said that no less than sixty poets were thought worthy of the wreath of bay. Were there six writers of prose whom even a log-rolling confederate would venture to hail as a possible claimant of the crown? Assiduous practice in composing neat essays has turned out of late ten thousand men and women who can put together very pleasant prose. It has not turned out one living master in prose as Tennyson was master in verse.

I have spoken of Voltaire as perhaps the greatest master of prose in any modern language, but this does not mean that he is perfect, and without qualification or want. His limpid clearness, ease, sparkle, and inexhaustible self-possession have no rival in modern tongues, and are almost those of Plato himself. But he is no Plato; he never rises into the pathos, imagination, upper air of the empyrean, to which the mighty Athenian can soar at will. Voltaire is never tedious, wordy, rhetorical, or obscure; and this can be said of hardly any other modern but Heine and Swift. My edition of Voltaire is in sixty volumes, of which some forty are prose; and in all those twenty thousand pages of prose not one is dull or laboured. We could not say this of the verse. But I take *Candide* or *Zadig* to be the high-water mark of easy French prose, wanting no doubt in the finer elements of pathos, dignity, and power. And for this reason many have preferred the prose of Rousseau, of George Sand, of Renan, though all of these are apt at times to degenerate into garrulity and gush. There was no French prose, says Voltaire, before Pascal; and there has been none of the highest flight since Renan. In the rest of Europe perfect prose has long been as rare as the egg of the great auk.

In spite of the splendour of Bacon and of Milton, of Jeremy Taylor and of Hooker, and whatever be the virility of Bunyan and Dryden, I cannot hold that the age of mature English prose had been reached until we come to Defoe, Swift, Addison, Berkeley and Goldsmith. These are the highest types we have attained. Many good judges

hold Swift to be our Voltaire, without defect or equal. I should certainly advise the ambitious essayist to study Swift for instruction, by reason of the unfailing clearness, simplicity, and directness of his style. But when we come to weigh him by the highest standard of all, we find Swift too uniformly pedestrian, too dry; wanting in variety, in charm, in melody, in thunder, and in flash. The grandest prose must be like the vault of Heaven itself, passing from the freshness of dawn to the warmth of a serene noon, and anon breaking forth into a crashing storm. Swift sees the sun in one uniform radiance of cool light, but it never fills the air with warmth, nor does it ever light the welkin with fire.

Addison, with all his mastery of tone, seems afraid to give his spirit rein. *Il s'écoute quand il parle*: and this, by the way, is the favourite sin of our best moderns. We see him pause at the end of each felicitous sentence to ask himself if he has satisfied all the canons as to propriety of diction. Even in the *Spectator* we never altogether forget the author of *Cato*. Now we perceive no canons of good taste, no tragic buskin, no laborious modulations in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, which in its own vein is the most perfect type of eighteenth century prose. Dear old Goldie! There is ease, pellucid simplicity, wit, pathos. I doubt if English prose has ever gone further, or will go further or higher.

After all I have said I need not labour the grounds on which I feel Johnson, Burke, Gibbon, Macaulay, and Carlyle to be far from perfect as writers and positively fatal if taken as models. Old Samuel's Ciceronian pomp has actually dimmed our respect for his good sense and innate robustness of soul. Burke was too great an orator to be a consummate writer, as he was too profound a writer to be a perfect orator. Gibbon's imperial eagles pass on in one unending triumph; with the resounding blare of brazen trumpets, till we weary of the serried legions and grow dizzy with the show. And as to Macaulay and Carlyle, they carry emphasis to the point of exhaustion; for the peer bangs down his fist to clinch every sentence, and 'Sartor' never ceases his uncouth gesticulations and grimace.

In our own century Charles Lamb and Thackeray, I think, come nearest to Voltaire and Madame de Sévigné in purity of diction, in clearness, ease, grace, and wit. But a living writer—now long silent and awaiting his summons to the eternal silence—had powers which, had he cared to train them before he set about to reform the world, would have made him the noblest master who ever used the tongue of Milton. Need I name the versatile genius who laboured here in Oxford so long and with such success? In the mass of his writings John Ruskin has struck the lyre of prose in every one of its infinite notes. He has been lucid, distinct, natural, fanciful, humorous, satiric, majestic, mystical, and prophetic by turns as the spirit moved within him. No Englishman—hardly Milton himself—has ever so

completely mastered the tonic resources of English prose, its majesty and wealth of rhythm, the flexibility, mystery, and infinitude of its mighty diapason.

Alas! the pity of it. These incomparable descants are but moments and interludes, and are too often chanted forth in mere wantonness of emotion. Too often they lead us on to formless verbosity and a passionate rhetoric, such as blind even temperate critics to the fact, that it is possible to pick out of the books of John Ruskin whole pages which in harmony, power, and glow have no match in the whole range of our prose.

And now I know I must not end without hazarding a few practical hints—what betting men and undergraduates call ‘tips’—for general remarks upon literature have little interest for those whose mind runs on sports, and perhaps even less for those whose mind is absorbed in the Schools. But, as there are always some who dream of a life of ‘letters,’ an occupation already too crowded and far from inviting at the best, they will expect me to tell them how I think they may acquire a command of Style. I know no reason why they should, and I know no way they could set about it. But, supposing one has something to say—something that it concerns the world to know—and this, for a young student, is a considerable claim, ‘a large order,’ I think he calls it in the current dialect, all I have to tell him is this. Think it out quite clearly in your own mind, and then put it down in the simplest words that offer, just as if you were telling it to a friend, but dropping the tags of the day with which your spoken discourse would naturally be garnished. Be familiar but by no means vulgar. At any rate, be easy, colloquial if you like, but shun those vocables which come to us across the Atlantic, or from Newmarket and Whitechapel, with which the gilded youth and journalists ‘up-to-date’ love to salt their language. Do not make us ‘sit up’ too much, or always ‘take a back seat;’ do not ask us to ‘ride for a fall,’ to ‘hurry up,’ or ‘boom it all we know.’ Nothing is more irritating in print than the iteration of slang, and those stale phrases with which ‘the half-baked’ seek to convince us that they are ‘in the swim’ and ‘going strong’—if I may borrow the language of the day—that Volapük of the smart and knowing world. It offends me like the reek of last night’s tobacco.

It is a good rule for a young writer to avoid more than twenty or thirty words without a full stop, and not to put more than two commas in each sentence, so that its clauses should not exceed three. This, of course, only in practice. There is no positive law. A fine writer can easily place in a sentence one hundred words, and five or six minor clauses with their proper commas and colons. Ruskin was wont to toss off two or three hundred words and five-and-twenty commas without a pause. But, even in the hand of such a magician this ends in failure, and is really grotesque in effect, for no such

sentence can be spoken aloud. A beginner can seldom manage more than twenty-five words in one sentence with perfect ease. Nearly all young writers, just as men did in the early ages of prose composition, drift into ragged, preposterous, inorganic sentences, without beginning, middle, or end, which they ought to break into two or three.

And then they hunt up terms that are fit for science, poetry, or devotion. They affect 'evolution' and 'factors,' 'the inter-action of forces,' 'the co-ordination of organs;' or else everything is 'weird,' or 'opalescent,' 'debonair' and 'enamelled,' so that they will not call a spade a spade. I do not say, stick to Saxon words and avoid Latin words as a law of language, because English now consists of both: good and plain English prose needs both. We seldom get the highest poetry without a large use of Saxon, and we hardly reach precise and elaborate explanation without Latin terms. Try to turn *precise and elaborate explanation* into strict Saxon; and then try to turn 'Our Father which art in Heaven' into pure Latin words. No! current English prose—not the language of poetry or of prayer—must be of both kinds, Saxon and Latin. But, wherever a Saxon word is enough, use it: because if it have all the fulness and the precision you need, it is the more simple, the more direct, the more homely.

Never quote anything that is not apt and new. Those stale citations of well-worn lines give us a cold shudder, as does a pun at a dinner party. A familiar phrase from poetry or Scripture may pass when imbedded in your sentence. But to show it round as a nugget which you have just picked up is the innocent freshman's snare. Never imitate any writer, however good. All imitation in literature is a mischief, as it is in art. A great and popular writer ruins his followers and mimics, as did Raffaele and Michel Angelo; and when he founds a school of style, he impoverishes literature more than he enriches it. Johnson, Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens, Ruskin have been the cause of flooding us with cheap copies of their special manner. And even now Meredith, Stevenson, Swinburne, and Pater lead the weak to ape their airs and graces. All imitation in literature is an evil. I say to you, as Mat Arnold said to me (who surely needed no such warning), 'Flee Carlylese as the very devil!' Yes! flee Carlylese, Ruskinese, Meredithese, and every other *ese*, past, present, and to come. A writer whose style invites imitation so far falls short of being a true master. He becomes the parent of caricature, and frequently he gives lessons in caricature himself.

Though you must never imitate any writer you may study the best writers with care. And for study choose those who have founded no school, who have no special and imitable style. Read Pascal and Voltaire in French; Swift, Hume, and Goldsmith in English; and of the moderns, I think, Thackeray and Froude. Ruskin is often too rhapsodical for a student; Meredith too whim-

sical; Stevenson too 'precious,' as they love to call it; George Eliot too laboriously enamelled and erudite. When you cannot quietly enjoy a picture for the curiosity aroused by its so-called 'brush-work,' the painting may be a surprising sleight-of-hand, but is not a masterpiece.

Read Voltaire, Defoe, Swift, Goldsmith, and you will come to understand how the highest charm of words is reached without your being able to trace any special element of charm. The moment you begin to pick out this or that felicity of phrase, this, or that sound of music in the words, and directly it strikes you as eloquent, lyrical, pictorial—then the charm is snapped. The style may be fascinating, brilliant, impressive: but it is not perfect.

Of melody in style I have said nothing; nor indeed can anything practical be said. It is a thing infinitely subtle, inexplicable, and rare. If your ear does not hear the false note, the tautophony or the cacophony in the written sentence, as you read it or frame it silently to yourself, and hear it thus inaudibly long before your eye can pick it forth out of the written words, nay, even when the eye fails to localise it by analysis at all—then you have no inborn sense of the melody of words, and be quite sure that you can never acquire it. One living Englishman has it in the highest form; for the melody of Ruskin's prose may be matched with that of Milton and Shelley. I hardly know any other English prose which retains the ring of that ethereal music—echoes of which are more often heard in our poetry than in our prose. Nay, since it is beyond our reach, wholly incommunicable, defiant of analysis and rule, it may be more wise to say no more.

Read Swift, Defoe, Goldsmith, if you care to know, what is pure English. I need hardly tell you to read another and a greater Book. The Book which begot English prose still remains its supreme type. The English Bible is the true school of English Literature. It possesses every quality of our language in its highest form—except for scientific precision, practical affairs, and philosophic analysis. It would be ridiculous to write an essay on Metaphysics, a political article, or a novel in the language of the Bible. Indeed, it would be ridiculous to write anything at all in the language of the Bible. But if you care to know the best that our literature can give in simple noble prose—mark, learn, and inwardly digest the Holy Scriptures in the English tongue.

FREDERIC HARRISON.

## *BREACH OF CHURCH LAW: ITS DANGER AND ITS REMEDY*

IN this paper I desire to submit to thoughtful and earnest Churchmen the question, whether the time has not come for some more serious consideration and treatment of the growing tendency to unauthorised variations in our Church Service. It has been forced upon us at the present time in an unpleasant and discreditable manner by recent events at St. Ethelburga's, Bishopsgate, St. Cuthbert's, Earl's Court, and elsewhere. Against brawling and disorder in church, public opinion will, I trust, pronounce unhesitatingly; we may reasonably hope that such riots as once disgraced St. George's in the East are absolutely things of the past; we may well rejoice that in the minds of men generally there has grown up a more intelligent and liberal recognition of variety in ritual and ceremonial, which forbids all, except a few fanatics, to raise a 'No Popery' cry on the smallest occasion. But there are thousands of attached members of the Church of England who, while they not only condemn in the strongest terms all violent and disorderly proceedings, but have no sympathy whatever with the narrow and intolerant spirit which manifests itself in them, are yet seriously uneasy as to the obvious disposition in many of our Churches to set aside Church Law in public worship, even where it is plain and unmistakable, and where the refusal to obey it may well have important significance. And the question arises—primarily, indeed, concerning those who are in authority, but in some degree coming home to all Churchmen—What are we to say of this, and what are we to do? I do not wish to use strong language, or to exaggerate the gravity of the situation; but it cannot, I think, be ignored or neglected.

(1) That this impatience of strict regulation of law is quite in the fashion of the day—that it falls in with a general tendency in the public tone and feeling of our times—appears plain enough. That tendency can certainly be traced everywhere, alike in domestic, in political, and in social life. Like other such tendencies, it has a mixed origin, partly of evil, partly also of good. It is absolutely an

evil, so far as it is the offspring of pure self-will and self-conceit—unwilling to submit to any restraint or to accept any direction. But it has, I think, very often a far nobler parentage. Men have before them some true and living principles, and they find, or think they find, that law stands in the way of their full realisation. 'Or they feel the crudeness and imperfection of law, as an exponent of truth and duty, and the danger of its impairing the freedom, which has the vitality and elasticity of the spirit. Seeing clearly that law cannot do everything in the service of good, they rashly draw the inference that it can do nothing; and, under their idea of its comparative uselessness, they naturally yield it but scant obedience. They protest with St. Paul against idolatry of law; but they forget the declaration of his maturest thought, that 'Law is good, if a man use it lawfully.'

But, however this may be, I do not think it can well be questioned, that, since the practical failure of certain ritual law-suits, there has been visible in our churches a tendency—exceptional, but not unfrequent, and growing in frequency—to set aside the appointed order of our Church worship; and this, moreover, not where it depends on this or that interpretation of a disputed rubric, or on the decisions of this or that Court, but where it is so plainly written in the Prayer Book, in its text or its rubrics, that its meaning is beyond controversy. On this matter there will be, I think, little difference of opinion, although, perhaps, we may differ much as to the extent and the seriousness of this unauthorised variation. Nor can we fail to see that it is constantly defended on the ground that, if a parish priest and his congregation (who are not necessarily his parishioners) agree on a particular phase of worship and ritual, it is wrong in equity, if not in law, for other Churchmen to complain of this, or for the Bishop to interfere with it. The 'aggrieved parishioner' has passed into a proverb of scorn; the canonical authority of the Bishop is, to say the least, very narrowly limited by those who have promised to obey it. Now this plea for indefinite liberty of variation appears clearly to involve the essential principle of Congregationalism—not even parochialism—in worship. Such Congregationalism is a system perfectly defensible in itself. Nay, it is one which has its advantages, if there be, underlying its variety, a general *consensus* as to fundamental principles, although to my mind these advantages are very dearly bought. But certainly it is of the very essence of Nonconformity properly so called, and so directly opposed to what has always been the leading principle of worship in the Church of England. There is a curious irony of circumstance in its being sometimes put forward from an extreme High-Church point of view, considering what were the original idea and practice of the great Church movement of this century. If it is to be adopted—if, that is, our whole traditions are to be revolutionised—this ought certainly to be done with our eyes

open, by some recognised action of authority, and by some overt relaxation or modification of Church law.

Now this unauthorised variation is of two kinds. Sometimes it is made purely with a view to what is thought to be convenient, and likely to conduce to that brightness and freshness which are now almost idolised; and in this phase it is apt to grow into a love of variation for variation's sake. Sometimes it undoubtedly involves principle, and so indicates a certain dissatisfaction with our Prayer Book as it stands—discernible plainly enough in itself, but especially plain to those who have studied its history, and know, therefore, what its present form really means. The two kinds of variation naturally shade into each other; and the latter, which is the more serious variation, constantly defends itself by the existence of the former.

The variation, moreover, has now come to manifest itself, not only in the introduction of unauthorised ceremonial, often of a strange and questionable kind, and in the setting aside of the plain directions of our rubrics, but—what is far more important—in alteration of the substance of our Services, by unauthorised addition or unauthorised omission. I do not inquire whether these alterations are in themselves good or bad—whether the insertions are in the abstract edifying and having the support of Catholic usage, or superstitious and grotesque—whether the omissions involve serious loss or are in themselves a gain. I am only concerned with the fact that they are arbitrary and unauthorised. I do not know that the tendency of which I complain is confined to any one school in the Church, although at this moment it is most prominently brought before us in churches of what is called the Ritualistic type. Nor do I desire to refer to any particular instances of it. But of the fact generally there can be little doubt. There are certainly churches in which not only is the Prayer Book Service overloaded with unauthorised ritual developments, but Services absolutely unauthorised are introduced, and the regular Services mutilated or interpolated with unauthorised material. I have seen, I think, complaints even in the *Church Times*, that Churchmen—especially old-fashioned Churchmen—are in many cases utterly bewildered and lost in the Services of such churches, and, above all, in that Eucharistic Office which ought to be, from its very sacredness, the least variable and unfamiliar. It is, no doubt, true that these churches are still exceptional, and, moreover, most often found in great towns, where the attendance of our people is congregational rather than parochial; but I do not think we can doubt that these exceptions are rapidly increasing day by day, and that we can see not unfrequently now what would have been impossible some few years ago.

(2) But is this a condition of things which we can regard with equanimity, or is there in it a serious danger?



There are, of course, cases in which it is wise to leave things alone, and to let errors and follies work themselves out, in the belief that they will pass away all the sooner, if they want the stimulus of opposition and condemnation. But there are two or three very plain reasons which appear to forbid a *laissez faire* policy in this instance.

The first is, as it seems to me, this—that in the eyes of plain men, especially among the laity, it tends to throw a natural suspicion on the good faith of the clergy. We have all of us made the well-known declaration, ‘I assent to the Thirty-nine Articles of Religion and the Book of Common Prayer; and in Public Prayer and the administration of the Sacraments I will use the form in the said book prescribed, *and none other*, except so far as shall be ordered by lawful authority.’ It is not necessary to inquire whether it is right or wrong, wise or unwise, to require this declaration from the clergy as a condition for Ordination. We are only concerned with the fact that it has been solemnly made by all, as applying to the whole of their ministerial action, and that on the faith of it they hold their positions of pastoral authority. Now, when in matters which are important and significant, licence is assumed either to take from or add to the Prayer Book in our public Service, it is natural and inevitable that men of other vocations in life should ask with some wonder, and even indignation, how we clergy can honestly depart from this deliberate and solemn undertaking. I own myself quite unable to supply a satisfactory answer, or even to understand the frame of mind, which, in men of high character and earnestness, allows the disregard of a most serious obligation, taken solemnly before God and man. But, whatever may be our own opinion on this question in itself, there is one thing of which we may be quite certain, that it is infinitely dangerous to have even the shadow of suspicion thrown on the good faith of the clergy, and even the slightest occasion given to their enemies to descant on the tendency to explain away plain obligations, which they are pleased to impute to theologians.

Next, because these things inflict an unquestionable grievance upon the worshippers in our churches—especially the laity, who are constitutionally helpless in this matter—a grievance, be it remembered, in respect of which the rights even of an insignificant minority ought to be held sacred, when they are based upon authoritative ground. Men come to church—and our churches are open to all, parishioners and non-parishioners alike—expecting, and having a right to expect, that they will be called upon to join in a form of worship which they know, in which they can join conscientiously, and which the large majority at least greatly love. It is a serious wrong to them to find that this form of worship is departed from by unauthorised additions or mutilations, and that thus one of the chief benefits to them of Liturgical service is taken away. I am quite

aware that there are laymen who delight in these new developments, who are inclined to encourage and even press the officiating clergy to venture upon them, and who are hyper-clerical in their exaltation of clerical autocracy, so long as it asserts itself in the way that they desire. But these are certainly no typical specimens of the general tone of opinion and feeling in the great body of the laity. How much the wrong done to that great body is felt by thoughtful and attached Churchmen, I do not think that the clergy are sufficiently aware. I observe that recently excuse for violent and unseemly interruption has been made, on the ground of the helplessness of the laity under what they feel to be an injustice, and the inability or unwillingness of constituted authority to redress it. Thousands, who would not accept that excuse for a moment, nevertheless feel seriously the wrong itself. At present some stay away, some grumble, some acquiesce in despair. But the time may come when their discontent will make itself formidably evident.

Lastly, because it is a serious danger to Church unity, strongly accentuating the divergence between parties and schools of opinion in our Church. That these differences in idea and practice will always exist is obvious; it is truly urged that their existence is a sign of intelligence and interest and general vitality. That, if they do exist, they will manifest themselves, as in the teaching, so in the ritual and ceremonial of our churches, is equally certain. I, for one, welcome all freedom of lawful variation, and would gladly see our Church law modified so as to enlarge that freedom on some points. I wish, for example, that under our Act of Uniformity Amendment Act the liberty to use Occasional Services under the sanction of the Ordinary had not been limited by restriction to the words of the Bible and Prayer Book. But, after all, there must be some limit to variation, some evidence of substantial agreement, some counterbalancing force of unity. That force surely we shall best find in the common use of our Prayer Book, as at once a standard of doctrine and a standard of worship, and an embodiment of the continuity of our actual Church history. Of course we must see that, like all other earthly things, this uniformity in worship has its drawbacks and its difficulties. But we must take the thing as a whole; and I believe that, so taken, it has been of infinite value in the past, in preserving the unity of our Church and the continuity of Church thought and life, both in times of controversy, and still more in times of deadness. I believe that now, more than anything else, it keeps us together in the only sound way, because it lays the foundation for us of common truth, and builds on it something, at least, of unity, something of concord. But let it be tampered with—I care not in what direction—let men take licence to omit what they dislike, and to add to it whatever they think ought to be there, and I confess that I have the gravest anxiety for Church unity, as

well as for really Catholic and Apostolic truth. The process of a disunion, which may lead to disruption, is as yet only beginning; but it is beginning, and who can say where it will stop?

For these three plain reasons—not the only reasons which might be adduced, but reasons which seem to me to be almost beyond controversy—this habit of unlicensed variation appears to be a serious danger. They induce much doubt, as I have said, whether it can be dealt with by simply letting it alone, in hope that it will wear itself out. If there is risk in over-interference, there is at least as much risk in the policy of drifting on.

(3) But what is the remedy? The question is hard to answer. But to dwell on a grievance, and to protest against an evil, are useless, and may be in effect worse than useless, unless we make some effort to find out a remedy. My chief desire, as I have said, is not to give my own opinion, but to set people thinking seriously in this direction for themselves. Still it may not be wrong to submit some practical suggestions on the matter.

First, then, it seems clear that here, as usual, a practice which is growing up in many churches, and especially in churches of energy and vitality, must indicate a real need, which ought to be carefully examined and directly met. We do want some right liberty of variation, within limits not too narrow but clearly defined, and under some such direction of central authority as shall temper individual vagary and arbitrary self-will. It is hard to see how we can have it satisfactorily except by modification of our present Church law, or how such modification can be secured except through some representative action of the Church as a whole.

I venture therefore to think that the scheme brought forward some time ago in Convocation by the Bishop of Winchester—reviving, with some modifications, proposals previously made—was clearly a step in the right direction. I cannot but regret that its most important element was rejected by the Lower House. It is not the first time that excessive conservatism has played into the hands of anarchy.

It would have dealt with two needs: first, the need of Occasional Services, which shall have legal authority, in place of those which we now use, as I believe, in contravention of law; next, the need of a power of modification of rubrics which are virtually obsolete, and of relaxation of those which are too rigid in theory, and are accordingly disobeyed in practice. It proposed to deal with these by self-government of the Church, as represented in her constituted assemblies, leaving to Parliament its unquestionable right to veto them by address to the Crown, if they either contravened the law of the land, or violated the individual rights of its citizens.

In both points it seemed to me then, and seems still, that it exactly met the needs of the time. It dealt with an urgent necessity; and it did so by assertion of an important principle. On the

necessity I need say no more than I have already said. But the principle of self-government of the Church is, I must hold, the most important of all principles for assertion at this moment. I believe that it is the inherent right of the Church. But I believe also that it is the truest interest of the nation: for, if the Church is of any service to the higher national life, that service must be increased in value by increase to the Church of freedom, and so of vitality and efficiency. The example of Scotland proves unmistakably that it is in no way inconsistent with Establishment. The study of history shows that it is accordant with the true meaning of our old English traditions. The function assigned to Parliament, as distinct from that which it exercised when it was an assembly of Churchmen, mainly Church laymen, is exactly accordant with its own changed character and constitution.

It is no doubt true that our present constitutional Church machinery is seriously defective. Our Convocations must be reformed before they can be true representations of the clergy; and this reform is, I think, near at hand, although not as near as I hoped not long ago. But behind this lies an infinitely more important matter, on which we must recognise that there is much difference of opinion. No representation of the Church will be recognised by the nation, and to my mind no representation ought to be recognised which does not include the representation of the laity, not as an unauthoritative appendage, but as—after the practice of all the other Churches of the Anglican Communion and of the Established Church in Scotland—a co-ordinate and integral part of the authoritative Church Assembly. It was by joint action under the Crown of the clergy in their Convocations and of the Church laity in Parliament that our Prayer Book was established in 1662; it is only by the same joint action of clergy and laity that it can be rightly modified. Our colonial Parliaments, I have observed, readily recognise and aid the desires of the Church Synods, which speak in the name of the whole Church. To the resolutions of merely clerical assemblies, however excellent in their way, they would not listen for a moment. I believe that the great mother of Parliaments would in this matter act as her daughters act.

I fear, therefore, that the Bishop of Winchester's scheme, even if it had been accepted by Convocation, would not have much chance of practical acceptance till these preliminary questions had been settled. The latter is, I know, complicated by the fact of Establishment. But, in spite of what is commonly urged on this subject, I cannot see that it is incompatible with Establishment in theory, and (as I have said) the example of Scotland shows that it is not incompatible in practice if only Churchmen will be in earnest about it. For my own part, I believe that, if rightly carried out, it would be not a

preparation for Disestablishment, but the best safeguard against that tremendous national disaster.

Still, as I have said, the scheme was a step in the right direction. It may at least show us the ideal which we should have before us. In respect of the subject at present under consideration, a regulated liberty, within wide and yet definite limits, is the best remedy—perhaps the only remedy—against license, which, as usual, entails something of tyranny over others.

But until this is secured—and I fear it is not likely to be secured speedily—what are we to do to meet the present distress? How shall we carry out our usual English maxim, 'Let law be altered if necessary, but, till it is altered, let it be obeyed'?

(4) Now I will frankly own that I hold it to be an evil that Church law cannot effectively vindicate itself when it is openly set aside. There is wisdom, no doubt, in the maxim *De minimis non curat lex*. In trivial matters it is, as we all know, often better to put up with irregularity rather than appeal to the rigour of the law. But ritual questions, although they turn apparently upon mere externals, are not always trivial. There would not be on both sides so deep an interest in them if they were. The question in France between the White flag and the Tricolour was not a question of the colour of a few yards of bunting, but a question of essential principle, on which the destinies of a great nation turned. It is true that, even where such matters of principle are in question, no one would wish to invoke the decision of law if it could be rightly avoided; no one would lightly coerce or threaten conscience however he might think it misguided. But an *ultima ratio* there must be, and in that extreme case it is a serious evil that we have no Final Court of Appeal, which could generally command unhesitating obedience; and which, in case of disobedience, would be supported, instead of being opposed, by public opinion in enforcing its decrees. I deeply regret that the unwearied and valuable labours of the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission some fourteen years ago have borne no fruit whatever; I wish that to the question publicly put to those who are most dissatisfied with the Judicial Committee, praying them to say what kind of tribunal they would acknowledge and obey, some adequate reply had been given. Even the Lambeth Judgment, unexceptionable as it is in respect of ecclesiastical authority, and in itself by universal agreement wise and temperate and masterly, does not seem to me to have been so fully obeyed as to become really an Eirenicon to the Church. Practically now no Church law can be enforced. It is, I think, a very grave responsibility to take advantage of this condition of things, with the knowledge that public opinion, or rather public sentiment, will protect law-breaking from painful consequences. Only in the extremest cases can disobedience be justified, and then it ought to be ventured

upon reluctantly and sadly. But it seems to me on the contrary to be adopted with a light heart, and the powerlessness of our law in the last resort is made by our enemies a reproach, and to many serious Churchmen, especially lay Churchmen, it is, I know, a scandal and a pain. The results to which its abeyance is tending are not, as I have maintained, such as we can contemplate with satisfaction. In a non-established Church they would not be allowed to continue. Nor do I see anything in the fact of Establishment to make them either inevitable or tolerable.

(5) But I am very far from relying mainly upon law. There is a greater and a more spiritual force in public Church opinion; and it is this force which I would gladly see really exerting itself in the direction of urging, and practically demanding, a loyal adhesion from all parties to the Services of the Prayer Book as they stand. Of course I am not concerned to contend that our Prayer Book is perfect and incapable of improvement. While most of us are content, and more than content, to take our stand upon it, I can well understand that some would be glad to revise it, and that they have a right, without any imputation of disloyalty, to plead and agitate for change. But no one, I imagine, supposes that at this time a revision of the Prayer Book, even if he desires it, is within the range of practical possibility. Nor, again, am I blind, as I have said, to the difficulties inherent in uniformity of public worship. But, especially at this present time, I hold that they are but slight in comparison with its advantages. After all, the uniformity is not absolute. Within the limits of the Prayer Book there is surely, as we see every day, full scope for a very large variety of service and ritual; and clearly the general feeling of our time, in respect of many points once fiercely contested—such as the Eastward position, the Eucharistic vestments, the adoption of the mixed chalice, and the use of altar-lights—is to recognise that variety to the utmost. We may, however, do well to remember that it was just the loyal adhesion to the Prayer Book which was the ideal of the first leaders of the great Church movement of this century. To the wonderful progress made towards the realisation of that ideal, I believe that much, very much, of the undoubted advance of our Church in efficiency and authority is due. The time is now come, as it seems to me, for us to consider seriously whether we are satisfied with the general position then taken up; whether we are willing to rest on the principles which the Prayer Book, viewed in the light of history, so remarkably embodies; whether (for this is very much the same thing) we are willing to hold the old Anglican position, not, of course, without the light thrown upon it by larger knowledge and experience, but in its constitutional principles of harmony of the old and of the new—of the individual freedom, commonly called Protestant, and the corporate unity, which is Catholic—of Scriptural basis and ecclesiastical teaching and inter-

pretation of the faith—and of the co-ordination of lay right with ministerial authority in the Church. This, and nothing less than this, I hold to be what is really at issue. There was a time when it had to be maintained against ultra-Protestant and Latitudinarian assault; now it has to be maintained against an obvious tendency, if not to assume the Roman position, at least to minimise or obliterate the distinction between it and the Anglican, of which the passion for adopting usage and ritual, which have no Catholic antiquity, just because they are Roman, is a sign, and of which the movement, which drew out the recent Papal Bull, was in some, though not in all, who promoted it the expression. If we are willing to maintain it—if we see in the Anglican position, which has been developed naturally rather than assumed of deliberate purpose, not only that which best accords with truth and unity for ourselves, but that which by its principle of free federation of Churches seems to hold out the best hope of Church reunion in the future—then we must use all our influence to prevent it from being undermined in detail crudely and inconsiderately, and, in regard to ritual developments, to insist that if it is to be modified in any way, this shall be done not by each priest and congregation for themselves, but by the thoughtful and authoritative action of our Church as a whole. Perhaps in this matter the most direct responsibility attaches to the great section of the Church which holds generally what is called a High Church position, but without these extravagances and innovations. As it is under the shadow of their ascendancy that these shelter themselves, so it is by their influence that they can be best restrained. I hear with great satisfaction that some combined action in this direction is contemplated.<sup>1</sup> In Church politics, as in other politics, it is said that we want a strong ‘party of the Centre;’ and the saying is true, if by this title we mean a party not of compromise but of comprehension, understanding that the *via media* is attained, not by balancing opposite opinions, but by an honest endeavour to find the original truth

<sup>1</sup> At an important Conference held recently under the presidency of Canon Carter the following Resolutions were passed, and forwarded to the two Archbishops and the Bishop of London:

(1) ‘That this conference recognises the full authority of the Bishop to prohibit any service not contained in the Book of Common Prayer.’

(2) ‘That this conference recognises the full authority of the Bishop to prohibit any omissions from, or additions to, the services contained in the Book of Common Prayer.’

The Resolutions are good as far as they go. But it is to be observed that they hardly go to the root of the matter. The real question is of the duty of the clergy not to introduce Services, or vary from the Service of the Prayer Book, without the *previous* sanction of the Ordinary. By looking to the Bishops to prohibit what ought never to have been introduced without their authority, the Resolutions throw upon them an unfair burden; from which, however, it is to be hoped that they will not shrink. That even against these Resolutions there should have been protest from the clergy of three well-known Churches will surprise no one who is at all familiar with the tone and action of such Churches.

from which historically errors have diverged in opposite directions—in other words, that it is not *vera quia media* but *media quia vera*. It is to the grave and resolute maintenance of our position by such a party as this—including, as I firmly believe, a large majority both of our clergy and our laity—that I would gladly look for a restraining influence, infinitely more effective than any restraint of law. But a party of the Centre is very hard to create or move. All history both in Church and State shows how easily, through its inaction, extreme vagary and one-sided fanaticism are apt to prevail.

Of course, in the unauthorised variations of which I speak, I lay chief stress on those which plainly involve principle. I confess, indeed, that in other cases I rather deprecate the tendency to variation simply for variation's sake, and to the mutilation of our Services by omissions, in deference to the modern impatience of lengthiness, which might, I think, be often better met by shortening elaborate musical settings of those Services or musical additions to them. Indeed, I heard a staunch Churchman, a leading member of our House of Laymen, describe the service in a fashionable London church as 'a musical service'—I am not sure he did not say 'exhibition'—'with extracts from the Prayer Book.' For my own part I am old-fashioned enough greatly to regret the constant omission of what are half-contemptuously designated as 'the State Prayers'—those prayers for our Queen, and virtually for our country, to which these critical times seem to give a special meaning. Still more do I regret the frequent omission in our ante-Communion service of the recitation of the Commandments (peculiar to our English Office), which, as interpreted by our Lord, are the eternal witnesses of righteousness, and of those invaluable exhortations which bring home the whole truth of the Blessed Sacrament to the mind and the heart. But it is against the changes which are doctrinally and religiously significant, impairing the distinctive position of our Church, that I would gladly see a strong Church opinion enlisted—against the introduction into our churches of Services for which, whatever their intrinsic merits may be, there is no vestige of authority—against the invention or revival of ceremonies which, as the Lambeth Judgment has declared, ought not to be introduced at the will of each individual minister—against the setting aside of rubrics which have a meaning and a history (such as the rubrics practically forbidding reservation and solitary celebration without communicants), and which, if they need modification, ought to be modified only by the same authority which imposed them.

These things, and things like these, I should most earnestly wish to see restrained by common consent. Even those who wish for them must see, that they are at best spiritual luxuries, and from such luxuries self-denial would bid us abstain.

(6) Lastly, let me say that I am fully aware that a rigid uniformity



is simply impossible. There are laws—like the Sunday Closing Act—which are able to work largely for good, just because they are not too strictly enforced. There must always be a dispensing and interpreting power somewhere, lest *summum jus* should be *summa injuria*. Where that power should be in our own Church is not a matter of individual opinion. The direction of our Prayer Book stands out clearly, and it is backed by the usage of Catholic antiquity, that this power of interpretation and distinction between the letter and spirit of the law lies with the bishop of each diocese. Nor is this an obsolete principle. In the Act of Uniformity Amendment Act of 1872, approved by the Convocations as well as by Parliament, the sanction of other Services than those of the Prayer Book is left with the Ordinary—that is, almost always, with the bishop; and I find that the highest authorities have recently asserted that the legal limitation of his power exacts accordance, not with the *ipsis-sima verba* of the Bible and Prayer Book, but with their tone and substance. I only hope that this bold interpretation may prove to be correct. But, however that may be, certainly the recent Encyclical of the Lambeth Conference asserts this right of episcopal authority in the most emphatic terms:

We think it our duty to affirm the right of every Bishop, within the jurisdiction assigned to him by the Church, to set forth or to sanction additional services and prayers, when he believes that God's work may be thereby furthered, or the spiritual needs of the worshippers more fully met, and to adapt the prayers already in the Book to the special requirements of his own people. But we hold that this power must always be subject to any limitations imposed by the provincial or other lawful authority, and the utmost care must be taken that all such additions or adaptations be in thorough harmony with the spirit and tenour of the whole Book.

The claim, thus made and thus guarded, ought surely to secure the adhesion of all loyal members of our Church.

It is, of course, true that all earthly authority, even if it has a divine sanction, must have its defects. I can see that the present episcopal autocracy is a source, not of strength, but of weakness, in comparison with the old government by the bishop with his council of presbyters, now carried out so largely in the other branches of our Anglican Communion. I can easily conceive that the present method of appointment of our bishops may constitute a difficulty to some minds. But, after all, a bishop, however selected, has the episcopal consecration and mission still. Nor do I think that our English diocesans need fear comparison, in respect of character, learning, and ability, with any other bodies of high ecclesiastics. I hear it objected that this would introduce a different law in each of our many dioceses. If it did, this would be better than having a different law for each congregation. For my part, however, I do not believe that it would be so. The inclination of authority in these days is to laxity rather than over-strictness. Were it otherwise,

public opinion would make arbitrary or eccentric action impossible. On most points there would be a natural tendency to concerted action; and in doubtful cases there is likely to be an appeal to the Archbishop, who would, no doubt, in important matters call in the help of assessors, possibly of the collective episcopate of the Province. For my own part I share the wish—now, I believe, extensively felt—that our English diocesans, individually or collectively, would take some bolder initiative in the matter: by considering within what limits variation can be rightly allowed, and, where these are disregarded, by issuing their fatherly admonitions; even if they are not able or not willing to enforce them by law.<sup>2</sup> Of course, such admonitions would be in some cases set at nought. But these cases would not, I think, be many. Certainly with the Church generally Episcopal admonitions, if well considered and temperate, would carry a great moral weight; public opinion of the great body of Churchmen would condemn contemptuous disregard of them, even if it were glorified by partisan newspapers or associations; and at any rate those placed in responsible authority would have ‘delivered their souls.’ For there is a responsibility in silence as well as in speech. Now especially, when we are threatened with a renewal of that ecclesiastical litigation which has proved itself so fruitless, and so unfortunate in its consequences, there will be, I think, a not unreasonable demand that our bishops should speak out, and that there should be some discipline of moral authority, even if there be no coercive jurisdiction.

<sup>2</sup> Since these words were written there have been some remarkable utterances in the Upper House of the Convocation of Canterbury, which seem to promise more decided action on the part of the Bishops. In reference to a petition from Mr. Kensit, the Archbishop is reported (in the *Times*) to have said, after censuring Mr. Kensit's methods of action, that ‘he felt that, quite independently of what Mr. Kensit and his friends had done, there was real reason why the Bishops should take counsel together on that matter, and should endeavour by such means as were in their power to restrain such practices. He wanted to severely censure those men against whom Mr. Kensit was protesting, and he thought the Bishops were required to take some notice of their action. He had been carefully collecting evidence of various particulars, and he had fully intended to bring the matter before their lordships and have had a full discussion of the subject at the next group of sessions in July.’ The Church will, I believe, gladly welcome such authoritative action as is here indicated. It is high time that it should be taken calmly and resolutely.

It is notable that in the House of Laymen, sitting at the same time, the following Resolutions were passed unanimously:

(1) ‘That this House is of opinion that a closer adherence to the form of Divine worship prescribed in the book of Common Prayer, especially in the celebration of the Holy Communion, is desirable, in order to prevent wide divergence of liturgical use to the perplexing of the laity; due liberty being afforded by the Bishops in the matter of such additional Services as the present and future needs of the Church of England may require.’

(2) ‘And this House recognises the full authority of the Bishop to prohibit any service in Church not contained in the Book of Common Prayer, and any omissions from, or additions to, the Services contained in that book.’

(7) To sum up briefly the remedy which I venture to suggest—I would gladly see first, a legal extension of some liberty of variation in our Service, within clear and intelligible limits, which can, I think, be given only through representative self-government of our Church. I cannot but wish, in the next place, for some recognised Court of Appeal, by which deliberate breaches of a law which we clergy have promised to obey might in the last resort be restrained. Thirdly, I would rely far more willingly and more confidently on the creation or the awakening of a strong public Church opinion to restrain individual and congregational vagary, and to assert the principles on which our Prayer Book is based. And lastly, I heartily wish that there were a greater disposition to recognise in our bishops the dispensing and interpreting authority which is their right, and on their part a greater readiness to assert it, even when they cannot, or will not, enforce it by law. But, while I have felt bound to make these suggestions, lest I should seem merely to complain of evil, without indicating remedy, my main purpose is to urge my fellow Churchmen—whether they agree with me or not—to give some thoughtful attention to our present anomalous condition, and to consider in what way the evils which attach to it are to be removed. For these certainly are not times in which our Church, if it is to meet its dangers or rise to its opportunities, can afford to be confused and disorganised. We must somehow ‘close our ranks.’ Perhaps, as in the armies of the world, we may well take an open order, in place of the close order of days gone by. But an order surely there ought to be; and, under such order loyally recognised, there will always be ample scope for variety and freedom, provided we remember that, underlying variety, there should be a fundamental unity, and that freedom, as distinguished from license, is the liberty to do what we ought and not merely what we like.

ALFRED BARRY.

‘ ‘ *THE CATHOLICISM OF THE*  
*BRITISH ARMY*

‘WHAT’S yer religious persuasion?’ said the sergeant to the recruit.

‘My what?’

‘Yer what? Why what I said. What’s yer after o’ Sundays?’

‘Rabbits mostly.’

‘Ere, stow that lip. Come, now, Chu’ch, Chapel, or ’oly Roman?’

And after explanation from his questioner the recruit replied:

‘I ain’t nowise pertickler. Put me down Chu’ch of England, sergeant. I’ll go with the band.’

Whatever enormities the British army may be guilty of in the future, it will never be a party to relighting the fires of Smithfield.

There is no community in the world in which the spirit of religious toleration is so marked as in an ordinary English regiment. Nor is this state of affairs as much the result of indifference or laxity as the sectarian enthusiast is apt to imagine. Training (with the consequent practice of self-control) is in this, as in other matters, a more potent factor than regulation. A certain section of the civil community, who are deeply interested in the consideration of things spiritual, are in the habit of pitying the lot of the minister of religion doing military duty.

The padre—a term applied in the Service to the pastor regardless of his denomination—is supposed to be under the thumb of the general or other officer in command, and it is even sometimes gravely stated that his duties as a commissioned officer are in direct opposition to his duties to a higher authority.

That the padre when he holds the Queen’s commission is like all other officers subject to discipline is a fact, and it is a fact for which he himself has reason to be devoutly thankful.

It is the Church of England chaplain who is chiefly responsible for the state of religion in the army, for, excepting Scotch and Irish regiments, nearly ninety per cent. of the rank and file ‘go with the band.’ In many cases, having qualified for a pension, the chaplain accepts a country living, and the experiences of those who have done so are instructive. He rapidly makes the acquaintance of a being

who is entirely a civil product, and who is known to fame as the aggrieved parishioner. There is no fathoming the depth of this individual's possibilities. The new vicar places a cross in some conspicuous place in the church and learns that an A. P. 'has thereby been driven from the House of God in which he has worshipped for many years, and is forced to pray on foreign soil' (which is his geographical definition of the church next door). He removes it, and is informed that another A. P. is scandalised at 'his wanton disregard of the emblem of our faith.' This bull-baiting is unknown to the army chaplain, whose surroundings never permit him to underestimate the value of the adage which adjures us to live and let live. Daily he meets in barrack-room, hospital, school, or mess the ministers of other denominations, and, both by those in and under authority, equal justice is measured out to each.

From one great disadvantage is the soldier parson free to which his civil brother is exposed. He does not suffer from the injudicious idolatry of a parishioners' admiration society formed on his account. In the Service the padre is regarded as the holder of an honourable and important office, and there is no tendency to prop him up on a precarious pinnacle as a little saint. There are two extremes which the successful chaplain is careful to avoid, for the adoption of either is fatal to his influence. There are a few—fortunately a very few—preachers who are wont to harp on the string, 'There is a greater authority than your colonel, my men.' It is a subject which obviously requires very delicate handling even when discussed in the presence of an audience trained to think. Most of us have heard this sermon a few times, and if the remarks of Thomas Atkins as he files out of church may be taken as a guide, the result is not what the preacher intended. The disputants immediately take sides.

'There yer are,' says one, 'I told yer the colonel didn't know nuthin'.'

'Know nuthin',' replies his companion indignantly. 'Struth, what does the bloke know 'isself.'

At the other end of the ladder is the have-a-drink-in-the-mess chaplain.

Both err by reason of zeal and conviction. The former has no desire to weaken the colonel's influence, and the latter is not anxious for alcohol. But the one thinks that he must point out the way of truth to the men regardless of their officers; and the other holds that it is only by conciliating constituted authority that he can hope to reach them. The wise chaplain knows when and how to time his visits to the officers' mess. One of the most successful parsons doing military duty was once asked if he did not find officers as a rule irreligious. But he reproved his interviewer, and when pressed on the subject said with a smile: 'Sometimes you meet one who is too religious.' He had reason. It was in Mandalay, Upper Burma, that

he had encountered this phenomenon. It was the chaplain's first station and he had made his mark in a month; so that the voluntary Sunday evening service which he instituted was as well attended as the morning's church parade. Duty at out-stations in the district took him away from headquarters two Sundays in every month. In his absence the parade service was read by one of the general's staff officers, the evening service being discontinued on these occasions. About three months after the chaplain's arrival this particular staff officer was sent to the Chin frontier on special duty, and his place was taken by a very earnest Christian who, in the intervals of his military labours, did evangelical work amongst the men. The new major offered to carry on the evening as well as the morning service on 'out Sundays,' and the chaplain gladly consented. The memory of the major's first address to the congregation is still green with those who heard it. The chaplain returned and found the simpler members of his faithful flock much perplexed. From a doctrinal point of view this dissertation was possibly excellent; but all that the chaplain could gather from the men's account was that the major had said, 'That there oughtn't to be no chaplains and there oughtn't to be no nuthin'.' It was rather negative information to work on; but the chaplain spoke to the major and begged him in view of possible misconstruction to discontinue the addresses. But the major replied uncompromisingly that 'That which God put into his heart the same would he speak.' Then the chaplain consulted a military friend and went to see the general. His request was very simple. He desired that, in his absence, the officer deputed to perform his duties should read from the book of Common Prayer such selections as he would mark, and that the prescribed form of service should be adhered to without addition or subtraction. The general concurred without demur. Then, as the chaplain was about to retire, he said: 'I hope, sir, you do not regard my request as immoderate.' Suavity was the general's peculiar characteristic. 'Immoderate,' he replied, deprecatingly. 'What those few prayers.' With an air of charming authority he took the Prayer Book out of the chaplain's hands and picked up a pencil. 'Oh the contrary, my dear fellow, most moderate; do let me mark some more.'

Only lay reading now remained to the major, and even in this pursuit he received a check. Like all other callings, that of the lay reader is overstocked, and the chaplain had no little difficulty in satisfying the various candidates. On the Sunday following the interview with the general he had promised the handling of the Scriptures to a colonel. Now the major entertained the idea that he had an *ex officio* right to the tenancy of the lectern. Accordingly, on the conclusion of the Psalms both men left their seats. They started up the aisle and met behind the great brass eagle, which, with outstretched wings and with a knowledge of the fitness of things which

its betters did not appear to possess, looked to be trying to screen from our view the unseemly pantomime in dumb show which was being enacted.

‘Who are you, sir?’

‘If you come to that, sir, who are you, sir?’

‘What are you doing here, sir?’

‘If you come to that, sir, what are you doing here?’

I fear it was thus that we interpreted, for we had just been playing ‘Box and Cox’ in the station, and surely the blame did not rest with us if the occurrence was prone to provoke in the sinful a smile. The colonel won, and the major was reduced to taking a front pew and rather ostentatiously straining his ears to catch what was being read. He was apparently unsuccessful, yet it was not without a certain elaboration that he opened a large Bible and ‘followed.’ I think, perhaps, that he was too close to the lectern, because at the bottom of the church we could hear well enough.

The lay evangelist is not a success in the Service, nor is he likely ever to be so. And this is not the case so much because Thomas Atkins objects to the spiritual ministrations of the man who the day before has cast him into prison as to his inherent abhorrence of an amateur. Logic may not be Tommy’s strong point, but willingly he would no sooner discuss the question of his future state with an imitation padre (as he ungratefully calls the man who tries to help him) than he would take a lesson in fixing bayonets from a militiaman or a volunteer. But it is not only the officer who assists the chaplain. A new parson who joined at a large home station was most anxious to improve the general conduct of the parade service. Amongst other things he decided to adopt the eastward position during the recitation of the Creed. Only the choir, who in a garrison church are those members of the band whose instruments are unsuitable for church music, would be affected, as they alone occupied side pews. There was no aggrieved parishioner to consult, and the matter could be easily arranged at the weekly practice. But the chaplain was disappointed. The effect, however much it might have satisfied him as an ecclesiastic, displeased him as a soldier. His idea was to repeat the first two words himself and make a pause; then, as he spoke again, the choir were to turn as one man and proceed with the declaration of their convictions simultaneously. But from the chaplain’s point of view the rehearsal was most slovenly, and he confided the fact to the sergeant-major, on whom he was paying a call next day. Then the sergeant-major advised. ‘If I might suggest, sir, I’d just let things be “as you were” this Sunday, and I’ll step up next practice.’ The chaplain gratefully acquiesced, and at the next practice the sergeant-major accordingly stepped. No possible circumstances or set of conditions can eradicate or even dull the military instincts of a sergeant-major. He had a short conver-

sation with the chaplain, and then addressed the choir. 'Now, men.' The mere sound of his voice was electric. No little band boy now lolled on the choir desk. The third fingers of the hands were on the seams of the trousers and the heads erect. Even the man struggling with the bassoon sat to attention. The sergeant-major proceeded: 'When you 'ear the 'oly man say "Hi b'lieve" not a move—their words is only cautionary; but when 'e starts on "Gord the Father" round yer go on yer 'eels.' Then to the chaplain: 'Now, sir, you try.' The chaplain was wise enough to note that the sacred words had been uttered and received in perfect good faith and without a semblance of profanity, so he thanked the sergeant-major and 'tried' forthwith. Success was instantaneous.

It is quite extraordinary that there should still be so large a number of seemingly intelligent people who refuse, or fail, to see the difference between what sounds profane and what is profane. Intention is the essence of profanity; yet, trite as is the maxim that no offence is given where none is intended, it is daily overlooked. The military world can congratulate itself that it is singularly free from this method of provoking a quarrel. It is not difficult to illustrate.

It was a pouring wet December Saturday night in barracks, and a late after-order had been issued altering the hours of Divine Service on the following day. The battalion orderly sergeant at tattoo roll-call was reading the amendments 'to such,' as the proclamations say, as they might concern by the light of a store lantern. His audience stood shivering and demonstrating the frailty of the Government great-coat. 'District after-order' he bellowed. 'Hours of Divine Service to-morrow. Denominations will p'rade as under: Chu'ch of England 10.30, Kautholics 8.15.' The rain beat down relentlessly as he turned over the page of the order book. He observed at a glance that the Presbyterians, Wesleyans, and Primitive Methodists were all to parade at the same hour, so the rest of the information he imparted in *précis* form. 'Fancy religions ten o'clock. Right turn. Dismiss.' Amongst a large number of earnest Christians the idea seems to obtain that Thomas Atkins is a peculiarity—a freak of nature; and that extraordinary means must be adopted to prick his conscience or touch his heart. New chaplains sometimes, and civil clergy invariably, preach sermons to him which are intended to possess a direct military application. The prolonged sustention of a simile or parallel, even when one exists, is notoriously a performance requiring the greatest skill. This is the case when the speaker has an intimate and detailed acquaintance with the subject of his illustration; but when his information on this head is inferior to that of every soul whom he is addressing his remarks cannot fail to do more harm than good, for neither resentment nor anger is so destructive of the good effects of pulpit oratory as ridicule.



I can recall a case in point. Drunkenness amongst the young soldiers of an Irish battalion, according to a statistical return, shewed a slight increase. The usual official methods were adopted. An irresponsible member of Parliament worried the Secretary of State; the Secretary of State worried the War Office; the War Office worried the general; and the general most unjustly censured the regimental discipline. But his position was a difficult one. Action was required of him in order that the invariable question, 'What steps have been taken?' might be satisfactorily answered in the House. His own experience taught him that military statistics in cases of this sort were absolutely unreliable; that a sudden idea, a chance word, a long march, or a hot day was each sufficient in itself to cause a parcel of foolish, excitable boys to get themselves into trouble. Punishment of the deed and forgetfulness of the fact are the desirable method of procedure in these cases. But the new chaplain was earnestly and honestly anxious to bear his part in checking what he learnt in the papers was the growing sin of drunkenness in those under his spiritual charge. He preached a sermon on the subject of that most dramatic of Old Testament stories, Joseph in the Pit, and proceeded to illustrate. The pit was the canteen; Joseph the young soldier cast therein through no fault of his own; Reuben and his brethren (the preacher was no coward) the colonel and the officers. There the simile broke down; and he concluded with an excellent practical exhortation which could not have failed to have had its influence but for the ground he had lost by reason of his previous fanciful excursion. Thomas Atkins is much as other men are; and self evident as the proposition appears to be, the action of a large portion of the community seems constantly to demand its assertion if not its demonstration.

The idea that he is something quite different is of civil extraction. At any rate, preachers with ripe military experience do not have recourse to this particular form of special sermon. Subalterns possess in the execution of their duty opportunities for studying the subject of catholicism which do not fall to the lot of the ordinary individual. When a party about to attend Divine Service numbers twenty men or upwards, it proceeds thither under the command of an officer.

In no profession is the principle of *juniores ad labores* so well observed as in the army, and consequently this officer is invariably a subaltern; so that after four or five years' commissioned service one ought at least to be able to pass an elementary examination in denominational tenets and procedure. But for being compelled to attend different forms of Divine worship interest in these matters, ordinarily speaking, might not be excited. But attendance compels observation and thought, and one realises the fact (which is often not sufficiently appreciated) that prejudice is own child to ignorance. Sometimes one's experiences are embarrassing.

One Sunday morning I escorted a Divine Service party to their place of worship 'without the band.' On arrival I naturally placed myself in the hands of the chapel officials, and was a little disconcerted at being desired to occupy a front pew of a rather luxurious description. I was in full uniform; and, living in a garrison town, the congregation were perfectly well aware that I was merely there 'on duty' and was 'an unbeliever.' My men were dotted about the gallery in twos and threes; but in the body of the building I had no red coat to keep me company. Things went satisfactorily until the time came for the long extempore prayer which was always a feature in the service of this particular denomination. Then I received my share of attention, and was alluded to as one who had 'attended the House of God under the mistaken notion of earthly duty.' There was no mistake about that duty, for had I refused to attend this chapel I should have undoubtedly undergone severe pains and penalties without attracting to myself any sympathy. Mr. Fox, had he lived, would not have given a moment's thought to my qualifications for inclusion in his *Book of Martyrs*. It was very embarrassing, and I naturally attempted the impossible and tried to look unconscious. The following Sunday it again fell to my lot to attend this service. I again received notice, but of a different description. It is an unusual occurrence that the same officer should be taken for the same duty two Sundays running; and the pastor, who had lived twenty years in the large military station in which we were serving, must have been aware of the fact. Not unnaturally he drew erroneous deductions. I was now mentioned as a possible convert, and hopes were entertained of my ultimate inclusion in the fold. When, therefore, I read my regimental orders on the following Saturday night and found through an accident, which could not happen once in a thousand times, that I was again for the same service on the following day, I at once went to the adjutant and received permission to exchange duty. The subaltern who consented to take my place was, I fear, uninterested in the subject of catholicism, and he made some very strong remarks when released from the parade which he had undertaken on my behalf. Evidently his appearance in chapel had disappointed the pastor, and the aspirations made by that individual for his spiritual welfare had displeased him. He refused to be reasoned with, and expressed himself with his own peculiar directness. 'Well, you ought to have told me. You mayn't mind being jawed about; I do.' Intelligent curiosity—not to give the propensity too high-sounding a title—is not characteristic of every one, and the attendance of church parade with 'strange denominations' is not always popular. This is especially the case where the parade is early, and when the succeeding service is known to be long. Through the flimsy wall of a wooden hut I once overheard a peculiarly adroit evasion of this duty. The stillness of an early

Sunday morning was broken by the lowing of a bugle, and a sergeant was rapping on the woodwork and informing my friend next door that the 'dress' for the Kautholics had just 'gone.' The subaltern groaned. He had not managed to get to bed early on the preceding night. 'How many are there, sergeant?' 'Ten file and a 'arf,\*sir.' He would not have dreamt of saying twenty-one, for Government does not allow a man to be spoken of in his individual capacity. The sergeant departed, and the officer commenced to get up. Presently the former returned. 'One man taken for guard, sir; ten file for Divine Service.' The officer groaned again. 'It was most exasperating. Then the sergeant volunteered. 'Beg pardon, sir, but there's one on 'em 'as don't look quite the thing, sir.' The subaltern caught at that straw. 'I don't want any man with me who ought to be with the doctor, sergeant.' 'Very good, sir.' The sergeant retired once more, but came back almost immediately. He again knocked at the door, this time in a decisive and unapologetic manner. 'Yes?' 'One man gorn sick, sir; nine file and a 'arf on p'rade.' The officer seemed quite surprised. 'Not an officer's party, sergeant?' 'No, sir.' 'Oh, will you march them off then, please.' So the sergeant went back to parade and the subaltern to bed.

The little comedy had been enacted without either performer betraying the fact that he was conscious of its humour.\* Slight incidents like these, however, scarcely amount even to spots on the sun of the military religious system, which works excellently well. The only danger to be apprehended is that of external interference. At present there is, to quote the slang of the day, 'a boom in soldiering.' There is no self-respecting Englishman who does not feel himself perfectly at home when either the army or the national game of cricket is under discussion. On other subjects he is willing to be instructed. Those responsible for the military administration of the country suffer from no lack of advice from the civilian. Yet the adage that bids us remember that lookers on see most of the game certainly seems to have been stretched to its furthest limits. True, it is the material rather than the spiritual welfare of Thomas Atkins that occupies the sedulous attention of his friends outside, but doubtless *mens sana* will receive its share when the *corpus* has been rendered *sanum* for its reception.

In these days, when the laws of expediency and supply and demand have a more powerful influence on those in authority than mere considerations of equity, it is to the credit of the military ministers of religion that they have not been 'on strike.' The 'recruit' and the doctor have refused to come in, and the fact has compelled attention to be paid to their grievances. The pastor, whose service conditions are not ideal, has not demanded increase of pay or rank. He merely begs for moral support, and asks that the reform movement shall not check or halt his work. He does not

grumble that the soil on which he labours is hard or sterile. His implements are of his own making, and he is not to be blamed if he is unwilling to hand them over for outside inspection and stand idle the while. The usual cant, of course, obtains that the spiritual system in force precludes the army from getting the best men; and the argument, if indeed it amounts to an argument, is used chiefly in the case of the clergy of the Established Church. True, the chaplain's road does not lead to a bishopric, but surely too much importance may be attached to questions of prospect. But there is no object in inventing military grievances. Sufficient exist. An unpopular padre is, happily, the exception in the Service, and that is the best proof that the work is well done. It is obvious that we are on the eve of drastic changes. It is to be hoped that in the general turmoil the Ecclesiastical Department will escape treatment. Public notice when sympathy is not assured is necessarily to the chaplain's detriment. At present he is successfully employed on the trivial round and common task, and is free from the disquieting comments of a Press which must often accept statements as facts. Those who know him best have reason to best appreciate the parable of the grain of mustard seed. Above all, Thomas Atkins, generally speaking, likes him, and that consideration will apparently weigh most heavily with those who are about to institute the new military era. It is for them to assure the British public, if they will, that there are some good institutions in the army after all.

PHILIP C. W. TREVOR,  
*Captain.*

## WHY VEGETARIAN?

### A REPLY TO CRITICS

I AWAITED the appearance of the May number of this Review hoping to meet in its pages a serious, carefully reasoned reply to my article entitled 'Why "Vegetarian"?' in the number for April. In this hope I have been disappointed. In default, however, numerous batches of 'cuttings' containing comments thereon have arrived from the agency; among them some from the authorised Vegetarian Press, and many from members of the society in various provincial journals. I venture, therefore, to ask permission to devote a few pages of reply to these criticisms, seeing that they all reproduce very much the same statements, and can be treated under two or three heads.

I may first say that the main object I had in view in publishing the article has been satisfactorily attained—namely, to ensure henceforth the cessation of reiterated public statements that I was a supporter of vegetarianism either in theory or practice, or that I approved of flesh abstaining as a dietetic habit for man. To a brief list of illustrious authorities repeatedly cited by the Vegetarian Press as asserting that animal food is unnecessary for man's diet—Cuvier, Owen, Darwin, Sir B. Richardson, and others—my own unworthy name had been added; and of these I happen to remain the sole survivor. By what authority the three first-named are regarded as advocates of a vegetarian diet I am at a loss to understand. Professor Owen for several years was well known to myself; I have not the faintest recollection of any expression of his favouring vegetarian views, and certainly met with no sign at his table of any practice indicating a leaning thereto. Some misapprehension may have arisen in respect of passages in his writings which have escaped my notice. But if his written language, or that of Cuvier, Owen, or Darwin, has been treated on the system pursued towards my own, I am not surprised at any inferences which may have been drawn from them. For I may say briefly, but emphatically, that in the many criticisms before me, I find in only two or three any reply to the argument of my paper; but instead merely the well-worn reproductions of a few isolated passages from my writings, carefully separated from their context, and thus seriously misrepresenting my real views. It was his that made it impossible for me to remain silent, and gave rise to

the first paper. What I felt to be a very unpleasant duty was forced upon me, and the manner in which it has been received by those whom I had always regarded in the light of old friends, seeing that we had certain aims very much in common, has made it still more unpleasant. In illustration of this and in defence of my own position, it will suffice to deal with a single quotation, as it was the first which arrested my attention, and it is a sample of others which have been made in the numerous authorised issues of vegetarian opinion—a striking specimen of the ingenuity by which an author may be misunderstood, and I do not desire to assert wilfully misrepresented, by those who, having pronounced views of a given question, can find the support for them and for no other in the work of an author whose name they desire to advertise as sustaining them. I am compelled, however, to add that the original adapter or adapters of the quotation in question can only avoid the gravamen of misrepresentation by admitting the imputation of serious mental defect. Permit me to say I would gladly have let these inaccurate statements pass unnoticed had they not been circulated with assiduity by a very active press in all directions, and been renewed with almost offensive emphasis since my previous article. The vast majority of those who repeat them verbatim in all quarters of the country have probably not the means of knowing whether the statements put into my mouth are correctly attributed to me or not, and do not I am sure suspect them to be so garbled as to be misleading. My complaint lies, then, not against the disciples who repeat, but against the originators of the misstatements, an example of which is set forth in the following words. Moreover, let me say that this quotation is one of the most widely circulated, which is another reason for dealing with it here. I give it, with its heading, copied from an original form.<sup>1</sup>

#### SIR HENRY THOMPSON'S VIEWS

'Is man designed to be a vegetable feeder, or a flesh-eating or an omnivorous animal? Any evidence to be found by anatomical investigation can only be safely regarded as showing what man is and has been. Thus the character of his teeth and digestive organs indicate that during his long history of development he has mainly lived on roots, seeds, nuts and fruits; in other words, he has been a vegetable feeder. For these organs are in all essential points identical with those possessed by the highest apes.

*It is a vulgar error to regard meat in any form as a necessity of life.'*

Let it be observed (1) that the two paragraphs are bracketed as a single quotation by inverted commas. There is no sign, none by intervening stars for example, to suggest a break in the context. Will it be believed that these two passages thus brought together as one do not occur in the same article, or even in the same volume?

<sup>1</sup> *Best Food for At etc.* The Vegetarian Federal Union, Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, E.C., 11. The italics are the work of the quoter, not of the author.

The first is from the work entitled *Food and Feeding*.<sup>2</sup>

The second is from another work, *Diet in relation to Age, &c.*,<sup>3</sup> written some years later.

(2) That in each case the sense is entirely altered by the suppression of the immediate context.

Thus, the first extract is taken from the middle of a sentence, the commencement being left out. In the original it reads thus: '*I shall not enter on a discussion of the question: Is man designed to be a vegetable feeder?*' &c., as above. I have put the words in italics to mark the portion omitted.

I specially desired to show that, although in early stages of his development man was mainly a vegetable feeder, he had through later civilisation 'long been omnivorous,' a fact to be now beyond discussion, as the words which immediately follow in the text, but were also carefully suppressed, completely prove. I append them in italics:

*'During the stages of what is called civilisation, man has gradually extended his resources and has long been omnivorous to the extent which his experience and his circumstances have permitted.'*

No one could possibly infer my meaning unless I had here supplied the two missing passages. It will now be quite obvious that I declined to discuss the question whether man is a vegetable feeder or no, because during the later stages of civilisation he had 'long been an omnivorous' animal. The effect of my quoter's act in suppressing a few words before and after is therefore to represent 'my views' as exactly the opposite of those which the passage in its original condition expresses.

Now for the second short passage which terminates the 'quotation.'

It will be seen by reference that two pages of context immediately preceding this brief extract are occupied with details of advice, specially designed for elderly and sedentary persons with little power or opportunity of taking exercise, to live on well-made cereal food with fruits and vegetables, 'with a fair addition of eggs and milk if no meat is taken, and little of other animal food than fish. On such a dietary, and without alcoholic stimulants, thousands of such workers . . . may enjoy far better health than at present they experience on meat or heavy puddings, beer, baker's bread, and cheese.' Then having briefly adverted to those who are less sedentary, I add: 'For such some corresponding modification of the dietary'—intending, of course, a little more animal food—'is naturally appropriate.' Desiring to discourage the use of meat by the sedentary I bring the subject to a close, commencing the paragraph with the words isolated by the quoter and placed by him in italics: 'But it

<sup>2</sup> *Food and Feeding*, 7th edition, pp. 18-21.

<sup>3</sup> *Diet in relation to Age and Activity*, top of p. 70.

is a vulgar error to regard meat in any form as necessary to life.'<sup>4</sup> Observe that the quoter stops at the colon without even ending the sentence, but substitutes a full stop, and again suppresses the context. This I will supply:

If for any it is necessary, it is for the hard-working outdoor labourers above referred to, and for these a certain proportion is no doubt desirable. Animal flesh is useful as a concentrated form of nutriment, valuable for its portability, and for the small space it occupies in the stomach, unrivalled in certain circumstances. Like every other description of food, it is highly useful in its place, but is by no means necessary for a large proportion of the population. .

It may be observed that all through the book on 'Diet' I have favoured as much as possible vegetarian views for the purpose of impressing the elderly or inactive consumers of much meat and fat, to whom the work is chiefly addressed, with the superior value of lighter food. For them it is truly a 'vulgar' error to consume the former, and for them alone was this said, as the context shows.

I am not disinclined to surmise that these grossly inaccurate representations may be greatly due to a certain torpor or obliquity of the moral sense, insensibly acquired through want of due respect for the meaning of words and a consequent loose habit in employing them—a condition too commonly occurring among those who, somewhat hastily perhaps, have become ardent advocates of peculiar views. And of this the employment of the word 'vegetarian' in a sense obviously misleading furnishes an ever present illustration. The sectarian, whether concerned with social habits or in that far greater field in which he is chiefly active—namely, the field of religious belief—is rarely a humble simple-minded seeker after truth. He does not patiently await what facts and study reveal, after the manner of a student of science, but approaches his subject with certain preconceived opinions for which he desires to gather support from authority, whether in the writings of experts or in the collection of 'scriptural texts.' No doubt the sectarian habit so predominant in this country—eliciting the sarcastic, but I fear just, observation from our keen-witted neighbours *outré mer* that we 'have a hundred religions although only one sauce'<sup>5</sup>—is one of the innumerable forms of human egotism. This defect mostly appears in young and active minds without the training necessary to teach the risk of hastily generalising from insufficient or unproved data, and without a degree of experience attained by the habit of observation and by knowledge of life as manifested in the world and its surroundings. Some study of these furnishes a far more useful training to form a man's judgment than much which is taught in schools. They might

<sup>4</sup> Butcher's meat, or other flesh, of course, because I have immediately before been recommending them fish diet. I presume this has not yet been admitted into the 'vegetarian' scheme—to join the milk and eggs which its votaries say have so long been included.



find that the book of Nature itself presents 'context' as well as text; its students soon learn that patient search for all the truth, and 'not for isolated facts among the varied phenomena presented, is not only the worthiest pursuit for an intelligent mind, but furnishes breadth of view, and gives a due sense of the proportion of things. It would preserve many well-meaning people from the unconscious commission of really unpardonable errors. How very much modern faddism has its root in this confirmed and misleading practice! For those under its influence the assumption of personal singularity possesses strong attractions; it contributes a supposed distinction, confers a consciousness of superiority to their neighbours, and flatters their self-esteem.

Let me now briefly define my position in relation to vegetarianism to be distinctly this.

I have never been a vegetarian, and have never advised any one to become so; and this, notwithstanding that I have unhesitatingly stated that man may find in the vegetable kingdom the chemical elements necessary to support life. The healthy vitality of many persons may be so sustained, but, as a matter of fact, the very great majority of mankind add some product of the animal kingdom when they can obtain it. I have always deemed it unwise to reject any source of food well ascertained to agree with the human stomach, especially the flesh of animals, many forms of which are far more nutritious and more easily digested than are the corresponding nitrogenous products of the vegetable kingdom. So varied are man's idiosyncrasies, his occupations, whether bodily or mental, his surroundings, whether tropical, temperate, or northern, that it is impossible not to regard him, fitted as he is beyond all other creatures to adapt himself to life in every portion of the globe, as essentially an omnivorous animal. And this fact I hold now, as I have ever held and maintained, to be absolutely proved. The great majority of the human race are of necessity and must remain 'mixed feeders,' using animal food more or less in quantity according to the climate in which they live and the labour they perform. For this purpose their internal organs admirably serve. I have never in any part of my works stated that man in general can thrive without some animal food, whether it be in the form of milk, eggs, fish, birds, or the flesh of flocks and herds.

Any opinion contrary to this statement can only be deduced from writings of mine by quotations without context after the fallacious method illustrated above.

Having carefully read what purport to be replies to the article in question, I find that they chiefly consist in demands variously reiterated 'that I should withdraw' the passages quoted, or that I should 'specifically retract' them, otherwise vegetarians will be justified in reproducing them, being able to give 'chapter and verse as our warranty'! Again, the well worn trick of the text seeker! My answer to all this is complete in the foregoing paragraph, and I

have only to repeat that no impartial non-sectarian reader can do other than affirm that my works throughout sustain the necessity for man of a mixed, and not a restricted, diet, and the value of animal food. And of this I shall before closing demonstrate the increased and increasing importance under the augmenting stress of modern life.

But there is a single attempt to meet fairly one argument, which I beg leave to reply to. It is an answer to my statement that 'man' is born into the world a consumer of animal food, and it is for the "vegetarian" to show cause for determining at what age, if at any, he should henceforth be compelled to restrict himself to a diet from the vegetable kingdom.' My opponent says frankly, and apparently with some triumphant emphasis, that I have said this, 'apparently quite forgetting that precisely the same argument applies to oxen and sheep, which he has called on a previous page "exclusively vegetable feeders," and that no vegetarian advice is required in their case.'

Indeed! is not the forgetfulness on his side? Does he forget—or did he never know—that the oxen and sheep being 'exclusively vegetable feeders' necessarily possess a special digestive apparatus destined for future use, when it and the teeth also are sufficiently developed? This does not take place until the end of the first period of life, during which they live entirely and grow rapidly on milk. Then the apparatus comes into use, consisting of four stomachs specially adapted for the digestion of vegetable food, while man has a single stomach,<sup>5</sup> and that adapted only for nitrogenous and not for the starches of cereal foods. He ought to be aware that the 'exclusively "vegetable feeder"' employs these stomachs for a singular process of digestion known as 'chewing the cud,' which is performed after all meals. Did he never see the herd, reposing after a long and slowly acquired meal of green stuff, lying quietly and happily on the grass, slowly rechewing the mouthfuls brought back from below in balls for the purpose, and afterwards returned into the first of his four stomachs, the paunch, thence to be transmitted in turn to the other stomachs for special treatment there? Is he not aware that the human child never having been provided with such an apparatus possesses a much simpler stomach, closely resembling that of the carnivore, being specially provided with a gastric juice to digest proteid materials, especially those derived from animals, and is wholly incapable of dealing with the food of the ruminating animals just named? For the human stomach cannot even digest bread and starches, which duty is accomplished by the chemical action of the saliva during mastication in the mouth. And should this have been imperfectly accomplished, as often happens, the digestion of the starchy matters is subsequently effected when these have passed the stomach, and meet the pancreatic juice in the first intestine.

Consequently the argument falls to the ground through the

<sup>5</sup> See p. 972.

existence of essential difference between the digestive organs of the two animals, the child of man and the young calf, at the end of their respective times of weaning.

No better illustration could have been given of this significant and important physiological fact: that the digestive apparatus of the animal must correspond to the extent of change which its food has to undergo in order to convert it into the flesh which constitutes the animal consuming it.

Thus if grass, which is very low in the scale of 'vegetable growths, has to be converted into the highly composite animal fibre constituting beef and mutton, a long and complicated apparatus is required—viz. that of the 'ruminants' above described. No human stomach under any circumstances has the power of effecting the changes in question.

The carnivore, living exclusively on flesh, requires for his purpose nothing more than the digestion and assimilation of animal tissues identical with those already composing his own body. This process compared with that above described is a very simple one; and accordingly the stomach and digestive organs are far less complex in structure.

Man holds a position between the two extremes, with his varied surroundings and his ability to select and adapt; for he possesses the power to support life by consuming the best products of the vegetable kingdom, and also all animal foods, suitable to his purpose and tastes. The animal fibres of fishes, birds, and tender meat, with the concentrated extracts of the latter, being identical in nature and form with the structures of his own body, are assimilated with far greater ease than the nitrogenous products of the vegetable kingdom. His digestive apparatus is more highly developed than that of the carnivore, but much more closely resembles it than the complicated apparatus of the exclusively vegetable feeder.

Man is therefore manifestly adapted for a mixed diet from the animal and vegetable kingdom, and must be regarded beyond all controversy as adapted for an omnivorous diet.

There is an important aspect of the subject which I desire to present here. It is that offered by a review of the extraordinary changes affecting man in every rank of life and his surroundings in all parts of the civilised world which have taken place during the last sixty years. I am old enough to have marked those changes with an observant eye both in the metropolis and in the country. It is difficult, perhaps impossible, for the present generation to realise the contrast presented in respect of the demand now made on man's activity, especially that of his brain, during, say, the last thirty or forty years with that which was required by the routine of life as it was in the 'thirties.' The wear and tear of existence has enormously increased, and the demand for rapid action and intense exertion by the nervous system is certainly tenfold greater now, to make a

moderate estimate, than it was then. A railway appeared in the first year of the decade named; the penny post and the electric telegraph not until its close; while the press, both daily and weekly, now gigantic, was then by comparison insignificant and diminutive. For the great majority even of business men life was tranquil and leisure plentiful, while competition was almost unknown; I need not attempt to describe what it is now. Such changes have naturally been, the cause of permanent injury to many whose powers sufficed for the quiet time, but gave way in large and still increasing number under the inevitable straggle which issues in 'the survival of the fittest.'

The necessary result of this extreme demand for brain activity, since that organ is the sole source of energy on which all the functions of the body, including that of digestion, depend, is an insufficient supply for this important process. Among all others this inadequacy is perhaps the most common, and it certainly is the most disastrous. As with electrical supply, whether for light or motion, the capacity of the storage cells is limited; and when they are emptied we know that no more work is possible. So with man's store of energy, it must be fatal to his well-being and even to his existence, if digestion loses its due supply of nerve power, since digestion only can refill the storage cells.

Under these circumstances nothing can be more important than to provide food of a kind and in a form which will economise the work of the stomach. It must not be bulky; much of it may be advantageously soluble in form so as to be rapidly and easily assimilated, even pre-digested sometimes; and when solid not requiring much mastication. I have found nothing which fulfils these conditions so completely as the various concentrated extracts of meat which are now so extensively used. When well made they provide the maximum of nourishment with the minimum of demand for labour on the part of the nervous system. And it is worthy of note that several varieties of this form of animal food came into vogue during the middle third of the century, the remarkable demand for them seeming to augment *pari passu* with man's increased need for support. A happy and natural, although undesigned, relation exists between the two; and I do not hesitate to say that these animal extracts have saved many who might have otherwise fallen in the fray. A teaspoonful of sound beef extract in a breakfast cup of hot water when the brain is fatigued and the stomach unfit for work is often the best antidote possible, reinvigorates the system, and prepares it for a light meal or for a little more work as the case may be—a result far too frequently sought through the pernicious habit of obtaining temporary relief in a glass of wine or spirit.

Nothing approaching in value to well-made animal extracts can be obtained from any vegetable source of proteids. Nothing is derivable from the numerous leguminous seeds, whether beans, peas, or lentils—not even the 'green peas' specially suggested by one of

my critics—which is comparable with extract of meat.<sup>6</sup> I have tried the latest attempt to produce a vegetable extract to compete with those of beef, and I shall refrain from speaking of it further.

Let me just add that the last few years have perhaps somewhat increased my respect for the stomach of an omnivorous animal, and my gratitude for the possession of one. The pace at which we live increases and will inevitably continue to do so, and as inevitably the average brain will increase in capacity to do more work. If I foresee in this a greater demand for strong sustenance, I know well in which natural kingdom we must seek it; not so much, however, in the old form of solid joints which require much more expenditure to digest than the concentrated forms referred to. Also the choicest portions of lean meat may be very finely minced and reduced to a *purée*, in which condition they may be assimilated by the stomach with great facility.

Let me now before concluding remind my reader that three very important practical questions were formally propounded in the last paragraph of my first article, for which an adequate solution was required.

The first demanded if it would be prudent to provision a large ship, with full crew and passengers for a long voyage, solely on vegetarian diet? Or, secondly, thus to limit the supplies for an army corps sent abroad? Or, thirdly, those of an exploring party designed to investigate a remote and unknown region?

It is significant that at present I have seen no reply.

I also demonstrated that it was at least a fact worthy of serious consideration that the life enjoyed by all animals reared for food, whether in the poultry yards or in the fields, was after all a happy one; and that for no other animals is existence so easy or death so swift and painless. This undeniable statement was simply received with derision! For men who were before all things asserting their humane consideration for animal life, this was at least inconsistent and unseemly; while it failed altogether to meet the argument.

Lastly, I venture to advise my old friends the 'vegetarians,' as I sincerely believe for their advantage, to change their distinctive appellation. They emphatically state that they no longer rely for their diet on the produce of the vegetable kingdom, differing from those who originally adopted the name at a date by no means remote.<sup>7</sup> I give this merely to fix the period in relation to the name, and to what was assuredly then the practice of vegetarians.

<sup>6</sup> For further information respecting this indubitable fact, see the work below named, where it is carefully and impartially considered. The tabulated result is given of careful experiments made by Fr. Hofmann on the power of man's digestive organs to assimilate the nitrogenous elements (albumen) from animal and vegetable sources respectively. From the data supplied it appears that while four-fifths of the albumen consumed from animal sources are digested (81 parts in the 100), not quite half (46·6 in the 100) is digested of albumen derived from vegetable sources, cereals, legumes, &c.

<sup>7</sup> *Food in Health and Disease*, by I. Burney Yeo, M.D., F.R.C.P., Phys. to King's College Hospital, &c., &c. (Cassell, 1896), p. 148 *et seq.*

<sup>8</sup> Dr. Latham's *Dictionary of the English Language*, founded on Johnson, 4 vols.,

Since that time, and I venture to think very wisely, they have added to their diet some important and nutritious products from the animal kingdom. But they have still drawn a hard and fast line short of using any part of an animal, whether it be fish, fowl, sheep, or ox, in their dietary. Hence they have become simply 'flesh abstainers,' a term which logically and honestly describes their position. But still more recently I have been specifically desired in several quarters to observe as an important fact that a new derivation for the word 'vegetarian' is proposed. And on very high authority I learn that the suggestion is an acceptable one, and further that 'they' (the vegetarians) 'believed in the highest form of life and the highest possibilities for humanity. Such being so, they were not in the category spoken of. Vegetarianism had nothing to do with vegetable eating. It had to do with bringing human nature into greater vitality to a higher position, and to greater strength of body, mind, and soul. Because they believed that eating animals was antagonistic to the higher life, they were vegetarians, not vegetable eaters.'<sup>8</sup>

I think that many, if not all, will in time agree with me that with this readiness to repudiate vegetable food, associated as it is with a tendency to cultivate wider aims and views, a gradual further enlargement of the dietary may happily result. For I observe that the term 'vegetarian' is evidently becoming embarrassing to not a few members of the society, as a misleading and inaccurate distinctive appellation is sure to be. But 'flesh abstainers,' with views thus clearly defined, might possibly not feel bound to deny themselves some moderate use of fish, which would be a valuable addition, since it is commonly regarded as the antithesis of flesh in relation to its dietetic tendencies, &c. Hence its large employment in Catholic countries in place of flesh on all fast-days, as the chief

4to, Longmans, 1870, thus defines 'vegetarian; one who, abstaining from animal food, feeds exclusively on the products of the vegetable kingdom.'

<sup>8</sup> Presidential Address, *The Vegetarian*, the 30th of April, 1898.—When my attention was first called to the recent discovery (1) that the Latin word 'vegeto, to arouse or enliven,' having no relation in that language with vegetable life or food, was the root from which the word 'vegetarian' was originally derived, I naturally regarded it as a mere pleasantry. All the world knew what the meaning of the word had been, and that for years it had designated the eating of vegetable food and nothing else (*vide* note No. 7). If really compelled to take the statement seriously, let me ask what then is the meaning of the emphatic assertions prolonged and reiterated through all the years that are past—of the endless quotations from authority—that the vegetable kingdom contains all the dietetic elements necessary to support a healthy human life? Surely this prime article of faith has been the central and unique cause for the existence of the 'Vegetarian Society.' Is it not a little late in the day to shift its present well-earned and well-understood position thus? Both derivations cannot be sustained. Either uphold, as you always have done, the sufficiency of the vegetable kingdom for man's food, or say at once that you have renounced this doctrine, for 'vegetarian' has, by virtue of the recent discovery, assumed a totally new and unsuspected significance—viz. 'the bringing of human nature into greater vitality, &c.' I still hesitate to regard the passage as more than rhetorical ornament, and have therefore relegated these remarks to a foot note.

element of a *maigre* diet. Again, if they only knew how valuable the more or less fluid extracts of meat already referred to are in certain exceptional conditions of great prostration, mental or physical, they ought not to be absolutely compelled to reject them, at least when their use is enforced by medical advice.

I now take leave of the subject. For the great body of the Vegetarian Society throughout our country I cherish, as heretofore, feelings of sympathy and respect for their attachment to a simple diet, and humane consideration for animal life, so abundantly existing everywhere. For the few, as I hope and in charity believe them to be, who have perverted my meaning and misrepresented my views, I cannot altogether regret the opportunity they have afforded me of exposing the tactics of the sectarian who, whether he be only narrow-minded or unscrupulous, exercises a mischievous influence always and wherever he is found.

HENRY THOMPSON.

P.S.—Since this article went to press I have seen a prominent reference (*Vegetarian*, 14th of May) to a statement of mine made in 1879—that the value of the product of an acre of land cropped with cereals and legumes would support a much larger population than an acre of pasturage devoted to cattle-feeding. My critic omits the context which immediately follows—being one of the reasons given for the extra value referred to—namely, that ‘the corn-land will produce, almost without extra cost, a considerable quantity of animal food in the form of pigs and poultry, from the offal or coarser parts of vegetable produce, which is unsuitable for human consumption.’

But the two paragraphs of 1898 from my recent article, quoted for comparison, differ mainly because in 1879 I held the belief, then generally accepted, that proteid elements obtained by *chemical analysis* from legumes might be regarded as equal in nutritious value to those obtained by digestion in man’s stomach from beef and mutton. Carefully conducted experiments since made prove that the leguminous proteids do not yield to the human stomach anything like the amount of nutritive matter which the animal proteids impart. Thus, also, the consumer might well ‘feel lighter’ after his dish of legumes than after meat, because only a bare moiety of the nutritive matter in the former case is taken up into the system. Hence the statement of nearly twenty years ago, like many others in the progress of research for truth, is found untenable to-day. And thus it is, or should be, that as we grow older we grow wiser. If our opinions are not modified with the progress of the age, we are learning nothing, and ‘have lived to very little purpose,’ a maxim I have thus often had occasion to enforce in the course of my professional teaching at University College.\*

\* See *Clinical Lectures*, eighth edition, p. 85; Churchill, London, 1888.

## WANTED—AN ÓPERA

THAT some people are never contented will inevitably be the thought suggested to many readers by the title of this paper. For a space of more than ten years opera has been once again the rage in London society; it has returned to the place of supremacy among fashionable amusements which it held from the time of Handel until early in the present century; and it has proved its claims to popularity by a wise catholicity in the matter of the music represented, so that what used to be called the *Royal Italian Opera* has now dropped the middle word from this famous name, as all the principal languages in which operatic librettos exist have in turn been heard upon the Covent Garden stage, sometimes two or three of them at once. Under the late Sir Augustus Harris a tradition grew up that operas must be presented with due regard to the general effect, and he taught Londoners to expect the same care in the preparation of an opera and in its presentment as they were accustomed to demand in the non-operatic theatres. The old practice of pitch-forking the works of the great masters upon the stage, on the strength of one prima donna, whose fee for a single appearance swallowed up nearly the whole sum taken in payment for seats, has now disappeared, happily for music and the public, and there is little chance of any return being made to the old system, for the successors to Sir Augustus Harris, the members of the energetic triumvirate known as the Grand Opera Syndicate, are fully aware of what is wanted by the public for which opera exists in London.

And two large sections of the public are perfectly contented with things as they are. One is composed of the wealthy few who are not too particular about the selection of the operas given as long as they can be assured that the music they hear is really fashionable; the other class contains the multitude of unmusical people, who do not wish to go to the opera at all, and who have and profess no interest whatever in music. There is a considerable space between these two, and it is filled by a large and ever-growing class of people who take a more or less intelligent interest in music, who habitually go to concerts, and in whose lives music of one sort or another plays a prominent part. These belong to a very great variety of sects in the



musical world; for it is one of the peculiarities of London that its musical inhabitants do not form one great body, as they do in the majority of the continental cities, but are subdivided into many small classes or cliques, so that the musical aristocrats of the Richter concerts are hardly ever to be seen at concerts conducted by Lamoureux, Mottl, or Wood, each of whom has his own enthusiastic following, while the patrons of the Popular Concerts remain for the most part contented with chamber music, and rarely hear orchestral works at all. Lower down the scale we get to the numerous less cultivated amateurs who patronise the concerts of one favourite performer, or those alone in which he takes part. But all, or almost all, of these, divided though they may be in the objects of their admiration, unite in viewing the opera as a thing lying entirely outside their ordinary experience. Even those who throng any concert hall where a 'Wagner selection' is announced as a special attraction, do not display any particular anxiety to be present at operatic performances of the music dramas as a whole; and although in the present season an extraordinary effort has been made, and with an altogether astounding amount of success, to convert the Wagnerian public into habitual opera-goers, by introducing the conditions in which they delight at Bayreuth into the ordinary course of London life at the height of the season, the performances of the Nibelungen trilogy will stand, as it were, by themselves, and as an exceptional thing, not as part of the regular course of an operatic season. Putting aside this special feature of the present series of productions, the great majority of concert-goers are pretty sure to return one or two answers to any friend who refers in their presence to matters operatic. Either they will allege that the operas they care for are never given, or they will confess, what is likely to be the truth in any case, that they cannot afford the cost of the entertainment.

Here we encounter the central difficulty of the situation. The very large class of well-to-do people who at present support numberless concerts are, or consider themselves, excluded from regular attendance at the opera by the cost of comfortable seats. Even if the price of a guinea stall were never exceeded, it is only natural that a great many among even musical people should prefer going to the play twice to a single visit to the opera. And we must remember that the section of the public for which the cheaper kinds of reserved seats are intended at the other theatres is practically not considered at all at the opera. The balcony stalls at Covent Garden are, it is true, as comfortable as dress circle seats elsewhere, but they are issued at precisely double their price. It is impossible to get a really convenient place for less than fifteen shillings, as the glare of the chandelier, even if the lights are turned down during the performance, makes the long entr'actes extremely disagreeable to those who occupy the ten-shilling seats; and even supposing the

average amateur of moderate means to be contented with a gallery place, in order that he may see as many operas as possible, he must put up with a great deal of discomfort ; while to elderly people, or to those who are busy in the daytime, the necessary early attendance makes unreserved seats an impossibility. Now the opera, as an occasional treat to be enjoyed once or twice in the season, is of very little real use from an educational point of view ; yet the educational aspect of the opera is one that should not be ignored. In one of his famous rules for young musicians, Schumann, the one composer who might have been expected to set least store by anything connected with theatrical display, laid it down that the student must ' never neglect to hear good operas.' In England the greater part, and those the best, of musical amateurs are compelled to spend their lives in an assiduous transgression of this injunction ; and even the rich subscribers to the opera of the fashionable world can only obey it for a space of three months in the year, or less. In all parts of the continent, the intellectual value of the opera is recognised, just as much as that of non-theatrical music or of the other arts. In England alone there still survives the curious impression that music, and more especially the opera, has some element of dissipation about it. That this impression will some day die down, as we become more cosmopolitan, there is no reason to doubt ; and with the gigantic strides which musical culture has taken in quite recent years, it is certain that before long the nation will insist on having an opera, not as the exclusive enjoyment of the few for ten weeks in the year, but as a permanent institution, affording to the great bulk of educated people proper opportunities for the study and enjoyment of operatic masterpieces ; not merely for the contemplation of the latest Paris fashions, whether in millinery or music.

At different times in the history of the Carl Rosa Company it has seemed as if a really national opera were just on the brink of getting itself established, and the energetic manager from which it is named had sufficient foresight to recognise that such an institution must be really national, and that the English tongue must be the vehicle in which music should make its appeal to the English people. Unfortunately, although he and his successors have always had the lower middle classes in their favour, the influence of this section of the public has kept alive certain traditions which sadly hindered the cause of opera in English. The silly dialogue of the days of the poet Bunn is still relished by the kind of audience to which English opera is at present supposed to appeal ; and any educated person, not especially musical, who should find himself present at a performance of *The Bohemian Girl* or *Maritana*, would very naturally wonder at the tolerance of a West-end public towards a style of declamation that would disgrace the transpontine theatres. This state of things will account, to his mind, for the widespread im-

pression that English is not a good language for serious operatic purposes. Yet even supposing that operas with spoken dialogue were to come back into fashion again, there is no possible reason why the dialogue should not be given with the same care and precision that Mr. Gilbert insisted on in the early days of the Savoy operas. It is a strange thing, but only one of many anomalies beloved by English people, that their own language should be considered quite suitable on the one hand to comic operas, and on the other to sacred oratorios, but that for serious dramatic music it is viewed with disdain. Surely a language which is good enough for *The Messiah*, or *Elijah* cannot be so contemptible that its use in *Faust* or *Lohengrin* need be prohibited. After all, in objecting to their own language as a vehicle for serious art, the English are only following the lead of nearly all nations that have gradually emerged from a state of barbarism. It is not a satisfactory reflection, but it is one that must be made, that this preference for foreign languages is the mark of all nations that have not completed their civilisation. In the Italian Renaissance, those writers who gave up Latin for Italian were at first thought extremely vulgar by their contemporaries; in Germany, the gallicisms, which have so comic an effect upon modern ears in reading the historical documents of past centuries, were in fashion more or less into the present day. In matters of literature, science, and the graphic arts we have long ago passed the stage in which culture came to us from without, and so have reached a condition in which we have, in these things, a definite national existence. In music alone a bastard cosmopolitanism prevails among us even now, and has doubtless much to say to the failure of English opera as a permanent and self-supporting institution. The state of London at the present day, in regard to operas, may best be illustrated by an analogy with the non-operatic theatre. Imagine a state of things in which no theatre in London should devote itself to serious drama, the admirers of which were compelled to derive their instruction in the great dramas of the world from an annual visit of ten weeks, arranged by the combined forces of the Théâtre Français and the Meiningen Court Theatre; and that during this short season the prices of seats in all parts of the house should be doubled or more than doubled. Such a condition is incredible in the dramatic world, yet it is precisely analogous to that which we complacently accept in regard to the opera. As the taste for opera improves, deepening in the educated classes, and spreading more and more widely throughout the nation, there will be more and more clear demands for a regular, continuous, and, in one word, national institution, such as all other capitals of the world possess. In ordinary affairs the law of supply and demand is a good enough working principle, but here there is one very serious consideration, namely, that the expenses of an opera season, even without the gigantic salaries that are paid to performers of European celebrity,

are so heavy as to entail a great loss upon the manager who shall attempt to give opera at theatre prices. The problem has been tried over and over again, both in England and elsewhere, and a very few words are needed to explain why it is impossible. Among the many lessons taught by the lamentable failure of the Royal English Opera House was one which throws a good deal of light on this. It is out of the question to mount grand opera 'for a run,' that is to say, to attempt to recoup the original outlay in putting it on the stage by keeping it in the bills for six weeks or longer, as the theatrical managers are wont to do. Yet audiences have been so accustomed to seeing plays gorgeously produced that they expect far more from operatic mounting than can possibly be given them apart from operatic prices. In the second place, the salaries of the singers must needs come to a sum far in excess of the earnings of the heaviest cast in London, to say nothing of the orchestra and chorus, two sources of expenditure of which the play-producer is scarcely conscious. By exercising a rigid economy in the department of the orchestra during provincial tours it is no doubt possible to give even grand opera in London for a few weeks at a time at theatre prices, if a large enough theatre is available; but then the company must be formed of singers so fitted for a large theatre that their voices can be trusted to fill it in one sense and their names in another. Such a company is a far more expensive luxury than a troupe of comic-opera performers, who are at home in a small theatre, but would be utterly lost in Covent Garden or a house of similar size. It may be taken as proved, without further demonstration, that an attempt which has reduced some hundreds of enthusiastic managers to beggary must be ranked with the many chimerical schemes of which musical people are so very fond. Yet the solution of the whole question, a solution which has been adopted in every capital of Europe, is only just beginning to be suggested here as a brand new idea. Some kind of grant or subvention from without is absolutely essential if opera as an institution is to do a really useful work, or to take a place among national enterprises. A great many Englishmen look askance upon any suggestion of a State subsidy for theatres of any kind, partly from a remnant of the puritanical feeling that all such places are in themselves evil, partly because they cannot dissociate the idea of theatrical art from the notion of frivolous amusement, and partly because they dread an increase in the rates. But the general principle of State or municipal aid for various things lying outside the domain of practical business life, is already acknowledged in many ways, and accepted as a fact of our national existence. It would require a very bold politician indeed to bring in a Bill for the abolition of the grant to the National Gallery or the British Museum, yet in truth these are not more strictly educational in their intention than such institutions as the great

opera houses of the Continent. Even in theatrical matters the idea of municipal aid is slowly but surely making advances towards realisation; yet the opera, if it is to exist at all as a permanent institution for the nation at large, stands in far greater need of external help than does any non-operatic theatre. There is a want of logic about a system such as that which allows grants to be made to the two principal institutions for teaching music in London, without practically recognising the need for kindred help for the young musicians who are being turned out of these seminaries every year into a profession which is rapidly being overstocked beyond all remedy. At present the demand for the raw material to educate in one or other of the great music schools is a very large one, and every inducement is held out to promising students, but only during their career as students. All the tedious time that must elapse before even a musician with a certainty of ultimate success can begin to make his mark on the great world of London musical life is quite unprovided for; and many are the cases of absolute penury that come to the knowledge of those who are familiar with the seamy sides of the musical profession. Some means might well be devised for hindering, rather than encouraging, the entrance into the profession of all classes of incompetent performers, and at the same time of providing help for those whose education in music is finished, and whose chances of making an income are very remote.

The establishment of a permanent opera house in London would mean a great deal more than the existence of a single institution where native talent could be allowed to display itself. The principle of decentralisation has lately been illustrated in a very striking way by the success which has attended the erection of various theatres in the suburbs of London, and there are signs that the whole aspect of our theatrical life is shortly about to undergo a change. If an endowed opera became an accomplished fact in London, there is little doubt that the example of the capital would soon be followed in the chief cities of the Empire, so that that part of a liberal education which consists in hearing good operas would be brought within the reach of the large majority of English people. A whole group of permanently established operatic theatres would make a very sensible difference in the financial condition of the musical profession generally, and the elevation of the standard of excellence required by the classes thus educated would of itself obviate the danger of a Klon-dyke rush into a profession where such inducements were held out. In ordinary parlance, the position of music as an inferior member of the circle of the arts is curiously recognised by the English usage of the word 'Art,' as meaning only the art of painting or sculpture. Music has often been called the Cinderella of the Arts, in reference to her youth as compared with the other members of the family. In England she has for long been the most despised as well as the

youngest of the sisterhood, but there are plenty of signs that she will not much longer be contented with her present humble position. She is apparently waiting for the fairy godmother to appear, and give her her opportunity by providing her with a suitable equipage. There is, perhaps, not much competition for the post at present, but there are several quarters from which the kindly support might come. An actual Government subsidy may for the present be too much to hope for, but either the Corporation of London or the London County Council could well afford to earn the gratitude of the cultivated part of the nation by providing a suitable home for opera, and the funds wherewith London might be placed on an equality with some of the less luxurious of European towns. Recent investigations into the statistics of the subject have shown that for an annual grant of 15,000*l.* an opera could be maintained in such a way that the public need not pay at a higher rate than for the theatre, while artists of the highest class would be engaged. 5,000*l.* of this would represent either the rent of a theatre already existing, or interest on the loan of a sum sufficient to build a proper theatre; the sum of 10,000*l.* would then represent the sum needed to meet the deficit on a season lasting from October to Easter in each year, leaving the height of the season free for the fashionable opera, the success of which need, therefore, not be affected, even though public taste were to make the new undertaking fashionable as well as popular. Now 15,000*l.* may seem a large sum as the income of a private individual, or as the annual cost of an establishment; but if it is compared with the sums expended by the nation on things of which the practical utility is extremely doubtful, it is a mere nothing. It is not necessary to face the question of a national opera coming upon the rates, for it is certain that it could be contrived by other means; but if it did come on the rates, it is worth while to point out that a rate of one-tenth of a penny in the pound on the rateable value of London would be enough to raise the sum required. As the Free Library rate is one farthing in the pound, it will be seen that this latter luxury represents just two and a half times the cost of an opera.

Supposing the principle of a subvention, from whatever quarter, to be admitted, there are naturally a good many points to be considered in regard to the policy of the institution, the principles on which it should be managed, and the nature of the ideals which it is desirable to realise. Here there is no lack of examples and warnings to be got from the experience of foreign nations. Unless it be founded on the widest possible basis—a basis of devotion to no particular school, but to all schools of excellence of whatever date and country—the scheme must fail, though never so kindly a fairy godmother were to come down the kitchen chimney. For a time the dictates of fashion must be disregarded; the classical repertory must be kept steadily before the public, rather than the works which

come into vogue for a year or two and are then forgotten; the language employed must be English, and the performers, as far as possible, must be chosen from among English artists. There is, of course, a danger of favouritism, and a certain opening for the elements of intrigue which have already wrecked so many hopeful schemes; but if a large enough body were elected or appointed to govern the institution, and if the *impresarios* and managers were paid servants of the governing body, not persons with interests of their own to serve, there is no reason why a subsidised opera house should not be conducted on principles of absolute rectitude and honesty. The reins of government must, of course, be in the hands of persons who should represent, not merely the business side of the scheme as a pecuniary speculation, but the various schools of thought in music. And not only these should have a voice in the control, but the claims of the many arts that are associated with opera must be fairly represented, and nothing must be omitted that can make for the maintenance of a high standard in all departments. For example, literary skill in the supervision of new librettos, or in the all-important point of providing decent translations of the words of classical foreign operas, must go hand in hand with artistic taste applied to the mounting of the works chosen for representation. And due encouragement must be given to that school of British composers which has now been in existence for the last quarter of a century, and to which the revival of musical culture in this country is mainly due. That series of fine operas which Mr. Carl Rosa was mainly instrumental in bringing before the English public as the typical work of Englishmen, must be brought once more from the retirement where they have been left by so many managers, and the younger men in the English musical world must be encouraged to undertake the composition of operas by the knowledge that every worthy work will in time be produced at a national theatre. Those who best know the musical life of England in the present day have the most confidence in the powers of these younger men who are only waiting for opportunities which, under the present régime, can never come to them. There is no doubt that Cinderella must soon get her chance; the only question is, Who will be the fairy godmother?

J. A. FULLER MAITLAND.

## DEATH AND TORTURE UNDER CHLOROFORM .

### A REJOINDER

I was with a feeling of the keenest interest that I took up the April number of this Review, containing, as it did, a paper on 'Deaths under Chloroform,' from the pen of a great medical authority, written as a reply to my paper that appeared in the March number. At last, then, I was to learn the reason for employing the painful method of giving chloroform, from which I and others had suffered; at last I should hear why this method was practised by some anaesthetists in preference to the pleasanter method practised by others.

It was consequently with a feeling of surprise, deepening gradually into profound disappointment, that I read on and on to the end, only to find that this point of vital interest was not so much as touched upon, far less defended. The paper might, in fact, have been intended for a medical journal, dealing as it does almost wholly with the physiological dispute as to whether death under chloroform may not be caused, under certain circumstances, by cardiac syncope, independent of any suffocation. Dr. Buxton says it is an unjust and unsupported charge to say that *all* deaths under chloroform are deaths from asphyxia; but he does not say what percentage of such deaths can be attributed to other causes; and his assertion would be true if the proportion were only a minute fraction in a hundred.

Another great authority, Dr. Lauder Brunton, writing in the *British Medical Journal* of the 5th of March, states that out of 571 experiments made at Hyderabad, death resulted *in every case* from asphyxia; and to the ordinary lay mind, not accustomed to the extreme accuracy required by scientific research, this is sufficiently conclusive as to, at least, the paramount danger of suffocation.

But I am aware that the medical world is not unanimous in accepting the conclusions arrived at by Dr. Lauder Brunton, and a perpetual domestic war on the subject is decorously waged in the medical press without either side obtaining a decisive victory. It is not, however, a matter on which the lay world has anything to say.

The rest of Dr. Buxton's paper is devoted to showing that the principle of allowing the free admixture of air with the vapour of



chloroform was first laid down by Sir James Simpson, and that Mr. Syme only followed in his footsteps. It is always well to be accurate in any matter, but otherwise this is a point which has no interest for the public, and the net result therefore of the whole paper, to one who had hoped to find information as to the reasons advanced by certain anæsthetists for using their painful method, is a feeling of total disappointment.

Dr. Buxton's paper is, no doubt weighty with medical knowledge and scientific facts, and had my contention lain in the path of such a projectile it would have suffered severely; but Dr. Buxton's fire was concentrated on a side issue, and left my main point untouched. If I were to complain that the high road was a terror to pedestrians by reason of the recklessness of cyclists, and that several deaths had been caused by them, it would hardly be a 'reply' to my complaint to point out that steam-rollers too were sometimes dangerous. And when I protest in the name of humanity against the cruel method of stifling used by certain anæsthetists, it is surely beside the mark to say that it is possible for death to be caused in other ways than by suffocation. If this knowledge be indeed a consolation to anyone, it may be derived from Dr. Buxton's paper; but for most people it is enough to know that suffocation is by far the most common form of danger, and, fortunately, is a preventable one. Dr. Buxton says, indeed, that no death due to asphyxia should occur in competent hands, and the dicta of Sir James Simpson and Mr. Syme quoted by him are most emphatic as to the necessity of allowing free admixture of air. How then is the practice of allowing no air—of smothering—to be justified? By inference, Dr. Buxton condemns it utterly, but it is to be wished he had done so explicitly.

From Dr. Buxton's point of view the gravamen of my first paper consisted in the statement that a definite 'safe method' of giving chloroform existed, known to all medical men but not practised by them; and he then proceeds to prove that no method is absolutely safe, as even Simpson himself had a patient die from syncope on one occasion while he was giving him chloroform.

But everything seems to point to the fact that this was a very exceptional case; and, be it observed, nowhere does Dr. Buxton assert that the stifling method is *safer*, while he admits that many deaths arise unhappily through the inexperience of administrators. By his reference, indeed, to the eighty-eight deaths under chloroform last year reported by the *Hospital* as 'some trifling statistics,' and his regret that I had ignored the more elaborate statistics brought together by the *Lancet*, amounting to some thousands of cases, we may infer that the annual tale of victims to chloroform—or to the mode of administering it—is larger than it had been assumed to be, although this is not explicitly stated. This cannot be called reassuring, any more than can Dr. Buxton's assertion that the public are to a great extent

the authors of their own miseries by not taking more pains to ascertain the competence of those anæsthetists into whose hands they commit themselves.

It frequently happens that a person living in the country goes up to London expressly for an operation, and on reaching the surgeon's or dentist's house is met by the anæsthetist. How would Dr. Buxton propose that such a person should proceed to ascertain the competence of the anæsthetist? and in what spirit would the anæsthetist be likely to receive any implied doubts as to his competence?

Again, while maintaining that the public are to blame for assuming that every medical man has been taught to give chloroform in the best possible way, he expresses no opinion as to what is the best possible way, and merely begs the question by evading the difficulty.

The controversy in the medical papers is conducted, naturally, from the operators' point of view, and is confined almost exclusively to discussing either the precise cause of death or the best means of obviating the risk of death, and there is no want of plain speaking on the part of the writers. Writing in the *British Medical Journal* on the 23rd of April, Dr. Waller, lecturer on physiology, plainly expresses his conviction that 'death is nearly always due to unskilful administration,' and quotes Lord Lister as saying that 'death from chloroform is almost invariably due to faulty administration'—adding that this means the administration of an overdose.

Now the Hyderabad Commissioners assert that *interference with the breathing is practically the same thing as overdosing*. But this point of interference with the breathing, and the suffering it entails on the patient, is not one that I have seen mentioned in any of the papers on the subject; and it is this point that chiefly affects the public. For every patient that dies there are hundreds that only suffer. The patient's experience, whether painful or otherwise, necessarily ends where unconsciousness begins, and is not affected by his subsequent recovery or death. His recovery does not mitigate any suffering he experienced while consciousness lasted, neither does death during unconsciousness increase it.

From my own point of view, therefore—that of the patient—the gravamen of my first paper did not consist in the statement that there was any definite 'safe method' of giving chloroform, which is a question for medical men to dispute upon, but in the statement—the result of my own experience—that *chloroform is frequently administered in such a way as to cause extreme and unnecessary suffering*. The extracts from the *Hospital* and from the 'Report of the Hyderabad Commission' were quoted by no means with any view to enlighten medical men, who presumably are thoroughly acquainted with all such things, but to show the public, who are profoundly ignorant on the subject, first, how large a number of fatal cases occur annually in England; and secondly, how,

judged by the rules laid down by competent authorities, the practice of smothering patients in the way I had been smothered must tend to increase the chances of their dying from suffocation.

But the cause of death is by no means the primary point of my contention; that is a subject for medical men to settle, and one on which they do not appear likely to agree. In medicine, as in religion, uniformity of opinion seems doomed to remain a hopeless dream, and the fight over the exact causes of death under chloroform—other than suffocation—goes on with perennial vigour.

The vital question, from the point of view of the public, is not whether there are not cases in which death takes place from occult and unexplained causes, *but whether it does not frequently take place from suffocation*, as would seem only too natural to those who know what it is to have been forcibly and hastily smothered. It is, in fact, with the way in which chloroform is administered that the public are concerned, and on which alone they are entitled to have decided views. Doctors may disagree as they please on problems of physiology without fear of any layman expressing an opinion on the merits of the dispute; but the public have a manifest right to insist that *anaesthetists shall not be allowed to inflict needless suffering on their patients*. This is the focus of the matter, and only in so far as the differences between medical men affect this point have the public any interest in them. I shall show that there are eminent medical men who hold that the administration of chloroform by stifling *does* inflict unnecessary suffering and is unjustifiable.

Among the many letters I have received on the subject since the appearance of my first article is one from a lady, whose description of her suffering is so graphic that I may be allowed to quote it:

The agony I suffered from suffocation quite changed my life; it gave me a fear of death, a dread of darkness, and a dread of being left alone. For months afterwards, when falling asleep, an awful terror would come upon me, and make me try to keep awake. I tried to push away the pad that was over my nose and mouth; but my hands were held, and the struggle seemed to me to last for ages. The nervous shock was so great that I am suffering from it to this day.

Another victim, a man, says:

I was only able to breathe the stifling fumes of the chloroform in fits and starts, and I seemed to experience the agony of death, which I can only recall with horror. I have many times since wished I had died, as it left me a legacy of extreme nervousness, which I am unable to shake off.

It is difficult to believe that treatment which involves suffering such as this can be dictated by consideration for the patient's interest. A person who has never been chloroformed in this manner cannot possibly know the degree of agony it entails, and it is therefore essential that any one who defends the system shall have been himself stifled into unconsciousness once at the very least. It is a necessary rite of initiation into the mysteries, and he who has not undergone it,

scientist though he may be, speaks from a different platform to that on which stand the initiated. Dr. Buxton fails to tell us if he has himself gone through the rite of initiation by smothering.

It must throughout be borne in mind that *my charge is brought only against anaesthetists of a certain school*, whether numerous or not. I have no means of knowing. I and other members of my family have taken chloroform many times from doctors of a different school without experiencing the very slightest feeling of suffocation; and those whose happy fortune it has been never to have had any other experience are slow to believe in the existence of any other method. It is my personal experience of the existence of two methods that alone impels me to speak; it is because I know both how pleasant the taking of chloroform can be and how terrible it may be. When given as it can be, and should be, the patient falls asleep gradually and gently, and has no knowledge whatever of the loss of consciousness, no terror, and no motive for struggling or resisting.

Dr. Buxton is of opinion that students should be required to have a special certificate of having been taught how to give chloroform before they qualify as medical men. But when there are two opposite methods of teaching, who is to know *how* they have been taught? It would be but cold comfort to a person about to take chloroform to know that the doctor had a certificate of competence in the art of smothering. I have no reason for doubting that the anaesthetist who last smothered me had been thoroughly taught; he would hardly have done it with such merciless assurance unless he had been.

Among the sympathetic letters I have received is one from a German physician at Brussels, in which he says: 'I have much pleasure in assuring you that my own experience during a lifelong practice entirely corroborates your conclusions, and that I am pleased you published them.' Spontaneous assurances of sympathy and approval such as this have been a great encouragement, and I sincerely thank my unknown correspondents for the support they have given me.

It seems to be very generally admitted that a practical reform in the method of administering chloroform is urgently needed in the interests of the public, as also that the power to effect such a reform lies mainly in their own hands. Dr. Buxton readily admits that it is a matter chiefly affecting the public, all of whom are potential patients. The first step is to awaken the interest of the public, and by the help of the press to spread so widely a knowledge of the two different methods used in giving chloroform as to prevent any one from *inadvertently*—through ignorance—falling into the hands of an anaesthetist belonging to that school which forcibly stifles the patient into unconsciousness. The adherents of that school are probably sufficiently open to reason to think it advisable to change

their method when they find a widespread reluctance on the part of the public to take chloroform from any one who will not give a guarantee that the inhaler or cloth shall at no time be held close over the nose and mouth. Such an attitude on the part of the public, from whom the victims are drawn, would have more practical influence on what, for the sake of brevity, we may call the School of Stiflers, than any articles, however eloquent, in the medical papers, written by any medical men, however distinguished, belonging to the rival school.

As there are these two directly opposite methods of giving chloroform, the one causing no distress to the patient, the other inflicting the most acute misery, it is obvious that the entire burden of proof rests on those medical men who practise the latter, of showing such good and sufficient reason for persisting in their cruel method as may at once be admitted by all reasonable people to be unanswerable. *Ceteris paribus*, they have no right to torture a patient. The right to do so could only be conceded to them on their demonstrating to the satisfaction of at least the whole medical world that their system was attended with such advantages in other ways as would outweigh the temporary agony of their patient. I repeat that the onus of proving this rests with them. But it would appear that they do not attempt to prove anything of the kind. They do not put forward any arguments against the safety of the humaner method, nor any claims for the superior safety or advantages of the stifling method. What, then, is the public to conclude? How is it to account for the prevalence of so barbarous a method of dealing with patients?

This is the problem to which an answer is required. It has not been denied that the stifling method is frequently practised, but no reason for its use has been put forward. There is one question that suggests itself to the mind when pondering on the matter, and one of the greatest importance. Does the anæsthetist save time by the use of the stifling method?—that is to say, Is the patient put under the influence of the chloroform more quickly in this way than by the ‘open’ method? If a saving of time enters into the question it opens up a field so wide and so serious that I prefer not to enter upon it.

An anæsthetist knows that the risk of killing a patient by the use of the stifling method is not great, not nearly so great as the agony of the process would lead one to suppose, and in the rare event of a patient dying of shock or suffocation he knows that no blame will be laid at his door. It is the patient’s heart that was always in fault. The coroner’s jury will be guided by the evidence given by himself and the other professional men or nurses present, whose statements are fettered by professional etiquette, and it will exonerate him from all blame in the matter.

It would be different if coroners were roused to a greater sense of their duty to the dead, and were instructed by the proper authorities

to put certain circumstantial questions as to the method in which the chloroform had been given, and to insist on satisfactory answers. If the answers were not satisfactory, and the coroner refused to accept them as such, and occasionally returned a verdict of manslaughter, the reign of the stiffers would not last long. The public would become educated, and would begin to inquire whether, when an anæsthetist tries to hurry them into unconsciousness, he is doing so *in their interests or in his own*.

When it is considered how large a body of medical men of the widest experience are single-minded in their wish to perfect the system of administering chloroform, and how unanimously they agree as to the necessity of allowing sufficient air with the vapour of the chloroform, it seems unaccountable that any one should be permitted to smother a patient in the way that undoubtedly is often done. Dr. Waller, in the article from which I have already quoted, puts the necessary proportion as 1 part of vapour in 100 parts of air, and quotes Dr. Lawrie as saying that 'the essential factors in safe administration of chloroform are diluted chloroform and *regular breathing*.' It is obvious that this latter condition is incompatible with the frantic gasping and struggling caused by putting a bag closely over the patient's nose and mouth; and yet I am told that nowadays, unless a young medical man has the regulation apparatus, a bag and a mouth-piece, he refuses to administer chloroform.

A high authority has expressed his opinion that the only hope of reform is to get the matter reduced to a legal formula. He would wish to see covers for the mouth forbidden—a wish most earnestly echoed by all who have ever known the agony of having one put on—and would have the old-fashioned way of administering the chloroform on an open cloth, *held not nearer than a regulated distance*, laid down by law. He would also wish to have it made a punishable act to put any one under chloroform in *less* time than eight minutes. Other medical men also tell me that *time is the essential consideration*, and put it at from ten to fifteen minutes.

If the public could be thoroughly roused, and the matter brought before Parliament, the question would be threshed out without wasting time, as Dr. Waller calls it, in the quarrel as to how chloroform kills. How to administer it *most mercifully* as well as safely would be the question on which medical men would be required to give their advice with a view to legislating upon it. The doctors, it seems, need not be expected to move in this matter; they are too much in the hands of the anæsthetists, who appear to have acquired a kind of vested interest in the administration of chloroform. They further enhance their own importance and tyrannise over other medical practitioners by representing the grave responsibility and danger attending the administration of chloroform by any one not a specialist; and they make students nervous about having any-

thing to do with it, by dwelling on its dangers and on the necessity of having special apparatus for administering it. It is nevertheless well known to medical men that students can and do administer it in the East with practically complete safety by adopting a simpler and more humane method than that which I denounce.

If it were the rich and powerful classes who were the chief sufferers under the present system there would be a far more immediate prospect of reform than it is to be feared there is at present. But the immense majority of the victims killed by chloroform, as also of those who merely suffer the pains of death without dying, are drawn from the ranks of the poor and helpless who are treated in hospitals. They are as a class ignorant and inarticulate, with little power of making themselves heard, even if such an idea entered their poor foggy minds as that it was possible to object to anything the doctor might do. They are as dumb and helpless as sheep in a slaughter-house, and in the event of one of them dying there are few who will ever hear of it, and those few entirely unimportant persons.

If it is found impracticable to regulate by law the method to be employed in giving chloroform by all professional men, it would seem at least within the range of possibility that the law should interfere in behalf of the poor and helpless who are treated in hospitals, more particularly in such hospitals and infirmaries as are in any degree supported by public funds. Richer patients have recourse to private anaesthetists, and when they know of the alternative choice of methods it rests with themselves to say in which way they will take chloroform. But the patients who go to a hospital for treatment have no such choice, and the law might reasonably take them under its protection by prohibiting the use of the stifling method in all public institutions.

A correspondent tells me he is painfully struck with the callousness shown in chloroforming patients in the operating theatre at hospitals. The wretched patient, highly nervous at the prospect of an operation and the mysterious terrors of chloroform, has to face all the young students in the theatre, who are watching his agony of fear with far more curiosity than sympathy. To them he is only a 'case.' A natural instinct prompts every animal, whether brute or human, to hide himself when in pain or grief, and this exposure to a crowd of callous, curious strangers at such a crisis must be a very terrible ordeal to go through.

It is an ordeal of humiliation to which only the poor are subjected, but it must not be thought that it is necessitated by poverty. My correspondent says it is quite as easy to administer the chloroform quietly in bed, with the nurse and doctor only present, and then immediately to remove the patient to the operating theatre, and that in some hospitals this is the custom. When to the misery of publicity is added the agony caused by suffocation, it would seem to

a thinking person as piteous a spectacle of human wretchedness as could well be witnessed. I am told by a doctor that he has seen a patient blue in the face with suffocation, and held down by four assistants.

There are numbers of medical men, and those of the highest distinction, who feel and deplore these things as deeply as any one who may read this; but they say they are powerless to bring about a reform. A correspondent who was himself on a British Chloroform Committee says: 'I have been doing a little from time to time to call the attention of medical men to these matters; but I am afraid the *anaesthetists* will not listen.'

How can they be made to listen?

In the second article on chloroform in the April number of this Review, Dr. Ramsay tells us that it is a common thing to use chloroform which is not pure, and which is difficult and painful to breathe, and that this at least is a wholly unnecessary aggravation of the patient's distress. He says the *anaesthetist* should test its purity in his own person by a couple of inhalations, instead of experimenting vicariously in the person of his unhappy patient who has no choice but to inhale it whether pure or impure.

But who is to insist on this? Who has the right to insist either on this or any other reform until the whole question has been made the subject of inquiry and legislation?

If one of our writers who can dip his pen in fire and write words that burn themselves into the memory would take up the matter and rouse the public apathly, much might be done. But let me urge him first to let himself be chloroformed, *secundum artem*, by means of the stifling bag. Statistics show convincingly that it is very improbable he would die; but he would know what it was to be taken down by a painful road to the very threshold of the Gates of Death, and the memory of it would wing his words as nothing else would.

In the meantime let all who have the cause of reform at heart, all who may some day have to take chloroform themselves, remember that each individual may do much to contribute towards the desired end. Let each one of us refuse resolutely to take chloroform, or allow any member of our family to take it, *without previously ascertaining what method will be employed by the anaesthetist*, and obtaining a guarantee that only an open cloth will be used, and that at a distance that will permit of entire freedom of respiration throughout the operation. By so doing a pressure will be brought to bear upon the professors of the stifling method that must eventually break down the cruel system now so frequently practised, and confer an unspeakable benefit on our fellow-creatures in the future.

E. A. KING.



*THE MICROBE IN AGRICULTURE.*

AMONG the sciences astronomy might formerly have been regarded as the one which most strikingly appealed to the imagination of the public; it may be doubted, however, whether astronomy is still first favourite. It has, at any rate, a formidable rival in bacteriology—the science of that infinitely minute life which, as recent research has shown, is everywhere so abundant. Astronomy, it is true, may impress our minds in a more profound manner by the conception it presents of the vastness of the universe; yet the marvels and mysteries of the micro-organic life of our globe are certainly little less impressive. That in an area not larger than a penny-piece we may have a minute world as densely populated as Europe itself, with its three hundred and fifty millions, is surely no less calculated to excite our wonder than the conception of the enormous dimensions of those vast worlds, so far removed from our planet, which it is the province of astronomy to describe.

The extreme minuteness of bacteria, their ubiquity, the rapidity with which they reproduce themselves, the enormous importance of the functions they perform, and their rôle as propagators of many of the deadly diseases which afflict humanity, all serve to invest them with the deepest interest. There is, for the human mind, an intense fascination in the study of these ‘invisible friends and foes,’ which are present, in their teeming millions, in the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, and in the soil beneath our feet; and on whose action our comfort, our health, and even our very existence itself may be said to depend.

The strides which our knowledge of bacteriology has made within recent years are well known to all. Not merely has the ubiquitous microbe been shown to be a potent agent in the propagation of disease; it is being demonstrated, more and more every year, to be implicated in many industrial processes of the most diverse nature. Bacteriology has already done much to revolutionise not a few of our large industries, and it bids fair to revolutionise many more. Among processes in which microbes play an important part may be mentioned the fermentative industries, so widespread in extent and involving such an enormous amount of capital. Any one who has

even the most elementary knowledge of brewing knows of what assistance a knowledge of bacteriology has proved to the brewer. Alcohol, in whatever form it occurs, is the product of minute life; hence the light which the study of the nature and habits of alcohol-producing microbes is able to throw on its manufacture is great. Again, such a widely used article as vinegar is another product of microbial life; while in such industries as tobacco, linen, jute, hemp, leather, citric acid, opium, indigo, and many others, bacterial life is more or less implicated. There are also certain processes in Nature—of such importance that the continuity of vegetable and animal life may be said to be dependent on them—that are caused by the agency of germ life. Such are the processes of the decomposition and putrefaction of organic matter. Few people, probably, ever reflect on the significance of such processes in Nature's economy, or realise that these processes are the chief agencies at work in effecting that vast circulation of matter which is constantly going on. To grasp the true significance of this great law, it must be remembered that the total amount of matter on the earth's surface available for the formation of fresh animal and vegetable life is limited. Modern science has taught us that matter is not destroyed; all that can happen to it is change of form. It goes through a great variety of changes, it is true, but the sum total always remains the same. In effecting this great cycle of change bacteria are every day being recognised to a greater extent as the most potent agents.

It is only just, therefore, to the much-maligned microbe to emphasise this highly beneficent rôle it performs, since in the popular mind it is chiefly associated with disease. Such a view is really most unfair to the useful microbe, which, after all, is ten thousand times more abundant than his pathogenic (or disease-producing) brother. Even with regard to disease-producing microbes it must be remembered that while they produce disease they have also furnished man, in the so-called *anti-toxines* they give rise to, with a means of defence against the very diseases they cause.

In this paper we purpose to attempt to show briefly how beneficent their action is in the greatest as well as the oldest of all human industries, agriculture. The article has been suggested by the announcement, which has recently been made, of a highly interesting development of agricultural bacteriology—viz., a further application of the practice of soil inoculation—a practice which was first introduced some two years ago.<sup>1</sup>

Before, however, describing this latest development of agricultural bacteriology, reference may be made to some of the functions which the microbe has already been shown to perform in agriculture.

<sup>1</sup> See paper in *Contemporary Review* for August, 1896, on 'Nitrugin: An Important Advance in Agriculture,' by the present writer.

In the first place, it must be stated that the action of bacteria in agriculture is chiefly, if not almost wholly, beneficent. No doubt there are certain terrible diseases, affecting the live stock of the farm, which are due to germ life; but, on the other hand, the important services which they render in other departments of farming—more especially in what may be termed agriculture proper, *i.e.* the tillage of the soil and the growth of crops—must be held to far outweigh their inimical action.

Till recently the soil was wont to be regarded as exclusively composed of dead, inert matter; now we know better. Much of it, it is true, is composed of such matter; yet so intimately and so inextricably is this inert matter permeated with microbic life that the soil can no longer be regarded as so much dead material. The truth of this may be illustrated by the statement that the abundance of this micro-organic life is such that it has to be reckoned in hundreds of millions per ounce of soil. What the various functions of this teeming microscopic life are we do not fully know as yet. Many of these minute denizens of the soil, however, have been proved to be the active agents in the putrefaction and decomposition of that organic matter which all soils contain in greater or less abundance, and for the original formation of which bacteria, as it has recently been shown, are probably responsible. To them the fertility of the soil is originally due: on their continued action the maintenance of that fertility also depends, since they elaborate, in a variety of ways, the food materials of the plant, converting it into forms suitable for assimilation.

As we have said, the soil is, in a sense, the product of their action through long ages. Till recently it was believed that a necessary condition of their development was the presence of organic matter. According, however, to an interesting discovery, made within the last few years, certain soil organisms, it has been shown, are able to subsist on a purely mineral diet. This latter class are of very wide occurrence, and are found even on bare rock surfaces.

The microbic inhabitants of the soil may be divided into different classes according to the nature of the products they give rise to. While many of them exercise an oxidising action—some actually producing oxygen itself—by assimilating the organic matter and giving rise to carbonic acid and water, others exercise a reducing action. The former are beneficial to the processes of agriculture; the influence of the latter is distinctly inimical, as they cause a loss to the soil of that highly valuable fertilising ingredient, nitrogen. We have, however, every reason to believe that the influence of this latter class is more than neutralised by the work of a recently discovered type of microbe, whose function it is to enrich the soil by 'fixing'—as it is technically called—the free nitrogen gas

in the air, and thus render it available for the requirements of the plant.

Although we know as yet but little of the exact methods in which the decomposition of the material of the soil is effected, we have reason to believe that it is due to a highly interesting system of co-operation on the part of these minute soil workers. While some are instrumental in initiating the first stages of decomposition, others carry on its development through successive stages.

The abundance of this minute life is, as has already been indicated, very great. It is, however, almost entirely limited to the surface portion of the soil, and its occurrence in abundance may be said to be confined to the first eighteen inches of soil, although bacteria have been found at much greater depths than that indicated. There are other factors which influence the development of microbic life in the soil, among them being its temperature, the amount of its moisture, and its physical and chemical condition.

A short description of some of these bacteria may now be given.

Those most abundant belong to the first class, viz. those exercising an oxidising influence, and which give rise to such products as carbonic acid and water. The functions which such bacteria perform are very important, and their influence on plant growth cannot be well over-estimated. Carbonic acid is the most important solvent of the mineral matter of the soil, and by its help the roots of plants are enabled to absorb their food in suitable form. Owing to a variety of considerations, which it is impossible here to enter into, the supply of what is termed 'available' (*i.e.* for the plant's needs) nitrogen in a soil is the factor which most largely determines its fertility; accordingly it is the organisms which have to do with the elaboration or fixation of this highly valuable plant food that possess most interest for the agriculturist.

Among these nitrogen bacteria a large and important class are implicated in the process known as nitrification.

Nitrogen occurs in the soil in different forms. It has for a number of years been held that it is only, however, when it is converted into nitric acid—or, more strictly speaking, nitrates—that it is available as a food for green-leaved plants. As by far the largest proportion of it exists in other forms, it is obvious that a process of conversion of these other forms into nitrates must go on in the soil. This process is known as *nitrification*. For long it was believed to be a purely chemical act; but in the year 1877 the important discovery was made that it was really the result of micro-organic action. Since then it has been made the subject of much research, with the result that we now know that the process takes place in several stages. Nitrogen in the organic form is first converted into ammonia compounds; these, in their turn, are converted into nitrites, a less

highly oxidised form; while these last are finally converted into nitrates. All three stages in the process are effected by separate classes of bacteria, their joint action furnishing an excellent example of the principle of co-operation.

That such a process as nitrification takes place has long been known; indeed, considerable information had been collected regarding the conditions favourable to its development long before its connection with organic life had been surmised. The process had been used in the manufacture of that important constituent of gunpowder saltpetre.<sup>2</sup> Since, however, the discovery of its true nature has been made, the conditions favourable to its development have been studied much more closely; and as the outcome of this research great light has been thrown on the value of tillage operations in promoting soil fertility.

The nitrification bacteria belong to the oxidising class. The first stage is effected by bacteria which are abundant in the air, in rain water, and in the surface of the soil, and which flourish best at temperatures between 80° and 90° Fahr. 'To spherical corpuscles—the larger of which barely reach a diameter the thousandth of a millimetre, and the smaller ones being so minute as to be hardly discernible in photographs, although shown there with a surface one million times greater than their own'—is due the second stage in the process, the conversion of ammonia into nitrites. The third and final stage is effected by ferments on an average four times as minute as those effecting the second stage. A peculiar interest attaches to the two last-mentioned classes of bacteria—which have been respectively called *nitrosomonas* and *nitrobaeter*—inasmuch as they differ from all hitherto discovered bacteria. For the purposes of isolating them it was found necessary to cultivate them in a purely *mineral* medium. This statement derives its significance from the fact that it is subversive of what has hitherto been regarded as a fundamental law of vegetable physiology, viz. that the power of deriving carbon from a purely mineral source is alone possessed by green-leaved plants.

Space does not permit of the description of the various conditions which influence this interesting and, from the economic point of view, highly important process. It must suffice here to say that temperature and moisture are among the most important. The process takes place most rapidly in warm weather—a fact which may be held to explain partly the superior fertility of the soil in tropical countries. Rarely in such a climate as our own are the heat conditions at their maximum favourable point. Whenever the temperature approaches freezing-point the process ceases. Moisture is also

<sup>2</sup> The most striking example of nitrification on a large scale is furnished by the Nitrate Fielos of Chili, which consist of gigantic deposits of impure nitrate of soda (*caliche*). The discovery of the true nature of the process of nitrification has thrown an interesting light on the question of the origin of these deposits. The present writer has discussed the question in *Blackwood's Magazine*, March 1892.

a most important factor—the absence of water in the soil or an excess of it being equally unfavourable. The limitation of their occurrence to the superficial layers of the soil is due to the fact that the bacteria effecting the process require for their abundant development a plentiful supply of air. It is on this account that they are not found in water-logged soils. Their susceptibility to poisonous substances, such as certain compounds of iron (compounds which are apt to be produced when the soil is not properly aerated), and, to sulphur compounds, serves to explain more clearly than was previously realised the inimical action of such a body as gas-fume.

And here a very interesting practical question presents itself. Since the fertility of a soil may be said to depend, to no small extent, on the abundance of these nitrifying ferments, is it possible, it may be asked, in the case of a soil which from some cause or another may have had its valuable microbic life killed out, to re-seed the soil? To this it may be answered that numerous experiments have demonstrated in a striking manner the value of inoculating a sterile soil with nitrifying bacteria. This has been effected by strewing over the soil material—such as an old garden soil—rich in nitrifying ferments. Indeed, there can be little doubt that the value of farmyard manure, to a certain extent, may be ascribed to the fact that it supplies the soil with abundance of such organisms. But the principle of soil inoculation has been more systematically worked out in the case of other classes of organisms, viz. those which fix the free nitrogen of the air.

The discovery of this type of microbic life in certain excrescences or nodules on the roots of leguminous plants, such as peas, beans, &c., was made in the year 1886; and it has since been discovered that quite a number of different kinds of organisms are implicated in the process. Indeed, it seems highly probable that each different kind of leguminous plant has its own special kind of ferment. These invade the roots from the soil, giving rise to the formation of nodules, where they multiply with great rapidity and stimulate the growth of the plant cell. Three stages in the process may be defined. The first is that during which the bacteria live as parasites at the expense of the plant cell. Gradually, however, the struggle for existence becoming very intense, they are converted into a passive state, and the cells are filled with bacterium-like bodies. The plant then absorbs the contents of the nodules. We know comparatively little, as yet, of the exact mode in which the nitrogen is fixed. That the process is the result of the joint action of the bacterium and the plant, and is an example of what is technically known as *symbiosis*, is, however, clear.

We have said that the significance of this discovery is great. For one thing, it points to a very important method of economically enriching our soils with nitrogen. It has also thrown great light on

the reason of the beneficial results of certain practices long in vogue among agriculturists, such as the rotation of crops, and more especially the long-observed extraordinary capacity of certain leguminous crops, such as clover, for obtaining nitrogen—a fact which had been noticed as early as the time of the Romans. But what, from the economical point of view, is even more important is, that it suggests to the future agriculturist a mode of enriching the soil in nitrogen which possesses many advantages over the present custom of using expensive nitrogenous fertilisers. This consists in the inoculation of the soil with pure cultures of nitrogen-fixing bacteria. Already two important steps have been taken in the development of this method of inoculation on a practical scale. Two years ago Professor Nobbe of Tharand, a distinguished authority on plant physiology, as the result of lengthened researches on the subject, took out a patent for the preparation of pure cultures of the different nitrogen-fixing bacteria of leguminous crops; and such pure cultures, known under the name of *nitragin*, have been during that period manufactured on a commercial scale by a large German chemical firm. These pure cultures are sent out in little phials, each phial containing sufficient of the pure culture for the inoculation of an acre of soil. Evidence is yet wanting to show how far such inoculation on a practical scale has been accompanied with success. Many small experiments, however, have demonstrated its value in a striking manner.

Within the last month or two a further development has been witnessed in the introduction by Herr Caron of Ellenbach, a German landed proprietor, of another bacterial culture in similar form and prepared by the same German firm. This new preparation is known as *alinite*, and is designed for inoculating the soil with another class of nitrogen-fixing bacteria, and is recommended for use in connection with the other great class of agricultural crops, viz. grain crops; so that we have now pure cultures suitable for use in the case of all the common agricultural crops. From researches carried out by Dr. Stocklasa of Prague, it would appear that *alinite* consists of a pure culture of the *bacillus megatherium*.

The mode in which these pure cultures are applied to the soil is simplicity itself. It consists either in inoculating the seed of the crop, which is to be sown, with the culture by immersing it in a watery solution of the culture; or in inoculating the soil, which may be most conveniently done by mixing a quantity of sifted dry soil with the pure culture and spreading this over the fields. When we reflect that in a phial barely a couple of inches in length and less than a quarter of an inch in diameter there may be contained the means of enriching an acre of ground in its most valuable of all fertilising constituents we realise the great advantage such a process possesses over the more costly and troublesome mode of strewing large quantities of artificial manure. It must not, however,

be concluded that this interesting application of bacteriological methods in agricultural practice is beyond its experimental stage. The evidence in support of the practical value of *alvinite* is almost nil, while that in favour of *nitragin* is still of a very meagre order. An obvious criticism, and one which has been already urged with considerable show of reason regarding such artificial inoculation, is to be found in the following consideration:—The occurrence of nitrogen-fixing bacteria in the soil may be taken for granted to be universal. In soils where such bacteria do not freely develop there must be certain unfavourable conditions present. This being so, it may be doubted whether the simple introduction of pure cultures of such bacteria will have the desired effect. If the naturally occurring nitrogen-fixing bacteria do not develop in such a case, why should those artificially introduced have a better fate? It may, therefore, be suggested that perhaps greater practical benefits may result from a study of the conditions favourable for the development of such nitrogen-fixing organisms, with a view of inducing such conditions in the soil, than from their application in the above-described manner. Whatever the value of this practical application of bacteriological methods to soil cultivation may turn out to be, the mere fact of such a development marks an epoch in agricultural science, and cannot fail to possess the highest interest for all intelligent agriculturists.

The discussion of the question of the functions of the microbe in dairying would require more space than is available, and must be postponed to a future article.

C. M. AIKMAN.



## THE FIRST WOMAN'S HOSPITAL IN MOROCCO

ON the occasion of a visit to Tangier, Lord Meath and I chanced to meet Dr. Ernest Hart, who was then taking advantage of his travels to inspect some of the hospitals in the towns through which he passed. He it was who invited us to visit Hope House, a building owned by the North African Mission, part of the property being devoted to the care of the sick. It was this portion of the institution which had met with the Doctor's approval; he considered that it was conferring great benefits on the Moors, and was well and economically managed. We gladly complied with the request, and were taken round the hospital by the resident medical man, who for six years has devotedly laboured amongst the natives, his skill and kindness having won for him gratitude and well-deserved esteem.

Dr. Terry drew our attention to a very weak point in the management of the establishment as it was then conducted. An attempt had been made to carry on the work after European fashion, giving women as well as men the opportunity of being treated under the same roof. According to Mohammedan ideas this was wrong, and he felt that it had been a mistake, and his great desire under the circumstances was to limit his sphere of action to native men. The women necessarily would have to be otherwise provided for; but how was this to be accomplished? Fortunately in these days, when ladies are content to undergo the arduous labour involved in passing medical examinations, the way out of the existing difficulty could easily be found. A lady would have to be appointed fully qualified to practise amongst her suffering Moorish sisters, and we readily undertook to assist in the welcome task of endeavouring to procure such a worker. Until inquiries were actually set on foot, with a view to engaging a fit person, I had no idea how hard it would be to meet with a suitable candidate.

Truly, from a worldly point of view, there are few, if any, inducements for a woman of refinement and education, unless she be inspired by the highest sense of duty, to undertake the onerous labours involved in becoming a missionary doctor in an uncivilised country. The salary offered is a very small one; the hardships and

difficulties are not slight, and often undertaken at the risk of health, if not of life itself; whilst, to our shame as Christians, it must be said that any one who is known to be a missionary is apt to be looked down upon by those who nominally profess the same religion. Of this fact I first became aware when travelling in India, and its effect upon Hindoos, Mohammedans, Buddhists, &c., cannot fail to be damaging to the cause of our faith. Only one candidate presented herself for the post in Tangier, and that not until a period of six months had elapsed. One other, it is true, had offered her services, but, not being fully qualified as physician, she could not be selected. Consequently the only lady doctor who applied was appointed, and results have proved that it was most fortunate for sufferers in Morocco that she presented herself. For nearly three years she has been attending to the needs of Moorish patients, and she was not even allowed sufficient time to acquire Arabic, the language of the country in which her work had to be performed, before her medical skill as well as her devotion were taxed to the very utmost. An outbreak of cholera occurred, and a doctor was required to go to Tetuan. The need for help being very urgent, she responded to the call, and when mounted on an animal *en route* for this place (carriage roads are all but unknown in Morocco) she met some Moors flying from the stricken town. 'Back! back!' they cried; 'there is death in the city.' 'That is why I am going,' she replied—a response which greatly astonished her hearers. Her work amongst cholera patients was pre-eminently successful. Out of twenty-five sufferers only one death occurred. This she modestly accounted for by saying that at times it takes a great deal to kill a Moor; but doubtless, under Providence, much can be laid to the door of the doctor having had to act as nurse as well as physician; and the attendance on the sick had to be carried on under difficulties from which, if I mistake not, many medical men would have shrunk. For instance, when it became necessary to apply a mustard plaster, the doctor would be granted the use of a basin in which to mix the compound, but denied a spoon, as the Moors refused to allow her to apply to the body of the patient that which she would not touch with her own fingers. A blistered hand was the result. Worse still, medicines could not be taken unless the unfortunate individual who prescribed them consented to take herself doses of the cholera mixture!

When she first settled down to practise in Tangier, she had only private rooms in which she could receive patients. These apartments had been secured in a narrow street in the native part of the town; more space and air became a necessity if the work were intended to spread. A building was eventually discovered suitable for a small hospital, standing on the walls of the city. It was likely to prove a healthy residence, as on one side it looked out on open country. The house consisted of two flats; in the upper one the doctor and

her helpers now reside, whilst the lower floor, with a separate entrance, is devoted to hospital purposes. If any one were to visit this institution, accustomed to the beautiful fittings and convenient arrangements of many of our English establishments, they might be sadly disappointed. Lack of funds is answerable for a great deal; but also it must be remembered that the requirements of Moorish women are very different from those of our own people. For instance, the waiting-room for patients in the Tangier institution is guiltless of all furniture; but so, too, was an apartment which I once visited, occupied by the 'Basha's' wife, who lately died. Morocco women squat on the floor; consequently sofas, chairs, and similar pieces of furniture can very easily be dispensed with. A native's idea of pictures is also peculiar. On one occasion a patient was admitted to a room on the walls of which hung a representation of the 'Prodigal Son.' On catching sight of the painting she hastily gathered round her face the folds of her 'haik' (a sort of blanket which enveloped her from head to foot), saying that she could not sleep in a room in which a man was to be found! Up to the time when larger accommodation was secured the work had to be confined to the treatment of out-patients. It now became possible to receive a certain number needing prolonged care. The women, however, showed great signs of fear about entering the institution, and it was only the braver spirits who would face such an ordeal. Amongst these was a countrywoman who, suffering from an affection of the chest, determined to enter. Two days after her arrival the hospital was besieged by anxious friends and relatives, who informed her that she would either be poisoned, cut to pieces, or turned into a 'Nazarene' by being made to eat pork! The woman was undaunted. She had informed the villagers that she was likely to die any way, and that she might just as well end her days in the hospital as elsewhere. After she had once experienced the missionaries' kindness she was not very likely to allow herself to be scared. I am glad to say that the heroic Moorish woman's pluck was rewarded by her returning to her village, within a short space of time, in a greatly improved condition of health. Soon after this event another invasion of the hospital occurred, but this time by would-be patients from the village to which the woman belonged, who, finding that she had recovered, thought that they too would like treatment. Another inmate of the hospital was a 'Sheriffa,' or descendant of the prophet Mahomet; and not only that, but she was also entitled to bear the name of 'Santo,' because she first saw the light of day in a shrine above the spot where a holy man lay buried. This propitious fact; however, did not save her from the ravages of disease, for she was found wandering about the market asking for the 'Tabeeba'—lady-doctor. Another woman, thinking it an honour to assist so sanctified a person, brought her to the hospital. On her arrival the

native women there assembled asked for her blessing. These feelings of reverence do not seem to have been shared by her own relatives, who sent a messenger to say that they hoped she would die, and not one of them had the humanity to come near her during the five weeks she lingered on in hospital. Disease had taken so firm a hold on her that the doctor's skill was unavailing to arrest its progress, and hers was one of the only two deaths which have, as yet occurred.

The nineteenth-century independence of youth seems to have found its way even into Morocco, for one day a young maiden of some nine summers appeared, stating that she intended to become a resident. She had heard that other people had been cured of their maladies at this institution, and she too wished to become so. At first she proved a very intractable patient, but her stubbornness yielded to the kindness of the good doctor, who used to take her on her knee and tell her stories which the child loved to hear. She submitted very patiently to the painful treatment necessary for her to undergo. Feeling much better, she one day announced her intention of departing, but one thing troubled her. She had arrived in a dirty, neglected condition, clad in one garment only. After due cleansing she was allowed the use of no less than three articles of clothing. Would she have to leave all these borrowed possessions behind? She would catch cold, she insinuatingly suggested. The doctor was touched and allowed her to retain the much-prized garments; not only this, but she was permitted to carry off a very precious doll, the only remaining one of those sent out from England.

The question of food for patients in hospital is important, not only from a medical point of view, but principally on account of the prejudices of the people. It has therefore been wisely arranged that the cooking should be done by a native woman. The ordinary dietary consists of bread given in the morning with very weak and much-sweetened coffee, without milk; the midday repast is composed of bread and raisins; the principal meal is eaten at six o'clock, for which meat, vegetables, and rancid butter are boiled together and seasoned with pepper and salt. This year the hospital was partly closed during Ramadan, the well-known Mohammedan fast. Certainly the treatment of patients at this season must become a matter of serious difficulty, as from sunrise to sunset not a morsel of food can be swallowed, nor a drop of water given to quench thirst; the very medicines have to be given at night. This did not prevent the out-patients attending as usual, and one morning I went to the hospital to watch the proceedings. I was allowed a seat in the consulting room, and did not feel guilty of any indiscretion in so doing, as conversations were carried on in Arabic, an unknown tongue to me, and the doctor could tell me as much or as little as she thought right. The first patient was suffering from indigestion. She said that 'a ball went round and round her stomach.' A prescription was given

and she departed. The next woman, ushered in after the expected bell had been sounded, was a native of Fez. She was a servant in the family of a Moorish gentleman (?), who, when the doctor was calling on his wife, in company of a young English girl, then and there expressed his wish to marry the latter. The elder lady ventured to point out that he had already a nice wife of his own, but this was considered no impediment to his proposal. He could divorce her, he said. So easily and lightly can the marriage bond be broken in a barbarous country like Morocco. Our young countrywoman fortunately did not understand the conversation; of she might have felt somewhat embarrassed under the circumstances. Another woman and her little daughter were the next to enter the consulting room. They were extremely poor and none too clean. The sad-looking child was suffering from swollen glands. The mother seemed to be fond of her, and said that the little girl was her only child and she thought she was about to die; but the doctor was able to reassure her, and they left cheered. The next woman admitted had a gentle face with a sweet expression. She sat down on a stool by the doctor, and spoke to her in a confiding way. She wished to procure medicines for a very suffering daughter, whom the doctor had already attended. The patient who followed was a very curious-looking woman with a gloomy expression of face. Her raven-black hair fell in plaits; her hair being thrown back, I could see that her neck and arms were all tattooed. She was badly marked with smallpox; indeed, the disease had almost deprived her of the sight of one eye. The other was now giving her much trouble, and she had come a three-days' journey in order to see the doctor. After she had been treated a more cheerful person entered, though there had been much in her past history to cause her depression. She had probably been injured for life by the barbarous treatment she had received at the hands of a jealous wife. On the occasion when I saw her, her mouth was troubling her, for she lamented that 'her flesh was mounting and leaving her teeth naked.' She was much gratified by receiving a toothache remedy. A little girl, a child-servant, appeared with a very inflamed finger, but it was too dirty to be properly examined, and she was dismissed with the native attendant, who was told to wash it for her. A grandmother then brought in a very handsome boy with magnificent black eyes, very becomingly dressed in a white 'gelab' (cloak), with its pointed hood drawn over his head, a bright pink 'caftan' (a long indoor garment) being visible beneath it. The woman seemed devoted to this child and kissed him affectionately. Happily there did not appear to be very much the matter with this attractive little fellow, and the granny with her precious charge soon made way for a sweet-faced woman with a very sad history. Her husband, who, unlike many Moors, was very fond of his wife and had refused to divorce her because she had no son, was then lying in prison. He had happened to live in a house next door to one in

which a murder had been committed. Though guiltless, he was seized, and efforts had been unavailing to release him, as, unfortunately for him, he had some property which, in the iniquitous country of Morocco, could be 'squeezed' out of him. A friend who was accompanying me had to leave early, so we could not hear particulars about the next patient. However, I trust enough has been said to prove that the suffering women of Morocco are sorely in need of aid, and perhaps this can be afforded in no better and more practical way than by the establishment of medical missions. It is needless to say that the doctors work under great difficulties. I have alluded to that of lack of funds; another consists not only in the acquirement of a very hard language, but also in the right understanding of the patients' descriptions of their maladies. I will give one which might puzzle even a very expert physician in his diagnosis of the case. It is as follows: 'My head is imprisoned, it is all contracted. Sometimes I have no eyes. I am dead, and cannot raise myself off my bed.' 'Something got into my head, whether from my ears I do not know; it then went down into my chest, then journeyed into my breast, from there to my stomach; it then went into my legs. Please, I want some medicine to take away the pain from my head, and for the illness to go out of my feet.' The woman was suffering from a cold in her chest and neuralgia.

There is one branch of the work for suffering women and children in Tangier which has scarcely been touched as yet—that amongst patients of a higher social grade. In some ways the poorer native women are better off than their richer sisters. The work done by females is often arduous and unfitted for women, but at any rate it is better for them to labour than merely to exist, alternately eating and sleeping. The idleness and indifference engendered by the total lack of interest is lamentable. The doctor, on one occasion, hearing that a child was ill, made her way to the house where a richer Moorish woman resided, but failed to obtain admittance. She was put off with the message, 'The child is better,' but in a day or two the little one was no more. However, with time and patience the medical missionaries will doubtless overcome prejudice and gain access to houses where as yet they have failed to enter. They have done much, and the natives are beginning to realise this, judging from a remark I recently heard. Passing by the market-place in company of the doctor, we heard a woman, in the loud, guttural tones of unmusical Arabic, saying some such words as these: 'When a man falls we walk over him, but the Nazarenes pick him up.' To 'raise the fallen' is the blessed office the brave workers of the medical mission have been endeavouring to effect. They have had considerable success. Would that English men and women, going amongst people of different race and creed, could oftener be known as accomplishing so noble a task!

M. J. MEATH.

## *FIGHTING THE BUBONIC PLAGUE IN INDIA*

THE first historical mention of Plague is of an outbreak in Lybia, in the third century before Christ. Again, we read of bubonic Plague in the Great Plague of Justinian, in 542 A.D. In the fourteenth century the 'Black Death' appeared in Southern Italy, 1346-47, and spread over Europe, reaching England in 1348, where it appears to have remained for five or six years. A second epidemic occurred in 1361, and a third in 1368. In the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, outbreaks in Great Britain are recorded. The Great Plague of London in 1665, in which 70,000 persons died, was the last English epidemic of Plague. Plague occurred frequently in European countries up till 1841. In Russia it is endemic, sometimes of a mild type, but more often virulent.

In India, Plague has probably existed since 1815, from time to time in a sporadic form and under many names in various parts of the country, with no reliable information as to mode of origin. In the autumn of 1896 a severe outbreak occurred in Bombay, which was preceded by an epidemic among rats of a fatal, but hitherto unknown, disease. From Bombay, Plague was carried to many up-country districts, and the Presidency has practically not been free of the disease since August 1896, despite the many precautions taken by Government.

Plague is a highly infectious disease, due to the presence of a micro-organism in the blood, discovered by Kitasto in 1894. There are two distinct types: (1) bubonic, in which the glands become enlarged in one or more groups; (2) pneumonic, in which pneumonia is apt to be the chief symptom, and is of the gravest import. There is considerable fever in Plague, and the most common cause of death is heart failure, as a result of the high temperature. There is often much mental disturbance, which may go on to violent delirium, when the patient not infrequently roams about if not carefully watched. Such are the cases which one may come upon in the road, and it was not uncommon in Bombay and Poona, during the epidemic, to see a man fall to the ground a few yards in front of one, and to find on reaching him that he was dead.

Convalescence in Plague was slow, and, unfortunately, one attack is not protective against a second. We had several cases in hospital of a recurrence in less than six months.

In order to gain some idea of the methods adopted to meet an outbreak, it will perhaps be interesting to take a town which has become infected, and mention in detail the lines on which the Plague authorities proceeded.

For this purpose Poona will serve, as it was the seat of a severe outbreak in September 1896, followed by a recrudescence in 1897, with an enormous mortality. What was done in Poona may be regarded as an indication of the lines of action adopted elsewhere, with modifications to suit the various districts affected. There was only one week in June 1897 without a reported case of Plague since the onset in 1896.

The attitude taken by the Poona Plague Committee was much like that of a general surrounded by a treacherous, but invisible foe, bent upon entering and destroying his lines by stealth.

Early in the Bombay epidemic of 1896 the natives left that city in crowds, and undoubtedly carried the disease into Poona, among other places.

The lack of sanitary arrangements in Indian towns has much to do with the difficulty of checking an epidemic, besides furnishing an excellent *nidus* for micro-organisms.

In Poona City, which has usually a population of 130,000, the streets are narrow and ill-paved, with open gutters running along the sides, into which every conceivable kind of filth is thrown. The houses and shops are badly built, with few or no windows, and of course no fireplaces, which means a complete absence of ventilation during the night hours, when the door is shut, and the rooms densely packed with human beings. Although quite half of the population had fled in terror of Plague, the streets in the native parts of the city were thronged with people towards evening. Many houses and shops were sealed by magistrates' orders; and it was not uncommon to see 'Gone to Bombay' chalked over a shop door. This is of particular interest when one remembers that Bombay became badly infected as Poona got free of the disease.

In dealing with the natives it has to be borne in mind that an Englishman meets with innumerable difficulties on account of: (1) caste prejudices; (2) superstition and fatalism; (3) native ignorance and distrust of all sanitation; (4) the dishonesty of many native officials, combined with a perfect genius for misrepresenting Government's orders, to suit their own ends; (5) the existence among natives of a freemasonry, which enables them to conceal sick or dead friends in a truly wonderful manner. That they themselves keep the epidemic alive by their conduct never seems to occur to them.

In July 1897 there was a weekly record of about 14 cases



in Poona; August, September, and October showed increasing numbers. In the first week of November 650 cases were notified, with 460 deaths.

In all there were over 2,000 cases in November; 1,600 in December, and from then a rapid decrease in numbers, so that March 1898 virtually saw the outbreak at an end, but not without a truly appalling loss of life; of which statistics give no true record, on account of false returns given by natives of the cause of death.

Throughout the epidemic, Poona cantonment, which is quite distinct from the city and has a population of about 105,000, invariably showed fewer attacks; this was no doubt largely due to the better sanitation prevailing.

Having now seen what an active and relentless foe was in their midst, the authorities, medical, military, and civil, combined to fight it, inviting and encouraging the co-operation of the educated natives. With the apparent end of the epidemic in June 1897, the system of house to house visitation was allowed to lapse and corpse inspection by medical officers took its place. That this was insufficient the rapid strides made by the disease in the early autumn months showed. In September, when the weekly list of cases rose to 100, the Plague Committee again called in military aid, and work was carried on in city and cantonment with great activity.

The city, which was the stronghold of the enemy, so to speak, was divided into ten wards, for each of which an English officer and doctor were responsible, working with a given number of soldiers and native helpers under them.

The duties were manifold and varied, consisting of: searching for and removing to hospital all cases of Plague; transferring friends and relatives who had been in 'contact' to Segregation Camp; supervising the disinfection and white-washing of infected houses, and, when required, making a window in rooms not possessing such a luxury. A census of persons in each ward was kept by the officer in charge. On the walls of an infected house the 'search party' painted date, number of attacks, and deaths, for future reference. Every house was visited in turn; but there is no doubt that many cases eluded the vigilance of the soldiers.

The friends used to keep a look-out from the house-top for the 'search' parties, and then remove their sick from house to house till it was deemed safe to return to their own homes, after the soldiers had left the district for the day. 'Surprise' visits often brought to light such cases. Even if the patient were handed over, the clothing, such as it was, would be given to a neighbour to prevent it being disinfected. All this meant, of course, a further spread of infection. The introduction of the *cordon* system was the result. From the daily returns it was easy to ascertain which streets were most infected, and the next morning these were surrounded by a *cordon* of soldiers, thus

preventing the escape of any sick person from the 'search' parties, who searched every house. The women were examined by nurses or Englishwomen; the men by the soldiers, and in doubtful cases the medical officer's help was sought. Corpse inspection was practised with a view to disinfection of houses in which suspicious cases had died—later, notification of death was demanded from householders.

Still the natives pursued their suicidal course of concealment, and would hide their dead in the most unexpected places; in one instance it was found that a body had been buried under the mud floor of the hut in which a family was living—the disturbed condition of the floor led to this discovery. The *cordon* system was further extended in January 1898, and the whole town was surrounded by soldiers to prevent exit or entry of infected persons. Once more the wily native showed his genius in evading all laws made for the general good, by swimming across the river after dark; if he wished to convey a child or sick person across, he would fasten the person on to an inflated leather bag and push it in front of himself. This too was discovered and checked. Health Camps were established early in 1898, into which inhabitants of non-infected, but insanitary houses were removed with all their possessions; the houses being cleaned meanwhile.

Railway inspection of all native third-class passengers, with disinfection of all persons coming from infected towns, and segregation for ten days of any travelling without a 'pass' became necessary. A night journey at this time was sure to be fairly exciting, and sleep was out of the question. In going from Poona to Bombay there were several stations, where medical inspection of travellers was carried on; any native travelling without a 'pass' was stopped, despite his explanations. The shrieking and general stampede which occurred at these stations kept one quite awake; besides which it was just as well to see that one's servants had not been caught napping, and relieved of their 'passes' by a native requiring one for himself. On reaching Bombay a superficial medical inspection of all passengers took place. In Poona all native incomers had to take a bath and have their clothes disinfected before leaving the station; English nurses were in charge of the arrangements for women, and soldiers were responsible for the men.

It will now be useful to describe in some detail the various agencies employed in checking the disease.

The Segregation Camp consisted of a number of sheds, divided into rooms for the reception of separate families, and capable of accommodating 800 persons. To this camp were sent all persons known to have been in 'contact' with Plague, for a ten days' quarantine; of course many cases occurred among the segregated, and these were removed to hospital by order of the doctor in charge. To popularise the camp a daily allowance was given for food, and

gifts of warm clothing and games were provided by the Government and public charity.

The following story illustrates the native's views on segregation : A native Plague helper in Bombay went to his officer one morning and gravely reported, 'Found a sick rat, Sahib.' On being asked what he had done with it, he replied he had 'segregated it.' 'How?' said the Englishman. 'I killed it,' was the quite grave answer of the native.

All clothing was disinfected by boiling. The Health Camps were very similar to the above, the great difference being that the inhabitants were free to go to their daily work from a Health Camp, and more liberty was given in every way.

The hospitals are interesting as showing what can be done with very scant material, but determination and good organisation. There were several small caste hospitals, capable of holding about 200 all told. The brunt of the work fell on the General Plague Hospital, which, in November and December 1897, had some 550 beds always full, with a daily admission in November of sixty to seventy and a death rate of thirty-five.

Although Plague had been steadily increasing in Poona since July, there was no really adequate hospital accommodation for the enormous increase which November showed, and it was truly wonderful to see how rapidly the emergency was met at the General Plague Hospital. I arrived early in November, so from this date my remarks are the result of personal experience.

The hospital, or Plague Camp, as it was often called, consisted of a series of matting sheds, looking like cow sheds, with corrugated iron roofs covered with straw; the walls could be opened during the day for ventilation, as the upper four feet of walls were made of matting shutters. Each ward or shed held from twelve to fourteen beds, and early in November there were twenty-five of these; by the end of the year another ten had been erected, each accommodating twenty-four beds: all these wards were for Plague cases only, the 'observation' or doubtful cases being kept in tents away from the infectious wards.

During November there were 1,430 admissions, with 984 deaths, many dying on the way to hospital, or immediately after admission; the soldiers often picked up sick and dying folks lying in the roads, and the hospital registers show the pathetic record of some such case: Name, 'unknown;' Address, 'unknown.' 'Patient picked up on the road in a dying condition.' Each ward was complete in itself; the nursing was supervised by an English nurse, who had two or more ward-women under her to keep the wards clean, wait upon the patients, and do all the rough work.

The wards were divided into male, female, and children's wards, with acute and convalescent for each class. There were also caste

wards. The acute cases were, as far as possible, kept near the medical officer's rooms, as emergencies frequently arose requiring prompt attention, the convalescent wards being at the furthest end of the camp.

The hospital staff consisted of three English doctors, two men, and one woman, with a native resident medical officer, twelve hospital assistants, and fifteen English nurses.

There was considerable prejudice among the natives against the hospital, many of them being of opinion that the Queen had specially commissioned us to entice or force them into hospital for the purpose of killing them, in order to 'stamp out' Plague. To reassure them, it was arranged that each patient might bring in one friend to stay during his detention in hospital; this was so that friends might see the methods of treatment adopted. As no restrictions were made as to relationship of so-called 'friend' it was found in the women's and children's wards that the 'friend' was frequently a man, and not necessarily a near relative. The friends squatted on the ward floor watching all that went on; the arrival of the doctors was a signal for increased vigilance, all got up and went from ward to ward with an air of assumed indifference, scrutinising all that was done for each patient. This was permitted for a few days in order to reassure them, but it had of course to be stopped. Such a scene cannot be imagined in an English hospital. It was most picturesque to see the crowd of natives strolling after doctors and nurses; but it was at the same time pathetic to realise how little able they were to grasp the idea that the Government wished to help them. They spared no pains to circumvent any order they disapproved.

To some lines of treatment, notably hot or cold packs, they had a rooted objection, and nothing could persuade them good might result from such treatment; certain articles of food were forbidden by caste, so were stimulants, except in combination with drugs, and of course caste prejudices were respected. A native's idea of truth and honesty differs very widely from ours, and it took considerable time and patience to make them realise that their devotion to their friends, with the inevitable prevarication accompanying it, was often inimical to the patient's life.

Many curious and pathetic scenes were enacted in the hospital. One day on entering a female ward, a fat brown baby was noticed sitting astride its mother, who was suffering from Plague; the child was apparently very happy and busy. On approaching the bedside it was found to be engaged in eating the linseed meal poultice from its mother's chest, and evidently enjoying it!! The child did not take Plague.

When the hospital staff had gained the confidence of the natives, the reaction in their favour was just as strong as the previous opposition had been; and it was no unusual sight to see a poor mother

fall at a doctor's feet with a request, as a 'god, soon to recover my child.' The poor child perhaps being already in a moribund condition. They were very grateful for kindness to their sick, and showed it by presents of flowers and fruit; the greatest mark of favour was to offer to live in the doctor's bungalow. Several times I had some difficulty in disposing of such advances without hurting their feelings.

Early in the epidemic mothers would take babies and children (previously quite well) into the Plague wards; but two or three of these children having developed Plague and died off in a few hours, a separate ward for 'healthy babies' was opened, with ayahs to care for them. Still the mothers hid the babies in the infectious wards, which necessitated constant watchfulness on the part of English helpers.

The whole camp was a picture of colour and activity with its many inhabitants; at one time there were over a thousand persons to feed daily. There were fifteen cooks to prepare food for different castes; a large number of ward-boys and ayahs; sweepers to keep the place clean (the latter always showed their zeal by raising a cloud of dust as soon as they caught sight of a medical officer); and a staff of 120 policemen to guard the camp, no one being allowed to go in or out without a written order signed by a medical officer. In addition there were fifty grave diggers.

This leads us to an enclosure at the far end of the camp, where innumerable mounds bore eloquent testimony to the deadly ravages of the disease. The Hindus, who were most frequently attacked, were cremated; but such castes as disapproved of cremation had each a plot allotted for their dead, with a line of division to mark it off from others. The bodies were covered with quicklime for purposes of disinfection.

No adequate idea of the horrors of such an epidemic can be formed by an Englishman. Once a household was attacked, it was likely that many, if not all, members of the family would fall victims to the disease. The terror, but at the same time the apathy, of the people undoubtedly favoured the progress of the disease; quite apart from active opposition to all sanitary reforms. These reforms were made more distasteful and alarming by the unscrupulous behaviour of some of the natives, who, personating search parties and seizing upon anyone they met, would threaten with segregation or notification as a case of Plague, unless the unlucky victim would bribe them. For all this, of course, the Government was discredited, and it is more than probable that rioting in Bombay and elsewhere might truly be traced to such delinquents.

The stampede of people from Poona, early in the epidemic, to Bombay and elsewhere, no doubt has done much to spread the disease throughout the country; even railway medical inspection is

useless, as long as the natives refuse to combine for the purpose of checking the disease. At present a man will take a ticket to some station, but alight before he reaches that place and walk some miles to a station further up country, and then start a new journey, in this way destroying any evidence of coming from an infected district. It is, however, not uncommon for men and women to be found dead by the roadside; such persons, having developed Plague before, or after, leaving home, had died of heart failure, and the presence of a bubo alone gave the clue to the cause of death. Such instances are of value as showing the enormous disadvantages under which England labours when engaged in fighting the Plague in India, and the recent outbreak in Calcutta naturally gives rise to much anxious questioning at home, as to the value of any methods which have been adopted up to the present.

Infection is spread by means of clothing, rats, flies, ants, and probably grey squirrels. The bacillus of Plague is very readily killed by sunlight and various disinfectants. The mode of infection is probably by an abrasion of skin and by means of the respiratory tract. The classes which are most severely attacked in India have been the very poor and town dwellers, and this leads one to suppose that insanitary surroundings predispose them to the disease; also the poor native is generally barefooted, and therefore likely to have unnoticed scratches about legs and feet. In Poona Hindu women suffered most from the disease; this may be the result of women being more constantly indoors than men.

Protection against Plague by means of Haffkine's serum inoculation gave very striking results: *e.g.* in Byculia gaol Plague broke out in January 1897, attacked 9, of whom 6 died. Inoculation was offered to the prisoners and was accepted by 148, but refused by 173. No difference was made between prisoners, all having the same food, work, sleep, &c.; but of the uninoculated 12 took Plague and 6 died; of the inoculated 2 were attacked and both recovered. In Kirkee 671 were inoculated, and 859 living under exactly the same conditions were not inoculated. Among the uninoculated there were 143 attacks, with 98 deaths. Among the inoculated there were 32 cases, with 17 deaths, thus showing a great diminution in liability to attack, and lower mortality when attacked after inoculation. Haffkine claims for his treatment:—

1. That it lessens liability to attack.
2. Prognosis much better among the inoculated, if attacked.
3. He is at present unable to say how long the protection lasts.

The death rate from Plague varies from 50 per cent. to 90 per cent. of those attacked.

It is much to be desired that an extensive trial of Haffkine's serum should be made. Yersin's serum treatment has yielded disappointing results in India.

The amount of risk to Europeans is quite infinitesimal; when one remembers the very large number of English men and women engaged in Plague work, and the comparatively few attacked; one is greatly impressed by European immunity. In Bombay Presidency two English nurses lost their lives; one from the pneumonic type in Poona, contracted after bicycling on a hot day and then becoming chilled. A second in Bombay, who received the infection from a delirious patient spitting into her eye. As a rule, if a European takes the disease, the attack is of quite a mild type and recovery is the usual result.

The efforts to 'stamp out' the disease having been so comparatively unsuccessful, one is inclined to think more radical measures should be adopted. The suggestion to burn down insanitary areas and rebuild at Government expense may yet have to be seriously considered, as it seems likely to prove less expensive in the long run than keeping up large Plague organisations, against which the native fights openly and in secret.

Improved and compulsory sanitation of towns and villages, with wholesome water supply, are crying needs. Education among the native children on questions relating to hygiene is of great importance. An adequate and efficient staff of medical officers, with special qualifications for sanitary work; notification of infectious diseases and certificate of cause of death, must in time come to be looked upon as necessary for the safety of the Indian Empire.

K. MARION HUNTER,

*Late Plague Medical Officer, Poona.*

## *AMONG THE ELEPHANTS.*

'IL faut souffrir pour arriver.' The great beast lives in the inaccessible places of the earth; and something like a hundred miles by road, from the nearest port or railway station, must be traversed on horseback by day and by night in a cart. A 'half cart' is best; in a whole cart the traveller is tossed from side to side till he is black and blue; but in the half cart he fills the whole of the half, and may even sleep a little. It is only another proof of the eternal truth of Hesiod's statement, that 'Half is better than the whole.'

A fool is he who feels not in his soul  
How much the half is better than the whole.

If the nights spent on the way recall the Inferno, the days are those of Paradise when once the hills are reached, and the traveller rides through shady forest under a leafy canopy, only admitting the sunshine by infrequent shafts; every support of the lofty roof a tall pillar tree with a green Corinthian capital, festooned with vines and creeping plants, and the floor covered with an undergrowth of tree ferns, cycas, and flowering shrubs, or the graceful cardamom, whose smooth glistening oblong leaves wave tremulously in light breezes, which hardly stir the firmer foliage of the trees. Above, black monkeys leap joyously from tree to tree; Malabar squirrels jump about, the yellow fur of their stomachs and the red fur of their backs gleaming in the sunshine which catches the taller trees; wood pigeons flit through the sylvan aisles; jungle fowl cackle; woodpeckers tap the tree trunks, and cicadae shrilly whistle; and yet the general effect is one of silence. In the morning hours one might well call these forests the mysterious temple of the dawn. Outside the evergreen forest every fold of the hillside contains a little wood, the source of a crystal stream, along the banks of which grow rhododendrons big as English oaks, tropical lilies, the beautiful blue thunbergia, the petraea, and many other gorgeous plants. The flowering trees forbid one to forget the tropics, while the gardenia, the violet, and many other familiar flowers, recall the bountiful isles of the West.



The first camp is on the banks of the Periar river, where the hillmen had built charming huts of bamboo, thatched with grass, the walls of which are made of the leaves of the elephant reed. Little verandahs surround the huts, and just below, across a patch of grass, the stream that washes the shores of the little island comes tumbling over rocks till it reaches the depths held up by a vast dam, which has turned the course of this river from its western way to the Arabian Sea, and has forced it all unwilling to irrigate the thirsty lands which lie between the Travancore frontier and the Bay of Bengal. To cross the lake takes half a day in the little launch; and while the trees are growing between three and four thousand feet above the sea level, the launch runs in and out between the tops of the trees composing the phantom forest, which still raises its withered head just above the waters, for the bed of the lake is a submerged forest. Here Mr. Edward Stonor joined me, and as he made his way through the tree tops, '*nota quæ sedes fuerat columbis*,' if he saw no timid stags swimming in the overwhelming flood, he did at any rate see the herds, not of Proteus, but of the elephant, along the banks.

The first arrival in one of these hill camps is quite a novel experience. Transport is exceedingly difficult and expensive, but still on the whole one does not want for food or furniture. Buckets, for instance, are quite unnecessary. The divisions between the compartments of the female bamboo are severed, and a foot of water replenishes the filter, while a yard of bamboo of a bigger bore fills the bath. Of the same useful material beds, chairs, and tables are manufactured on the spot. In fine weather there is no more fascinating spot than this camp, and for fine weather it is worth offering 2,000 rupees to the local divinity, which a certain Government is fabled to have done on an occasion when rain would have seriously marred entertainments given in honour of an exalted guest.

The hillmen must be born courtiers in spite of their independent way and speech, for while you associate with them you would never imagine that they look upon yourself and your presence as an unmitigated nuisance, though such is the fact. They differ very much in different localities; though all agree in knowing a great deal about the wild animals, and in detesting the sport which brings the Englishmen to shoot them. If the sahib would kill females or the young for the table there would be some reason in his ridiculous proceedings. Tea and coffee, too, are most obnoxious shrubs, leading to the settlement of the sahibs in places which Providence intended for hillmen. Yet these men will well repay study. The natural occupation of one tribe is felling forests, and there are hillmen who in a wasteful way carry on an exceedingly casual cultivation. One of these announced the birth of a son and a little axeman in the following terms: 'Last night the leaves of the forest trembled, and

the trees cried aloud, "Lo! now in the future thousands of us must lay low our heads!" This is pretty well for a man who pretends he never can understand anything that he is wanted to do lest he should be wanted to do it. But, in fact, they are no fools, except when it suits them. Sometimes they become witnesses in boundary disputes of great importance, and are called upon to declare that a peak here and a valley there possess, or was reported to possess, a name, and that some one or other had or had not exercised certain rights. Then they rise to the occasion, and when approached in turn by the representatives of either side they ask a friend for guidance and say, 'If we do not know to which side the gentleman belongs, how can we tell what name to give the peak or how to fix the position of the valley?'

Another tribe, the Kaders, descend giddy precipices at night, torch in hand, to smoke out the bees and take away their honey. A stout creeper is suspended over the abyss, and it is established law of the jungle, that no brother shall assist in holding it. But it is more interesting to see them run a ladder a hundred feet up the perpendicular stem of a tree, than to watch them disappearing over a precipice. Axe in hand the honey-picker makes a hole in the bark for a little peg, standing on which he inserts a second peg higher up, ties a long cane from one to the other, and by night—for the darkness gives confidence—he will ascend the tallest trees and bring down honey without any accident.

They have their goods in common, and a surviving brother inherits the wife and goods of the deceased. Hence the rule about the rope, but which of these two temptations is considered the more irresistible has never yet been revealed.

Then there is the patient cooly—the motive power of the East—an admirable creature take him all in all. But he, too, hates the hills, and he has to be stayed with bribes, made apoplectic with pay, and tempted with all kinds of allowances before he will leave the hot and steamy plains for the upper Eden. He, too, wishes the sahib's shooting, the tea, and the coffee in the depths of the bottomless pit, and nothing but the infinite patience and kindness of the European planter in India really enables him to furnish, for half of the tables in Britain, the cheering cup we drain at breakfast.

How much better the planter often knows the native than the honourable member who makes speeches in the Legislative Council, and how untrue it is to represent him as an oppressor! I who have known innumerable instances of kind treatment will here mention two, because they are amusing. An old woman and a young boy were treated by their employer's wife for months for a serious complaint, and finally completely recovered their health. They were then desired to resume work, when both plaintively asked whether it was really possible that the sahib and his wife, after

treating them like their own children for so long, could intend them to work like coolies again !

On another occasion an old woman asked her employer for 10 rupees, which she had vowed as an offering at the shrine of a neighbouring goddess whose festival was just then being celebrated. The next day she was seen picking weeds as usual, and when her master said, 'Why ! I thought you were going to make your offering,' she said, 'I made it over to another cooly who was going.' But, asked the master, 'How do you know he will give it to the goddess ?' 'Oh !' said she, 'I don't. All I know is, I vowed 10 rupees, and I paid 10 rupees ; and if the goddess cannot look after the money herself, what can be expected from a poor old woman like me ?'

Of the hundreds of millions of India the vast majority are more like the cooly than the smart lawyers, who pretend to represent them and their feelings in the Legislative Councils. The honourable gentlemen represent a microscopical minority, and see far less of the masses than the European, who, as a planter, a sportsman, or an official of the older school, mixes with the people, talks to them in their own languages, and recognises the stage of development which they have actually reached, and their real capacity for the absorption of the benefits of highly elaborate and scientific administration. Indeed, the busy lawyer of the towns sees nothing of the people.

I ventured to say so last year during the Budget debate in the Viceroy's Council, and though taken to task by Indian friends, whose opinions I respect and value, I will repeat the statement. The voice of the people does not thus penetrate into the Council Chamber.

Within a mile or two of the camp my guest shot an ibex the morning after his arrival, and next day Sir Henry Tichborne joined us and shot another. But our objective was the lordly elephant and the magnificent bison, for we had, all three, been granted, by the special favour of His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, permission to shoot a tusker and a bison. This is a rare privilege. Few princes have elephants, and where they have, like the British Government, they make a rule of not giving permission to shoot them. I remember a certain British Resident once obtaining permission from a Raja to kill a tusker, whereupon the latter was approached by a private gentleman with a similar request, who, not obtaining his permit, suggested that he might accompany the official and only finish off what the latter might fail to bring to bag, whereupon the Raja replied that he was quite content that any of his elephants which the Resident did not kill, should die a natural death.

So we left our sunny camp on the banks of the Perujar, and once more travelled down the lake, with no greater accident than the loss of my spoon, which, neglected of the fish, was caught by one of the submerged trees, and now glitters somewhere in the bosom of the

sparkling waters. Then we journeyed without much difficulty through a tract described in the maps as dark, impenetrable forest, and through a garden of cardamoms, which here and there occupy the place of undergrowth in the woods. The little fruit is used for sweetmeats and confection, and, when mixed with aromatic spices, is a joy to rich Mahomedans all the world over. The tall stem and leaves of the cardamom plant are very like those of the elephant reed, and whether for this reason or not, it is an article of faith that elephants and cardamoms get on well together, and without the big beast the little fruit cannot flourish. This is a jungle creed, and an effort is made to establish a similar connection between the bison and the passion flower. I offer these theories for anyone to laugh at, and I got them from the hillman, whom, in the jungle, I place before the philosopher. Whether or not the forest ox likes it, the fruit of the passion flower is very good eating.

Here we found another camp of grass houses, and E— followed a wounded bull for many miles through the forest, narrowly escaping a charge. When the bison puts his head down and comes on, the only thing to do is to get out of the straight line, for no earthly thing will stop him, and the pace he goes must be seen to be appreciated. It was a singular circumstance that this animal was shot while the herd to which he belonged was rushing at full speed upon the sportsman's gun, frightened by the feint a tiger had made upon one of the cows. I had shot bison before, and might have had another, had I not waited for H—, who lost his chance in the long grass. The shot always offers to the wrong gun.

Now we had two really interesting days. Changing camp, E— and I started in the early morning to walk over a good many miles of country before we dined. On the way I made out with the naked eye a herd of elephants on a distant hill, but found that they were rocks on looking through my binoculars. A view, however, through my companion's glasses, made in Germany, at Jena, and beyond all comparison superior to mine or to any others I have seen, revealed the fact that after all the rocks were elephants. A quick walk of two or three miles brought us up to them. At this time of the year the grass is so long that you can see nothing in front of you, and may tumble on to an elephant before you know where you are. So it was that after nearly running up against a cow, after many a stratagem, feint, advance and retreat, we finally got within a short distance of two tuskers. You cannot kill an elephant, however, unless you get a good shot at absolutely close quarters into the brain, which is well protected, and only to be reached by a well-directed aim. The ivory bearers eluded the ivory hunters and moved on into the grass. Following them we got mixed up amongst the cows and calves, and were in imminent danger of being run over, as they rushed about hither and thither in the tall grass, while we

stood with cocked guns, in anything but a comfortable situation. When, however, the herd at length cleared off, we made for a neighbouring hill, beneath a little tree, to take our luncheon. On the way we saw a solitary calf; obviously it had been left behind, and was wandering in search of its mother about the forest, which just here contains more trees than the so-called Scotch deer forest, but not enough to deserve the name in this country. Such trees as grow in this particular spot rarely rise more than 8 or 10 feet above the top of the tall grass. While we were sitting under a shrub of this description, with our minds set on refreshment, one of our hillmen came running up to say that an elephant was approaching, and presently a cow stalked up within about 30 yards of the tree. We looked at it, and waved our hands, whereon the beast slowly and deliberately moved off into the grass, which here was not so tall as it had been below in the place at which we found the herd. We then resumed our interrupted luncheon, and presently the hillman, who had climbed up to the top of the little tree, said that the elephant was again approaching. E—scrambled up into the tree, and I, taking my eight-bore gun in my hand, stood upon the fork just on a level with the top of the grass, to see what was happening, and made out the elephant looking curiously at us at a distance of 40 yards on the other side from that on which she had first appeared. Then suddenly she was lost behind a little tree, and I looked up and said, 'Where is she? I cannot see her now.' But the words had hardly left my mouth when, without a moment's warning, or a sound, she charged right up to us from behind another tree. I had hardly time to cock my gun and fire both barrels in her face, which was so near that the weapon might have touched it when discharged. The fire turned her, but it was a near thing, and in another moment she would have had me and would have butted down the little tree. Elephants will charge anything if they are thoroughly roused, and think very little of shaking a pigmy enemy out of a bush.

As I stepped down from the fork my foot splashed in her blood, and she left, convinced that the two men in a tree were better unmolested, while the two men were equally satisfied that cows with calves were better left alone.

The next two days we spent in watching a big herd of elephants which was making its home, for the time being, in dense jungle below our camp. Here they lived happily, avoiding the hot sun in the recesses of the dark forest, rendered negotiable only by the paths they make for themselves, enjoying their favourite food, with a swamp on one side for a bath, and a grassy hill upon the other for pasture. It seems positively wicked to penetrate with murderous intent the deep gloom of these forests, to sit treacherously on the hillside, or to hover near the swamp, in order to destroy the harmless leviathan who asks for nothing but to be let alone. Strongly as I entertain these

feelings, and deep as are the respect and regard I entertain towards the tribe of elephants, on the third morning I stalked a tusker just before dawn, and coming close to him, shot him through the brain, when he turned a complete somersault. It was a most singular sight to see the big beast with his four legs in the air, before he fell heavily never to rise.

The sportsman is somewhat encouraged, in stealthily creeping up within 20 or 30 yards of his elephant, by the reflection that these beasts are very poor sighted, and such no doubt is the case, though their noses are extremely good; but sitting on a rock one day in the full view of a herd of cows which was coming down towards me, I saw the leader catch sight of me at a distance of 250 yards, and then turn round in an instant followed by the rest. Since then it has appeared to me that one runs a greater risk than is supposed, and no one who has been charged by an elephant will approach one of that species again without a quick pulse, and nerves in a considerable state of tension.

Now if there is one thing more unlikely than another, it is that on a fine sunny afternoon, as early as three o'clock, alone, in front of the cows, the biggest tusker of the herd should leave the umbrageous depths of the forest and stalk proudly out upon the hillside; but that was just the unexpected thing that happened the day I shot the tusker. After a hard stalk up and down with many a spy from the forks of trees and shrubs, we came up with the monster just as he was again making for the jungle at sunset. E—and H—tossed for the shot and E—won, but we all three crawled up within about 25 yards, when E—got in with a good shot in the ear-hole—the best place for a lateral aim—and dropped the elephant in his tracks. His tusks measured upwards of 5 feet in length, and were exceedingly thick, massive, and well-shaped; in fact, the best pair I have ever seen.

On the way home it was obvious from a distance that something unusual had occurred in the little camp. The ponies we had left at the top of the hill had disappeared, and long before we approached our grassy homes, excited messengers rushed out to say that the camp had been attacked by the herd, my horse had galloped off into space, two ponies were missing, one shikari had been bruised and had narrowly escaped being trampled to death, while three men had stood a siege in a good-sized tree, which a big cow elephant had tried to knock down, or to shake till the occupants fell out of it. In fact, the herd, scared by the shots fired at the tusker and terrified by the death in one day of two of their champions, had made off without any particular plan of operations from this fatal locality, and had passed over our camp, which happened to be in the way, like a whirlwind. Two days before, while we were out shooting, a tiger had been seen walking near the huts, and the result of all this was that the next morning it was impossible to get hillmen to stalk, horses to ride, grooms to

attend to them, coolies to carry loads, or any one to do anything. The two ponies were never heard of again, elephantophobia was rampant in our settlement, and indeed the conduct of the cow in determinedly attacking the men in the tree, combined with the incident which had occurred to E—and myself, presented elephants in a new light to me, although I have seen a great deal of them, and have even been present at a fight in the Cochin jungles between two tuskers, which it would be presumption in me even to attempt to describe. Both combatants, however, gave the impression of being determined to live to fight again, like the heroes of so many Homeric encounters. Few things are more interesting than to sit and watch a herd of elephants slowly, gracefully, and with exceeding dignity, moving about the forest, or descending to the swamp for a bath. The cows keep together, and their calves follow at heel, imitating their mothers' actions by filling their trunks and spouting fountains over their backs, and on their own account rolling in undisguised glee in the mud, wallowing in the water, and sometimes unbending to play 'pull devil, pull baker' with their trunks. Adult and middle-aged elephants, of course, never play games, and even in their youth they affect a grave and dignified demeanour.

Few men would care to kill many elephants or can contemplate without mixed feelings the ivory tusks torn from the venerable head. Lying prostrate on the grass, when shot, the big beast always recalls to me Homer's description of Hector's slain charioteer, far remote though the scene be from the clash of arms and the whirl of dust:

*κείτο μέγας μεγαλωστί.*

Very soon, however, the dead elephant becomes a terror to the country side. His vast form takes time to resolve into its primal elements, though legions of vultures collect upon and around his carcase, and hang heavily in neighbouring trees, too gorged to rise upon their powerful wings. Meanwhile, corruption spreads around, and weeks elapse before any one can approach to extract the teeth. These horrors, however, only follow upon a murder. The elephant which dies a natural death is dignified and considerate to the end, and no human eye discovers what inaccessible spot he chooses for his dissolution.

Next day we shifted our camp from the scene of so many and great adventures, and I had an encounter with a bear, who came off victorious, and E— went out with a shot gun for a change, and got a Malabar squirrel and an eagle, put his foot upon a big snake, not knowing what it was until it wriggled, and also shot a woodpecker with black wings, a white waistcoat, and a crimson crest. This bird, which is quite the most full dressed in creation, I have only seen on the Cardamom hills, and in the Nelliampatties. There was a lot of small game about, including quails, which continually got up in clouds

from under the feet, calling 'Cheep cheep,' and also wild cats, who amused themselves by jumping up in front of me and disappearing before I could even offer to shoot them.

At this new camp there was a little colony of folk interested in cardamom culture, and the amiable wives of the hillmen had come in their crowds. It seems that they are unwilling to part with their husbands even for a single night. Interested in such an example of sustained conjugal affection, I asked for an explanation, and was informed 'that the ladies of the hills are much more loving than their sisters of the plains towards their husbands.' This is exactly the reverse of the state of things said by certain writers, without, let us hope, sufficient reason, to exist among the Anglo-Indian ladies. Nor were these latter-day Dryads deficient in polite conversation. Though they had come for the sake of their husbands, as was right and proper, in answer to my inquiries they assured me with well-bred mendacity that they had travelled hither solely to see myself, and having succeeded in doing so, were quite satisfied. Could I do less than give an entertainment to these ladies? I thought not; and on a glorious day in the middle of December—warmth without heat, and coolness without cold—where the sun shone down upon undulating grass and forest extending in all directions as far as the eye could reach—mountains, woods, abysses, a paradise of wildernesses—we collected together the hillmen and the hill ladies. Indeed, we asked the whole county society. Three men dressed themselves as dancing girls, which, I hope, the league for the suppression of this class will forgive, and the attitudes and gestures of these women were counterfeited with great success, as were also their costumes and jewelry, the latter being made of marigold, jasmine, and other fragrant flowers. Meanwhile a pantaloon furnished with an astonishing beard and with luxuriant whiskers of bamboo danced vigorously throughout the programme, which included an exhibition by the infants of the camp. The small boys were brought up by their proud fathers, who said they were to grow up as mighty hunters. I hope this entertainment was sanctified by the accidental and welcome presence of a priest. At any rate this was the opinion of a Catholic audience.

• Next day we marched on through the forest to the foot of the higher hills, starting at four o'clock in the morning, in the light of the full moon which illuminated the peaks towering above us, the highest of which rise to an elevation of nearly 9,000 feet :

The moon above with its full-orbed lustre,  
Lifting the veil of the slumberous night,  
Gleamed over the lofty mountain cluster,  
And bathed its peaks in a flood of light.

Extreme admiration has often been pleaded at any rate as an excuse for liberties taken; and Sir Alfred Lyall's beautiful lines,



which always appeal to one on a moonlight night in the Red Sea, seemed to cry out for adaptation to this glorious prospect. Then as the morning dawned the solemn stillness was broken. But up to six o'clock a sound seemed a sacrilege. I cannot describe it. Let Pierre Louÿs try, he who has drunken to intoxication of the cup of beauty: 'C'était le jour morose d'avant la première aurore, qui éclaire le sommeil du monde et apporte les rêves éternés du matin. 'Rien n'existait que le silence.' But the day is never morose, nor are the dreams of the sportsman *éternés* on these happy hills, if indeed he should waste good sleep in dreaming.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, soon scatters dreams and vapours into flight. Imperial pigeons flit about, laughing thrushes warble, woodpeckers tap the trees to find the soft places wherein lie luscious grubs; insects which counterfeit leaves open and folded with marvellous exactitude, declare their deceits; tree frogs, absolutely indistinguishable from withered leaves until they move, hop on the boughs or out of the path, and gorgeous butterflies of every size and colour illumine the forest. Tree trunks smothered in moss and orchids, rhododendrons bearded with lichens, bamboo bowers, grassy glades with many-coloured flowers, tree ferns, elephant reed, cascades, waterfalls, views of near and distant hills, and

Valleys low, where the mild whispers use  
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks.

Such are the frequent phenomena of the march which, as the sun becomes more powerful, is accompanied by the shrill piping of the cicadæ, the screaming of the parroquet, the vituperation of the monkeys, and the scolding of the Malabar squirrel.

Apropos of snakes, has anybody ever heard of a rider who whipped his horse with snakes, emulating so far as is possible, in these days, the prince who chastised his people with scorpions? It actually happened lately to a friend who was riding along one of the neighbouring paths. He put out his hand, and without looking at it, broke off a little branch, with which to wake up his sluggish steed. Absently riding along, he had used his twig several times when, feeling that it was rather heavy, he looked at it and discovered to his astonishment that curled round the stem was a Russell's viper. I will vouch for the truth of this, on the face of it, exceedingly improbable story, and so will Mr. James Muir, who was in fact the snake charmer. Let no one suppose, however, that snakes here are not as unobtrusive and as harmless as they are to Europeans or any boot-wearing people in every part of India. For my part there is not a denizen of the jungle which has caused me such pain and suffering as the not superlatively formidable hornet and the harmless looking plant, under every leaf of which lurk multitudes of filaments like thistle down, the sting of which is extremely poisonous, and the

penetration of which is such, that they get up the nostrils, down the throat, and into the eyes and ears, and afford a convincing proof of man's immense potentiality of pain.

What a country for a botanist or an entomologist! I caught a beetle an inch long with horns measuring five inches, and have seen birds and insects of the most surpassing beauty, and also many flowers which, I believe, have to be classed. Beneath the high forest there is everywhere a dense undergrowth, and in the early morning your head serves as a cobweb bough. These webs, however, are of such beauty, that when warned in time I always dived below them. At dawn they look like gossamer threading pearls of dew; illumined by a shaft of sunlight every filament is shot with prismatic colours.

Then the green grass snake, which is said to lie in wait for travellers in bushes and to dart at their eyes. Of this much maligned ophidian there lives in these forests a variety of extraordinary transparency, through which the sun seems to shine, possessing eyes like liquid gold streaming from the crucible. The jungle folk do not like this creature. When one was discovered in a shrub against which I was leaning, my hillmen proposed no further shooting that day, the appearance of the transparent reptile being unlucky. I thought that not only the snake was transparent, and the day ended with no unusual disaster.

Great care has none the less to be taken in pushing through dense forest. A hillman in front of you is perhaps clearing the way with an axe. He cuts a passage through which with your sun hat you can just force an entry. Behind come two rifles, and if they are pointed your way, and the hammers catch in the creepers and come to full cock, there is nothing to prevent their catching other creepers and coming down. Indeed, I know of two heads blown to bits in these forests, not happily when I was near. Once I was hung up in a bamboo and creepers, and looking around to see that the butt ends of my rifles were not pointed my way before I made an elephantine struggle to be free, I observed two rows of regular white teeth close to my head, which cleared the creepers round my face with a snap and released the prisoner. This was the kind act of one of my hillmen. What waste of teeth such as these upon a gentle vegetarian! They almost always mean well the hillmen, though they snub the inquirer after knowledge in the most merciless manner, smiling at one another and wagging their heads even as the warders of a lunatic asylum when their charges would be seriously taken.

And now we had arrived at the parting of the ways, and I had no more opportunities of shooting. My guests, however, went on for awhile, and by-and-by we all descended to the plains and landed at a remote village at the foot of the hills on the borders of the native State of Travancore and of the British districts of Madras. Walking around the village, as is my wont, I chanced to look inside, without

of course, entering the yard of a house. Within was a smart-looking boy who jumped up and cried: 'You must not come in.' I said, 'I suppose you are a Brahmin?' He replied, 'Yes, I am a Brahmin, and at Trichinopoly College I have learnt geometry and others.' Thinking he would prove amusing I asked him to come to the rest house, which he presently did, and when he asked me about the frontier war, I professed ignorance, and begged him to tell me what it was all about. Whereupon he, by no means unwilling, spoke as follows:—

'It appears that the Amir of Afghanistan attacked the forces of the British. The Queen is sending ship after ship with soldiers and others. At last came the *Warren Hastings*. The Amir has not yet succumbed, but the British troops must eventually be victorious.'

This politician, who spoke in the usual stilted and staccato style of the orator, was rising fifteen, and he also expressed the opinion that the village in which he lived was 'a damned rascal place.' He did not mean to take away the character of the inhabitants, but only, as he explained, to compare it with the town of Trichinopoly, in which he learned 'geometry and others.' When at length I proposed, as good manners permit on such occasions, that he should take leave, he said, 'I cannot go till I have seen Portal' (*sic*)—Captain Portal, A.D.C. to His Excellency the Governor of Madras, who had joined us here. I said, 'You shall; but why do you want to see Portal rather than Stonor?' 'I wish to see Portal,' said he, 'because I understand that he is the Secretary to Sir. Havelock, who is the Lord Governor of the Company.' For here the country is still divided into that of the Maharaja of Travancore and of the Pandyan King of Mādura, which just now happens to be in the hands of the Company, an entirely modern institution, and hardly yet understood by the people, though it is 500 years since the reign of the East Pandyan king.

Had the boy known that our Stonor was an official of the House of Lords he perhaps would not have condescendingly added, 'I am willing to see Stonor, but I wish to see Portal.' An English boy of the like character would have been a prig, but this stripling undoubtedly pleased. I suggested to him that he had better follow the respectable lead of Plato, and set up over the gate of the yard he so jealously guarded; the inscription: 'Let no one enter who is unacquainted with geometry.' He promised to consider this proposal, but unfortunately, from an excess of ignorance or veracity, I could not assure him that Plato in his day had been an official, so I doubt if he adopted my suggestion. He begged me at parting to remember that though he had nothing to say against Native States, he would always stand by the British Company.

I could tell more tales of those fascinating forests and lovely hills. The day before I wrote these lines I had an adventure, or rather *une aventure manquée*. Starting in the very early morning

of the day succeeding the night of the full moon, I was creeping along the narrow ledge of a precipice 100 feet above, and 200 or 300 feet below, to commence my day's stalk after ibex, when I came straight upon another sportsman who had just finished his stalk. Before I could raise my rifle, he leaped off apparently into space, but as appeared subsequently from the opposite side of the valley, on to a lower shelf. Still it would have been a leap full of risk for anything but an ibex or a panther. And a black panther, a rare and dangerous brute, he was. Naturally he was much more at home on two tufts of grass than I was, and perhaps it was just as well that we had no encounter on so cramped a stage.

Another day I was lost in a thick jungle in the mist, and from five o'clock in the morning till nearly nightfall, with two hillmen, wandered round and around the forest, repeatedly coming back to exactly the same spot. I really think, taken all in all, to be lost in the jungle, wet to the skin, without food, and unable to sit down without being eaten by leeches, is quite the most unpleasant accident that can happen to a sportsman. Luckily the hillmen are seldom at fault, and such a catastrophe only occurs in wild weather, when they have advised you, as they often mention, to be wise, and stay at home.

J. D. REES.

## THE FINE-ART OF LIVING

THERE is no word in the English language more foully misused than the word Art, possibly because there is no nation which, as a whole, has less understanding of what art is than the English nation. I do not mean to assert that England has been behind other civilised countries in its artistic productions, for that is not true. English artists have produced admirable buildings, sculptures, paintings, musical compositions, and other artistic productions, but these have never appealed to the great mass of Englishmen; they have always been created for and appreciated by the few. In Florence, when Cimabue finished his first great Madonna, the whole town went *en fête*; no English town can be conceived of as behaving in a similar manner. There is with us no popular artistic judgment worth a moment's consideration. The verdict of the majority on any artistic question, if it could be obtained, would throw no light whatever on that question, but might cast a somewhat lurid illumination on the majority's artistic sense.

It may be assumed that if any one understands the mind of the purchasing public it is they whose bread is earned by selling things to it and endeavouring to find out what it wants to buy. Advertisers are continually proclaiming the merits of art-furniture, art-colours, and art-goods in general. Presumably they do so because they find the phrase attract. That alone is proof positive that the purchasing public knows nothing about art, for all colours alike are capable of artistic employment and no colour is more an art-colour than any other. I have often wondered what these advertisers, and the people they appeal to, consider art to be. Do they imagine one lot of things to be mere objects of utility, not art-things at all? and do they conceive that there is a separate category of things appertaining to art? A more erroneous classification cannot be made.

The simple fact is that art is the style or manner in which a thing is made or done. The word may be applied to every object fashioned and to every act of life. Every object may be made, every action may be performed, gracefully and fittingly or ungracefully and awkwardly. An object so made as exactly to fulfil its purpose, fashioned too with a sense of appropriateness and of grace, so that its

forms and surfaces are pleasant to eye and touch, is a work of art. There is no article whatever, from a hammer to a Senate-house, that may not and should not be a work of art. There have been places and times in the world's history when art has been thus universally applied to the objects of manufacture. Take as an instance Pompeii when it was overwhelmed by the eruption of Vesuvius. Modern excavations have brought to light not only the houses, but a countless multitude of objects of domestic utility. The remarkable fact is that almost every one of these objects, every pot and pan, every bucket and dish, all the commonest household utensils, are as beautiful in their simple fashion as the more elaborate and costly works professedly made for the sake of their beauty. In Pompeii art had penetrated the household and infused beauty into its remotest recesses.

But art can have a wider domain even than this, if its sphere includes not only the manner in which a thing is made, but also the manner in which an act is done. The most elementary art of action is the dance—the art of graceful movement. Every one recognises dancing as an art, but it is too often forgotten that all the actions of life may be gracefully performed. I have heard it said that no one knows the charm that can be shed over the most commonplace action, who has not seen a certain famous actress enter a room and extend greeting to a guest. Poetry again is not the only, though it is the highest, art of speech. Whenever and for whatever purpose words have to be used, there is art in so selecting them that the speaker's or writer's meaning may be most clearly and gracefully expressed. If the word 'art' were properly understood, it would suffice to say that every action of life should be *artistically* performed.

The highest and most comprehensive of all arts is, therefore, the Art of Living—the art of so disposing of every moment as to fill the whole of a lifetime with as many beautiful actions as possible; and by beautiful actions I do not mean great and heroic deeds that attract the attention of multitudes, but merely the commonplace deeds and business that fill the hours of an ordinary individual's day, each of which may have infused into the doing of it the grace, efficiency, and charm, which are the essential elements in making a thing to be a work of art. Manners belong as much to art as does architecture or painting; the difference between them is that the art is exercised on a different material. Michelangelo said: 'I know of but one art,' meaning that the qualities that make good sculpture are the same as those that make good painting, good architecture, good decoration; but his statement is true in a far wider application. There is but one art in all human activity; every person in every action of life is an artist, good, bad, or indifferent. When two men greet one another in the street they as certainly manifest what-

ever presence or lack of art there may be in them by the manner of their greeting and the charm of their intercourse, manly, gracious, honest, kindly, sincere—or the reverse: they manifest the essential element of art in them as plainly in such a simple action as does a painter on canvas by the handling of his brushes. For it must be remembered that the glory of painting is not in the subject portrayed, but in the way in which it is portrayed. A picture may represent an heroic action most vilely—that will be a bad picture; or it may show a heap of potatoes beautifully and be a good picture. The art is in the manner of the work. It does not answer to the question *What?* but to the question *How?*—not what is done, but how it is done. Thus the simplest action and the commonest object may be as artistic as the finest creations of the human intellect.

Observe that nothing effeminate enters into this conception of art or of artistic people. It is one of the disgraces of modern civilisation among Anglo-Saxon races that effeminacy and art should ever have come to be connected together in people's minds. No one will accuse sixteenth-century Italians of effeminacy, yet they were in many respects highly artistic. Take Benvenuto Cellini as type of his contemporaries. He was a first-rate blackguard, but he had a great sense both of the arts of form and the arts of manner. It would be safe to assert that when he went a-murdering he would have deemed it shocking to use any but the most elegant rapier. Art and immorality may go far together, but not art and effeminacy; whilst the highest and noblest art cannot be thought of as growing to perfection save in a dignified, a masculine, and, in the true sense, a moral community.

It is the sign of a partially developed civilisation when there is a difference in the matter of art between the sexes, just as it is a sign of high civilisation when the women have refined the men, and the men have developed strength and self-reliance in the women. The fact that both these processes seem to be going forward in our midst at the present day is a hopeful sign for the future. Civilisation, like society, arises from the interaction of the sexes on one another. The typical man is always anxious to accomplish something, and cares little how, so long as the end is attained. The typical woman thinks more of the *How?* and less of the *What?* A community of women would refine themselves away to mere futility; whilst a community of men would become an acting machine, like an army. In neither would any true civilisation arise. The combination of the masculine and feminine elements is essential for the production of that high result.

The whole body of a nation's art is the standard measure of its civilisation. An ideally artistic people would be one of perfect manners, living in dwellings as simple as you please, but all well-proportioned and well built, harmonious in colour, and arrayed with

no decoration that was not good. Such a people would be dressed in tasteful clothes, however plain. They would eat well-cooked food, however simple. They would use no implements that were not of good forms and perfectly adapted to their purpose. They might be without pictures or sculptures, but if they had any they would only have good ones, which, by-the-by, are just as cheap to make as bad. They would speak their own language clearly, simply, and beautifully; they would daily increase its expressiveness and develop its resources, softening down its asperities and vulgarities. They would make their landscape as fair as the nature of the climate would permit. They would surround themselves with cities clean and fine to look upon. Assuredly the England of the nineteenth century has not been inhabited by an artistic people; will the England of the twentieth century be better off?

If I have succeeded in explaining my position thus far, it will now be evident that a time of great intellectual and social development and change cannot be an artistic epoch, for the arts of life must be of slow growth. Birth and breeding, it has been well said, are the products of wealth and virtue respectively in the preceding generation. What is true of the individual is in this respect likewise true of the race. You cannot take an adult and turn him into a man well born and well bred. If you desire to produce a community of such persons, you must set to work training and breeding the generation that is to grow up and become their parents. All children are born savages. It takes the whole of childhood to turn them into merely decent members of society; how much more, then, to teach them the Art of Living. To begin with, the fine-art of life cannot be completely cultivated by any solitary individual; it is not a simple art concerned only with the handling and shaping of matter; the material with which it deals is living men and women in their mutual relations as well as in their relations to the world in which they live. The Art of Living therefore must be cultivated, and to some extent actually is cultivated, by a society or community of persons. If the organisation of society changes, the Art of Living must change in that society. Again, if the relations of society to the material world change, there must be a corresponding change in the Art of Living. Now, in the nineteenth century both the organisation of society and the relations of man to the material world have not merely changed; they have been, and are still in the process of being, utterly revolutionised. It follows that the Art of Living, at its best up till now an incompletely developed art, must be in process of fundamental transformation.

The briefest possible retrospective glance will explain my meaning better than pages of discussion of principles. We need not go very far back. Consider what was the effect upon our national life produced by the introduction of root-crops into agriculture in the last



century. All through the middle ages and down to the beginning of the eighteenth century there was in England little winter food for sheep and cattle except the product of grass land. The result was that no considerable head of cattle could be maintained and that a large proportion of the land of the country had to be kept in an uncultivated condition. The modern system of agriculture by which roots are grown as winter food for stock, was introduced by the Dutch in the seventeenth century. The astonishing wealth of Holland at that time, relatively far surpassing the wealth of any other part of Europe, was mainly due to that system of agriculture. The system was introduced into England early in the eighteenth century, and soon wrought a social and economic revolution in this country. Then for the first time it became possible to improve the breeds of cattle and sheep, seeing that it was no longer necessary at the beginning of every winter to kill off the larger part of the flocks and herds and to half starve the survivors. Cattle therefore greatly increased, and the fields could be more satisfactorily manured. The amount of grass and waste lands could be correspondingly diminished, and enormous areas, previously uncultivated, were enclosed and brought under profitable cultivation. The result of all this was the rapid growth of the profits of agriculture. Farmers and landowners became rich. There was a great demand for farms on the part of intelligent men. Capital was attracted to the improved industry. Wages rose. Villages thrived. Country towns in the centre of agricultural districts awoke. Agricultural banks sprang up all over the country. The country gentry, becoming thus enriched, began to spend their money upon building or improving their residences. A country gentleman's place in the sixteenth century had been a very poor affair. The house was sometimes a fine enough building architecturally, but there was no such thing as comfort found within its walls. It arose gauntly in the middle of grass land. It seldom had anything worth calling a garden attached to it, except perhaps a few formal parterres and a place where herbs were grown for household use. Landscape gardening on a large scale was only introduced into England in the eighteenth century. It came in the wake, and as the consequence, of the newly introduced system of Dutch agriculture. The finest parks that form the glory of our counties are in almost every case products of the eighteenth century. Before that time parks existed merely as waste lands; it was in the eighteenth century that they received the intentional impress of beauty. From one to two hundred years are needed to bring a piece of fine landscape gardening to perfection. Our good fortune at the present day is to live at the very time when the works of our forefathers in this kind have just arrived at maturity.

It is universally admitted that English social life reaches its most delightful and unique development in our country houses. For this

also we have to thank our forefathers of the eighteenth century. They not only built or improved the country houses and laid out their parks and gardens, but they invented the art of living gracefully in them, and they patronised all the arts that conduced to such life. For example, the walls of English houses were practically bare of pictures before the revival of agriculture. The eighteenth century not merely set flowing towards England that stream of fine paintings and other works of art from Italy and Holland which has turned this country into an unexampled store-house of beautiful things, but it produced a domestic school of painting of the first rank. Reynolds and Gainsborough would never have been called into activity but for the demand for pictures and portraits made by the class of men whom agriculture had enriched. A list of the people Reynolds portrayed practically indicates the class who presided over the great economic revolution I have been describing. As in Holland in the seventeenth century so in England in the eighteenth, the bounty wherewith the earth responded to the wisely directed labours of man awakened in him a new love for the beauty of nature; landscape art arose in response to that quickened feeling. At first people wanted pictures of their places, just as they demanded portraits of themselves; but presently the new art took a wider range and ultimately attained, at the hands of Turner and Constable, altogether unforeseen developments.

It may be said that the new Art of Living, which sprang up in consequence of the introduction of the turnip into England, had reached a high degree of perfection by the end of last century or the beginning of this. If no further fundamental social changes had occurred, that would be the Art of Living at the present day—an art further elaborated indeed, but in its essentials substantially the same. The present century, however, has been a time of the most fundamental social changes, which must now be briefly considered. When it opened, the English were a country-dwelling agricultural people; now they are a people town-dwelling and industrial. No greater contrast can be imagined, for it goes to the very root of all the arts of life. Of course there were English towns before the present industrial epoch began; but the wealth of England was not made in them. The towns existed to provide the requirements of the country; now the country exists to provide, and by no means succeeds in providing, the requirements of the towns. The townsman of the year 1800 had the country near to him. A part at any rate of the industrial classes living in towns looked to harvestings, hop-pickings, and the like country industries for a contribution towards their means of subsistence. The towns of that date were in the country, not divorced from it, as are the giant groups of population nowadays. Fields and country lanes were within reach of an afternoon's walk from the very centre of the City of London. Snipe

were shot on the site of the British Museum within the memory of persons known to the present generation. I have talked with men who remembered a swamp where now stands Belgrave Square.

The power that has wrought this unparalleled revolution has been the power of science, the energy of discovery. In the fulness of time and by the force of circumstances, the relatively small class of men of original mind, which is all that the greatest nation can at any moment boast, were induced to direct their attention to discovering the secrets of nature and the laws under which nature acts. In proportion as those secrets were revealed, those laws discovered, the power of man over nature was increased, and the relation of mankind to its material environment was changed. It would be waste of space to refer, however generally, to the material and visible results of scientific discovery. Every one knows how greatly the age of steam and electricity differs from the age that preceded it. Manifest novelties have been the growth of towns, the concentration of population in them, the development of manufacture and commerce, the exploration of the world, the absorption of the great unoccupied regions of the earth into the domain of civilisation, and the fabulous increase of wealth. Science not only compelled civilised man to become a town-dweller, but enabled him to do so. It is owing to science that our modern towns are not decimated by plagues at frequently recurring intervals. Science alone enables the monster aggregations of population to be supplied with food, clothing, and other necessities. Science has created the industries by which they earn their living, and provides the commodities essential to their maintenance in life and health.

Wonderful as has been the rapidity of advance in discovery, the ingenuity of innovation, and the fertility of invention in recent days, all this is not, to my thinking, so wonderful as the manner in which the abounding and increasing masses of population have adapted themselves to the new and ever renewing world in which their life is cast. Its kaleidoscopic changes might well have produced a paralysing effect, yet the people are always ready for fresh conditions, hungry to avail themselves of new resources, and to take advantage of new powers. Most of us can remember when wooden bone-shaker bicycles first appeared, and were a public laughing-stock; now the world runs on wheels, and society adapts itself to the change with little grumbling and much thankfulness. The motor-car is in its infancy; no one knows what will come of it, but every one is ready to take advantage of it if it comes to anything. Who shall undertake to prophesy whether it, in its turn, may not as completely change national habits as did the substitution of railways for stage-coaches?

The great changes thus briefly alluded to have been accompanied of necessity by social changes equally important. Society, using the

word in a wide sense, is incomparably larger than ever it was before. In the eighteenth century all sorts of professional and commercial men were excluded from society, whose successors are now included, or capable of being included in it. The eighteenth-century lawyer, for example, belonged to the same class as the yeoman and the tradesman. If you read the *Vicar of Wakefield* you cannot fail to observe the low social level on which the country parson stood. It was more or less so with all the professions. This has been utterly changed. There has, in fact, taken place a very general levelling-up of all ranks and classes, the result of increased wellbeing and of diffused education. For true social equality it is not necessary that all the members of a class should be equally well off, but they must all alike possess a sufficient modicum of wealth to enable them to live up to a certain standard; it is likewise not necessary that all should be equally cultivated and intelligent, but all must have attained a certain minimum level of culture, and be possessed of common standards. The important fact to observe is, that the number of people who now attain this minimum level of wealth, intelligence, and culture, enabling them to meet on a footing of approximate social equality, has grown to be incomparably larger in the nineteenth than it was in the eighteenth century.

Herein I am not referring to any question of political equality. Political equality is equality in the eye of the law, equality in political rights. All the members of a great population may be politically equal, but there has never been, and probably never will be, a nation pervaded by social equality. We are not here considering any goal to be aimed at or any hope to be entertained, but only the actual facts of the past and the probabilities of the future. The patent fact is that the socially upper class has vastly increased in what may be called the age of science, and not only so, but the lower social strata have been correspondingly elevated. It is enough to read such papers as *Tit-Bits* and *Answers*, which do not appeal to the highest social strata, and to compare them with the scurrilous cheap prints of a couple of generations back to have evidence of this important and encouraging fact. But not merely has there been an elevation of the general social level, there has also taken place a multiplication of the number of minor social strata. In what are called, for shortness, the industrial classes, there have come to exist differences of social level fully as strongly marked, perhaps more strongly marked, than those observable in higher social ranks. Such evolutions are no novelty in social history. In the middle ages the same thing happened when the craft-guilds arose side by side with the older merchant-guilds. The future will behold not less but more social stratification; not a diminution but an increase of social inequality. Whether we regret this or not has nothing to do with the question. Social evolution follows its own laws in its own fashion, and we can do little more

than look on and watch the action of forces too powerful to be controlled.

Consider, now, how the Art of Living has been affected by these great changes in the relation of man to nature and of man to man which the development of science and the consequent growth of wealth have produced. The old art of country-life, whether in cottage, manor-house, or palace, was relatively simple. The garden or the park was its fine-art sphere. The products of the neighbourhood were its supplies, varying with the seasons. Hunting, shooting, and fishing were its sports. Agriculture was its occupation. Men knew how to weave these employments together and to build up out of them the materials of a simple existence which might be happy enough. But when country-life had to be exchanged for town-life, a new Art of Living had to be invented. Some people tried to shirk the problem by living in suburbs, but the growth of towns continually swallows up the suburbs and engulfs their populations. For the large masses of mankind the question is how to live a full, healthy, varied human life in a city-home, in the very midst of a teeming population, all alike faced by the same problem, which is further complicated by the infinity of new possibilities opened by the very resourcefulness of that science which has posed the problem. This is the Sphinx question which recent generations have endeavoured to answer, not very successfully.

So to live as to get the most out of life—that assuredly involves a practical understanding of the Art of Living, but it involves a great deal more. It is only by living nobly, living on a high plane, in the pursuit of high ideals, that the best can be attained. But my poor Art of Living grows in a somewhat less lofty atmosphere than this. I am not posing here as an ethical teacher, but merely, if you please, as an æsthetic philosopher. A man may live to very noble ends, yet in a graceless and joyless manner; satisfying indeed the highest part of his nature, but giving no play to powers of action, and capacities for enjoyment wherewith he was endowed by the same agency that sent him into the world to live, if he could, the life of a hero. That man is the true artist in life who so lives as to give reasonable play to all his powers and to extract from the world of nature and men by which he is surrounded the largest number of wholesome and delightful reactions.

No one will deny that the arts are capable of giving delight. A man may find no pleasure in music, but he will scarcely assert that music is incapable of giving pleasure. The evidence to the contrary is too strong. The same is true of painting, of poetry, of sculpture; in fact, of all the arts. The man who cannot enjoy all of these things is less fortunate than the man who can: he is less developed; he is an inferior person. Again, it is obvious that all the examples of any art are not alike good. There are degrees of excellence in painting

or music. Some can enjoy works of a medium quality, but not works of a higher quality. Such persons are inferior to those capable of appreciating to the uttermost the excellence and charm of whatever is absolutely best. Their inferiority may be the result of misfortune or of choice; it may be an inferiority of constitution or of development, of birth or of breeding. The man who is thus inferior loses. He cannot enjoy what more developed minds can enjoy. His existence is to that extent incomplete and poverty stricken.

But life is not all pictures and poems. Men have bodies as well as souls. A healthy body is one of the firmest foundations of happiness. The Art of Living certainly includes health as one of its objects. A well-born man can be healthy if he lives in accordance with Nature. That is rudimentary. The ideal man would not be satisfied merely with health. The body is a tool which every man has to work. Part of the satisfaction that any craftsman derives from his work is in the acquisition and manifestation of skill in the use of his tools. The attainment of mastery over the body is the special pleasure offered to youth. To ride, to run, to jump, to shoot straight, to fence, to swim, to dance, to play games of skill—no human being can be regarded as completely developed who has made no progress in such matters. They are perhaps a means to health, but that is not the sole reason for their cultivation; more important are they as physical arts, involving the attainment of skill, and resulting in the increased control of the mind over the body. A youth who neglects these things can never grow to be an entirely rounded and perfected man.

The pleasures of literature, again, the more recondite joys of philosophy, the delights that all new knowledge brings: these things have to be attained by conscious endeavour, and do not come as the birthright of any man. The Art of Living includes their attainment. Then there is all the joy that a contemplation of the beauties of nature can bestow; how long it takes before they can be appreciated to the full! Few people are so dull as not to perceive the beauty of a flaming sunset, or of the snowy Alps, or the Italian lakes; yet nature is in reality just as beautiful in quieter places and moods. There is as much delight to be derived from a contemplation of sunshine on a bank of grass as from Mont Blanc itself but it requires a more attentive eye and a more receptive mind to appreciate it.

Finally, there are the delights of human intercourse, of the contact of man with man, culminating in that most enjoyable of all human pleasures—conversation; the shock of minds, the interchange of ideas, with all its varieties of argument, persuasion, instruction, comprehension—delights that cost nothing and that are within the reach of every intelligent and cultivated person who recognises, as all wise men recognise, that every opinion he holds is only an approximation to truth and cannot but be tinged with error, and that, by

contact with another, some of that error may be refined away. It is only complete fools who are cocksure about anything.

But, it will be objected, if the Art of Living includes this multitude of studies and endeavours, it must be a purely ideal art, unattainable in practice. To which the answer is that all ideals are essentially unattainable, but that they can be pursued and that their utility lies in the fact that they are goals to strive for. About the Art of Living, however, there is this to be said: it is no less the art of a community than of an individual. A man can do little in the way of self-cultivation unless he lives in a cultured community. Organised social life has possibilities of its own. Consider, for instance, what opportunities for culture a town may afford, which cannot arise in a sparsely populated country district. Theatres, operas, museums, libraries; fine buildings, public, private, and commercial; fine streets and squares, clubs and other social institutions; opportunities of meeting men; opportunities of all sorts and kinds—it is only in towns that these things can be; their elaboration and number must be roughly proportional to the size of a town.

Towns are epitomes of the whole world, and attract to themselves the men who do things; for they are theatres of action such as the country has never been. But all these developments take time. Towns have first to grow, and they grow not by intention but by the force of circumstances. A great town arises where it is wanted. The position of natural resources and the course of trade determine the whereabouts and size of towns. It is only when a town has attained stability, grown to a certain size, that the graces of life can begin to be cultivated in it by the community as a whole. Time is therefore essential to the evolution of the Art of Living. It cannot be suddenly created. The nineteenth century has been the great age of town formation. The large civilised cities of the world are practically of nineteenth-century growth. While changes are rapidly taking place it is impossible to adapt the Art of Living to them. The endeavour is continually being made, but it is only when time enough is granted that the endeavour even partially succeeds. Masses of people do not immediately develop the taste for enjoyments with which they might be supplied. You have to create a theatre-going public before theatres can be maintained. People will not pay for public libraries till a reading public has been produced, and if that reading public likes to read only rubbish its libraries will be feeble institutions.

At present, town life is far from having reached a high stage of artistic development. Think of what it might become in a city of beautiful streets and buildings, fair within and without, where the houses were not only healthy and commodious, but charming to enter and to dwell in, beautifully furnished, however simply, and thoroughly adapted to be the homes of cultivated human beings; a city provided

with every opportunity for education and culture, with its university, its museums of everything, its places of public resort and amusement, its fields and buildings for sport and entertainment. Wealth is no doubt essential to the production of such a result, but not, strictly speaking, great wealth. There is more wealth wasted annually in most towns on foolish and unenjoyable expenditure than, if rightly invested, would suffice to make them in process of time into perfect abodes for civilised communities. But it takes, and must take, time; nor can an approximation to a perfect result be attained while the process of a city's growth is in an early or even a transitional stage.

The best statisticians estimate that in the year 1941 London will contain over eleven millions of inhabitants. People say, 'How appalling!' To me the prospect seems full of hope. What an agreeable life one might live in such a city, if a fair proportion of its population were even moderately civilised! There would be a public for every kind of art. Every sort of theatre might flourish, every kind of concert might be daily given. There would be practically no limit to the variety of opportunities that each individual might enjoy in the midst of such a vast assemblage. But it would take long for them to settle down. To begin with, London would have to be rebuilt. Its streets are not wide enough for the traffic of any such multitude; they would have to be widened. For every line of rails coming into London there would have to be three lines. The number of steamers coming to our ports would need to be more than trebled. Practically none of our present arrangements would suffice. Everything would have to be organised afresh. I need not enlarge upon such considerations; they are obvious. It is only when the growth has attained its maximum, and the town has reached its final form and has been adapted in all essential matters to be the home of the multitude that must live within it—it is only then that the Art of Living, with all that it implies, can be fully cultivated.

The sun of science which rose about a century ago has not yet reached its meridian. The immediate future may have great developments in store. Perhaps water power and electricity may supplant coal and steam; perhaps aerial locomotion may revolutionise communications, and, by substituting the Command of the Air for the Command of the Sea, may upset the present balance of power among the kingdoms of the earth. But whatever surprises the future may have in store, this one thing is sure: the age of science will have its culmination and will have its decline, just as all previous epochs of civilisation have culminated and declined; for it is decreed that all things which have a beginning shall likewise have an end. When the culmination takes place, whether in the coming century or in one more remotely hidden in the deep of futurity, the series of great changes of human environment will pause for a while, and there must swiftly follow such a consequent development of art as the



world has never beheld—a development not merely of some one art, such as painting or sculpture, but of all the arts that together in their variety and their fulness form the supreme and transcendent Art of Living.

It is not to be expected, nor indeed to be desired, that the twentieth century should behold the culmination of the epoch of civilisation, whose beginnings we now witness; for if a culmination is to be great and to last long it must be slow in coming. Culminations are like the weather, 'long foretold long last.' The time of transition is as yet perhaps only in its earlier stages. Science is only now conquering the fringe of its future domain. We still live in a very empirical manner, trusting to luck rather than to reason, founding action upon guess-work and hope instead of upon patient research. Slowly, it may be, but quite surely how slowly soever, science will make its way, and this revolution in the Art of Living will be rounded out. When that has happened, the great days that we now but dimly foresee will come, and all the fine arts will flourish and culminate together.

MARTIN CONWAY.

*MR. GLADSTONE AS A CONTRIBUTOR TO  
THE 'NINETEENTH CENTURY'*

It is impossible for me, at this moment and in this place, to refrain from some expression, however brief, of grateful and affectionate respect and regret for so great a contributor to this Review as Mr. Gladstone. It was my great good fortune to receive his encouragement and support from the foundation of the *Nineteenth Century*, and also the privilege of a closer personal acquaintance with him than I should otherwise have been likely to enjoy. To-day and henceforth 'his works do follow him,' and I desire to add to the immense procession of them which attends him to the tomb those which he wrought in these pages and of which I append a catalogue.

He was a model contributor. He was one of those whose every word was eagerly waited for and listened to; and he was trustworthy to the uttermost in punctually fulfilling all that he undertook to do. He never once failed to keep his promises, to the letter and to the instant. However overwhelmed he might be with other cares, if he had given his word, his editor might have comfortably slept until the appointed hour, so sure he was to make his word good.

His personal modesty about his contributions was extreme, and almost abashed one, so sincerely anxious was he for editorial suggestion and criticism. Nothing in him was more remarkable than this absolutely genuine personal modesty in the presence of his own unrivalled gifts. The frequent conversations and consultations which were necessary about proposed articles were always full of the liveliest possible interest to me, and many a magnificent and glowing speech, which would have moved the House and the Country, has been lavished, with the prodigality of genius, upon one solitary listener. The charm of such talks it is impossible to exaggerate. When once he had taken to a subject, it presently took possession of him, to the exclusion of everything else; and then the overwhelming enthusiasm which filled him infected his auditor until it was difficult to preserve an independent and critical standpoint. But whenever this was preserved, his earnest endeavour was to grasp and follow and appreciate any adverse view, and to give every weight to it,

insomuch that sometimes when high matters were concerned, the critic almost trembled lest his crude comments might wrongly affect the final utterance of the oracle. Before coming to a decision upon a moot point, he would inform himself to the uttermost, from every source of information, from every kind of evidence, by no means excluding the newspapers. He would always declare that nothing ought to be kept back in discussion—everything ought to be said right out, so that the trial should be exhaustive and complete. To be with him and to see him at times of such trial was wonderful. One was magnetised—hypnotised—as by a great actor, and compelled for the time to feel as he felt. He could make one see ‘air-drawn daggers,’ or whatever else he himself saw; for he was in truth, as I have told him to his face, the greatest actor I ever knew, that greatest of all actors—the actor who does not *play* his parts, but *is* them, and who carries his audience away with him by the superior force of his own vitality whether they will or no.

A great personage and a violent political adversary of his once said to me: ‘I have just been meeting Mr. Gladstone at dinner, and I assure you that the magnetism of the man is such that whatever he’d told me to say or to do, I’d have done it: if he had told me to go out into the street and stand on my head, I’d have done it.’

While he was personally so absolutely modest and diffident, he was ‘officially’ entirely the reverse. No pope, indeed, was ever more infallibly certain and immovable than Mr. Gladstone when once he had become convinced that such or such a course was right and true. It was then ‘borne in upon him’ as a duty. As the chosen and official leader, for instance, of a free people, he felt that he was the appointed instrument of heaven, and would act as if ordained to an arch-priesthood which nothing earthly could shake.

The contrast between his personal modesty and his ‘officially,’ imperious certitude had one very happy consequence. He allowed those who honestly differed from his conclusions to retain their places in his personal friendship and regard—even though they politically resisted him to the uttermost. He was much too great to resent personally conscientious convictions opposed to his own.’

An editorial anxiety would sometimes arise during the consultations about an article, from his habit of entire absorption in one subject at a time and his power of mental detachment and concentration—a faculty which he told me was by no means wholly inborn in him, but which he had carefully cultivated and strengthened all his life. This habit necessitated great care in opening the conversation, lest some accidental allusion to a topic of interest should lead him quite away from the editor’s object and purpose. If this happened, it was almost utterly hopeless to get him to listen to

a word about anything else in the world until he had talked the other subject out.

But of all his faculties, his unlimited youthfulness was perhaps the most wonderful—with a freshness and a sweetness, and a kindly and noble courtesy upon which no touch of age seemed to gather, at any rate in all the quarter of a century during which I was privileged to know him.

The flame of an unquenchable youth shone over him almost to the very last, and seemed at times to transfigure him into the image of his own great Homeric hero, under the guardianship of the heavenly wisdom, when

‘Sheer astounded were the charioteers  
To see the dread unweariable fire  
That always o’er the great Peleion’s head  
Burn’d—for the bright-eyed goddess made it burn.’

The following catalogue bears witness to ‘the force—the grace and versatility of the man,’ yet of course does not represent a tithe or a twentieth of his contributions to his generation and the world.

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JAMES KNOWLES, *Editor*.

May 28, 1898.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake to return unaccepted MSS.*

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